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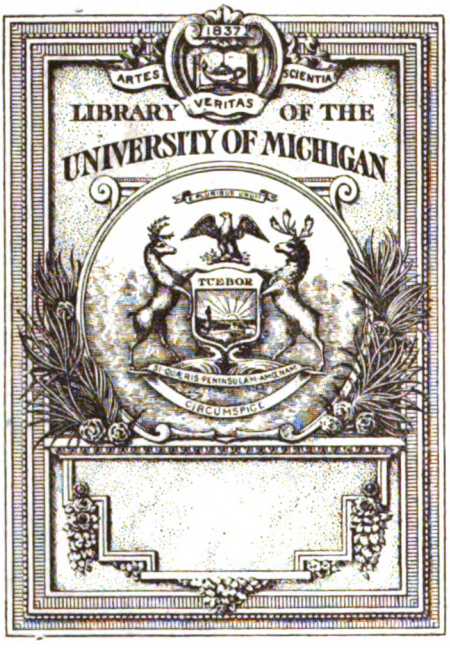
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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

JANUARY TO JUNE

Vol. LI

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1916

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A. CONAN DOYLE,

being the first short story of his to be published since the outbreak of war.

"IT WAS THEN THAT I REACHED FORWARD AND SMOTE HIM WITH THAT HEAVY CLUB."

(*See page* 11.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1916.
Vol. li. No. 301.

THE LONG ARM OF BRONZE.

By FRED M. WHITE.

Illustrated by Emile Verpilleux.

COUNT RUPERT GAVANNI rose from the long table where the whole of the day he had been slaving over his clay models, and stretched himself wearily. He splashed hot and cold water into the marble basin in the corner of the studio and washed those long, slim hands of his that seemed to drip red blood. They were beautiful hands, nervous and slender, with flexible wrists elastic as those of Paganini, as indeed they should be, for they belonged to the greatest sculptor of his time. And, indeed, Gavanni was something more than that—he was a poet and a painter, the last representative of an old Italian family and the possessor of a great fortune to boot.

For the most part he lived at that mediæval palace of his at Hampstead, where he worked and dreamt and entertained the celebrities of Europe, from Royalty downwards.

The house was crammed with art treasures gathered from all parts of the world. The great studio, probably the finest building of its kind in Europe, occupied the whole of the north front and had access to the gardens by four long windows. Beyond the gardens again was a thick fringe of woods, and in the centre of these the lake—a large sheet of water where, in the summer time, Gavanni spent a good deal of his spare hours drifting about the lily-strewn waters in his Canadian canoe. When he was at work, as he was now, on an important group in gold bronze, it was his mood to shut himself off from the rest of the world except for an occasional bosom friend who knew him well and was in sympathy with his irregular habits.

He passed into the dining-room now where Scott Ogilvie was awaiting him, the only guest in the house on that glorious summer night early in July.

Ogilvie was home from India on furlough. He was high up in the Indian police; a quite man with a logical mind and a clear, grey eye which was supposed to have seen further into the tortuous ramifications of the Indian mind than any other man who had ever been east of Suez.

"Well, have you finished for to-night?" Ogilvie asked.

"I have been modelling since breakfast," Gavanni declared. "But on the whole it has been a wasted day, for the rascally model I expected this morning did not turn up. I am sending him a postcard that ought to bring him to his senses. A good model gets so dreadfully spoilt. You might drop this card in the pillar-box down the road when you go for your stroll presently. And now let's have some supper."

Ogilvie slipped the card into his pocket and followed his host to the dining-room. And there, for an hour or more, they sat over their supper in the oak-panelled room filled with historic pictures.

"Are you working to-morrow?" Ogilvie asked, when at length the cigarettes and coffee were on the table.

"All this week, I hope," Gavanni said. "If you find it dull you can easily run up to town."

"Not I," Ogilvie smiled. "The peace and quiet of this old house suit my complaint exactly. I came home for a rest, and I am getting it. For five years I have been carrying on a long battle of wits with the Oriental mind, and I am tired out. By the way, what are you working on now? Anything ambitious?"

"Well, yes," the sculptor said. "You know that line of Kipling's, 'East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet'? I'm weaving that into a kind of allegory in bronze, and after infinite trouble

I have found the model for the Pathan that I wanted. That's the man who ought to have been here to-day. As a matter of fact, I've had the thing in my mind ever since I stayed with you in Benares two years ago. There's something in the East that has always appealed to me, and Benares fairly set my imagination on fire."

"You left it suddenly enough, anyhow," Ogilvie replied. "I never could quite understand why you turned your back on me there in so abrupt a fashion."

"Ah, then you never guessed?" Gavanni asked.

"Well, I had my suspicions, of course. I suppose that girl Serena Ran had something to do with it?"

Gavanni exhaled a mouthful of cigarette smoke thoughtfully.

"Well, yes," he said. "I had meant to tell you, but I never had the opportunity. Do you know, my dear chap, I came very near to making an everlasting fool of myself over that girl. For three days I was on the point of making her my wife. There was nothing wrong, you understand, merely certain love passages between us; but you are my oldest friend, and I will tell you the truth. I have only been really in love with one girl in my life, and she was Serena Ran. I loved her with a passion that you cold-blooded English know nothing of. She was the one woman only who could play upon my emotions like so many harpstrings. How beautiful she was you know. And we should have been happy enough up to a certain time, but East is East and West is West, and—I packed up my bag and came West instead. I tell you, Ogilvie, I ran away like a coward."

"I suspected something of this," Ogilvie said. "But you could not have married her though her father was an Englishman. Probably the greatest blackguard that was ever in the Indian Civil Service. A fascinating man and fiendishly clever, but a wrong 'un through and through. Anyway, he's dead now, and no doubt his sins lie lightly on his grave. And pretty little Serena is forgotten——"

"No, by Heaven, she isn't!" Gavanni said, with a quiver in his voice. "She never will be forgotten, though what has become of her I haven't the remotest idea. Probably married to some fat Hindu who ill-treats her. But forgotten, no!"

"This is a strange way for a man to talk who is going to be married in the autumn to Lady Ida Montcrieff. What would the duchess say if she could hear you? And yet Lady Ida is rightly called the most beautiful girl in England."

"She is superb," Gavanni said, with the exact criticism of the artist for the concrete beautiful. "She is a perfect perfume, she carries her own atmosphere with her. She is coldly beautiful, a statue that Praxiteles might have worshipped. She will make a perfect hostess, the most beautiful piece of furniture in my house. And, in a way, I am fond of her. *But*——"

The speaker paused eloquently and helped himself to a fresh cigarette. It was getting dark by this time, and the dew was beginning to fall like pearly shadows over the gardens. Gavanni rose restlessly and walked towards the window.

"I think I'll take a turn on the lake for an hour," he said. "You won't mind being left alone?"

Ogilvie raised no objection. He never interfered with these moods of his host's. And he knew perfectly well that whenever Gavanni was busy on some important work he usually spent an hour or so most evenings drifting about the lake when the weather was favourable. No doubt the great sculptor did most of his planning out on these excursions.

"All right," Ogilvie said. "You won't be more than an hour or so, I suppose? By the way, I never could quite understand why you erected that bronze statue of Hercules in the centre of your lake. A gem like that unearthed from Pompeii was worthy of a better fate. Why don't you use that statue as a model for the bronze you have in your mind now?"

"There are sculptors who might do so," Gavanni said, contemptuously. "But where would the touch of originality, which is the other word for genius, my friend, come in? I had thought of it only to dismiss the idea at once. No, the Hercules is best where he is. A great work by a great unknown master, standing in splendid isolation in the centre of four hundred acres of water. What more fitting pedestal could you find? But then, of course, you are not an artist."

"No, I am not," Ogilvie said. "I am a mathematician with a practical mind. But go on, don't mind me. Moon about on your lake, and when you have finished you will find me in the smoking-room. Now, off you go."

Gavanni passed down the grass path and through the belt of trees to the lake. The moon was rising behind the belt of

trees and throwing silver pencils of light here and there along the face of the water. Between the bands of flame were broad strips of darkness, all the more intense by contrast with the lanes of light. Against the murky background the bronze Hercules loomed up, mystic and symbolical, like a thing of life. Gavanni pushed off his canoe and drifted idly hither and thither on the face of the waters. He put the world entirely behind him now, he had one thought only, and that was for the work that filled him to the exclusion of everything else. Almost unconsciously he dipped his paddle in the liquid moonbeams, and almost as unconsciously pushed on to the centre of the lake. He was close to the statue now, a shadowy form that loomed above him, brown and hard and motionless. Just for a moment the sculptor allowed his eye to roam over those perfect outlines, the play of muscle and sinuousness of form that represented almost a lost art. For great in his line as Gavanni was, he was by no means blind to his limitations. Something like a sigh escaped him.

"If I could only get the spirit of life like that," he murmured. "There is the divine fire in every line and curve, the real afflatus."

It was perhaps an hour or more later, nearly midnight, that Ogilvie became conscious of the flight of time, and woke to the knowledge that he was still alone. It was not Gavanni's way to stay on the lake so late; usually he was back long before now. Not that Ogilvie was in the least anxious. He knew that a Canadian canoe was a frail craft and liable to trouble in the hands of a novice. But then Gavanni was no novice, and in no place was the lake more than five feet deep. At one time the bottom was thick with mud, but a year or two ago it had been cleaned out and the whole basin lined with concrete. So Ogilvie lighted another cigar and waited calmly.

Then the stillness of the night and the serene tranquillity of the smoking-room was broken by a sudden hoarse outcry and the noise of someone hammering on one of the French windows leading to the gardens. Ogilvie jumped to his feet and hastily threw back the long half of the sash.

A man stood there, obviously a gardener in his Sunday clothes. Ogilvie could see that his hands and face were wet; he had lost his hat, and his face was pale and agitated.

"Thank goodness you have not gone to bed, sir," the man gasped. "I saw a light in the window, so I came this way. I am Rogers, the gardener. It is my duty to look after the orchid-houses the other side of the lake. I've got some young plants just coming into bloom, and I generally come along about this time to have a last look at them. About an hour ago I saw the master in his canoe, and when I came away just now the canoe was still in the same place. And when I looked at it again in the moonlight I saw that the boat was empty. At least, I thought so. It seemed strange to see it drifting about there, so I took a punt to fetch it back. And the canoe wasn't empty."

The man shuddered, and his lips quivered.

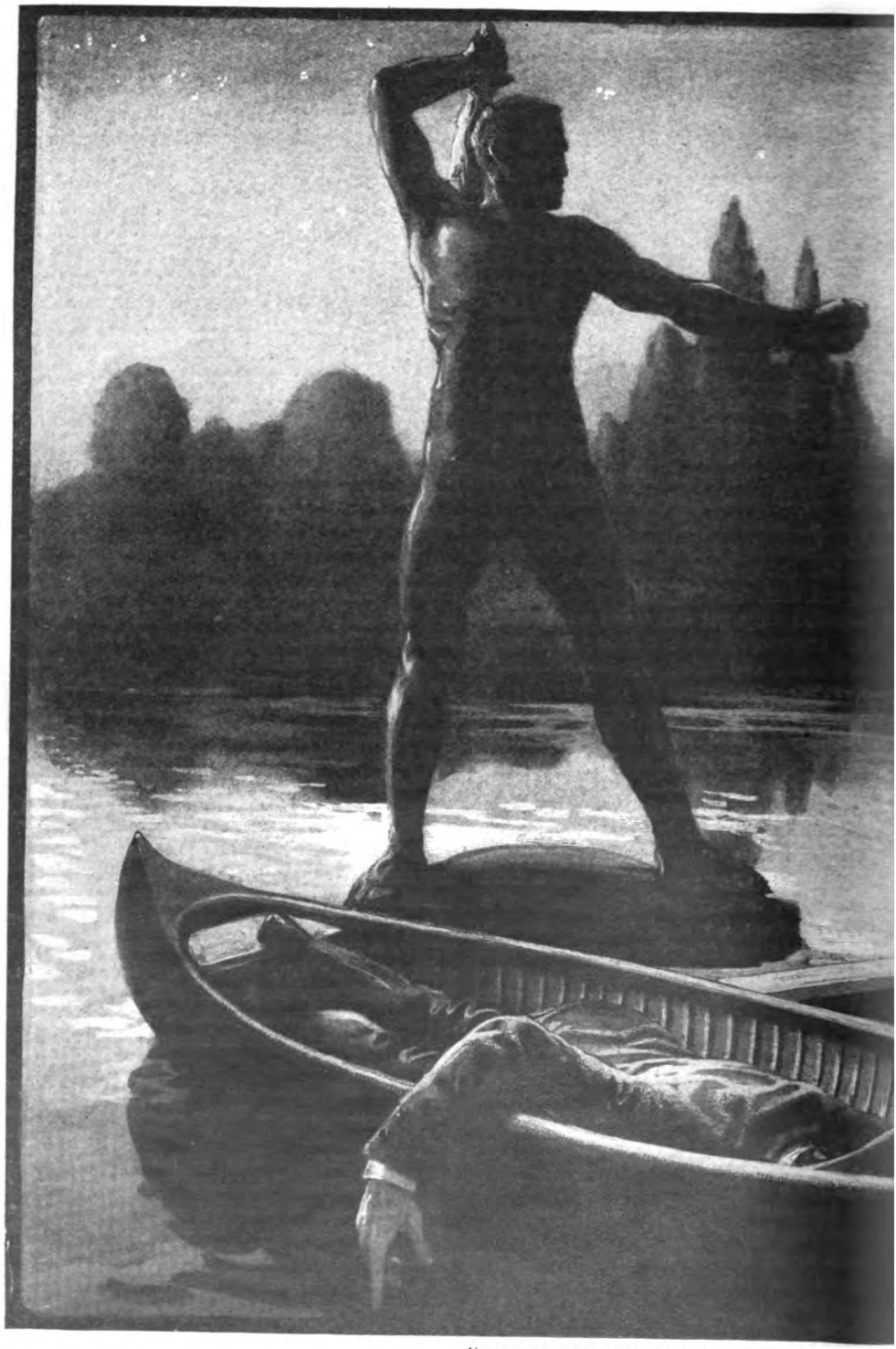
"The master was lying inside on his face. At first I thought he was asleep. But when I got the canoe to the side and put my hand on his shoulder to wake him up I saw that he wasn't asleep, but that he was dead."

"Good heavens!" Ogilvie cried. "Are you sure, man?"

"Aye, that I am, sir. I'm an old soldier, an' I've seen too many dead bodies not to know. The count's dead, and what's more, it looks as if he had met with foul play. I was too stunned to do anything for a minute or two; but come along, sir, and see for yourself. It's as light as day outside."

Ogilvie waited for nothing more. He raced across the gardens and dashed through the belt of trees until he came to the edge of the lake. There was the canoe anchored close to the grass path, and in it a dark, sinister object that looked ominously still and rigid in the light of the moon. Gavanni lay there flat upon his face—he had evidently fallen forward from his seat in the stern of the canoe, for he was stretched out on the cushions as if some blow had laid him out, and as if he had never moved afterwards. And there was no hope in Ogilvie's mind; he had looked upon death too often in the dim East yonder not to know it when he saw it, even if the face of the spectre was turned away from him. He knew that Gavanni was dead. And a moment later he knew something else.

"Your master has been murdered," he said, hoarsely. "See that mark at the base of the skull, and that red band below his collar? There has been foul play here beyond a doubt. But come, we are wasting time, and every moment is precious. As an old policeman myself, I know the value of time in cases like this. Now help me to carry the body up to the house, and I will telephone to Scotland Yard and inform



"THE MASTER WAS LYING INSIDE ON HIS FACE

"AT FIRST I THOUGHT HE WAS ASLEEP."

the authorities what has happened. Wake up, man; don't stand staring at me in that stupid fashion!"

It was nearly daylight before Ogilvie stumbled sleepily to bed. They had been pretty crowded hours, but so far the investigations at Scotland Yard had proved futile. It was quite clear that nobody in the house could throw any light upon the mystery. And for the moment, at any rate, Ogilvie could see no motive for the crime. That robbery formed no part of the motive an examination of Gavanni's effects clearly showed. Nothing was missing, for the watch and chain had been found on the body, and the count's cigarette-case was discovered in the canoe.

Tired as he was, Ogilvie turned out his pockets and placed his dress clothes carefully away. On his dressing-table lay two or three letters and the postcard that Gavanni had entrusted to him. Apparently he had forgotten all about it; he had dropped off to sleep in the billiard-room after dinner, having intended to go out later on. Not that it mattered very much now. It was a mere trifle, but to a man of Ogilvie's training there were no such things as trifles. He read the address on the postcard, and just for a moment the tired look faded from his eyes. Then he put the whole thing out of his mind, and slept soundly far into the following morning.

Naturally enough the tragic death of Gavanni caused a profound sensation in London. And as the days went on and no arrest was made, public opinion grew impatient. But meanwhile one man, at any rate, had not been idle; Ogilvie was leaving no stone unturned with a view to getting to the bottom of the mystery. By this time he had formed something like a theory. On his own responsibility, and without consulting the police, he decided to empty the lake—no difficult matter in view of the fact that it was fed by a small stream, and that the opening of the floodgate by the boat-house would drain away the water in the course of a few hours. Ogilvie stood there watching the slow process, his eyes turned upon the mystic figure in bronze in the centre of the basin. It was the figure of Hercules with his club, doubtless in the act of slaying the Hydra. And as Ogilvie turned his eyes intently on the object the plan took more definite shape in his mind.

"I wonder," he murmured to himself; "the odds are a hundred to one against it, but I wonder."

He came back towards the evening when the work was finished, and walked across the empty basin in the direction of the pedestal.

There was no mud here, nothing but a thin, green slime, little thicker than a coat of varnish, and every inch of this, within a few yards of the base of the statue, Ogilvie examined carefully. There was one thing to reward his search in the shape of a heavy knobbed club loaded with lead at one end. There were lines, too, irregular lines and scratches in the slime, that looked very much as if somebody had been tracing a rude pattern there with the point of a walking-stick, which, no doubt, had been done before the lake was empty, for there had been no chance of this since, for Ogilvie had taken good care of that. His had been the first footstep inside the empty basin.

"We're getting warmer," he whispered. "There is something in my theory after all. At any rate, this discovery goes a long way to prove that my theory is right. And I am the one man in England who knows how to grapple with it."

Early next morning Ogilvie returned to town and made his way to his lodgings in Dover Street. A little time later he called at a house in Stamford Street, Waterloo Bridge Road, under a pretence of finding a bed and sitting-room for the next two or three days. He gathered from the apartments-card over the fanlight that there would be no difficulty in this respect, and so it proved. The landlady was quite willing to accommodate him—indeed eagerly so.

"I shall be out most of the day," Ogilvie said. "I shall want no meals, not even breakfast. And I shall not need the rooms for more than a week, so I'll pay you in advance. Are there any other lodgers in the house?"

"Only one other party, sir," the landlady said. "A troop of performers who 'ave a month's engagement at the Pantheon Music-hall in Lambeth Road. They are natives of some kind, but they are very quiet, and they won't disturb you."

By a singular coincidence the following night saw Ogilvie seated in the cheap stalls of the Pantheon Music-hall, watching the performance with the air of a man who is simply killing time. It was the usual dreary music-hall show, and not till nearly the end did Ogilvie display any sign of interest.

But a clever performance of an Eastern group of artistes seemed to move him almost to enthusiasm. It was quite an intelligent

"TELL ME WHY YOU MURDERED COUNT GAVANNI."

display in its way, clean and refined, and, Ogilvie would have thought, far over the heads of the audience. Yet there was a section of people there who applauded the tableaux vigorously, but there was no man present who followed the doings of those bronzed Orientals with the vivid interest that Ogilvie was feeling in every nerve of his body.

The next morning he was back at Hampstead again. The house, of course, was in the hands of the police, but he was known by name to the inspector in charge, and consequently he had no difficulty in going over Gavanni's papers. Late that evening —just after midnight, in fact—he made his way back to Stamford Street and lighted the gas in his sitting-room.

"Have those other lodgers of yours come in yet?" he asked the landlady. "Oh, they have. Then would you go upstairs and ask the man who calls himself Ran Seri if he will come down here a moment, as I have a message for him from Ogilvie Sahib? Just tell him that, and ask him to come this way."

A minute or two later and a Eurasian, white-clad from his snowy turban to his flowing skirts, came into the room and made a low obeisance.

"Your Excellency sent for me," he said. "The sahib desires to see me. But they did not tell me that it was Sahib Ogilvie himself."

Ogilvie shut the door discreetly and lighted a cigarette. Ran Seri stood there, erect and motionless, a magnificent specimen of humanity, tall and powerful and muscular. His manner was respectful enough, but obviously his nerves were at high tension, for he seemed to be watching some unseen danger that lurked in the background behind Ogilvie's head.

"You did not expect to see me?" the latter asked.

"It is a happiness beyond my hopes," the man said, humbly enough. "It must be three years now since the sahib deigned to extend his protection to the humblest of his slaves. But Ran Seri has not forgotten. And if there is anything I can do for the all-highest protector of the poor——"

"Only one thing," Ogilvie said, calmly. "Tell me why you murdered Count Gavanni."

The Eurasian quivered from head to foot as if some unseen hand had struck him

a mortal blow. But there was no sign of fight in his dark eyes, no suggestion of violence on his part. He took it with all the fatalism of his race.

"The highest knows what he is speaking of?" he asked.

"The highest most certainly does," Ogilvie said, grimly. "You went over to Hampstead on Sunday night of last week and you killed the count when he was sitting in his canoe. I am not going to say that I saw you do it, but I am as sure of it as if I had been there and saw the blow struck. You may speak if you like, or you may remain silent. But there is no hope for you, no chance of escape. In any case, you will be in the hands of the police before morning. Now, then!"

Ran Seri made a step forward towards a chair, and hesitated.

"Yes," Ogilvie said. "You have my permission to sit down."

The Eurasian dropped into the chair. He gave no sign; if he was feeling deeply he did not betray his feeling by even so much as the quiver of an eyelid.

"There is nothing hidden from the sahib," he said. "There is nothing he does not know. It was the same in Benares, where the evil-doer trembled before a glance of the sahib's eye. And if I had known that the highest was in England I would have come to him the next day and told him the truth."

"Then you are going to confess?" Ogilvie asked.

"Who is the worm Ran Seri that he should set up the thing he calls his mind against the white gods who sit and whisper in the ear of the sahib? The sahib knows everything. Therefore it is not for me to speak."

"Perhaps not," Ogilvie said. "But I like to know that I am right. Now let me see if I can tell you exactly what happened. You came to England with the intention of finding Count Gavanni and killing him."

"Even so, sahib. That thing I did without malice in my mind, and because my gods so ordained it. I am but as a humble instrument in their hands."

"No doubt. But at the same time you had no intention of risking your skin if you could help it. And it was in your favour that you and the count had never met. It was not for him to know that you are half-brother to the girl that the count made love to two years ago in Benares. He did not know that Serena Ran ever had a brother. It is only I who was aware of that because I was head of the police there, and it was with my connivance that you managed to escape from India. But I am merely wasting your time by telling you this. Let us get on. You came to England as the humble instrument of the gods, as you say. But, unfortunately, that kind of thing is not regarded with any marked favour in this country. Of course I can sympathize, to a certain extent, with your point of view, because I have spent twenty years in India. Anyway, you came to England, you found your man, and you laid your plans for his death. He wanted a model for some figures in bronze he was working on, and when you offered yourself he deemed himself fortunate, little dreaming who you really were.

"Well, you went into his service, you had the run of the studio at Hampstead, and by degrees you learnt all you wanted to know. You learnt, for instance, that most fine nights the count was in the habit of paddling about on the lake in the moonlight or in the darkness, working out his designs. And, because you are an Oriental and have the subtle mind and imagination of your race, you began to see your way to one of those dark and mysterious crimes which are the delight of the Eastern criminal. Possibly you might have killed the count in a commonplace fashion, but he was a powerful man, too, and you might have been killed yourself instead. Night after night you watched your opportunities almost under the shadow of that bronze figure in the centre of the lake, and then the inspiration came to you.

"You saw that the count never passed a night on the water without spending a few moments in close contemplation of that work of art, and here was your opportunity ready to your hand. It was no difficult matter for you to strip off your clothing and hide it in a wood, and then, protected by your dark skin, swim as far as the statue. And it was equally easy for a man of your physique to lift the hollow bronze Hercules from its pedestal and drop it into the water, whilst you assumed the place of the statue with a club in your hand ready to deal the count a mortal blow at the first opportunity. I have no doubt that you posed more than once, waiting for the chance to come. Then it was no difficult matter to replace the statue on its base and assume your clothing, with nobody any the wiser. I am as much convinced that this happened on Sunday week as if I had been in the canoe with the count and had seen the crime happen."

"His Excellency is high in favour with his own gods," Ran Seri said. "The gods that never fail him. Doubtless they came to his mightiness in the darkness of the night and showed him all this in a vision."

"Doubtless they did nothing of the sort," Ogilvie said. "I happen to know you of old, and I knew your sister, too. You were in America then. But the count was staying with me, and it was I who was mainly responsible for bringing him and your sister together. And there was no one who more bitterly regrets it than myself. I am sure there was nothing wrong, only the old story of a man amusing himself in his idle hours and leaving the trusting girl to suffer afterwards. And these stories are not confined to India, my friend. I suppose your sister wrote to you and told you all about her coming happiness, and doubtless she told you, too, afterwards, that her dream was ended. Is she married yet?"

Ran Seri moved for the first time.

"She is dead," he said. "And now you know. She died of what you call a broken heart."

"I am grieved to hear it," Ogilvie replied. "I might have guessed something of this. But for some hours after the count's death I suspected nothing but a vulgar crime. And then I found a postcard that the count had written to you telling you that if you did not put in an appearance on Monday he would have no further use for your services, and I began to see daylight. You would have been wiser to have changed your name. I knew then that you were an enemy in the house, and I knew that you had come all this way to avenge the slight on your sister. But even then I could not quite see how you had managed it until I tracked you here and found out what you were doing. I have seen your performance, I have seen those living bronzes at the Pantheon Music-hall, and I have seen the statue of Hercules in the middle of the lake at Hampstead. And when I had seen those two things everything became plain before me. But I have seen more than that; I have seen the scratches on the pedestal of the statue, and the marks made in the bottom of the lake where you placed the statue when you were posing on the pedestal in its place. I have even found the weapon with which the crime was committed. And with that I have finished. If there is anything you would like to say——"

"A few words, sahib," the Eurasian said, calmly, as if he were repeating something he had learnt by heart. "It is all just as the sahib says. It is as if he had seen everything in a vision arranged before his eyes by the gods. When that little sister of mine, whom I loved to the tips of my finger-nails, wrote to me and told me all her troubles, the gods whispered in my ear that I must find the man and kill him. They whispered day and night until the voices nearly drove me mad. So I came back to Benares, and, behold! the lovely child was dead—dead as if a hand had slain her. And the gods were at my ear the whole time. I had nothing to guide me but a photograph, but in the end that was enough. It took me a year to find the man, but I did find him—I even entered his service, and he none the wiser. In all my spare time I watched him: watched him in his garden and on the lake till the plan came into my mind. I could do it better than most men, for is not my skin the same colour as the statue, and have I not for two years been posing before the public with my brothers until I could stand for hours without the quiver of an eyelid?

"I knew that sooner or later my chance would come to me, and it came. Four Sundays did I wait—for Sunday is the only day I have free—and at last my chance came. He sat there within a yard of me speaking to the statue as if it had been alive. Then he wished me good night, and drifted away so near that I could have touched him with my hand. It was then that I reached forward and smote him with that heavy club on the back of the head, so that he fell on his face and never moved again. It is the decree of the gods that the sahib should be in England now and that his vast intelligence should see in a flash of an eye all that I would have hidden from the world. And if the sahib asks me if I am sorry or that I regret, then I say no. For, behold, I am an instrument, a sword in the hand of the avenging deities who have used my unworthy body so that justice might be done. And once there were white men who tried to convert me to your creed, and in a book they gave me I read that there should be an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. And therefore can the sahib bring himself to blame me because I have learnt the lesson written in the Talmud of his own forefathers? Sahib, I have finished."

The Eurasian bent his head upon his breast and folded his hands before him. He sat there, the embodiment of Fate, the incarnation of a creed beyond the grip of Western imagination.

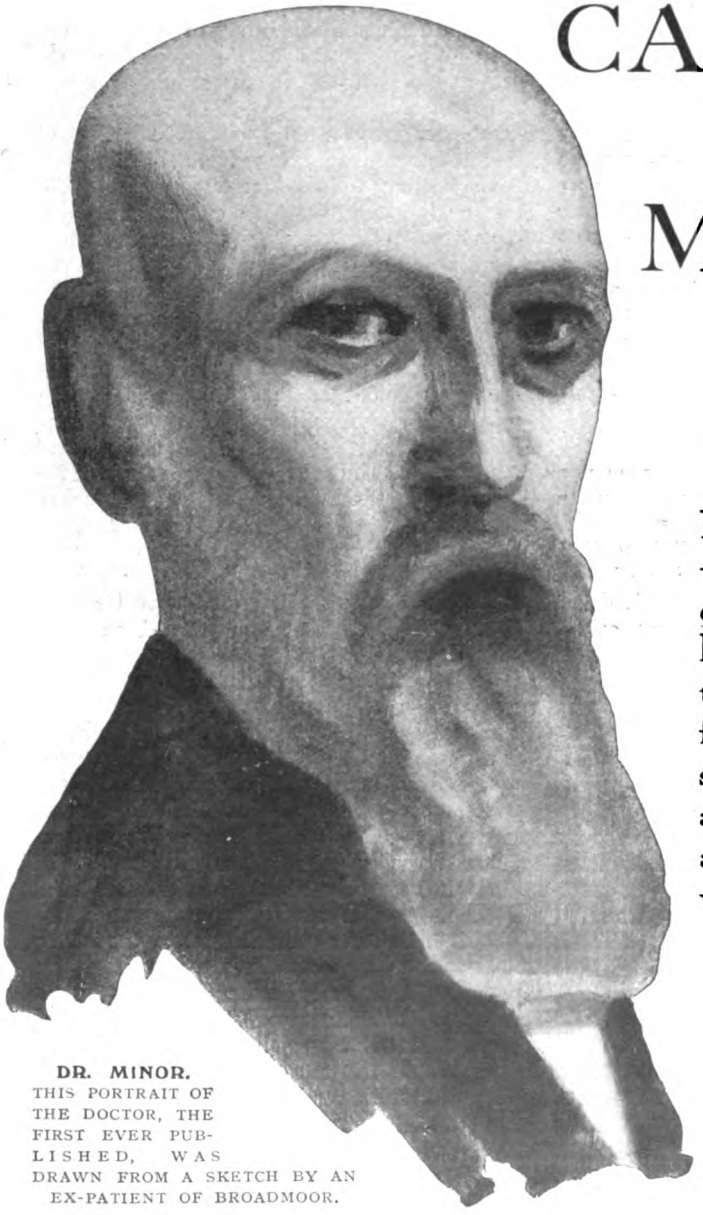
Ogilvie rose to his feet and rang the bell.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. MINOR.

II.

By HAYDEN CHURCH.

New lights on the case—The doctor tells his own story—His landlord adds some interesting details—A fellow-inmate describes the doctor's life at Broadmoor, while another supplies us with a portrait of him.



DR. MINOR.
THIS PORTRAIT OF THE DOCTOR, THE FIRST EVER PUBLISHED, WAS DRAWN FROM A SKETCH BY AN EX-PATIENT OF BROADMOOR.

"IT is the most secret place in the British Empire."

The man who spoke these words employed them to describe Broadmoor — England's great prison for insane criminals, which stands in Berkshire, nigh to the little town of Crowthorne, and has been made famous by many a grisly tale of wrongdoing that—rightly or wrongly—has ended with the incarceration of the central figure within its walls, as well as by many a sensational work of imaginative fiction and many a grim melodrama. Broadmoor was the criminal lunatic asylum in which Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" was supposed to have written his strange autobiography, and finally to have died; and the institution has figured again and again in

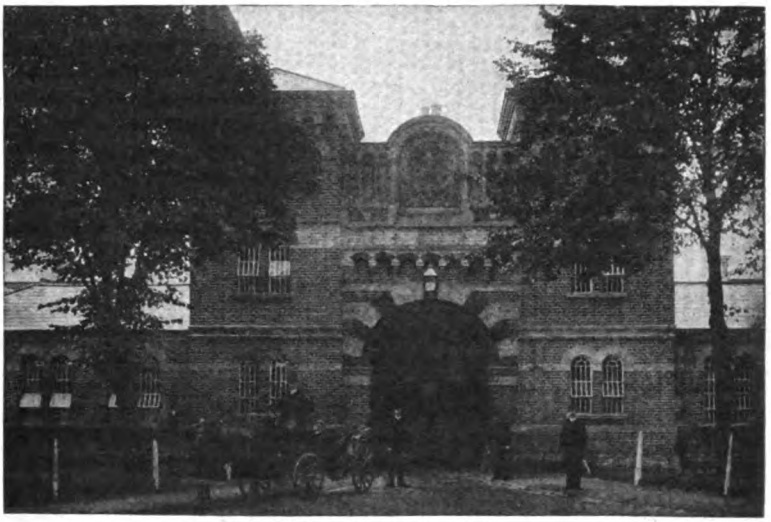
the writings of George R. Sims and other purveyors of romance.

Recently, and perhaps for the first time, Broadmoor has become more than a name to readers in other lands owing to the publication of the strange and almost incredible tale of how an American Civil War surgeon, who went mad as a result of experiences in that conflict and who later came to England and stood his trial for murder here, spent nearly forty years in Broadmoor. And how, while there, he turned his cultured mind to literary research and was of inestimable assistance to the late Sir James Murray, one of the greatest scholars of his time, in the latter's compilation of the material for that mightiest of all lexicons, the "New English (or Oxford) Dictionary."

Since my original article was written Dr. Minor has been interviewed, and has added several details to the story.

Now in his eighty-third year, he is to-day an inmate of St. Elizabeth's Asylum, the Government Institution at Washington, D.C., to which, as an ex-member of the United States Army, he was admitted when, in April, 1910, at the instance of his relatives, he was finally released from Broadmoor by Mr. Winston Churchill, who was then Home Secretary, and taken back to his own country after having spent thirty-eight years, almost to a day, in confinement in this country.

Meanwhile his story has become world-famous. When first revealed in these columns, coming, as it did, so soon after the death of Sir James Murray, the greatest lexicographer of our time, the tale of how a madman furnished him, according to his own showing, with "between five thousand and eight thousand" of the quotations which he used in his great work was the sensation of the day in the Press of Great Britain, which, in retailing it, momentarily forgot the war. Learned editorial articles were based upon it. "No romance," declared the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is equal to this wonderful story of scholarship in a padded cell." And the *Daily Telegraph*, which, in its news columns, described the tale as "one of the strangest ever chronicled in print," commented upon it editorially to the extent of nearly a column and drew a contrast between the American doctor and the notorious Wainwright, poisoner and art critic, who was the acquaintance of Charles Lamb and De Quincey, and whose remarkable career suggested materials for a character both to Bulwer Lytton and to Charles Dickens.



THE ENTRANCE TO BROADMOOR.
Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

Even wits have found inspiration in the story of Dr. Minor. An Australian humorist, for example, remarked recently that "claims that an insane physician helped Sir James Murray compile his dictionary of the English language lift a dark cloud of suspicion from Henry James." Across many seas the tale has travelled, and seldom in the future, apparently, will cases of erudition coupled with madness be instanced without reference being made to the "Lexicographer of Broadmoor," as one British editorial writer termed Dr. Minor.

There is no doubt that for years he must have been suffering more or less from the delusions of persecution—common in certain forms of insanity—which culminated in such a tragic way.

He had taken lodgings in Lambeth. One night, near midnight, he had gone out for a

stroll along the Embankment. He noticed a workman behind him, and he thought he was dogging his steps. The delusions from which he suffered instantly connected the figure of this man with his persecutors. Dr. Minor drew his revolver and shot the man.

Far from resenting the publication of his strange story, the doctor, when interviewed at St. Elizabeth's Asylum, in the American capital, gave a complete confirmation to our narrative and added several details in his own words.

"I could have walked to the river and thrown the revolver in, and no one would ever have known," he said; "the street was deserted."

How he came to be carrying a revolver he explained thus: His work often carried him into dangerous streets. At dinner one night an elderly officer asked him why he did not carry a revolver, adding, "When you need one, you always need it *bad*."

The remark made an impression on him, and from that time on he carried one. When examined by the police a bowie-knife was also found on his person.

Dr. Minor, it is satisfactory to note, also confirms in all essential details the story of his connection with the "New English Dictionary," as it was first related in these columns.

"It was Dr. Murray's way," he said, "to send out leaflets stating that he sought such and such information, and inviting those who could supply it to do so. I happened to see that he wanted certain information, and sent it. My first contributions consisted of details as to English words which, in the United States, have acquired a new significance, as, for example, the word 'sick,' which, on this side of the Atlantic, of course, merely means to be ill in any way. Dr. Murray seemed pleased with what I contributed, and that is the way it all started. The work on the dictionary was for me a very pleasant and satisfactory way of passing the time. The work was no burden to me; it was a pure pleasure."

When it was suggested that he had received scant reward for his labours and stood little chance of getting "a square deal," he exclaimed: "I expect God will give me 'a square deal.' I do not expect it from man."

Dr. Minor states, too, that the published volumes of the dictionary were sent to him as they were issued, so that he has always seen the results of his scholarship.

When the interviewer called on Dr. Minor, by the way, he found him reading "National Law and Science," by Emile Boutroux. He used to read, he said, many odd books—was what he called a "free lance"—did not attempt any particular line.

"But now," he said, "I have no books to speak of. I used to have a large library over there, and I bought many out-of-the-way books. Now it is all broken up."

This was due to the belief of the English surgeons that he would not survive the voyage to America. As a matter of fact, it appears to have been, as he declares, "very beneficial to me."

Letters from peers of the realm and famous scholars have reached me in connection with my article on "The Strange Case of Dr. Minor." Among them is an interesting account of the American ex-surgeon's early days in London from Mr. John Fisher, the then proprietor of 41, Tenison Street, Lambeth, where Dr. Minor lodged.

"It was a great relief to me," he says, "to hear that the doctor found some congenial and useful occupation during his incarceration, for apart from his attacks he was an accomplished and thorough gentleman, and I am glad to know that he was ultimately allowed to return to America.

"By the light of after-events it was only by the closest shave that I was not myself the victim instead of poor Merritt. When the doctor came to us he said he was visiting England for pleasure; he did not care for hotel life, as he wished to come and go as he liked. He should be away sometimes for days at a time, but he wanted a light left every night, as he disliked entering a dark room. He had a dislike, almost amounting to fear, of anything Irish. He more than once asked to see me, but as I was then very busy it was some time before the opportunity occurred. He had been away some days, and on a Saturday evening I was home early and my wife asked me to let down the venetians and light the gas in his room. Being dusk I went into the room without noticing anything, and had got the blinds down and was just in the act of lighting the gas, when he bounded off the bed, swift and light as a panther, and stood inches above me in a fury. Fortunately I managed to get a light, and I suppose my appearance reassured him when I told him who I was. I afterwards knew that he always carried a loaded revolver and a formidable clasp knife. Had he used either the one or the other in his alarm it would not have been poor Merritt who was the victim. Such was our almost tragic introduction.

"He quickly calmed down, and asked me if I could spare time for a little chat after tea. I had a very pleasant talk with him for about two hours, and found him one of the best-informed men I have ever met. It was soon after the Franco-German War. The French had been defeated and M. Thiers was just taking office, and Dr. Minor was wondering what would come of it. He knew European politics as well as any one in ten average Englishmen. He said he had enjoyed the talk, and asked me to see him again on the first opportunity. Alas! the next time I saw him was at the police-station.

"He had been away for a day or two and had come home about nine o'clock. He said he did not want anything, and was going to bed. About midnight I was startled by the door bell ringing violently, and found a police-sergeant at the door asking for Dr. Minor. I said he was in bed. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'a man who says he is Dr. Minor, and gives this address, is at Stones End police-station. He has shot a man, and you had better come and identify him.' Yes, it was the doctor, and he appeared rational enough then. He asked for a few things to be taken to him, which I did. The police came next morning and turned all his things on to the floor—two or three hundred pounds' worth, I should think, including cash and circular notes, letters of introduction, etc. After the committal these were all tumbled back into the trunks and taken away by the police.

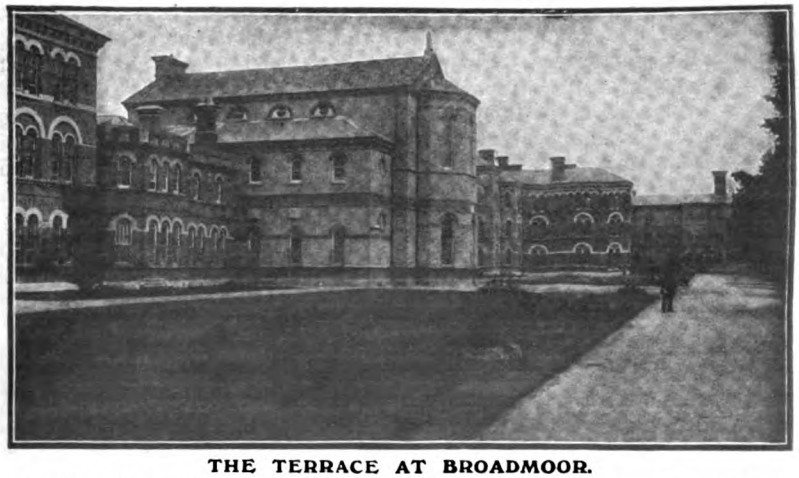
"I may add that we always knew where he had been during these absences, as he always brought his hotel bills back, and also by the beautiful sketches he had made. Sometimes it would be Windsor, sometimes Hampton Court, and he was very fond of Richmond. He liked to put the finishing touch to them in the evenings while the scenery was fresh in his mind."

By far the most interesting, however, of the voluntary statements that have been communicated as a result of my article is that which was made, first by letter and later by word of mouth, by one who saw Dr. Minor almost daily during thirteen years of his incarceration in Broadmoor. Himself the possessor of more than ordinary scholarly attainments, united with a keen intelligence and an unusual faculty for keen observation, he was able to furnish details, not only regarding Dr. Minor's life within Broadmoor's walls, but as to his companions in misfortune there and regarding the fashion in which life is ordered in that dread institution. These details cannot fail, one thinks, to prove of more than common interest.

For obvious reasons I am unable to disclose my informant's identity, but that he speaks with authority, and was not unworthy of the personal intimacy which Dr. Minor freely accorded him, will be evident from what follows.

When I met this gentleman one of my first questions was as to the nature of the certain special privileges which he had declared were enjoyed by Dr. Minor at Broadmoor and accorded to no other inmate of the institution.

"As a 'patient' possessed of means," he replied, "Dr. Minor was a resident of Block II.,



THE TERRACE AT BROADMOOR.

UP AND DOWN THE PATH IN THE FOREGROUND THE LATE SIR JAMES MURRAY FREQUENTLY STROLLED WITH THE AMERICAN WHILE DISCUSSING POINTS CONNECTED WITH THE DICTIONARY.

Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

which is reserved for the better class of inmates, and is known colloquially throughout the institution as the 'swell block.'

"Block II., among other things, is the only section of Broadmoor in which 'patients' are allowed to have private rooms, and Dr. Minor is the only one that I have ever

known who was allowed two of these. They were on the top, or dormitory, floor of the block, and consisted of a living-room (overlooking the tennis-court), where he slept, and a day-room, where he worked and had his meals. The second of these rooms, where he carried on his now-famous work for Sir James Murray (and also dabbled in his favourite pastime of water-colour painting), was on the other side of the building, only a few steps along the corridor from the doctor's sleeping-room, and overlooked the cricket-ground and as charming a landscape as one could wish to see.

"Dr. Minor's work-room was, as one would have expected, lined on every side with books, the choicest of which were contained in a large glass bookcase (the only space in the wall not occupied by them was that reserved for the fireplace), and his painting implements, together with finished and unfinished canvases, were also in evidence. While on this subject I may mention that he had a predilection for depicting, not the surrounding scenery, but scenes which had lingered in his memory, and it was another evidence of his invariable kindliness that he was always glad to assist the other less-gifted amateur artists who shared his captivity. I have still by me, in fact, a little landscape study made by one of them, in which Dr. Minor touched in the sky.

"He was a connoisseur, amongst other things, of rare first editions, which he collected, and was in constant correspondence with dealers in such. Thus we come to another of his privileges, which lay in the fact that his correspondence was uncensored by the asylum authorities, an exemption which was, I believe, unique in his case. He kept well abreast of periodic literature, taking in, among other publications, both the *Spectator* and the American *Outlook*, which he devoured as soon as it arrived. I remember he was keenly interested in the life of the late Booker T. Washington which ran through its pages, particularly so, perhaps, as he had known, it seemed, at least one of the characters mentioned therein.

"Block II.," went on the speaker, "is the only one of the buildings at Broadmoor which possesses a library of its own, and it is quite a fine one, the volumes of which it consists being selected and purchased by the chaplain of the prison. Needless to say, Dr. Minor was one of the most regular 'borrowers,' though it was much more his habit to ask to be allowed to consult a book, to 'burrow' in it for a few minutes, and then to return it and hurry back to his own room. He was extremely short-sighted, and always held a volume or other printed matter that he might be reading close to his nose, but I have never seen him use glasses. After the five years that have passed since I last saw him (in April, 1910), I find it difficult to remember what books he had on his own shelves, but I remember noticing, among the novels, Hardy's 'Jude the Obscure.' And this recalls a somewhat interesting little incident.

"One day, while sitting in the 'airing court' of Block II., where the patients who are not employed in the shops and on the estate take their exercise, I happened to be discussing with one of them—a man of wide reading and cultivated tastes—a recent essay by Professor Walter Raleigh, in which he placed in the same class of fiction Dickens's 'Pickwick Papers' and 'David Harum.' Of the latter work, as it happened, neither of us had ever heard. Dr. Minor, who happened to be passing, stopped short on overhearing my confession of ignorance.

"'Why, "David Harum" is an American novel,' he said, 'which has made an extraordinary success in the United States, and is only less well known here. I have it in my room, and will lend it to you with pleasure.' Accordingly he did so, and when, several years later, he was about to leave Broadmoor, he remarked to me, 'You will be glad to hear that I'm leaving "David Harum" behind me for others to enjoy.'"

"What form did Dr. Minor's delusions take while he was in Broadmoor?"

"Very extraordinary ones. He still believed himself subject to persecution both by the Evil One and the Irish, but in spite of the latter fact, curiously enough, he never showed any antipathy to any of the Irishmen who were among the other six hundred and fifty-odd patients. The story went that, at his own expense, he had a layer of zinc placed under the flooring of his living-room, to prevent the evil spirits from coming up from below and making away with him, and he always kept a bowl of water in whichever of his two rooms he might be, on the theory that evil spirits will not cross water. It was not, you will remember, until Tam o' Shanter got across the river, that he succeeded in shaking off his malign pursuers!

"But it was at night that Dr. Minor's strangest fancies took hold of him. Bed-time at Broadmoor comes at seven-thirty, and at a few minutes to eight the Principal makes a round of the building to see to it that

every patient is safely between the sheets. Dr. Minor used to declare with the utmost conviction that, shortly after the Principal had made his round, several attendants (at the instigation of the authorities) would invade his room and force him to quit it, and that he then would be dragged across the intervening country, through hedges and across ditches, and forced to visit certain dens of infamy where he was obliged to commit the wildest excesses before he was eventually brought back again. To show you, moreover, how his delusions kept him up to date, as it were, I may add that, as soon as the aeroplane was perfected and came into common use, the doctor declared that his nightly assailants, abandoning their former methods, would force him to enter an aeroplane and thereupon carried him off to Constantinople and to other parts of the East, where he was obliged to visit harems and to indulge in all sorts of orgies, the 'remembrance' of which next day horrified him beyond measure.

"In his sleeping-room, I may recall, there was a clock which one day had stopped for no apparent reason. Between the glass and the face, ever afterwards, as long as I knew him, Dr. Minor kept a card on which he had printed in large letters, 'This stopped clock is witness of the perfidy of those in charge of this institution.' No doubt what had happened was that the works of the clock had been removed by order of the Principal for reasons that one may guess, but the whole thing illustrates the strange workings of the American's mind. I recall, too, his quaint commentary on an 'argument' which he told me he had been having with the medical superintendent, Dr. Brayn.

"'Do you know the fable of the "Lion and the Fox"?' he asked. 'The lion announced one day that every creature would be safe at his court except horned animals. Shortly afterwards the fox was seen slinking away. One of the other animals asked him why he was fleeing, as the lion had promised to harm none but beasts with horns. "But look at my forehead," said the fox, "and you will see that I have a bony lump there." "But that isn't a horn," cried the other animal. "No," said the fox, "but if the lion says it's a horn, then it *is* one, and it's no good my arguing." That's exactly the situation,' declared Dr. Minor, 'between the medical superintendent and me.'

"In personal appearance Dr. Minor was tall, being little short of six feet in height, painfully thin, and would not have turned the scale at nine stone. He was quite bald, with a finely-shaped head, broad forehead, keen and intelligent blue or blue-grey eyes, hollow cheeks, a thin, silky moustache, and thin, pointed, wavy beard; in fact, he much resembled the accepted appearance of Father Time, or one of the old alchemists."

But perhaps a better idea of his appearance may be obtained from a sketch which was made by another ex-patient of Broadmoor. It is from this work that the most interesting portrait which appears on the first page of this article has been derived.

In next month's number will appear the opening chapters of a

GREAT NEW SERIAL STORY

by

W. W. JACOBS,

entitled

"The Castaways,"

in which the inimitable author of "Salthaven" and "At Sunwich Port" will be found at his best.

HALF A TON OF DYNAMITE.

By MARTIN SWAYNE.

Illustrated by Arthur Garratt.

ON a pleasant summer's evening Mr. and Mrs. Levison were seated in a corner of their immense drawing-room, listening to the strains of a cabinet gramophone. For the first time for some weeks the Levisons found they had an evening to themselves, and they determined to spend it in a simple and homely manner. Mrs. Levison rested in a negligent attitude on a couch, while her husband, clad in a purple, quilted smoking-jacket, with a large cigar in his mouth, reclined in an arm-chair, smoothing his sleek, black hair with one hand and beating time to the music with the other. His feet rested upon the back of another chair.

Mr. Levison was one of those simple and unassuming men who, from the moment they begin to think, concentrate all their faculties on the acquisition of money. His success had been slow, but steady, and each passing year saw him rising higher on the steep way that, in his opinion, was the only way of life. But although he was successful, Mr. Levison remained a simple and unassuming man, timid in manner to those whom he fancied were his betters, and easy and natural to his inferiors.

"My dear," he remarked to his wife, removing his cigar from his lips, "it is very nice to have a quiet evening together."

"It is, my love," replied his wife, with a contented sigh.

The gramophone music ceased, and a gorgeous footman, who had been standing in the distance, advanced and stopped the machinery.

"Edward," said Mrs. Levison, "go upstairs to the nurseries and get the report of the night nurse."

"Yes, madam."

The footman withdrew, and Mr. Levison loosened the buttons of his white evening waistcoat; the Levisons were in the habit of dining late and their *chef* had excelled himself that evening.

Mr. Levison blew a cloud of fragrant blue smoke towards the carved ceiling, and his eyes began to wander round the room. He was justly proud of the apartment. It was one of the largest drawing-rooms in London, and it was hung with a vast number of valuable pictures. In an alcove, softly illuminated by concealed lights, stood the Levison collection of china, sparkling with a thousand radiant hues. Charming examples of sculpture stood about, supported on marble columns. The furniture was not crowded, but each article was exquisite, for Mr. Levison was sufficiently a connoisseur to know when a thing was genuine, and what its price should be. Although the Levisons had only taken the mansion a year ago, it was already stored with treasures of art, from attic to cellar.

The footman entered the room from a distant door and crossed the wide floor with noiseless tread.

"Master David is asleep, Master Samuel is asleep, and Miss Miriam is asleep," he announced.

Mrs. Levison nodded contentedly.

"Thank you, Edward; you can go," said Mrs. Levison, waving her hand; "we do not wish to be disturbed now."

"Very good, madam."

The footman cast a glance round the room, to see that everything was in order, and then departed. Mrs. Levison settled herself more comfortably, and prepared to go to sleep. Her husband readjusted his feet at a still higher angle at the back of the chair, and gave himself up to those deep and calm trains of thought whose outcome showed themselves as shattering cataclysms in the world of finance. The long, gold-coloured

curtains before the open windows stirred softly in the evening breeze. The murmur of London penetrated musically into the room. A quaint clock on a writing-table near by ticked a gentle and soothing rhythm, and soon Mrs. Levison's breathing told that she was in the world of dreams.

A quarter to ten chimed softly from the clock on the writing-table, followed at intervals by chimes that came from all parts of the great apartment. Mr. Levison stirred himself and once more began to let his eyes wander round the room of which he was so justly proud. He noted his Velazquez and his Tintoret; he dwelt lovingly on his little cabinet of Empire miniatures; he doted on the marble Pandora, and had turned his head a little to enjoy the Vandyke, when he noticed a man seated on a couch half-way down the room.

Mr. Levison started slightly.

The stranger was in evening dress, and even from that distance he looked a distinguished figure. He was caressing a long black moustache, and looking with interest at the wonderful collection of china opposite him. Mr. Levison removed his feet from the back of the chair, and sat up. He felt a little agitated. Was it possible that he had been asleep and that the visitor had been announced unheard by him? In questions of social duties, Mr. Levison was always a little agitated. The sight of the distinguished stranger, sitting alone and unheeded, made him feel as if he were guilty of a crime.

He hastily buttoned up his waistcoat and adjusted his evening tie. Then, with a surreptitious movement, he roused Mrs. Levison. When she realized what her husband was trying to convey to her by violent gestures, she scrambled into a sitting position and smoothed down the folds of her elaborate yellow satin tea-gown that she had put on for comfort.

"Who can he be?" she whispered, in some excitement.

"I do not know, my dear," replied Mr. Levison, nervously. "He must have been announced when we were asleep. His face is vaguely familiar."

"So many people come to our dinners whose names we scarcely know," said his wife, plaintively. "But go and speak to him, Joseph. Be very polite, and pretend you know him. It is always rude to ask a person's name."

Mr. Levison braced himself up and began his journey down the brilliantly-lighted room. The stranger, on his approach, rose and bowed in a foreign manner.

"Good evening," said Mr. Levison, rubbing his hands, and bowing also.

"Good evening. I trust I do not disturb you," replied the stranger.

"It is so kind of you to come," said Mr. Levison, nervously. He continued to rub his hands.

The stranger, who was very tall, gazed down at him with a pair of dark, inscrutable eyes. He smiled slightly.

"I walked in," he said. "The door was open. Your butler is conversing with a young lady at the corner. The footmen in the hall are fast asleep. So I walked upstairs."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Mr. Levison; "I am so sorry no one announced you!"

"Not at all. You see, I know the house very well."

"Of course!" exclaimed Mr. Levison. He was greatly embarrassed. Who could he be? He ought to know his name. He made a movement towards his wife, and the stranger accompanied him.

"Ah—you know Mrs. Levison, of course," murmured Mr. Levison, waving his plump little hands vaguely. The stranger bowed again, very deeply.

"How d'ye do?" said Mrs. Levison, in her best manner, and then silence fell on all three. Only the stranger seemed at ease.

"I was just telling your husband that I know this house very well," he remarked, at length.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Mrs. Levison, rapidly. "Of course. I know you have been often here; such a pleasure; please sit down, won't you?"

The stranger bowed, but remained standing.

"My name is Kromeski," he announced, calmly.

"Oh, I know—yes, yes, of course! Prince Kromeski," murmured the unhappy Mrs. Levison, who was greatly agitated, and quite at her wits' end.

"Your Highness"—began Mr. Levison, spreading out his hands.

"No; not Prince Kromeski. Simply Kromeski.'

He bowed again. He was obviously foreign. The Levisons bowed too. Who on earth could he be? His manner was magnificent, although cold and distant. His lean, muscular frame was set off to perfect advantage by his evening clothes. His composure was almost startling. Mrs. Levison was too upset to notice that he was waiting for her to sit down.

"Will you take a little refreshment?" inquired Mr. Levison, at length, in despair. "Something, perhaps, to drink?"

"You are most kind and thoughtful," said the stranger. Was it possible that there was a sinister gleam in his eyes? Mr. Levison, at any rate, did not observe it.

"Some champagne?" he asked, timidly.

"Thank you. A little really good champagne, well iced, would be very refreshing," was the singular reply. Mr. Levison at once hastened to the bell.

"We keep some excellent brands," he exclaimed, obsequiously. The footman entered. "Bring up a bottle of champagne from bin number eighty-eight, and let it be iced. Be quick!" he commanded.

The footman vanished.

"The weather is a little hot," he continued, rubbing his hands. "One needs refreshment."

"Quite so," said the stranger. He looked round the room. "You have some wonderful treasures here. The size of the apartment shows them off to perfection."

"Yes," said Mrs. Levison, who was getting tired of standing; "it is a large room."

"The largest in London," said the stranger. "It took some planning, I assure you, to build it. Such a vast span of ornamental ceiling, without central support, is difficult to construct. At first I thought I could not manage it."

The Levisons stared at him in surprise.

"You see," said the stranger, with a smile, "I am the architect who designed this house."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Levison. They looked at each other in surprise.

"The architect!" said her husband, with raised eyebrows.

"Just fancy!" added Mrs. Levison,

"THE SIGHT OF THE DISTINGUISHED STRANGER, SITTING ALONE AND UNHEEDED, MADE HIM FEEL AS IF HE WERE GUILTY OF A CRIME."

sitting down at once. "How extraordinary!"

"What is extraordinary?" asked Kromeski.

"Your being only the architect," she said resuming her attitude of complacency on the couch. "I thought you were somebody quite different!"

In the scheme of life which Mrs. Levison had adopted, all people who followed a definite profession were treated coolly, for they were the servants of gold. Her husband—a person of finer sensibilities—did not hold quite the same views. He motioned Kromeski to a seat.

"Dear, dear," he said, in tones of relief, "I didn't know what to make of you. So you are the architect? Well, you didn't make a bad job of this house."

"Not bad," said his wife, carelessly. "We should have preferred to build our own house. But Joseph thought this would do."

At this moment the butler, followed by three footmen, entered the room. They formed up at the door and advanced in a little procession. One footman carried a silver ice-pail, containing the bottle of champagne; another, a tray on which was a glass; the third bore a table. The butler superintended their manœuvres.

Kromeski watched them with a curious expression.

"That is very good champagne," observed Mr. Levison, after the servants had left. "From bin eighty-eight."

"Yes," echoed his wife; "you built good cellars here. We have over two thousand pounds' worth of wine stored in them."

"That is true," said Mr. Levison, with a look of satisfaction.

"The attics, too, are full of valuables," continued his wife, in a kind of chant; "they contain the contents of two valuable libraries which Joseph bought last month."

"They are worth twenty thousand pounds," echoed Mr. Levison, rapidly; "one-fifth the value of this room."

"Yes," continued his wife, "Joseph values the contents of this room at one hundred thousand pounds."

"And that is apart from the china, which, by itself, is worth ten thousand pounds, at least."

They paused, a little breathless, and looked at each other with an expression of mutual satisfaction.

"And the whole house?" asked Kromeski. "What is that worth?"

"Contents and all, about three hundred thousand pounds," said Mrs. Levison.

"Rather more, my dear," corrected her husband; "about three hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

Kromeski poured himself out a glass of champagne and drank it slowly. He put the glass down again on the table.

"I am a Nihilist," he remarked, reflectively.

"A what?" asked Mrs. Levison, with a yawn.

"An Anarchist."

The Levisons both sat up and stared at him.

"An Anarchist?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Levison gazed at him reproachfully. "But you said you were an architect!"

"I am both," replied Kromeski, with great calmness. "I create things; but if they do not please me, I destroy them. I created this house, but it does not please me. So I am going to destroy it."

Mr. Levison, who had been momentarily alarmed, was reassured by the stranger's calm manner. He laughed, and nudged his wife.

"It is a little joke," he whispered.

"Oh," she returned, "a joke!" She at once leaned back again on the couch.

"You forget, my friend, that I bought the house," said Mr. Levison, entering into the spirit of the jest. "You cannot destroy it."

Kromeski did not answer. He rose and crossed the room to observe a picture more closely. Then he returned and poured out another glass of champagne. His manner was very composed.

"That is a genuine Daubigny you have there," he observed, sitting down.

"Yes," said Mr. Levison. "I paid over a thousand pounds for that."

"It is a pity that it will be destroyed."

"Ha ha! That is very amusing," Mr. Levison exclaimed. "So you are still determined to destroy the house?"

"Of course," said the stranger. "That is why I came to see you to-night."

"Excellent," cried Mr. Levison. "And how are you going to destroy it?"

"With dynamite."

"Of course. With dynamite!" echoed Mr. Levison, greatly entertained.

"It would require a lot of dynamite to destroy this house," said Mrs. Levison, contentedly.

"About half a ton," said Kromeski, looking round the room.

"You would need a cart to bring it here!" she added, smiling broadly.

"No," he answered. "It is here already."

The look that accompanied the statement was so curious that Mr. Levison's gaiety left him, and a chill feeling crept into his heart. He was naturally a timid man, and any suspicion of physical danger upset him.

"Here?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"Yes."

Mr. Levison looked at his wife. She was sitting up, studying Kromeski's face. Her expression showed she was uneasy.

"Where is the dynamite?" she asked, at length.

"In the cellars."

"Impossible!" she cried. "The cellars are always locked. The butler, James, has the keys. It can't be in the cellars!"

"It is, however, in the cellars."

"But there is no room for half a ton of dynamite in the cellars!" cried Mrs. Levison; "the wine-bins occupy all the space!"

"The dynamite is under the wine-bins."

Once more the Levisons exchanged glances. Mrs. Levison uttered an exclamation of impatience. "How can it be under the wine-bins?" she said; "the floors are of concrete. You are talking nonsense."

"The dynamite is under the concrete."

There was a pause. Mr. Levison threw up his arms with a gesture of incredulity. "How is that possible? Who put it there?"

"I put it there when I laid the foundations of the house."

This startling piece of information made Mr. Levison's heart contract. His wife turned pale. They sat gazing at the sinister visitor with terrified eyes. What was this extraordinary tale? Mr. Levison, with an effort, pulled himself together and endeavoured to assume a courageous manner.

"You are mad!" he exclaimed. "How dare you come here with this fairy tale! I will have you turned out of the house!"

"It is ridiculous!" said his wife. "And even if there *is* some dynamite under the concrete, it is safe enough there. It cannot explode."

"On the contrary," said Kromeski, looking intently at her. "It can explode. On the top of the dynamite there is a time-machine, connected with an electrical apparatus. I put it there myself, exactly a year ago. It has been ticking, unheard, all this year; it is an ingenious time-machine. I made it myself."

Mr. Levison sprang to his feet. His wife stood up also.

"You mean it may go off at any moment?"

"No. It will go off at a certain definite time, which I arranged when I set it."

"And when is that?"

"To-night, at half-past ten."

Mrs. Levison uttered a cry, and sank down upon the couch.

"Good heavens! You are a maniac! You are dangerous! I will get the police!" Mr. Levison rushed towards the bell.

"Stop!" said Kromeski, imperatively. Mr. Levison halted and turned. "If you get the police, nothing can save your house. It would take a week of digging to find that dynamite. You have only a few minutes."

Mr. Levison looked at the clock. It was five minutes past ten.

"Good heavens!" he muttered. "What am I to do?"

Kromeski rose. He began to saunter towards the nearest window that overlooked the street. Mr. Levison stood irresolute. He had twenty-five valuable minutes in which to decide on a course of action. His wife seemed in a state of collapse. He went to her and endeavoured to comfort her. Kromeski pulled the curtains aside, looked into the street in a casual way, and then turned back.

"Joseph," muttered Mrs. Levison, "he is a dangerous man—we must get the children out of the house."

"But are we to believe him?" whispered her husband. "It may be lies—it must be lies!"

Mrs. Levison was silent. Then she sat up and looked intently at Kromeski, who was examining a small table, covered with delicate ivory work.

"That is true," she said, in a low voice. "It may be simply a clever trick to get money out of you."

The contending emotions upon Mr. Levison's face began to subside, and a cunning expression crept into his eyes. He gave his wife's hand a squeeze, as if to show he had made up his mind, and moved towards Kromeski. He stood on the other side of the ivory table, thrust his hands into his pockets, and eyed him craftily.

"Ivory is not a very good medium for art," observed Kromeski, critically. "It is flat and cold—altogether too dead."

"Dynamite is a better medium for art," said Mr. Levison, softly. "I mean for the art of lying."

Kromeski looked at him in slight surprise; the other continued with sudden vehemence. "Yes, that's what I think you are—a liar! a shameless impostor! Curse you! do you think you are going to walk into my house and tell me a cock-and-bull story for nothing? I'll have you arrested—do you hear?"

"Certainly," said Kromeski. "Have me arrested, by all means. That will not save your house."

"Indeed!" sneered Mr. Levison. "And what, pray, will save my house?"

"Heaven knows," said Kromeski, soberly; "I'm sure I don't. To me, you are one of the most loathsome creatures in London. It is said you have never given a penny to charity; it is said you have ruined more people than there are hairs on your head. You are universally detested. The society to which I belong marked you down many years ago. When you took this house you walked straight into a trap, my friend."

Mr. Levison balanced himself on his toes, and reflected. Then he leaned across the table. All his business cunning was aroused.

"If you are an Anarchist and wish to destroy me, why do you come here to-night and warn me?"

"Because our society does not seek to destroy life. It destroys property. We hold life to be sacred—even lives such as yours—and endeavour to save it."

Kromeski turned away, and left Mr. Levison thinking deeply. He was seeking to detect a flaw in Kromeski's attitude.

"It was unnecessary for you to come," he said, at length; "you could have merely written."

"True. But would you have paid any attention to the letter? Every very wealthy man of your type receives threatening letters every day. He flings them into the waste-paper basket. I came myself, so that you might thoroughly understand, and act as you thought best."

"An Anarchist does not drink champagne!" exclaimed Mrs. Levison, suddenly, from across the room.

"Why not, madam? There is no harm in champagne," replied Kromeski, simply. "I do not quarrel with the normal pleasures of life. For a man to possess a few good pictures, a reasonable house, a few pounds' worth of wine in his cellars, is normal. We are not fanatics. But to possess more than a hundred priceless pictures, to live in a palace, to have two thousand pounds' worth of wine in one's cellars—that is a crime against humanity."

"Then why did you design the house—the palace?" asked Mr. Levison, shrewdly.

"To trap people like you. I have designed three palaces like this in my lifetime. One in New York, one in Paris, and this one here in London. The one in New York is so much dust, dispersed over the city, together with half a man's fortune. The one in Paris

is just completed, and, like a gorgeous spider, awaits its fly. This one—well, you know all about this one, now."

"Who lived in the New York one?" asked Mr. Levison, sharply.

"Lucas Spyer."

Mrs. Levison uttered an exclamation, and Mr. Levison's colour faded a little. He rallied his forces, however, and pointed an accusing finger.

"Lucas Spyer was blown up with his house?"

"Yes. He refused to believe my story. He had me turned out of the house. I could do nothing more."

Mr. Levison was about to ask another question, when the footman entered and said something to him in a low voice. Levison started. A flash of fear showed in his eyes. Then he nodded. "I will come at once," he said, and waved the man away. He crossed to his wife. "My dear," he whispered, bending down, "a superintendent of the police has called. They are probably on this man's track."

"The police!" muttered his wife.

"Hush! Not a word! I will go and see him. I will tell a footman to stand outside the door in my absence. He will enter at a cry from you. Keep the madman occupied—keep him talking. Tell him the doctor has called, and I have gone to see him."

Levison stole out of the room. Krom eski studied a picture for a minute or two. Then he turned, and frowned slightly.

"Where has your husband gone?" he asked, returning swiftly. "I thought he was here!"

"He has gone to speak to the doctor. One of the children is ill. The doctor sent in a message to say he wished to see Mr. Levison. It is little David who is ill. He is our eldest boy. Next week he will be all right. He was taken ill quite suddenly—this evening."

Mrs. Levison paused a moment. It was essential to go on talking. Her thoughts ran swiftly, and she continued: "Yes, he had a shivering fit, and was a little sick. So we thought it was probably a fever. Most fevers begin in that way, don't they? But he has already had scarlet fever and measles. So I don't know what it will be. It may be measles again. Does one have measles twice?"

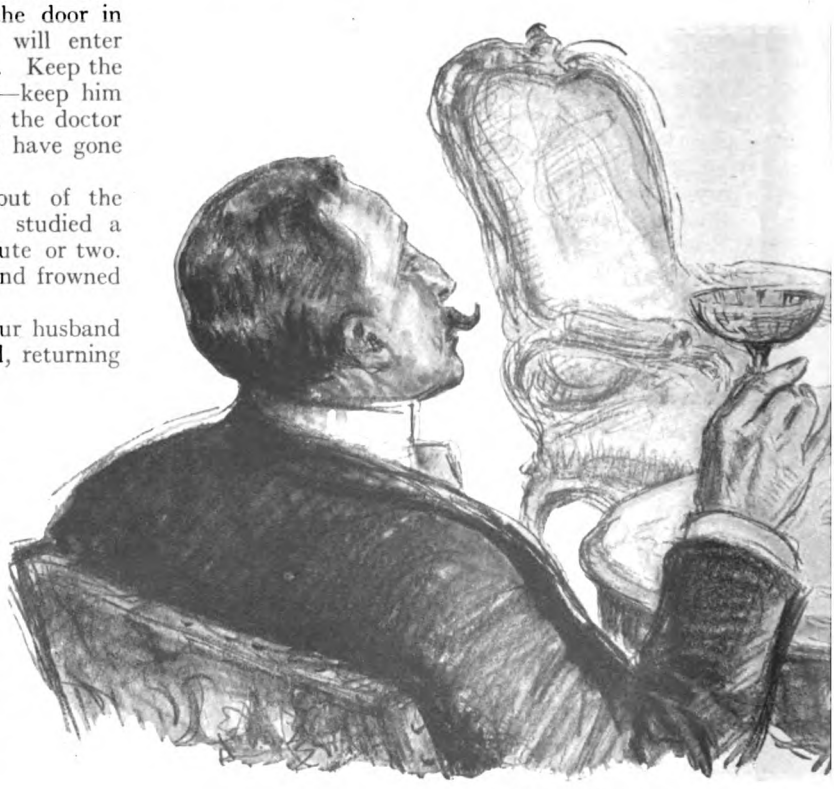
She looked at the Anarchist wistfully.

"I think not, as a rule," said Kromeski, after a moment's thought.

"But I have heard of cases," said Mrs. Levison. She gazed at him helplessly. "What is your real name?" she cried, at last. "Who are you?"

Kromeski smiled slightly.

"That is of no consequence. My names and my disguises are many. In ordinary life you would not recognize me." He touched his hair and moustache, and continued to smile. "I think you should begin to clear the house," he added; "you have not much time left."



"GOOD HEAVENS! YOU ARE A MANIAC!

Mrs. Levison clasped her hands, and before she replied her husband entered. His appearance gave her a shock of fear. He was very white. His eyes seemed to bulge from his head and his whole body was trembling. She beheld him with horror.

"Joseph!" she cried, weakly.

He took no notice, but went straight to Kromeski. She could see he was making a powerful effort to control himself.

"I have been thinking over what you said," he began, gulping a little and trying to smile. "I am inclined to believe you are speaking the truth. Of course it is difficult to say, very difficult." He gulped again, and steadied himself. He continued more calmly: "I propose to offer you a large sum of money, on condition that you stop the time-machine."

Kromeski clenched his hands.

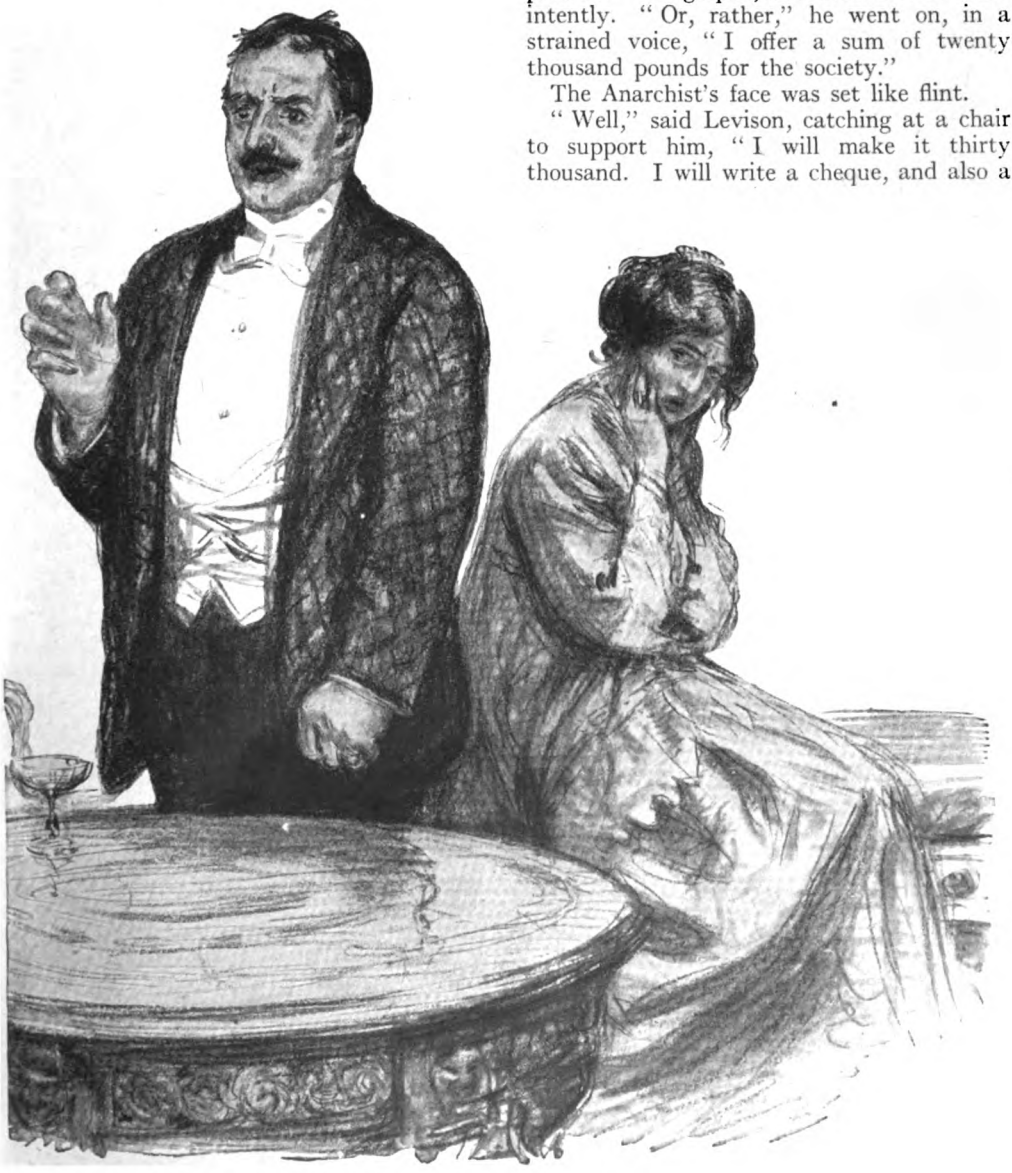
"Never!" he said, fiercely.

Levison's face turned a shade whiter.

"The money, of course, would be for your society," he continued. "I offer ten thousand pounds." He gulped, and watched the other intently. "Or, rather," he went on, in a strained voice, "I offer a sum of twenty thousand pounds for the society."

The Anarchist's face was set like flint.

"Well," said Levison, catching at a chair to support him, "I will make it thirty thousand. I will write a cheque, and also a



"YOU ARE DANGEROUS! I WILL GET THE POLICE."

covering letter to my bankers. You will be able to cash it in the morning." A slight gesture from Kromeski brought his emotion to a head. "No, I swear it!" he shrieked. "I will not stop that cheque. You shall have the money, if you prevent the explosion. I know what you are! I swear it!"

Mrs. Levison stood up and came to her husband with outstretched hands.

"But can he prevent the explosion?" she exclaimed, hysterically.

Kromeski sat down and looked quietly at them.

"Yes. I can stop it," he said, at last. "There is a hidden wire in the cellar. If I cut it, no explosion will occur. You say you will give thirty thousand pounds for the cause?"

"Yes! I swear it! Only, for Heaven's sake, stop the explosion!" Levison's eyes fell on his wife. "It is true!" he muttered. "Good heavens, the dynamite!"

"Ring for the cellar keys!" said Kromeski, with sudden sharpness. "Heaven knows if I have time to do it. Write that cheque and letter at once!"

Mrs. Levison rushed to the door and called the footman. Her husband staggered to the writing-table, took a cheque-book from the drawer, and began to write. Kromeski leaned over his shoulder. A minute passed, and Kromeski straightened himself. He held the cheque and letter in his hand. Mrs. Levison held the keys out to him.

"I will go down to the cellar and cut that wire," said the Anarchist, coolly. "I have a revolver in my pocket. If anyone tries to prevent my leaving the house, I will kill him. If you stop the cheque, I will shoot you, Levison. Do you understand?"

Levison nodded.

"Both of you will stay here," said Kromeski, going to the door. "I have four minutes left. You may consider yourselves very lucky. But for the fact that my society needs money, you would not have escaped so lightly. Good night."

He went out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Mr. Levison rose, and put a shaking finger to his lips.

"We've got him!" he whispered to his wife. She gazed at him wonderingly. He tip-toed to her. "A raid was made to-night on the premises of a dangerous Anarchist society," he said, hoarsely. "Papers were found relating to Lucas Spyer and to us. The police came straight here to warn me."

"Then it is all true?" she gasped.

"Absolutely true! But we've got him. The superintendent knew, from letters that were found, that the society was short of money. He suggested my offering money."

"Yes, yes," she said, eagerly. "But the cheque! He will cash it!"

Mr. Levison, still very white, shook his head cunningly. "The police are going to arrest him outside. The house is surrounded. He will be arrested with the cheque on him—a piece of damning evidence!"

"Joseph!" She made as if to embrace him. He pushed her away. His eyes were on the clock. The sweat poured from his brow.

"We are not out of danger! Good heavens, the dynamite! Half a ton of dynamite!"

"Supposing he doesn't cut the wire!" she moaned in terror.

"He'll cut it," he whispered. "The bank would be suspicious if the house was blown up. They wouldn't cash the cheque. He would foresee that."

They waited hand in hand, until the clock pointed to half-past ten. A door banged far below in the house, and the sudden sound almost made Mrs. Levison faint.

"He's done it!" Mr. Levison exclaimed, jumping up. "He's gone out! The police will have got him!"

He ran out, followed by his wife. The front door bell was ringing loudly. There was a sound of rapid steps in the hall. Mr. Levison went cautiously downstairs, peering over the banisters.

"We've got him, sir!" cried a hearty voice. The superintendent was standing in the hall, looking up, his bronzed, honest face beaming with pleasure. "We caught him at the corner of the street!"

"Thank Heaven!" said Mr. Levison, coming down to meet him.

"A good night's work," said the superintendent; "our little plan worked out well, sir!"

Mr. Levison pressed some gold coins into the superintendent's hand. Relief rendered him speechless.

"Thank you, sir. If you'd step round to the police-station in the morning, we'd be much obliged—and Mrs. Levison, too. Good night, sir."

"Good night!" cried the Levisons, gaily, waving their hands.

"Take care of the cheque!" added Mr. Levison.

"Oh, that's all right, sir! We'll look after it. We need it for evidence against him. Good night, sir; and thank you."

Next morning, about ten o'clock, Mr. Levison received a message from the police-station, asking him to come round and give evidence against the prisoner. Accompanied by his wife, he drove round in his magnificent yellow limousine. The Levisons were in high spirits. It is difficult, therefore, to describe their dismay when they found that nothing was known at the police-station about the sensational arrest of the previous evening; nor had any message been telephoned from there to Mr. Levison that morning. It was only when Mr. Levison discovered, after telephoning to his bankers, that the cheque had been cashed half an hour previously, that he began to estimate the events of the preceding night at their true value. For he had entertained unawares two of the cleverest thieves of modern times.

"HE TOOK A CHEQUE-BOOK FROM THE DRAWER AND BEGAN TO WRITE."

Squeeze Your Toe and Stop the Toothache!

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

The marvels of Dr. William H. Fitzgerald's recently-discovered method of relieving pain by pressure. Simply pressure at the right spots. He uses it as an anæsthetic in surgical and dental operations, and even as a remedy in cases of hay fever and of goitre. His claims have thrown the medical world into a violent discussion of "Zonetherapy," as it is called. Note the zones on the patient in the picture. This is the first complete account of "Zonetherapy" written for the general public.

WE grind and grit our teeth during paroxysms of pain. When we bump our shins against a chair that has taken point of vantage directly in our path, immediately we clasp the offended shin.

In the days before the blessed era of nitrous-oxide and local anæsthetics, when the muscular dentist leaned towards the door with our pet tooth in the firm embrace of shiny forceps, we helped him to the utmost by gripping the arms of the chair with

vice-like clutch. This manœuvre seemingly had no more connection with tooth extraction than have the rays of the moon with the turnip crop. But we felt our duty and we did it.

When fury and anger sweep us away, and gentle, familiar aspects of Nature take on the hue of blood, we clench our fists until the nails are driven deep into the flesh. In the first shock of the agony of bereavement or during those cruel dragging hours when we are adjusting ourselves to living with our hearts torn asunder, we clasp our hands in frenzy.

For ages we have been doing these things because they are natural and apparently inevitable. We did them automatically, without knowing why.

A New Pain-Deadener.

Now Dr. William H. Fitzgerald, of Hartford, Connecticut, maintains that these actions are not only instinctive but scientific. He contends that they produce a form of pain-deadening—the doctors call it *analgesia*—somewhat similar to that which follows the injection of water or some anæsthetic solution into a nerve.

Although Dr. Fitzgerald reported some of his revolutionary views in a paper more than two years ago, the medical and dental profession have not as a whole accepted his discoveries. Yet Dr. Fitzgerald's position is one that commands respect. He is a graduate of the University of Vermont, and spent two and a half years in the Boston City Hospital. He served two years in the Central London Ear, Nose, and Throat Hospital. For a like period he was in Vienna, where he was assistant to Professor Politzer and Professor Otto Chiari, who are known wherever medical text-books are read.

For several years Dr. Fitzgerald has been the head of the nose and throat department of St. Francis Hospital in Hartford. He is an active member of most of the American medical societies, and is recognized as one of the great throat and nose surgeons in that country.

Maybe Dr. Fitzgerald's scientific standing was higher before he advanced his nerve-pressure discoveries. It is a good deal to ask even a layman to believe that pressing the first joint of his toe will make his eye-tooth stop aching, and this is one of the most familiar of the doctor's feats of medical legerdemain. The Fitzgerald method goes much farther. He has proved that simply by pressing a definite focal point in the particular zone affected pain can be relieved in any part of the body where there is not present an active inflammatory condition.

Dr. Fitzgerald does not advance any theories explaining his discoveries. He states

WHY DOES IT DO US GOOD TO CLENCH OUR FISTS WHEN WE ARE ANGRY?

IT CERTAINLY COSTS LESS THAN HEADACHE POWDERS.

that he did not start out with any hypothesis. He deals only with facts. Accident disclosed that pressure on a certain spot in the nostril gave practically the same result as the use of cocaine. That was six years ago. He began experimenting, and he found there were many spots in the nose, mouth, throat, and on the tongue which, when pressed firmly, deadened certain areas to all sensation.

He began using nerve-pressure instead of local anæsthetics in his operations, and now he rarely has any use for cocaine. He has charted upwards of three hundred foci in the cavities of the nose and throat, including the mouth and tongue.

Now this nerve-pressure is not infallible. It does not work in every case; but neither does morphin. Dr. Fitzgerald has found that nerve-pressure will completely obliterate pain in about sixty-five per cent. of the cases, while it will deaden pain in about eighty per cent.

In the hands of others who have tried nerve-pressure the percentage often is much lower, because they have not learned how to apply it. The foci are no larger than the head of a match. If the operator does not hit them he misses them completely, and also misses results. They are like electric buttons. Pushing in the vicinity is utterly useless. The button has to be pressed.

Having accomplished analgesia by nerve-pressure, Dr. Fitzgerald went on to make a tremendous advance which has called much criticism upon his head. He found that anything which tended to relieve pain also tended to remove its cause, no matter what the origin. The assertion that pressure on the great toe could cure toothache became pale and commonplace compared with the statement that this same pressure would relieve bronchitis. Of course the medical profession shuddered at such heresy.

But Dr. Fitzgerald produced patients who had been relieved—doctors of standing fight shy of the word "cured"—and some of his cases were sensational. It is agreed by most physicians—and by all members of the Hay-Fever Society—that hay-fever is incurable. But every victim keeps on trying to be cured. And no victim cares whether the treatment which will alleviate his tortures is accepted as scientific or not, so long as it will do the work.

The discoverer of the health push-buttons cannot remember how many cases of hay-fever he has treated. But he has treated large numbers of them. And it is not on record that the treatment, either in his hands or in those of any other who knows how to use it, has failed—which many doctors and many hay-feverites will say is quite ridiculous. The treatment is simple enough—merely the forcible stretching with a finger of the soft palate in the back of the roof of the mouth and those contracted parts of the nasal passage where the throat begins and the nose ends, together with pressure with a probe upon different areas of the tongue and on the wall of the pharynx.

While it requires a physician familiar

with the foci to determine the proper ones to press, a tongue-depressor which covers the centre of the tongue will give temporary relief, if pressed down firmly for three minutes.

It should be explained that Dr. Fitzgerald says that among all the hundreds and hundreds of hay-fever victims that have come under his care not one had an absolutely normal nose. Invariably there have been bony spurs or protruding bones, or deviated or twisted cartilages, or else an inflamed mucous membrane lining.

Nerve-pressure has accomplished remarkable results with goitre. This swelling in the neck results from some abnormality of the thyroid gland, which either gives off too much secretion or not enough. One way to determine is to give the patient thyroid extract from the dry powdered glands of a sheep. If the goitre disappears the treatment is correct. If it increases, it is plain he has already too much thyroid secretion, and the patient must, by the old method, part with most of his thyroid gland.

To relieve a patient from the feeling of suffocation, the rapid heart-action, and the distressing nervous symptoms of goitre, Dr. Fitzgerald experimented with nerve-pressure. He applied a probe to the back wall of the pharynx, passing it through the nostril. To his surprise he found that not only was discomfort lessened, but the nervous symptoms and the swelling began to decrease.

In the past fifteen months Dr. Fitzgerald has treated twenty-one cases of goitre, many of them of the exophthalmic variety—which means protruding eyeballs, heart symptoms, and most unsightly swelling. Twelve of these have been discharged as cured, while eight others are on the high road to recovery. The tape-measure showed that in some of these cases the swelling decreased three inches in as many weeks. The only treatment these patients received was pressure on a particular push-button for a few minutes every day.

Of these twenty-one cases one proved intractable. She was sent to a gynæcologist, who found she was suffering from a large tumour in the same zone as the goitre.

This case and many experiments seem to support Dr. Fitzgerald's contention that the human body has independent nerve zones, and that pressure upon the centres controlling these areas affects abnormal conditions in every part of the particular zone.

Push-Buttons in Fingers and Toes.

The Hartford physician divides the body into ten perpendicular zones, including the line running up the middle of the body, and these zones correspond to the fingers of the hand or the toes. One using his method must know what hand or foot to press, and how, in order to get a definite desired result.

If the first joint of the thumb is pressed firmly and steadily for three minutes, it will relieve and favourably influence pain in the stomach, the chest, the front teeth, the nose, the great toe, as well as everything else in this zone. But it will have not the slightest influence upon the tonsils, the liver, or the spleen, for they are in the fourth zone, and to affect them it is necessary to make pressure upon the fourth finger. Furthermore, pressure on the right hand will not have any effect on the left half of the body.

It makes a difference, too, whether the upper and lower or the side surfaces of the joint are pressed. A physician experimenting with the method was ready to condemn it because he was unable to relieve a patient who complained of rheumatic pains which seemed to centre on the outer side of the ankle-bone. The doctor grasped the second joint of the patient's right little finger and pressed firmly for a minute on the top and bottom of the joint. The pain persisted, and the doctor jeered at the method.

A disciple of Dr. Fitzgerald smiled. He said there was an error in technique, and suggested that the doctor should press the sides of the finger, instead of the top and bottom. This was done, and the pain disappeared in two minutes.

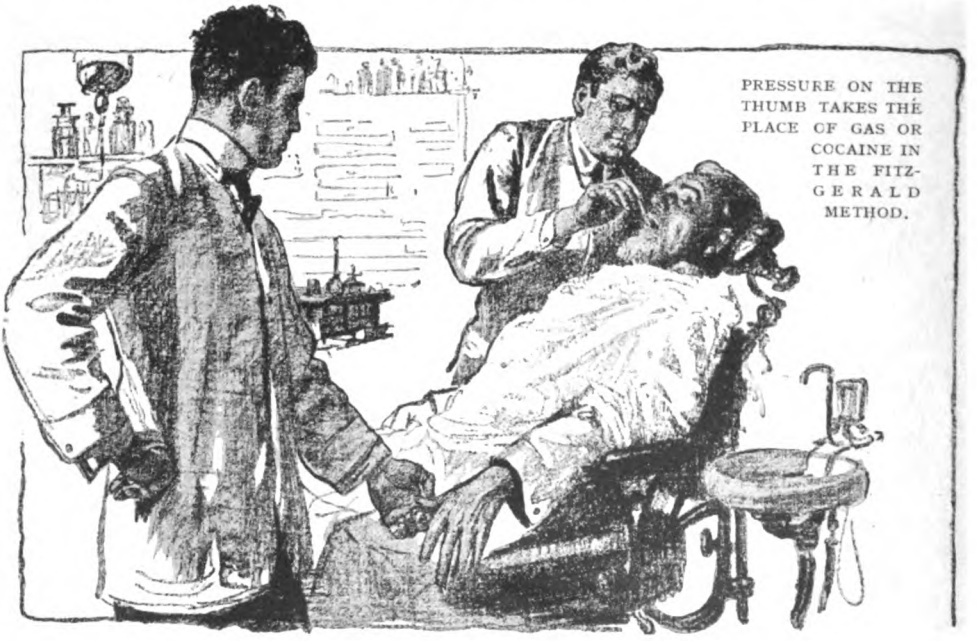
In the pursuit of his own specialty Dr. Fitzgerald found that the teeth played a highly important part, as decay in them evilly affected the throat, particularly the tonsils, and had an especially vicious effect upon goitre. He declares he never has seen a case of goitre in which there was not something wrong with the teeth. So he insisted that his patients should seek a dentist. This led to experimenting with nerve-pressure in connection with dentistry.

Now it may seem a joke to ease pain in the great toe by pressing one's thumb; but a toothache is never a joke, and no remedy that will ease it is funny. Any human being suffering from a tooth aching in an earnest, conscientious manner would be willing to stand on his head on the mere chance of escaping the torture. And as for the suffering

of having a cavity excavated in a very much alive tooth, anything that helps is embraced rapturously.

There are about twenty dentists in Hartford who use the Fitzgerald method in their daily practice in preference to any other anæsthetic. Its particular value is as an analgesic—a pain-deadener—in the process of removing tartar deposits and in preparing cavities to be filled.

Dr. B. A. Sears, of Hartford, one of the extraction experts of New England, and president of the local dental society, has used nerve-pressure anæsthesia in more



PRESSURE ON THE THUMB TAKES THE PLACE OF GAS OR COCAINE IN THE FITZGERALD METHOD.

than three hundred cases of extracting teeth, with wholly satisfactory results. He has employed this in operations so serious as those of removing impacted molars and cutting out parts of the jaw—thirty-five minutes of sanguinary work.

The best results are obtained through the use of a probe directly upon the nerve where it exits from the jaw-bone. On each side there are two foci—the heel of the jaw, known to the profession as the " tuberosity of the superior maxillary," and the inferior, or lower, dental nerve, where it emerges from the ramus or groove of the lower jaw. The blunt end of an excavator makes a capital probe.

Try it Yourself.

Many operators prefer to make pressure with thumb and finger over the root of the tooth operated upon. If this seems ridiculous to you, try it some time when you have an aching tooth. Start gently, increasing the pressure, and holding steadily for three minutes. Maybe your thumb and finger will ache more than the tooth. If the nerve is not exposed and there is no abscess at the root of the tooth, this pressure will stop the aching every time.

The dentists who use the nerve-pressure method find the application of the pressure to the fingers efficacious for excavating, filling, and scaling deposits. Pressure on either thumb will keep the front teeth and the canines quiet; the first finger controls the bicuspids; while the middle finger will make the molars behave despite the dentist's direst efforts, although the third finger may be called in to help. The little finger does not do much work, for it bears only upon the wisdom teeth.

The patient may apply the pressure himself, but the dentist or his assistant can do it better. It may be applied to both top and bottom and sides of the first joint of the thumb and finger. Pressure should be just short of pain. Usually the patient says that his fingers feel numb, and this numbness gradually extends through the arm and over the body in that particular zone.

As a toothache cure, especially for children,

the nerve-pressure method is effective to a remarkable degree. But it has its drawbacks, because it gives excuse to postpone treatment. At best it is only a temporary relief so far as teeth are concerned, except when the trouble is neuralgic.

For and Against.

Long before the outside world heard anything about the nerve-pressure method, Dr. Fitzgerald had to withstand much ridicule in his home town. For four years he had not one single supporter. But he went along, advancing no theories, no explanations. He merely demonstrated clinical facts.

When he read his first paper before a dental convention, bringing patients as evidence, he made converts. But when he appeared before a medical convention the storm broke. The one thing that saved him was his standing and reputation, won before he announced his discovery.

Dental conventions were more tolerant than medical organizations. Possibly Dr. Fitzgerald's declaration that the care and preservation of the teeth are far more important in maintaining health than had hitherto been recognized may have had something to do with the dental attitude.

The Hartford doctor believes we should strive to keep all our original teeth to preserve the continuity, if it may be so termed, of our various nerve zones. Sound, healthy teeth and roots, in their proper occlusion, seem to assist in the normal functioning of the entire zone chain, of which they are important links.

Some of the foremost dentists, widely recognized for their scientific attainments, opposed Dr. Fitzgerald as actively as the conservative physicians. In the North-East Dental Convention, held in Boston, Dr. Richard H. Reithmueller, instructor of anæsthesia in the Philadelphia Dental College and also editor of *Dental Cosmos*, one of the ablest and most scholarly investigators in this country, voiced the sentiments of the opposition.

He declared that the claims of Dr. Fitzgerald were absurd, and that the results must necessarily be from mental suggestion. He said that every doctor worthy to be a member of his profession knows the anatomy of the nervous system is as definite as is the anatomy of the muscles or the bones. The division of the nervous system into longitudinal zones is ridiculous. And if it were accepted it would discredit the labours of all the anatomists from the Greek Fathers of Medicine down to Dr. Rufus B. Weaver, whose work is the last and most complete word in nervous anatomy.

Nothing Final—Even in Anatomy.

What Dr. Reithmueller said about Dr. Weaver is true enough. He is Professor of Anatomy in Hahnemann College of Philadelphia. This marvellous and steady-handed anatomist, after eight months of delicate labour, part of the time working eighteen hours a day, succeeded in mounting a complete human nervous system upon a cardboard, crystallizing the anatomy of the nervous system for all time, as we medical men thought.

But from Dr. Fitzgerald's clinic it seems we knew only one nervous system. If his findings are true, we shall learn yet another branch of anatomy.

To return to Dr. Reithmueller, his position was that of a scientific man who did not consider the evidence presented to him sufficient to overturn the accepted facts of thousands of years. He did not question the honesty of Dr. Fitzgerald and his followers, but he was sure they were self-deceived.

Last June the New Hampshire Dental Society held a convention at Weirs, on Lake Winnepesaukee. One of the residents of the summer colony was brought before the convention on the evening of June 23rd. Her serious condition baffled the local physicians. It was hoped that among the two hundred scientific men gathered there from all parts of the East some might be found who could help her.

She was a woman about thirty-five years old, well nourished and apparently healthy, apart from a large swelling in the front of the neck. Manifestly the thyroid and other glands had become enlarged through some unknown inflammatory cause. She was suffering great pain. The slightest touch caused excruciating agony. Swallowing was impossible. Not even a drop of water had passed down her throat since the preceding Friday night. This was Wednesday night.

A healthy human being can exist from seven to ten days without water. This woman had been without water for five days, suffering mental and physical torture. Her physician insisted that an operation should be performed at once as the only means of saving her life. The half-dozen or more physicians who had been called in consultation concurred in this. There was nothing left but to perform an intubation—the

insertion of a tube in the gullet, through which water and food might be passed, pending some possible measure of relief.

Dr. Reithmueller was among those whose sympathies had been aroused by the patient's condition. He personally sought out a New York physician and asked him to make a diagnosis. The heart was racing along at one hundred and fifty beats a minute, and there were all the peculiar symptoms usually associated with thyroid disturbances. Inasmuch as the whole trouble had developed in a week, it was most unlikely that the condition was goitrous.

As it was probable that the trouble was associated with the thyroid, the physician decided to try the Fitzgerald treatment, because it could be applied instantly and promised immediate results if successful.

Calling Dr. Leo Stern, of New York, to make strong pressure over the first joint of one thumb, the doctor grasped the other thumb. This simple, apparently foolish, treatment was maintained for three minutes. The patient began to show signs of relief. The drawn lines on her face softened; she could bear the touch on her neck without shrinking.

The doctor sent for a glass of water and held it to the patient's lips. She shook her head. The doctor nodded encouragingly. She took a sip of water. She swallowed it with much difficulty and pain—the first drop in five days.

"It is the most delicious beverage I ever tasted," she whispered.

She was able to swallow about a third of a glass upon her first attempt. The pressures were resumed intermittently for about an hour, and within that time she was able to drink four glasses of water and a glass of malted milk. A light rubber band was placed over her thumb joints and she enjoyed her first night's sleep since the inflammation had developed.

The next morning she reported that she was almost entirely relieved. The swelling was hardly perceptible, and she could bear reasonable pressure over the glands without discomfort. She had no difficulty in swallowing. In fact, she practically was fully recovered.

My attitude towards this case is exactly like that of Dr. Reithmueller, who said: "I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

No wonder the medical world cannot accept Dr. Fitzgerald. I would not accept him myself on hearsay or through reading. No one could have been more sceptical than I when I first heard about his work. But when I had seen more than two hundred cases; when I found that I or any competent medical man can do just what Dr. Fitzgerald does if he takes pains to learn the methods, it was a question of whether or not I should accept incontrovertible evidence of my own senses.

The theory that the Fitzgerald method owes its success to suggestion will not hold water. In the first place, it does not matter whether or not the patient believes in it—and belief is an essential in suggestion—nor whether he knows what the doctor is doing. Then, too, the treatment works with the certainty of a problem in mathematics. If the pressure is not made in the proper zone and in the proper way, and for a sufficient length of time, inevitably the results will be negative.

There does not seem to be any reasonable hypothesis developed thus far to explain the Fitzgerald method, but the plain facts are interesting scientific men even if they are not ready to accept the treatment. Dr. Fitzgerald was asked to make addresses all across the continent on his way to the Panama Exposition, where he was invited to read a paper on "Pressure Anæsthesia" before the World's Dental Congress.

There are three things that speedily commend the Fitzgerald treatment. It is absolutely harmless; it is readily learned by any physician who will take the trouble to master it; and it is free.

THE BOGEY-MAN.

A Christmas Story

From the Russian of

VASILI NEMIROVICH-DANCHENKO.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

The work of Nemirovich-Danchenko, the most human of Russian novelists, is already known to readers of "The Strand Magazine." The following little story seems as if it might have been inspired by the author of "A Christmas Carol."

THE winter evening had only just begun. Here and there the last rays of daylight still lingered, though the tall steeple of the fortress and the church domes were already enveloped in gloom. Sweet peace descended from the cloudless sky. In the windows lights were already appearing.

"The Bogey-Man! Look, there's the Bogey-Man!"

A group of children playing on the pavement suddenly dispersed in all directions; screaming and stumbling against each other, they hid round corners and dived into porches.

"Look out! The Bogey-Man's coming!" sounded on all sides in shrill voices.

A snowball caught the man in the back, but he took no notice. A second boy grew bolder and hurled a piece of wood between his legs; the man stumbled, but did not stop. An intent look was in his eyes, as if he dared not glance around him.

The Bogey-Man, as the street children called him, was not at all formidable. On the contrary, he was more a pitiful object than anything else. Like a reed that bends to the wind, his tall, thin body swayed in all directions. The bony shoulders protruded, emphasizing painfully the narrowness of the sunken chest. His hands were large and red and dangled awkwardly out of the short, rusty sleeves of the thin overcoat, and in the same gawky manner the long neck stretched out of the collar.

In the wrinkled face the most noticeable feature was the big red nose, which hung low over the lips and almost touched a bristling beard. The thin overcoat was worthy of its owner. Apparently, neither he nor anybody else ever brushed it—a pathetic sign of the old man's loneliness and desolation.

Except in his own street, where he was a familiar figure, everywhere he was noticed with wonder and dismay. Even policemen were puzzled by his strange appearance, while nurses used him to threaten wayward children.

"Look! Look! Here comes the Bogey-Man! He'll swallow you up!"

Sometimes this was sufficient to quiet the fractious child; if not, the nurse appealed directly to the old man.

"Please, sir, just give him a fright. I can do nothing with him. Just prod him with your finger."

A curious change came over the old man on these occasions. He instantly brightened up; the lowered eyelids were raised, and a kind look fell on the child, a look so gentle that it seemed to caress every feature of the little face. The bristling hair parted over the mouth, disclosing a tender smile. Where did this smile come from? It was as if a brilliant, dazzling fairy unexpectedly flew out of a dust-heap.

Then the old man seemed once more to collapse, to shrink within himself, and he shuffled away as fast as his hesitating steps could take him.

For a long time he could not get composed, and as he paced, dazed and unconscious, street after street and square after square, he looked like a solitary black crow.

Every bird has its nest; every beast its

den. The Bogey-Man also had his lair.

He occupied the ground-floor flat in a big house.

This flat presented a curious spectacle. It was the kingdom of darkness, dust, and dirt. Nothing had been touched here for twenty years; for twenty years these melancholy rooms had never been tidied nor cleaned out. The old man kept no servant. Once a day he entered a shop to purchase food.. It was wrapped up in paper and he put it into his pocket, but more frequently than not forgot to eat it. For twenty years he had received no visitor. Yet he was not quite alone; he lived with the phantoms born in his excited brain, listening to sounds that did not exist, leading a life that was a mystery to everyone. His home was a mass of mice, beetles, cobwebs, and dust. Dust lay an inch thick on the floors and on the once handsome furniture. Cobwebs draped the windows and banished the light, disfigured the pictures, shrouded the mirrors, rotted the books.

Occasionally the postman brought a letter.

"What is this?"

"It's for you, isn't it?"

"What for?"

"Aren't you Mr. Satine?"

"Yes—yes—I'm Satine," the old man answered vaguely, as though doubting his own identity.

He took the letters, threw them aside, and immediately forgot them. They were from relations who knew he had money and wrote to him at intervals, but he never troubled to find out what they had to say.

"A SNOWBALL CAUGHT THE MAN IN THE BACK, BUT HE TOOK NO NOTICE."

His landlord was horrified at the condition of the flat. More than once he was on the point of giving his eccentric tenant notice, but the old man paid well and never asked for anything.

Once, meeting him outside, the landlord himself suggested repairs.

The Bogey-Man humbly took off his hat and mumbled, beseechingly :—

"I'll pay a bigger rent—anything you like —only leave me alone. Don't bother me!"

And so the matter dropped.

One may well wonder what was the fascination of these walls for the solitary old man. Did he cling to them because there were phantoms lurking in every corner? They were everywhere—in the moth-eaten furniture, among the yellowed papers on the writing-table, in the silent notes of the piano.

Memories of his happy past assailed him when he dropped into a dingy old armchair and peered into the dusty space. After a moment or two of breathless waiting a smile —a once idolized smile—illumined the room and disappeared. He heard the soft patter-patter of little feet, of naked, plump, delicate little feet, yet wonderfully quick.

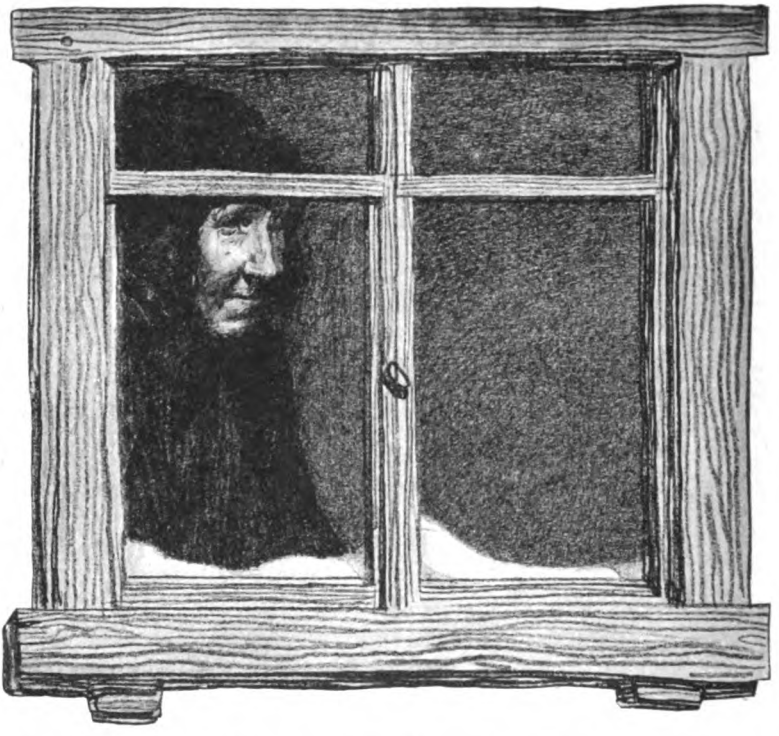
"Are you there, daddy? Good night, daddy." And the little feet ran back, and something white fluttered for one moment near the door.

Sometimes he waited for hours, not daring to move, listening to every sound, to every rustle. And, all at once, somewhere quite close, a child's laughter broke the stillness, the careless, joyous laughter of a spoilt child. He listened with bated breath, his aching eyes glued to the door.

More rarely, the rooms echoed with a child's song, a simple little song of three notes, and the quavering, cracked old voice made desperate efforts to sing in tune with the silver, liquid tones.

Lighting a candle, the old man searched with the obstinacy of a maniac for the marks of the little feet. He never found them. The only imprints he saw on the dusty floor were left there by the mice and his own big, clumsy boots.

When his aching knees refused to support him and he could grovel in the dust no longer, he placed the candle on the table. Dropping once more into the armchair, he stared at the flame. After a time his eyelids closed from sheer exhaustion and he fell asleep. In his sleep he always found the road that eluded him in his waking hours—the long, wide, straight road that led unfailingly to the happy land of his past.



Twenty years were obliterated—twenty years of anguish, of loneliness and pain. Once more he was young, robust, and happy. Once more a baby voice cooed into his ear:—

"Good morning, daddy; dear daddy!"

"My son, my beloved boy!" His strong arms opened wide—and he entered the happy land.

Her—his wife—he had long ago forgotten in his loneliness. But before oblivion came, for years and years he thought of her only as the creature who had ruined his life.

Now, in the happy land of the past, he beheld her as she was in the first flush of their love—adorable, beautiful, bewitching. How fathomless were her eyes!

"You know, I can hardly bear to look into them," he whispered to her now, as he did years ago.

"Why, dearest?"

"It is like looking into a fathomless sea; they are full of mystery."

He saw her plainly through his lowered eyelids. Her slender figure swayed lightly from side to side; her soft, red lips seemed to shed a radiance.

Such had been their life together. Suddenly, in the cloudless sky, a tiny speck appeared. Was it a cloud?

"Don't you think, dearest, that the country palls on one? It isn't really life, you know."

He gazed at her searchingly, for he did not understand.

"Not life?"

Now, he understands her meaning. He has suffered so much that he has learnt to understand. Then, he could not make it out. When they were married she was practically a child. At first their great love obscured everything. Afterwards—well, perhaps even love palls after a time.

They came to town, and soon they were lost in its feverish life. The tide swallowed them, as it has swallowed so many others before.

They took this flat—only it was quite different then—everything was fresh, bright, and dainty.

They were still happy, but, somehow, clouds accumulated. Town life, with its nerve-racking bustle, sowed discontent between them. His wife's grey eyes grew more mysterious—he himself changed unaccountably. From day to day the rift between them widened. And then—then the storm broke. How well he remembered the eve of the catastrophe!

The nightmare of these memories was suffocating the sleeping man. He moved restlessly and moaned aloud.

He saw himself, lying prone, in this very room. He had come to his senses at last, but he was almost senseless with misery and grief. He was alone! Both his wife and child had gone—they had left him! Silence was all around him.

It may seem strange, but the Bogey-Man had his Paradise.

There was a back room in his flat; many, many years ago it was used as a nursery, and a nursery it had remained. The man who himself lived in sordid neglect looked after this room with extraordinary solicitude. The kingdom of dirt and dust, of cobwebs and beetles, ended abruptly on its threshold. Here everything was clean, even the windows. Every morning the Bogey-Man, with his own hands, swept and dusted the nursery. Sometimes he passed a whole evening here, and in this room only did he light a lamp.

In the corner stood a child's bed. A clean coverlet was spread over it, and one of its ends was turned up for the night. The pillow-case and sheets were changed regularly, though no one had crumpled them for twenty years.

Every time the unfortunate father entered, he blessed the little bed and murmured softly:—

"Sleep, my boy! Sleep, my laddie!"

"OCCASIONALLY WHEN HE WAS IN THE NURSERY, HANDLING HIS BOY'S TOYS, HE SAW A FACE PEERING THROUGH THE CURTAINLESS WINDOW."

He refused to believe that the child was not there, and his imagination did the rest.

Sitting at the bedside, he would close his eyes and strain his ears to catch the soft, regular breathing of the child. And at last not only did he hear the child breathe, but it seemed to him he saw it moving under the coverlet. He smiled then, and the dim old eyes shed tears. Sometimes he placed odd pieces of stuff under the bedclothes, to intensify his illusion that a child lay there. On these occasions he turned down the wick of the lamp and sat farther away from the bed, but his eyes remained hungrily fixed on it, and his attention never wavered for an instant.

"My laddie, dear laddie, are you asleep? Father is with you!"

Sometimes also he would start telling a story. His hesitating, quavering voice sounded sadly in the little room. He fancied his boy was sitting up in bed, listening with all his might to the wonderful tale. Gradually the senile voice grew firmer; he became himself engrossed in the subject; he waved his hands—now barked as a wolf, now clucked as a hen; until, in the very midst of his antics, his voice suddenly broke off. In horrified dismay he stared at the child's bed. It was empty! The sheets were quite smooth! All around was dead silence!

Swaying like a drunken man, once more he approached the bed. He sank on his knees and laid his aching head on his son's pillow, and so he remained until his rheumatic legs could stand the cold contact of the floor no longer, or until the lamp went out, and he and his Paradise were plunged in darkness.

Everything remained here intact, just as it had been in the child's time.

The big table was covered with toys—all the boy's favourite toys; not a single one was missing.

Here was the iron kitchen with the broken pans, where many a make-belief meal was cooked; on a chair close by hung even the tiny apron that the little cook donned very seriously on these occasions. Here was the dresser full of crockery, and, beside it, a faded wax hussar who had lost one eye and the right arm in a long-forgotten battle. Here also was a whole collection of smart ladies, cut out of a fashion journal. The last evening the boy put them to bed and covered them up, and, like the sleeping beauty in the fairy-tale, they were still waiting to be roused by his kiss. There was the toy theatre; the curtain was raised, each actor was at his post and was waiting for the audience. It was time to begin the drama or the farce. The woolly little dog was also waiting for the absent master, and so were the sailors in the black boat their oars were raised; they were expecting the signal that would send them sailing over the seas. But the boy did not return!

There was still another table; here the boy learnt his lessons. His books were scattered about just as he left them; the inkpot and pens, and an open copybook—nothing had been touched. If the boy returned, he could dip the pen in the ink and continue to write from where he had broken off. How vividly the old man remembered the hours that he passed here with his boy! The child bored him sometimes; he was often in a hurry to get away. Good God! Now, for a single hour passed here with his son, he would gladly barter his soul! If only he could once again guide the soft little hand on the paper, no sufferings, however great, no future, however promising, would be too much to pay for such bliss!

The boy's clothes were in a chest—little garments the mother had left behind, discarded tiny shirts that the boy had outgrown. The lonely old man often examined them one by one. He rained kisses on them and would not have parted with these treasures for any price. This old rubbish was all that was left him of his past joys!

Occasionally, when he was in the nursery, handling his boy's toys or sitting near his bed, he saw a face peering through the curtainless window.

Somebody's hungry gaze seemed to dispute his sole right to the dreary joys of his sad Paradise. Yet, when he came close to the window, he could see nothing except the dark night. Finally he came to the conclusion that the face peering through the window was only a fancy of his erratic mind. At last he scarcely noticed it.

Yet the face remained glued to the glass, the hungry eyes continued their vigil, until the old man put out the light and retired to the squalor of the other rooms.

The cold night alone then saw a demented old woman shake with convulsive sobs outside the nursery window and beat her head against the wall.

It was Christmas Eve to-night, the twentieth he had passed alone. He felt even sadder than usual.

He felt inclined to stay at home—not to mar the brilliant appearance of the illuminated

streets ; but, in the end, some impulse drove him out as usual.

All the houses were lighted up. Small Christmas-trees were in every shop window ; gilt nuts, apples and toys of every description hung in gaudy festoons to attract the eye. Belated fathers carried little fir-trees. Their needles trembled in the frosty air and dropped at every jerk of the branches.

The Bogey-Man looked at these happy people. He gazed into the windows, and everywhere he saw Christmas-trees and myriads of lights. He watched the children ; in their bright festive clothes they looked like wonderful flowers. How they recalled his son ! He also had waited for his Christmas-tree with the same eager impatience. How that baby boy in pink reminded him of his laddie ! The same fair hair, the same vivacity, the same bright eyes.

Suddenly, for the first time, a mad idea took hold of him. He waved his hands, as though to shake off the thought, but it refused to be driven away. It whispered insistently into his ear and oppressed his whole being.

It was twenty years since he had a treat—twenty interminable pain-stricken years.

" I'm ill, my strength is sinking fast. Why should I not humour myself, now the end is so near ? "

More insistently still the new idea whispered to him :—

" Get a Christmas-tree to-night."

" For whom ? " asked the lonely old man, almost aloud. " Who will come to me ? "

" Get a Christmas-tree for your memories —they are always with you ! "

The idea appealed to him. He turned back. Should he enter the shop ?

He did so. All the customers looked round, and their faces expressed surprise.

" What tree would you like ? Here's a fine one—and this one is fit for a palace."

" How much ? I want a better one——"

" Here's one for three roubles."

" He's stark mad," somebody whispered.

The old man laid the money on the counter.

" I want some candles and some toys."

" Yes sir ; will you look round ? '

And now only did the Bogey-Man cast a look round him.

On all sides were wide-open boxes full of gilt nuts and sweets elaborately wrapped in paper ; hundreds of toys—horses, rabbits, cats, and dogs—stolidly stared in front of them. Imposing elephants stood in the window, their trunks poised in the air, as though they were anxious not to hurt some sailors in a boat who had mistaken a heap of apples for the sea. Rows and rows of crackers hung in festoons overhead, waiting their turn to explode and die. Theirs was a curious destiny, a silly fate ! So seemed to think a number of little Father Christmases in their winter garb of white chalk instead of snow, for each time they were touched they gravely shook their heads.

The Bogey-Man was bewildered. He had not seen anything like this for ages. His memory completely failed him ; he forgot where he was and how he came to be there.

" Laddie, what would you like ? Choose, dear——"

The salesman edged away from him suspiciously.

" If there's anything else I can do for you——"

The old man came to himself. He bought several things and, bending under the weight of the Christmas-tree, went back into the streets.

The policeman, who was always expecting the Bogey-Man would sooner or later be dragged to the police-station, was so amazed at seeing him thus laden that he even touched his hat. But the quaint figure walked rapidly on. The old man felt extraordinarily happy now.

When he locked his outside door and carried his purchases into his dusty den, the vision once more reappeared outside the nursery window. The old woman stood there stealthily, trying not to attract attention, but she eagerly watched all the man's movements inside.

He set to work with feverish haste. He lit the lamp and carried the Christmas-tree into the nursery, where it occupied all the middle of the room. He set it on a stool, and soon all the candles were lit. The lights flared up one by one and burned brightly. By contrast, the pale lamp, under its blue shade, seemed to lower its eyelids and drop asleep. A moment or two later the boughs of the tree were bending under the weight of the toys and fruit.

" There's your Christmas-tree, my boy ! It is the last time daddy will make you one. Next year he will no longer be in this world."

Once more his mind was wandering. Again he fancied he heard the patter of little feet in the adjoining room.

" My boy is coming ! " he muttered, and fastened the last toy to the tree. " How delighted he'll be ! "

Everything was ready. But why did the boy not come ? The patter-patter of the

"SOFTLY, ABOVE THEM, FLOATED THE IMAGE OF A BOY."

little feet had died away. Alone the rustle of the branches and the spluttering of the candles broke the deadly silence.

The man dropped into a chair.

The warm air vibrated above the lights, and in it he saw his whole life pass in front of him. Happy faces peeped at him from among the boughs of the Christmas-tree—they appeared and vanished.

But still the boy did not come!

All the time a pair of hungry eyes were watching outside the window. An old woman's face was glued to the cold panes. Her breath dimmed the glass, and she wiped it stealthily in her eagerness not to miss a single light, a single toy on the wonderful tree, so unlike herself and the man inside.

And the more she gazed, the faster her tears fell, and her wrinkled mouth mumbled again and again:—

"Volia's Christmas-tree! Volia's Christmas-tree!"

"When you left your husband, when you refused to condone what time would have blotted out, did you consider your child?" said a voice within her. "Did you consider what fate you were condemning him to? When, out of sheer pride, you refused to ask that man for help, though you knew he would have done anything for the sake of the child, did you consider that your child would droop and die from want and neglect? You forgot you were a mother!"

Loud as a clamorous peal of bells the words rang in her ears. She alone heard them, and lower and lower sank her head.

The man sat in his chair and dared not move. He was trembling from head to foot; his legs felt numb, and he stared into the opposite corner. What was there?

Perched on a high stool, a child, a boy, was sitting. When and how did he appear? The bright little face looked straight at his father; the frail, tiny hands were stretched towards him.

"How do you do, daddy?"

The old man put his hand to his head.

"How do you do, daddy? Didn't you call me?"

"Oh, my son!" He wished to rise, but he had not the strength—his legs refused to support him.

"How old you have become, daddy! Where's mummy?"

The man shuddered.

"Where's mummy? Listen, father!" How gravely sounded the baby voice! "Is that Christmas-tree for me?"

"Yes," came the awed whisper.

Not for an instant did the child take his intent gaze off his father.

"Give me mummy for my Christmas-tree. It's all I care for. It's such a long time since I've seen my mummy. Where is she? Give her to me."

"Your mother killed you," hissed the man.

"You did not see what I saw, father. You did not see how she suffered. Mummy cried—night and day she cried. She cried when she put me to bed, and when I woke in the night I heard her crying still. She suffered more than you did. Give her back to me, father."

The sweet, earnest voice had grown sterner. But it was not his son who is speaking; it was the old man's own conscience. He trembled under the direct gaze of the child, and all his nerves were tingling.

"What have you done with my mummy? Shall I look for her?" The child's voice softened and grew more tender. "Daddy! I can't bear it! Don't be angry with mummy any more. Give her to me."

"I don't know where she is," came the broken answer.

"She's there, outside that window. She's crying—go to her; go, father! Bring her in here, daddy! Give her to me."

The child's eyes, glowing with love, were fixed on the window.

The man tore himself from his seat and went out into the black night.

The old woman was unconscious of his approach. She was still gazing hungrily at the Christmas-tree, at the child's bed, at the toys. At last he was quite close to her. He took her by the hand. "Come! Come!" he said, pulling her forward. "Come!"

In spite of her endeavour to pull back, he held her tight.

"Come! Your son is calling you!"

The words acted like magic; she became as wax in his hands. They entered the house. Both hearts were beating fast.

Volia's Christmas-tree was no longer aglow with lights; they had burnt down to their sockets. He himself had disappeared. The nursery was empty. No one was perched on the high stool. Volia's wish had been gratified; he had received his mummy, and he had gone away.

But softly, above them, floated the image of a boy. And the old couple heard a tender and forgiving voice, soft as the rustle of an angel's wing, whisper close to them:—

"Good-bye, dear father and mother; good-bye!"

The Biggest Newspaper "Spoof" on Record.

By "CARLTON."

II.—HOW I DID IT.

Last month "Carlton," the famous comic conjurer, told how he succeeded in hoaxing newspaper editors and the public all over the world by pretending that he was able, by means of telepathic agency, to find his way blindfolded about strange cities, and retrieve any small article previously hidden by the person who undertook to "guide" him mentally. In the following article he tells, for the first time, how the trick was performed, thereby lifting the veil from a mystery that has puzzled completely not only ordinary individuals, but professional conjurers and "magicians," and these of the highest standing, both in England and in the Orient.

THE real root secret of the trick, or rather series of tricks, described in the previous article, may be summed up in four words—muscular training and development.

Not the ordinary muscular training of the gymnasiums, however, be it noted; but muscular training developed along novel and unsuspected lines.

I have always been fond of experimenting in these directions, with the result that I have, in the course of years, achieved what I think I may fairly describe as some rather startling results. I can, for example, increase or decrease my height at will by expanding or contracting the muscles of my legs, thighs, chest, and abdomen. I have taught myself also to move my ears backwards and forwards, a feat performed constantly and naturally by all the lower animals, but the practice of which, as regards man, has become dormant owing to long disuse.

The particular set of muscles I used in my blindfold experiments were those in front of the forehead, and which ordinarily come into play whenever the eyes are shut or opened. These are quite unusually powerful in their action, as the reader can test for himself if he will take the trouble to close his eyes, cover them tightly with the palm of his left hand, and then suddenly open them wide to their fullest extent. He will find that the whole lower portion of the skin of the forehead is pushed up under his hand by the expansion of the frontal muscles, no matter how tightly he presses against it.

Now it is, of course, well known that as a result of long or repeated use all muscles increase in size, and consequently in strength, through the formation of new fibre. Taking advantage of this fact, I set to work to train and develop my frontal muscles, in much the same way as the professional boxer, say, trains and develops his biceps, or the runner his leg muscles.

I spent an hour or more every day for many months on end practising shutting and opening my eyes, rolling them from side to side, moving the scalp up and down, and so on. The result was that I was able presently to so contract and expand the muscles of my forehead and to move the skin up and down in such a way that, no matter how closely my eyes were bound, I could relax the bandage or change its position up or down in relation to my sight, and this, of course, without touching it in any way with my hands.

Nor was it possible for anyone to detect the change, for not only was it quite slight—although always sufficient for my purpose—but if anyone wanted to examine the bandage while the test was in progress, as indeed frequently happened, I had only to close my eyes, throw back my head, and at the same time relax my frontal muscles, when the bandage would at once fall into its proper position, and even the most critical examiner would be fain to confess that in his opinion the wearer of it—that is to say myself—could not possibly see anything whatever, either through it, over it, or under it.

Thus much as regards the training preliminary to the trick. The intelligent reader will no doubt be struck by the fact that in its inception it bears a certain sort of analogy to that first practised by the Davenport Brothers in their rope trick, and since constantly copied. The Davenports and their imitators allowed themselves to be tightly

bound about the body, arms, and legs with ropes, while their muscles were purposely kept by them in a state of extreme tension, and then when lights were lowered they were able to free themselves from their bonds by muscular contraction. Substitute "bandage" for "ropes," and it will be apparent that I worked my blindfold trick on similar lines.

"But," exclaims the reader, "this does not explain how you found articles previously hidden in places unknown to you, and in localities miles away from your starting-point. Even if you were able to loosen your bandage at will in such a way as to permit of your peeping under it, that would not help you greatly in this respect, seeing that you had to find your way unaided, and, according to your theory, unguided, through the maze of streets and thoroughfares of a strange city."

Wait a minute. I am coming to that. But first let me say something about the preliminary test which I always insisted on undergoing at the office of the particular newspaper I had selected to spoof. This, it will be remembered, consisted in my walking along a chalk line that had been drawn by a member of the staff from the centre of the floor in the editorial sanctum to some distant point on the premises. This line, which was, of course, started and completed after I had been—so the onlookers were convinced—securely blindfolded, was carried at my instigation all over the place in a series of zigzags and curves, in and out and across, up stairs and down, so that it not infrequently resembled very closely the ground pattern of some new and abnormally intricate species of maze.

The man who drew the chalk line would then, as explained in my previous article, hide some small item near the end of the line, and then, following behind me at a distance of three or four paces, he would "will" me to go forward along the line, following all its twistings and turnings, until I had reached the end of it and retrieved the hidden article. My great aim and object in carrying out these tests was to impress upon this individual that it was he who was really doing the finding through me, that I was only the medium, so to speak, and that it was his will-power alone that set me in motion and directed me which way to go.

In order to encourage this delusion I used to tell him beforehand to draw crosses here and there along the line, explaining that, if he succeeded in exercising sufficient will-power, I would stop at each cross as I came to it. This invariably greatly impressed the beholders, and added considerably to their mystification.

The reader will now be able to form a fairly clear idea of how this particular trick was worked, bearing in mind my previous explanation as regards the bandaging, and the contraction and expansion at will of the artificially-developed frontal muscles. I forgot to say that in addition to the bandage, folded in many thicknesses, I used to insist, as an extra precaution, on my eyes being covered with pads of cotton-wool. This, however, made no difference. Nature has fortunately endowed me with a fairly prominent nose, and by expanding the bandage and pads, and shifting their position ever so slightly by muscular effort in the manner already described, I was easily able to see down each side of it.

True, the range of vision so obtained was extremely limited. I could see no more than a few inches immediately in front of me. But the chalk line was there. I had only to keep along it, stop at the various cross marks, and, when I came to the end of it, grope about for the hidden article until I found it—no very difficult task. In fact, it was no more than a case of following my nose, literally as well as metaphorically.

Of course, there was a good deal of play-acting about the performance. I had to grope and stumble about, for instance, exactly as a blindfolded man would; and yet I had to be very careful not to overdo the part, for the great thing, of course, was to avoid rousing the slightest suspicion in the minds of the onlookers. As a matter of fact, I am quite convinced that none of them at any time harboured any such suspicions. The elaborately tight bandaging, the plugging of the eyes with pads of cotton-wool pressed well down into the sockets, was sufficient to convince the most sceptical. And, of course, they were quite right in assuming that I could not see at the time when they were examining me. It was afterwards, when the frontal muscular expansion came into play, and I made ready to start on my quest, that the element of sight came into operation.

This preliminary test, with the chalk line to guide me, was, however, a comparatively simple matter. It was far otherwise when it came to working the trick in the open streets, without any line, or in fact guidance of any sort, save that which was supposed to come from the man walking behind me, who, however, was forbidden to speak to me, and who, of course, was not in personal contact with me in any shape or form.

During the months in which I was engaged

in working the trick out in my own mind, and in experimenting privately as regards the best way of successfully concluding the task I had set myself, I found that the only moving objects that were at all likely to come within the extremely limited range of vision allowed me when "blindfolded" were—boots.

Forthwith I became an enthusiastic and critical student of boots of all kinds. Not new boots as exhibited in the shop windows, be it understood; but worn boots—boots on people's feet. I practised my powers of observation on men I met, training my memory in this one direction until I was able mentally to visualize, so to speak, any pair of boots I had once seen. I could see in my mind's eye every crease, each tiny protuberance. Sherlock Holmes himself would simply not have been in it with me in this particular branch of detective science. I learnt to recognize and know men by their boots, and by their boots alone. It was a most fascinating study, once I had warmed to my subject, and fraught with infinite possibilities. Some day I shall publish a monograph on "The Influence of Character on Footwear."

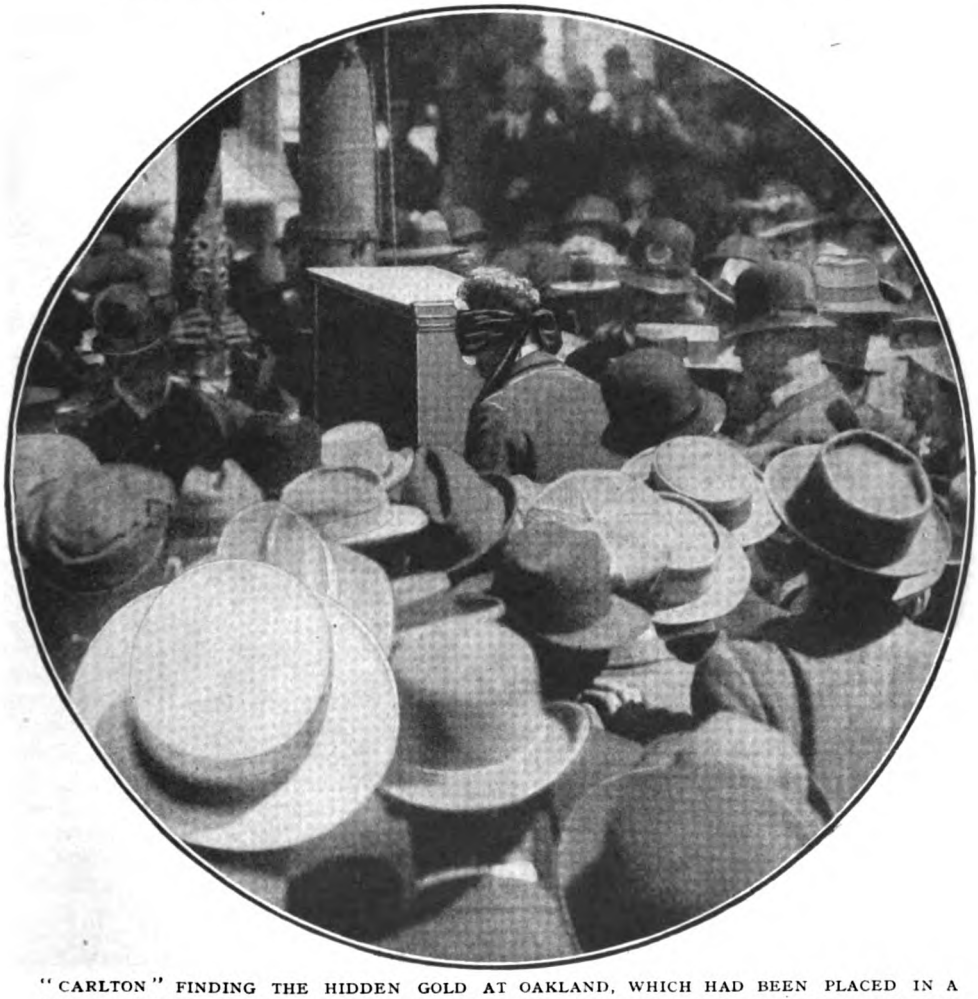
"CARLTON" BEING FORMALLY PRESENTED AT OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, WITH THE HIDDEN TREASURE (250 DOLLARS IN GOLD) WHICH HE HAD SUCCEEDED IN FINDING.

Exactly how this laboriously acquired knowledge helped me in my quest for hidden treasure the reader shall now learn; and I will take as an illustration the test imposed upon me at Oakland, California, where two hundred and fifty dollars in gold was actually hidden. The reader will please imagine me at the office of the *Tribune* newspaper of that city. Outside in the street is an immense throng of curious people, for the affair has been well boomed beforehand. I am introduced to the person who is to "guide" me, and who alone of all those present knows where the treasure is hidden—in this case, Mr. A. A. Denison, of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce.

Prior to being blindfolded by the committee of prominent citizens appointed for the purpose, I am introduced to this gentleman, and we shake hands. Meanwhile I take stock of his boots, while addressing him in some such terms as these: "You will please understand, Mr. Denison, that my failure or success to-day in the task I have undertaken rests with you, and with you alone. You are the active agent; I am merely the passive one. In effect it is you who are going to find this treasure, not I. You must exert all the strength of your will-power to guide me aright. If you do this, I cannot possibly fail; if you fail to do it, I cannot succeed. Walk behind me, and will me along the right path. If I am going in the right direction, mentally boost me ahead. If I am going wrong, stop yourself, and mentally tell me to stop also. This is all I ask—that you shall not will me along the wrong road."

All this, of course, is the biggest bunkum imaginable. But it impresses my auditors. And especially it impresses Mr. Denison. Meanwhile, I am still studying his boots.

Well, I am bandaged to the satisfaction of the committee, who one and all examine me in turn, while some make suggestions,



"CARLTON" FINDING THE HIDDEN GOLD AT OAKLAND, WHICH HAD BEEN PLACED IN A POLICE TELEPHONE CALL-BOX. NOTE THE HEAVY BANDAGE OVER HIS FACE AND THE PADS OF COTTON-WOOL.

calculated, so they imagine, to further the completeness of the blindfolding business: a little more cotton-wool here, a tightening of the bandage there, and so on. When all is finished a prominent member of the committee of investigation solemnly and emphatically pronounces his opinion as follows: "Gentlemen, if Carlton can see through that bandage and those pads, he must have the eyes of a catamount."

Precisely what kind of an animal a catamount is, I do not know, but I am quite prepared to believe that it possesses abnormally keen eyesight. Anyway, everybody appears quite satisfied, and I step forth from the building, groping and stumbling as a blind man would. The bugles blare, the crowd gives a mighty cheer, and the quest begins. I circle round like a hound casting for a scent, only that my movements, of course, are slower. I know that in the beginning I must either go one way or the other; up the street or down, to the right or to the left.

Groping this way and that, with my hands outstretched, but my eyes carefully directed downwards, I am able presently to bring the boots of my "guide" within my very limited range of vision. Naturally, the toes are pointing in the direction he is mentally willing me to go. So off I start in that direction, after a little more groping and circling, done now for effect, and not of any set purpose.

Now, I have previously taken care to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the city generally, and more especially with that of the streets in the immediate vicinity of the newspaper office from which I set out. Also I am aware that the bag of gold

is secreted somewhere at a point approximately not less than a mile, and not more than two miles, from the starting-point, for this was the arrangement made in advance. So the reader will see that I have a certain amount of data to go upon.

There is, of course, always the kerb to guide me, and in the main thoroughfares there are the tram-lines. I could, therefore, walk in a perfectly straight line as far as the first turning. But this, naturally, I do not do. Instead, I zigzag from one side to the other, blunder into pedestrians, finger my way along shop-fronts and area-railings, and so on.

By and by I come to a side street. I may have to turn down it, or I may not. In order to find out, I have to grope and circle in such a way as to be able to bring within my view the boots of the "guide" who is following me. A single glimpse suffices. But often I pretend to be at fault.

"You are not exerting sufficient will-power," I tell him. "*Please*, sir, do your utmost to guide me aright. Will me along the way I am to go, *please*. I cannot go right without your help." And so on and so forth! It is all the veriest humbug, of course; but I have yet to come across the man whom it does not impress.

In this manner I progress along the route, and at each turning, or doubtful corner, the pantomime set forth above is repeated. But never in quite the same way, or some among the onlookers might get suspicious, and this is the one thing I have to avoid at all hazards. Everything has to be done naturally; every movement must be executed exactly as a blind man might be expected to execute it. It is not an easy matter. One has to be a good actor. Supposing, for example, I came upon an open grating, or a hole in the road. It would never do to avoid these too markedly. In the case of the grating I "feel" it with one foot, pretending to try and gauge its depth and extent, before circling round it. As regards the hole, if it is not too deep, I may allow myself the luxury of falling into it. It must, of course, be done carefully, and there is even then a certain element of risk, but it adds immensely to the realism of the performance.

In this way, circling, groping, stumbling, but every minute drawing nearer and nearer to my objective, I progress along my way, and in time I am able to locate the hiding-place of the object I am in search of. Never once have I failed.

There have been some curious mischances, though. One of the queerest of these unrehearsed incidents occurred at Halifax, in connection with a test organized at my instigation by the editor and staff of the *Guardian*. The object I was in search of had been hidden under a bridge, over which the road I had to traverse was carried. On reaching the crown of the bridge, I knew, owing to my boot-reading tactics, that the hiding-place was somewhere beneath it; so I pretended to climb over the parapet, knowing, of course, that I should be prevented from doing so, for this would have meant a sheer drop of twenty feet or so.

On being pulled back, and warned of the danger I was supposed to be unconsciously running, I went round another way, and under the bridge. Here I located in my usual manner the exact spot where the object was supposed to be hidden, but, greatly to my chagrin and disappointment, I could not find it. For fully twenty minutes I fumbled round unavailingly. Then the man who was "guiding" me approached, and after himself fumbling about for awhile, he exclaimed: "Mr. Carlton, I am awfully sorry, but it's gone."

This proved to be the fact. Somebody had discovered the object, and removed it for safe keeping, and it was returned to the *Guardian* office the next day. On this occasion I may be said in a sense to have failed, in that I did not find the article. But as the reason I did not find it was because it was not there, my reputation naturally did not suffer on that account. In fact it was rather enhanced, for everybody recognized that I had correctly located the place where by rights it ought to have been.

Another time, at Leeds, the crowds were so great that the whole tram-car service of the city was threatened with disorganization, and the police stepped in and stopped the performance. This was one of my most trying experiences, for the crowd was a somewhat rough one, and some of the people were in a rather ugly mood, believing the whole affair to have been a put-up job. However, I made them a speech, and soon got them in good humour.

One of my roughest experiences was at Bradford, where the object of my quest was a silver medallion, or badge, the property of the chairman of the Bradford Cinderella Club. The crowds were immense, and to add to my difficulties the medallion had been "hidden" by being actually buried in the ground on a waste plot of land now occupied by the Alhambra Theatre there. However, after groping among the loose rubble and

AN IDEA OF THE DIFFICULT CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH "CARLTON" PERFORMED HIS EXTRAORDINARY FEAT MAY BE GAINED FROM THIS PHOTOGRAPH.

débris for a while I found it all right. "Then"—to quote the local report—"a cheer went up from several thousand throats as Carlton stood aloft with the silver badge in his hand. For our part we have to congratulate Carlton upon the feat, which we can testify was performed in a genuine manner and without any possible chance of collusion."

At Bristol there happened a curious incident, referred to in the account of the affair published in the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, and reproduced in last month's article. The bandage became loose, and slipped down in such a manner as made it impossible for me to see under it; nor was I able, try as I would, to get it back in its proper position by working my frontal muscles in the ordinary way. In this dilemma I was compelled to resort to a pretty little piece of play-acting. I pretended to blunder into a wall, bumping my head somewhat severely, and incidentally loosening the bandage—of course, on purpose—so that it slipped completely down. This necessitated my being rebandaged, and this time, you may be sure, I took care to have it tight enough.

In conclusion, I should like to emphasize the fact that no one has up till now had any inkling of the manner in which I succeeded in accomplishing what, on the face of it and until the mystery is explained, strikes the vast majority of people as being a wholly inexplicable feat. Literally thousands of letters have appeared in the Press professing to elucidate the way in which I worked it, but in no single instance were the writers anywhere near the correct solution.

Nevertheless, some of the suggestions put forward were exceedingly ingenious, and such as I should certainly never have thought of on my own accord. At Oakland, for instance, where buglers were employed (without consulting me) to advertise the show, quite a number of people advanced the theory that I was guided to the left or right, forward or backward, as the case might be, by the notes they emitted from time to time in the course of my progress through the streets.

Another theory that found favour with quite a number of people in various parts of the world was that I was connected with my "guide" by means of "invisible" wires; although how wires were to be made invisible nobody took the trouble to explain.

After one of my performances in Egypt—where, by the way, I nearly got knifed through pretending to blunder into and embrace an Arab woman in the course of my "blindfold" peregrinations—a grave and dignified old Sheikh explained to the public, with much volubility, that the feat was really a quite childishly simple one. Walking in front of me, he opined, was a confederate, strongly scented with a special perfume, and I simply "followed the scent," much as if I were some species of two-legged hound.

The End of Judas.

By G. H. POWELL.

Illustrated by Graham Simmons.

"CLICK! clack! click! . . . Click! . . . clack!" A strange sound, one thought, to be heard at dead of night!

It did not need much to rouse the curiosity of the few loafers on their way home from the little *cabaret* in the little village of Boissy-sur-Lorgne, on an out-of-the-way frontier of France. Since the first great wave of war had rolled by, some eight or nine months ago, little had happened to disturb the stagnant tranquillity of the place.

The unmistakable sound of a pickaxe, in contact with stone or some equally hard material, promised to the three or four simple villagers, scarcely warmed with the acid wine of the country, something like a new sensation.

"Click! clack! click!"

Guided by the sound they left the main street, crossed a field, and leaned over the gate that led into a little courtyard fronting the lonely manse, a farmhouse built on to the small remains of a fourteenth-century château. They had approached unseen, unheard; and there, in the moonlight, stood the object of their curiosity revealed.

The stonemason nudged the vintner, and the vintner pressed the arm of the wheelwright.

Here, indeed, was something queer that demanded all their combined intelligence to explain it.

In the full moonshine an unkempt figure stood and swung a pick—not with violence, but rather as if he would fain have made no noise at all—a thing impossible!—against the bare wall of the house. Then, suddenly, an accidental turn of the head rendered his features visible, and two of the spectators had at once to stifle the same exclamation.

"*Bon Dieu!* It is Judas Mahiot!"

The third—a recent arrival in the village—drew them aside, behind the shelter of the hedge. "Judas Mahiot! who is he?"

Who, indeed? No other inhabitant could have asked the question. Who was Judas Mahiot? The greedy ne'er-do-weel, the cruel and cowardly son-in-law of the good old Jean Bonnet, who had dwelt in that very house—in a word, the dastardly villain who had betrayed Boissy, betrayed France herself—so the simple country-folk believed—to her barbarous enemies?

Was not his the name that boys of adjoining villages flung at those of Boissy in their bitterest quarrels? Was it not, among grown-up rivals wrangling in the wine-shop, the word that had more than once preceded a savage blow or a knife-stab?

And here was the man himself, sneaking into the place where he dared not show his face by day-time — traitor, murderer, and now, as it seemed, housebreaker to boot! All that was known of his infamous history could be whispered in a few moments, while the sound of the pickaxe ceased, and the watchers, fearful of having, as it were, frightened away their quarry, drew back into the dark shadows.

Mahiot, the red-haired reprobate, had never, it was believed, done a stroke of honest work. He had married young Lucie—cajoled the girl into marrying him—for the sake of her old father's reputed savings.

Then, as these were not forthcoming—did not all the world know the horrible story? He had betrayed the village, the French regiment that held the wooded heights above the plain where the Lorgne winds along (entangled with the line of poplars and the white high road leading to Boissy-le-Grand), had sold France herself—a murrain on him!—for the gold of the accursed German Spoiler! *How?* Oh, was it not a simple enough matter, when one knew? Had not the story been told in the past year a hundred, a good thousand times?

"Look you!"—thus had scores of narrators sketched the scene on tavern tables with wine-stains, burnt cork, or morsels of brown bread.

Here lay the village nestling under the hill all covered with fir wood. Here, at the upper end, stood the old manse, with its new stonework patched on to its ancient masonry. All the hill-top was held—was it not? of course—by our good soldiers, in

detached bodies, with wire entanglements—a thick-set hedge of them. These heights, so steep to ascend, were reckoned secure. Over there, on the side away from the river, lay the German outposts.

None thought of another way into the valley. It would seem, indeed, that none knew, none but old Bonnet, and Judas. But at the back of the farmyard, in the depths of a disused chalk-pit, was a long cavern, a natural passage that led out on the far side, in a hollow hidden by thick scrub at the foot of the hill.

And the German commandant, who lay encamped scarce two miles away, wanted a guide.

That was all.

Dreadful things passed, it was said, when Mahiot first spoke to the old man of his project.

"I have no money," he said. "You have money, but you keep it to yourself. Good. Very good! But there is money, bags of gold—to be earned close by, only by telling what I know. *Treachery!* Bah! We are beaten already, I tell you. Our miserable soldiers are doomed in advance. I sell but a part of what is sold already. The Prussians will but be so much the poorer. *Voilà tout!*"

At shorter length than this was the story whispered behind the hedge—all that was known of it.

No. There was no evidence that the wretch had killed Jean Bonnet—not with his hands. But the old man died only a few weeks later, of the shock—*que voulez-vous?*—or of the shame of it.

The good old Jean Bonnet! Had not his father served Napoleon? Had he not heard his stories of Jena and Austerlitz? And now to be locked into a room in his own, in that father's own house, while a treacherous villain of a son-in-law sold France to the Prussian! Was not that enough to make a good patriot die weeping tears of rage?

Such was Judas Mahiot, the man they watched.

No. The rascal was not gone. He was only slinking round the house, looking, looking—*for what?*

The "Click! clack!" came from a different quarter. He was still at work.

So much of the story was certain and well known. All the village remembered the fatal surprise, the battle—the rout, rather—that followed. The mason was not likely to forget it, for had he not gone round the next two days, after the tide of battle had rolled away, repairing its ravages in many a little homestead? My faith! There were too many for him to attend to; and he recollected well how to old Jean Bonnet at the manse, as to some others, at that busy time, he had sold bits of stone and mortar for the repair of their houses. The good old fellow—fancy that!—had set to work patching at his damaged wall; just that bare side you had seen in the moonlight.

"Click! clack!" It sounded from the farther side this time, and stopped again. Yes, the vintner well remembered the veteran blue-coated M. Bonnet as he stood on that particular sunny morning, amid fragments of shell, broken fence-rails, and other wreckage. One had watched him pick up the curved black shards of these deadly missiles, clearing the strange ruins from his courtyard.

By some freak of the cannon-ball a single good-sized stone had been cleanly dislodged from the ancient masonry. But before nightfall that scar-like hole had been tidily filled in again. Since that day, they said, the old man had scarcely been himself; and it was but shortly after that he took to his bed and was seen no more but by the hapless daughter in whose arms he died. Of Judas he never spoke but with curses, aye, and vague threats of revenge.

The treasure? No one knew what had become of that. Gossips said it had been locked up in a black box and hidden—buried—somewhere soon after the betrayal and the battle.

"Click! clack!" There was the sound again, and again it ceased. What could the man be looking for? The three stepped back to a break in the hedge where, themselves invisible, they could see all.

The full harvest moon poured a flood of light on the wall that showed up every indenture in the rough masonry. The eye, the right hand of Judas, wandered fretfully along the irregular surface, while his left trailed the pickaxe. He glanced up at the sky, and murmured an impatient oath. He had seen nothing, heard nothing of the watchers. Yet he feared to be disturbed. He wished to have done with the business, one could see that. It should have been finished ere now.

Had not his wife told him, confessed at last—he cursed her again—that the old man's hoard of gold was hidden *here?*

And why had she refused, hesitated so long to tell him—name of a hundred devils!—why had she pretended to *fear* the disclosure

for him, till at last he had broken down all hesitation by threats of violence, not to her, but to their child—the child, he said, for whom she would have kept the old curmudgeon's savings.

Then all her hesitation, fear—or was it pity?—seemed to vanish. He woke from his savage reverie with a start. Why, here, *here*—he gasped with excitement—was the very place. His right hand dropped to the handle of the pick. He clutched and raised it. Here were the marks, clear as if made only yesterday—how had he missed them before?—of the old fool's trowel. No. She had not deceived him, for all her guilty, frightened looks at the last.

"Click! clack! click!"

At the first blow he was certain of it. At the second and third the new mortar fell in flakes and slithers at his feet. He struck again. All was right now, but it was getting late. Someone might come.

True, the house was his wife's, and no one lived there for the time, but the strokes, somehow, roused uncanny echoes. And the villagers might mob him.

The flooding moonlight from behind poured into the fissure he had made or reopened, as if the orb itself were focused on this one spot, trying to pierce it. And lo! already there was to be seen something dark, smooth, metal-like. At last! Judas struck once and missed it. The shadow of the swinging pick seemed to mislead his eye. He raised it again. At last! *At last!* There was a bellowing report, a clatter of breaking glass, and a wild scream all down the village street. A thunderous roar re-echoed from the chalk hills, a great crimson flower of flame suddenly blossomed forth from the white and glistening wall, with a clattering discharge of shards of iron, stone, rubble, and—*something else*, something not easy to find nor identify, even by next morning's light.

"What is it?" shrieked a score of voices, as men, women, and terrified children rushed out, scantily clad, into the summer night. "Was it the 'Great Day,' or the cursed Prussians come back again?"

Prone and palsied with terror, the few spectators gathered themselves up—one wiping the blood from a flesh wound—to tell of what they had seen and heard. It was a simple story. The embittered, maddened

"A GREAT CRIMSON FLOWER OF FLAME SUDDENLY BLOSSOMED FORTH FROM THE WHITE AND GLISTENING WALL."

old man had not deceived his son-in-law. Safe in the centre of the massive wall lay the long-coveted box of treasure, the heritage of the terrified wife and the pale, screaming child now relieved from the worst terror of their lives.

Only—in front of it he had built into the masonry—why not?—one little memento of the war, of the betrayal—*an unexploded German shell*. That was all. It had served its purpose, and Judas, like that other we wot of, had "gone to his own place."

THE MUSIC OF THE MOMENT.

How Leading Revue Composers Write Their Melodies.

With a very large section of the public "the music of the moment" is undoubtedly the music of Revue, which, for the time being, is all the rage with theatre-goers, not only in London and the Provinces, but even in our Colonies, to which far-away lands many touring Revue companies are now paying a visit. How is Revue music written? How do Revue Composers get their inspirations? What is the secret of success in the composing of music for Revue? The subject is one of such obvious interest that a number of leading composers have contributed their views on this subject, exclusively for "The Strand Magazine."

Mr. HERMAN FINCK,

Composer of countless successful musical shows and revues, including those two outstanding "hits" at the Palace Theatre, "The Passing Show" and "Bric-à-Brac." To the man in the street Mr Finck's name will always be familiar as that of the Author of "In the Shadows" and "Gilbert the Filbert," sung by Mr. Basil Hallam.

IN some form or other I think that the revue, as we have come to know it in England, will stay with us for a very long time. I scarcely think, however, that the vogue of ragtime will enjoy a much longer life over here. And, after all, why should it? Ragtime is essentially a product of America. But America has had enough of it and has, figuratively speaking, given it the "order of the boot."

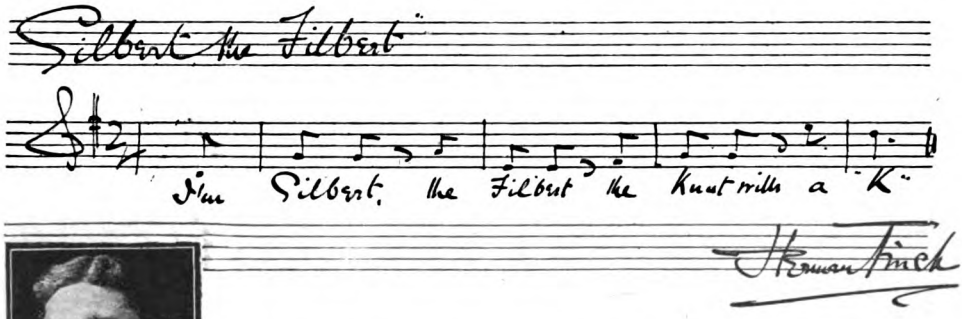
What has been the result? Simply this, that with that hospitality which we almost invariably show to strangers to our shores, we have welcomed ragtime with such fervid enthusiasm and have fêted it so generously that many of our revue composers seem to think it necessary to imitate this American ragtime, thus losing their own individuality and, by the same token, assisting the English revue to also lose its "personality."

Surely we have a sufficient number of talented authors and composers in this country to provide us with a characteristic English revue and not a by-product which has already had its day in America?

Perhaps I may be allowed to say that I think that the consistent success of revues at the Palace Theatre may not improbably be more than a little due to the fact that the Palace shows have ever preserved their own particular individuality and have also striven to retain their personality. In a very recent show there, for example, there was only one ragtime number, and that was a spoof ragtime number written by myself. Happily, however, "spoof" though it was intended to be, it impressed that talented artiste, Miss Elsie Janis, as bearing the hall-mark of American ragtime, for when I asked her one day where she thought we had picked it up she said, "From America, of course." Yes, in that show there was only one "spoof" ragtime number, and yet it played to crowded houses for many months.

Of individual successful numbers which I have written, and which, I am proud to think, have enjoyed considerable success, perhaps the best known are "In the Shadows" and "Gilbert the Filbert." The former, strangely enough, I wrote at the end of a very long, tiring day. I had been at the Palace all the afternoon and evening, and felt literally "dead beat" when I got home shortly after midnight.

Before turning in, however, I remembered that I had still to write an additional number for a piece I had contracted to do. I felt I should sleep better if I could go to bed with a clear conscience and knowing that the piece was actually finished. So I sat down to do it there and then, and, in almost less time than it takes me to write the words, "In



the Shadows" peeped out from somewhere and, shortly afterwards, seemed to follow me about wherever I went.

"Gilbert the Filbert" I wrote one Sunday afternoon. Arthur Wimperis had sent me on the lyrics. And, well, that's all there is to it. I read the words over two or three times, sat straight down at the piano, and composed the melody there and then. It is, I would mention, of great assistance to a composer to collaborate with an author so understanding and sympathetic as Arthur Wimperis, to whose words I have written quite a lot of music—and hope to write lots more.

Writing of the "gentle art" of making melodies, I would add that I always orchestrate my own music, and, if I may be allowed to say so, I think that it is a great help to the eventual results of his work for a composer to do his own orchestration. It preserves and keeps alive the theme of the melody as it first occurred to him in a manner which—rightly or wrongly, it is my idea, anyway—can never be carried out so successfully when the orchestration is left to others.

Mr. EDWARD JONES.

The popular composer of many successful revues, including those famous attractions at the Ambassadors Theatre, "More" and "Odds and Ends," and "All Scotch" at the Apollo Theatre.

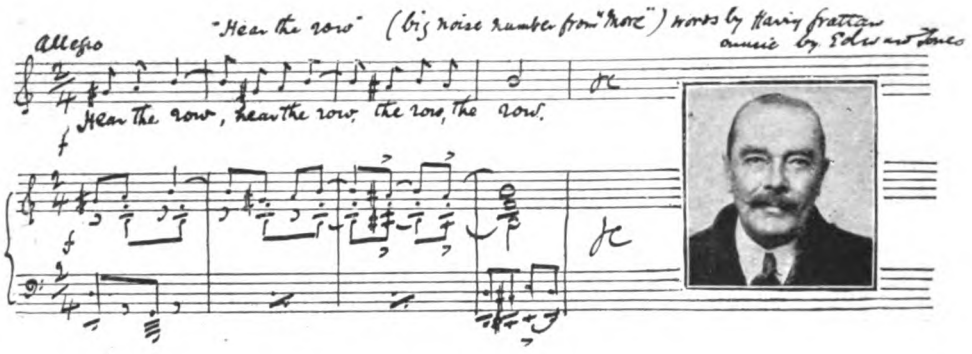
A FAMOUS author once told me that he often wondered how on earth he ever wrote a book. "Quite frequently I sit down at my desk without, as it seems to me, a single idea in my head," he said, "and yet, pen in hand, and foolscap before me, I feel so ashamed of being barren of ideas that my shame literally seems to inspire me; anyway, ideas, good, bad, or indifferent, emerge from the shadows and peep out through the top of the inkpot—and in due course the manuscript of the new book finds its way to my publishers."

I can thoroughly sympathize with that author, for, on occasions, I have thought that I have been suffering from the same complaint. And yet the mere fact that my conscience tells me that it is up to me to compose music which I hope will not entirely offend the ear of the public has, happily, enabled me to do the best I can.

But exactly why and how melodies come to one I could not for the life of me tell you. They just come—and that's all there is about it. For instance, a number I wrote recently entitled "Knitting," which scored quite a popular success in Harry Grattan's clever revue "All Scotch" at the Apollo Theatre, came to me of a sudden in a most unusual manner, and at quite an unexpected moment.

Business had taken me down to Margate one day, and on my return journey I found myself in a carriage with two ladies who were passing the time in knitting comforters for soldiers in the trenches—and elsewhere. The click, click, click of the needles plus the effects of a few hours of the invigorating air of Margate, and the snorting of a particularly offensive engine, which, to judge by the pace it travelled, must have been suffering from rheumatism or some other agent which induces slowness, acted as a lullaby, and before we reached Herne Bay I was safe in the arms of Morpheus, as a penny-a-liner novelist might perhaps express it.

About half-way to London I awoke with a start to find, as is not entirely unknown on this particular line, that the train had stopped for a short rest-cure. The needles of the busy ladies, however, were still clicking away as energetically as ever. And of a



sudden—goodness only knows why, how, or when it came!—the melody of "Knitting" seemed to blow in through the window and remained with me until I arrived home, when I transferred it to paper, thence to the Apollo Theatre, where it was delightfully sung by Miss Jean Aylwin to the accompaniment of the knitting-needles of many charming ladies.

"The Big Noise Number" which finishes the first act of "More" at the Ambassadors Theatre, and which I have been told has proved some small popular success, came to me in almost an equally unexpected manner. I was standing one day at the corner of Princes Street, in the City, waiting for a taxi, shortly before one o'clock, when the traffic was at its busiest. Motor-bus hooters hooted on all sides, nervous ladies, finding themselves surrounded by drays, taxis, four-wheelers, hansoms, and other conveyances, appealed to policemen to see them safely across the road, chauffeurs "chipped" each other merrily, and pandemonium seemed to pervade the air. And as the pandemonium pervaded, so the "Big Noise Number," which you may perhaps have heard at the Ambassadors Theatre, emerged therefrom and came to me for refuge. I at once transferred it—to the Ambassadors Theatre.

May I add that I just work when the spirit of melody moves me. I have no regular working hours, for a lengthy experience of the making of melodies proves to me that they come just when they think they will come. To whistle for them, call for them, beg for them, is of no avail. Melody is a wandering spirit, and wanders just when she thinks she will. Sometimes she is punctual, sometimes late; but, happily, in my own case, I have never known her fail to turn up at all.

Thanks to Mr. C. B. Cochran having given me the opportunity of writing revue with Mr. Harry Grattan, who, in his lyrics, always conveys in lilting lines and phrases the humour of the situation, the composing for revue has become quite a fascinating hobby with me, as there are so many kinds of music required for interpolation in this form of entertainment that one is continually writing "different kinds" of music, and thus, incidentally, continually having a holiday thrust upon one—whether one wants it or not—for surely it is true beyond all manner of doubt that the best of all holidays is change of work.

Mr. HERMAN DAREWSKI.

Most prolific of revue-writers, who has composed the music for no fewer than twenty-five revues, including those great successes, "Business as Usual," "Shell Out," "Push and Go," "Rosy Rapture," and many others.

I AM touching wood as I write, for I realize that the fact that one may have been fortunate enough to write a number of songs for revues and other musical entertainments which have achieved perhaps more than their fair share of popularity is in no way a guarantee that one's successes may not, later on, be replaced by less cheering "masterpieces" of "music of the moment."

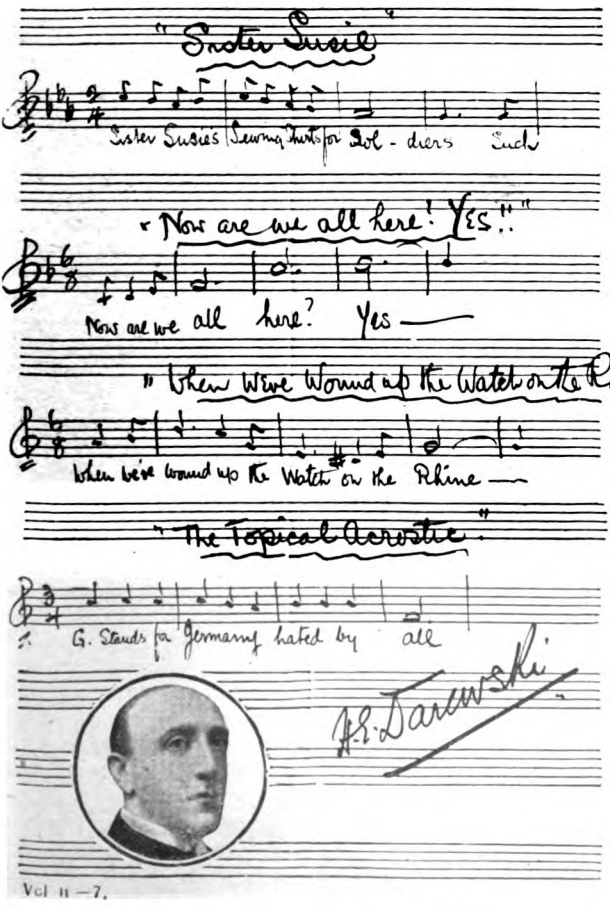
Still, I may modestly claim to have composed a number of songs which have "made good" and have become immortalized on barrel-organs, by butcher-boys, street-venders, and in drawing-rooms from Park Lane to less fashionable districts. Perhaps

the best known of these all the world over are "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers"; "Now, Are We All Here? Yes!"; "When We've Wound Up the Watch on the Rhine"; and "The Topical Acrostic."

"Sister Susie" was written following a remark passed by a friend of mine during conversation that his wife was "sewing shirts for soldiers." I immediately saw the chance of the title for a song, and within an hour it was written. It proved a phenomenal success from the first night of production, which was twenty-four hours later, at the London Hippodrome, and later on it was sung with equal success all over the provinces by Miss Madge Temple.

"The Topical Acrostic" suggested itself to Mr. Worton David and myself when we were discussing the war, trying to find an idea to embody the Allies in a song. Mr. David left my flat that evening without our having struck an idea, but our minds worked hard. If I never believed in thought transmission before, I am certainly convinced that such a commodity is in existence, because the next morning I was on the telephone to Mr. David to tell him that an idea had occurred to me, when he told me that he was trying to get through to me to tell me that he had struck an idea—the same idea as I had—namely, an Acrostic on the Allies. Needless to say we quickly completed it, and the song has since proved a very great success with Miss Lee White at the Alhambra, and in countless other revues and musical plays in most parts of the world where the ill-fame of the Central Powers is adequately "appreciated."

"When We've Wound Up the Watch on the Rhine" was written by Mr. F. W. Mark and myself, and although it did not "go" with the swing we expected and hoped it would on the first night, it afterwards became the "hit" of "Business as Usual" at the Hippodrome, where for many months it was sung twice daily by the entire audience. Strangely enough, with this song, the alteration in one line and the addition of a little "business" made all the difference between apparent failure and pronounced success.



Writing of revues and bright entertainments reminds me that both before and after the war broke out I have heard many people say that they cannot understand why the public elect to patronize "shows" of this light character in preference to more serious fare. Rightly or wrongly, my own impression is that at all times the public will lend their support to entertainments which help to make them forget, for the time being at any rate, the more serious side of life. In times, alas! like the present, the need for aids to temporary forgetfulness must be apparent to all.

Like many composers, I have no regular hours for work, as ideas for songs happen along at most unexpected moments, and, in any case, I scarcely think it fair to

ask the Goddess of Music in revue to inspire one "by the clock." Rather better is it, I think, to put up with her capricious ways, and welcome her whenever she sees fit to pay a humble composer a visit.

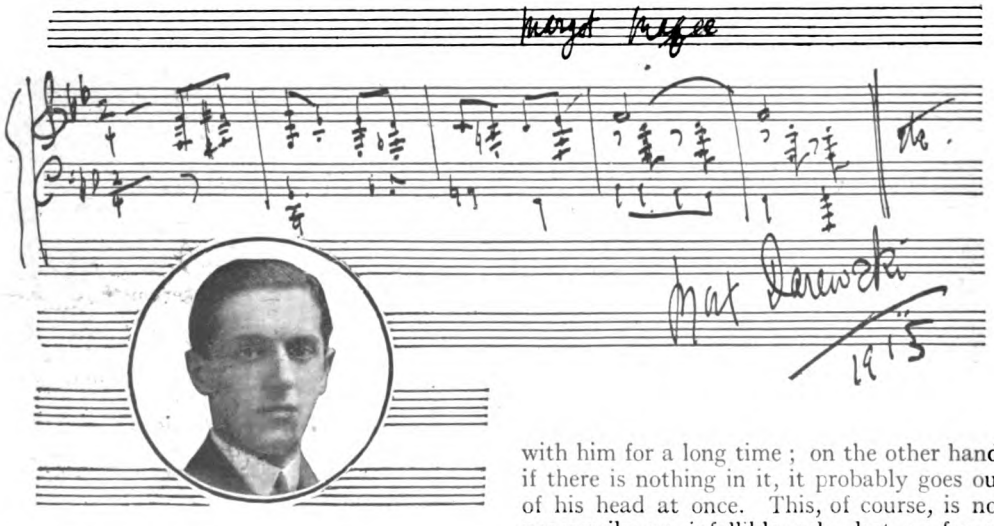
Mr. MAX DAREWSKI,

The brilliant young composer, and brother of Mr. Herman Darewski, who has written the music for no fewer than nineteen revues and musical shows, including "Now's the Time!" "5064 Gerrard," and many special numbers for Mlle. Gaby Deslys.

I HAVE often been asked by enthusiastic composers-in-embryo if I could let them into the secret of composing; in other words, if I could put them on the right road to the making of melodies whenever they happen to feel in the mood to compose music.

Unfortunately, however, I have never been able to assist, for, to be quite frank, I don't think there are any hard-and-fast rules to be observed. The melody just comes to one—one can't explain how or why, but there it is. Maybe some situation inspires one; perhaps a glorious summer's day suggests a joyous refrain, or a dull, wet afternoon a melody less cheerful.

I once motored down to Brighton with a friend who had just purchased a new car.



"It is the cheapest thing on the market, but, I am told, absolutely reliable," he said, as we started. We reached Brighton in a little over eight hours, having broken down no fewer than five time *en route*. That car may have been listed as "cheap," but I can't help thinking it must have been dear at any price. Anyway, when I arrived home—by train, I may mention—I at once sat down and wrote "A Hymn of Hate" which only my sense of humour prevented me from having published.

This little incident may perhaps serve to show how one gets inspirations for melodies from little happenings going on around one.

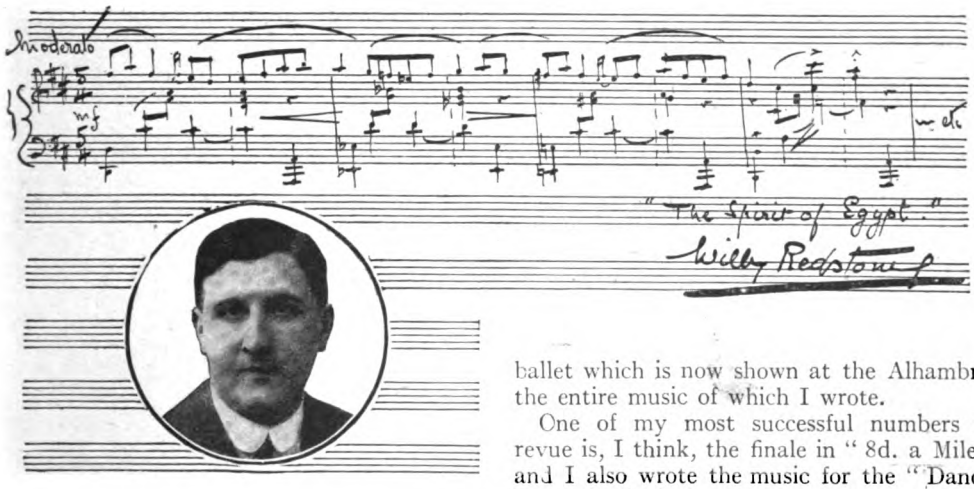
"The Night Club Girl," which achieved considerable success in the second edition of "The Passing Show," I wrote in a taxi one afternoon when going to see Mr. Willy Redstone, which reminds me, by the way, that frequently if a melody crosses my mind and happens to make a great appeal to me I never trouble to jot it down on paper but carry it about with me in my head for weeks, and sometimes months. From a composer's point of view, if a tune strikes him as being really "good" it almost invariably remains with him for a long time; on the other hand, if there is nothing in it, it probably goes out of his head at once. This, of course, is not necessarily an infallible rule, but as far as my own work is concerned, I have noticed that it has applied with almost uncanny consistency.

Among recent successes of mine is "Margot Magee," now being sung by Miss Lee White at the Alhambra. This melody, strangely enough, occurred to me in my tub one morning, in which peculiarly fitting resting-place, by the way, I have written many a "flowing" melody.

Mr. WILLY REDSTONE,

Who has composed the music for many popular revues and musical shows, including those well-known Alhambra successes, "8d. a Mile," "5064 Gerrard," and "Now's the Time!"

I AM inclined to think that the two factors which spell success in writing the music for a revue are, firstly, that the music should be original, and, secondly, that it should carry with it a compelling swing without any "twists and turns" in it, so to speak. In other words, a strong, simple swing which arrests the ear without taxing the memory too much. Perhaps the best example I could give of the style of music I am trying to describe is that world-wide popular success, "The Merry Widow Waltz," the air of which, while extremely tuneful, is yet "simple and unaffected."



As regards my own methods of work, I have no time limitations, for melodies strike me at any time of the day. Thus, to cite the case of one of my greatest successes, "The Spirit of Egypt," in that musical timepiece in two hours and ten chimes, "Now's the Time!" at the Alhambra, the *motif* of this music occurred to me one warm summer's night when I was walking home through the Park. For a few minutes I stood on the bridge over the lake in St. James's Park and looked towards Buckingham Palace, which seemed to be wrapped in sleep.

Everything was perfectly calm and peaceful. One could almost have heard a bird ruffle its feathers. And yet the still silence was of that almost oppressive, overbearing nature which one associates with a summer's night in Egypt. Unconsciously the spirit of an Egyptian night seemed to embrace me with a grip which held me tight. And at that moment the music which I afterwards composed for the ballet entitled "The Spirit of Egypt" came to me and remained with me for days and weeks.

I could picture in my mind music which seemed to me to illustrate graphically the calm and quiet of an Egyptian night, and, little by little, I worked up the theme in the ballet which is now shown at the Alhambra, the entire music of which I wrote.

One of my most successful numbers in revue is, I think, the finale in "8d. a Mile," and I also wrote the music for the "Dandy Dance," which, by the way, was one of the great successes of that most delightful dancer, Phyllis Monkman.

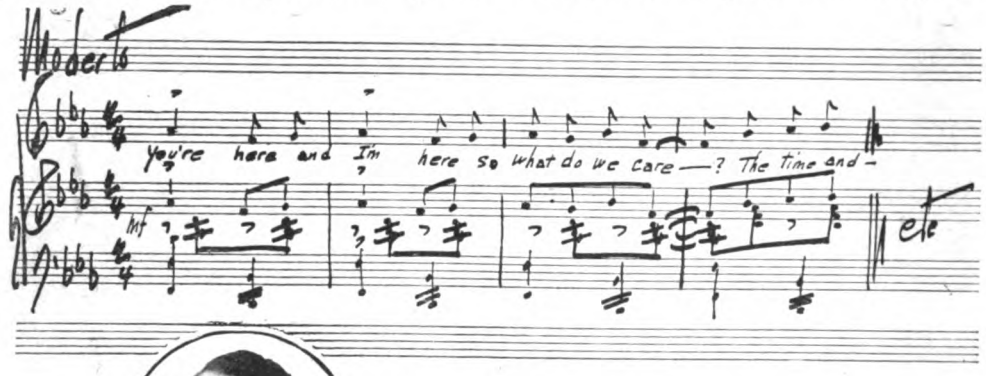
It would be easy for me to tell readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE many stories of exactly how various melodies I have written for revues and opera bouffe have occurred to me, but I think perhaps the suggestion inspired by that calm night which impelled me to write "The Spirit of Egypt" best describes the strange manner in which a melody frequently comes to me—shyly, unbidden, and, more often than not, quite unexpectedly.

In conclusion, I should like to add that I think that the music which will always make the greatest appeal to the public in revues and musical "shows" of this character will be that which is direct and simple. "Complex" melodies have seldom—and I think will seldom—help to build up the success of what, after all, has been for many months past the vogue of the moment—revue.

Mr. JEROME D. KERN,

The composer of many successful songs in revue and musical comedy, including "You're Here and I'm Here," which was sung with phenomenal success both at the Palace in "The Passing Show," and at the Ambassadors in "Odds and Ends."

I AM inclined to think that, as in the making of a successful play, so is it with the composing of music for revue and other musical shows—there is no royal road to make success a certainty, although there are certain hard-and-fast rules to be borne in mind which, if carefully carried out, tend towards that aim. Thus, as far as the writing of popular music is concerned, it should be as tuneful as possible, with a "musical plot," so to speak, running all the way through it.



Jerome D. Kern

I am afraid, however, you may find the description "musical plot" a little difficult to follow. I think, therefore, I can best illustrate it by citing a song you may have heard, entitled "You're Here and I'm Here." If you will hum this over you will find that there is "a plot" in the music from start to finish; that is to say, it does not break off, but follows a theme throughout, which the ear of the audience can follow without effort.

Involved music will never, I think, "catch on" with the average revue audience, which, after all, comes to hear cheerful music and hopes to be amused. In times such as we are passing through now almost all of us seize the opportunity whenever possible of "being taken out of oneself" if only for a few hours. This fact, I think, in the main accounts for the present vogue of revue, for even its most virulent detractors would scarcely dare to say that the average revue is not bright—even if its brightness is of a kind which makes no appeal to them.

By the way, the music of "You're Here and I'm Here," which, if I may be allowed to say so, has achieved a considerable popular success, was started at ten o'clock on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre in Rochester, New York, during rehearsal of the late Mr. Charles Frohman's production of "The Laughing Husband." Twenty minutes later the melody, scribbled on the back of a drum-part, was sent to Mr. Harry B. Smith, the author of the American version of the play at his hotel, and by eleven o'clock the completed duet was being rehearsed under the direction of Mr. Edward Royce, of Daly's Theatre, London.

The orchestration of "You're Here and I'm Here" I made at the nearest available piano. If memory serves correctly, it was in the empty grill-room of a neighbouring hotel. The *matin'e* performance had started before the band-parts were dry, so the duet was played as an *entr'acte* before the curtain rose on the second act. This, I may say, in lieu of a rehearsal. The same afternoon the number was sung in the second act, with great success, and has since been a featured hit in many revues and musical shows all the world over.

H. Darewski: Photo. Claude Harris; Willy Redstone: Photo. Wrather and Buys; Herman Finck: Photo. Claude Harris.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

SHE sprang it on me before breakfast. There in seven words you have a complete character sketch of my Aunt Agatha. I could go on indefinitely about brutality and lack of consideration. I merely say that she routed me out of bed to listen to her painful story somewhere in the small hours. It can't have been half-past eleven when Jeeves, my man, woke me out of the dreamless and broke the news:—

"Mrs. Gregson to see you, sir."

I thought she must be walking in her sleep, but I crawled out of bed and got into a dressing-gown. I knew Aunt Agatha well enough to know that, if she had come to see me, she was going to see me. That's the sort of woman she is.

She was sitting bolt upright in a chair, staring into space. When I came in she looked at me in that darn critical way that always makes me feel as if I had gelatine where my spine ought to be. Aunt Agatha is one of those strong-minded women. I should think Queen Elizabeth must have been something like her. She bosses her husband, Spencer Gregson, a battered little chappie on the Stock Exchange. She bosses my cousin, Gussie Mannering-Phipps. She bosses her sister-in-law, Gussie's mother. And, worst of all, she bosses me. She has an eye like a man-eating fish, and she has got moral suasion down to a fine point.

I dare say there are fellows in the world—men of blood and iron, don't you know, and all that sort of thing—whom she couldn't intimidate; but if you're a chappie like me, fond of a quiet life, you simply curl into a ball when you see her coming, and hope for the best. My experience is that when Aunt Agatha wants you to do a thing you do it, or else you find yourself wondering why those fellows in the olden days made such a fuss when they had trouble with the Spanish Inquisition.

"Halloa, Aunt Agatha!" I said.

"Bertie," she said, "you look a sight. You look perfectly dissipated."

I was feeling like a badly-wrapped brown-paper parcel. I'm never at my best in the early morning. I said so.

"Early morning! I had breakfast three hours ago, and have been walking in the park ever since, trying to compose my thoughts."

If I ever breakfasted at half-past eight I

should walk on the Embankment, trying to end it all in a watery grave.

"I am extremely worried, Bertie. That is why I have come to you."

And then I saw she was going to start something, and I bleated weakly to Jeeves to bring me tea. But she had begun before I could get it.

"What are your immediate plans, Bertie?"

"Well, I rather thought of tottering out for a bite of lunch later on, and then possibly staggering round to the club, and after that, if I felt strong enough, I might trickle off to Walton Heath for a round of golf."

"I am not interested in your totterings and tricklings. I mean, have you any important engagements in the next week or so?"

I scented danger.

"Rather," I said. "Heaps! Millions! Booked solid!"

"What are they?"

"I—er—well, I don't quite know."

"I thought as much. You have no engagements. Very well, then, I want you to start immediately for America."

"America!"

Do not lose sight of the fact that all this was taking place on an empty stomach, shortly after the rising of the lark.

"Yes, America. I suppose even you have heard of America?"

"But why America?"

"Because that is where your Cousin Gussie is. He is in New York, and I can't get at him."

"What's Gussie been doing?"

"Gussie is making a perfect idiot of himself."

To one who knew young Gussie as well as I did, the words opened up a wide field for speculation.

"In what way?"

"He has lost his head over a creature."

On past performances this rang true. Ever since he arrived at man's estate Gussie had been losing his head over creatures. He's that sort of chap. But, as the creatures never seemed to lose their heads over him, it had never amounted to much.

"I imagine you know perfectly well why Gussie went to America, Bertie. You know how wickedly extravagant your Uncle Cuthbert was."

She alluded to Gussie's governor, the late head of the family, and I am bound to say she spoke the truth. Nobody was fonder of old Uncle Cuthbert than I was, but everybody knows that, where money was concerned, he was the most complete chump in the annals of the nation. He had an expensive thirst. He never backed a horse that didn't get housemaid's knee in the middle of the race. He had a system of beating the bank at Monte Carlo which used to make the administration hang out the bunting and ring the joy-bells when he was sighted in the offing. Take him for all in all, dear old Uncle Cuthbert was as willing a spender as ever called the family lawyer a bloodsucking vampire because he wouldn't let Uncle Cuthbert cut down the timber to raise another thousand.

"He left your Aunt Julia very little money for a woman in her position. Beechwood requires a great deal of keeping up, and poor dear Spencer, though he does his best to help, has not unlimited resources. It was clearly understood why Gussie went to America. He is not clever, but he is very good-looking, and, though he has no title, the Mannering-Phippses are one of the best and oldest families in England. He had some excellent letters of introduction, and when he wrote home to say that he had met the most charming and beautiful girl in the world I felt quite happy. He continued to rave about her for several mails, and then this morning a letter has come from him in which he says, quite casually as a sort of afterthought, that he knows we are broadminded enough not to think any the worse of her because she is on the vaudeville stage."

"Oh, I say!"

"It was like a thunderbolt. The girl's name it seems, is Ray Denison, and according to Gussie she does something which he describes as a single on the big time. What this degraded performance may be I have not the least notion. As a further recommendation he states that she lifted them out of their seats at Mosenstein's last week. Who she may be, and how or why, and who or what Mr. Mosenstein may be, I cannot tell you."

"By Jove," I said, "it's like a sort of thingummy-bob, isn't it! A sort of fate, what?"

"I fail to understand you."

"Well, Aunt Julia, you know, don't you know? Heredity and so forth. What's bred in the bone will come out in the wash, and all that kind of thing, you know."

"Don't be absurd, Bertie."

That was all very well, but it was a coincidence for all that. Nobody ever mentions it, and the family have been trying to forget it for twenty-five years, but it's a known fact that my Aunt Julia, Gussie's mother, was a vaudeville artist once, and a very good one, too, I'm told. She was playing in pantomime

at Drury Lane when Uncle Cuthbert saw her first. It was before my time, of course, and long before I was old enough to take notice the family had made the best of it, and Aunt Agatha had pulled up her socks and put in a lot of educative work, and with a microscope you couldn't tell Aunt Julia from a genuine dyed-in-the-wool aristocrat. Women adapt themselves so quickly!

I have a pal who married Daisy Trimble of the Gaiety, and when I meet her now I feel like walking out of her presence backwards. But there the thing was, and you couldn't get away from it. Gussie had vaudeville blood in him, and it looked as if he were reverting to type, or whatever they call it.

"By Jove," I said, for I am interested in this heredity stuff, "perhaps the thing is going to be a regular family tradition, like you read about in books—a sort of Curse of the Mannering-Phippses, as it were. Perhaps each head of the family's going to marry into vaudeville for ever and ever. Unto the what-d'you-call-it generation, don't you know?"

"Please do not be quite idiotic, Bertie. There is one head of the family who is certainly not going to do it, and that is Gussie. And you are going to America to stop him."

"Yes, but why me?"

"Why you? You are too vexing, Bertie. Have you no sort of feeling for the family? You are too lazy to try to be a credit to yourself, but at least you can exert yourself to prevent Gussie's disgracing us. You are going to America because you are Gussie's cousin, because you have always been his closest friend, because you are the only one of the family who has absolutely nothing to occupy his time except golf and night clubs."

"I play a lot of auction."

"And, as you say, idiotic gambling in low dens. If you require another reason, you are going because I ask you as a personal favour."

What she meant was that, if I refused, she would exert the full bent of her natural genius to make life a Hades for me. She held me with her glittering eye. I have never met anyone who can give a better imitation of the Ancient Mariner.

"So you will start at once, won't you, Bertie?"

I didn't hesitate.

"Rather!" I said. "Of course I will."

Jeeves came in with the tea.

"Jeeves," I said, "we start for America on Saturday."

"Very good, sir," he said; "which suit will you wear?"

New York is a large city conveniently situated on the edge of America, so that you step off the liner right on to it without an effort. You can't lose your way. You go out of a barn and down some stairs, and there you are, right in among it. The only possible objection any reasonable chappie could find to the place is that they loose you into it from the boat at such an ungodly hour.

I left Jeeves to get my baggage safely past an aggregation of suspicious-minded pirates who were digging for buried treasures among my new shirts, and drove to Gussie's hotel, where I requested the squad of gentlemanly clerks behind the desk to produce him.

That's where I got my first shock. He wasn't there. I pleaded with them to think again, and they thought again, but it was no good. No Augustus Mannering-Phipps on the premises.

I admit I was hard hit. There I was alone in a strange city and no signs of Gussie. What was the next step? I am never one of the master minds in the early morning; the old bean doesn't somehow seem to get into its stride till pretty late in the p.m.'s, and I couldn't think what to do. However, some instinct took me through a door at the back of the lobby, and I found myself in a large room with an enormous picture stretching across the whole of one wall, and under the picture a counter, and behind the counter divers chappies in white, serving drinks. They have barmen, don't you know, in New York, not barmaids. Rum idea!

I put myself unreservedly into the hands of one of the white chappies. He was a friendly soul, and I told him the whole state of affairs. I asked him what he thought would meet the case.

He said that in a situation of that sort he usually prescribed a lightning whizzer, an invention of his own. He said this was what rabbits trained on when they were matched against grizzly bears, and there was only one instance on record of the bear having lasted three rounds. So I tried a couple, and, by Jove! the man was perfectly right. As I drained the second a great load seemed to fall from my heart, and I went out in quite a braced way to have a look at the city.

I was surprised to find the streets quite full. People were bustling along as if it were some reasonable hour and not the grey dawn. In the tramcars they were absolutely standing

on each other's necks. Going to business or something, I take it. Wonderful johnnies!

The odd part of it was that after the first shock of seeing all this frightful energy the thing didn't seem so strange. I've spoken to fellows since who have been to New York, and they tell me they found it just the same. Apparently there's something in the air, either the ozone or the phosphates or something, which makes you sit up and take notice. A kind of zip, as it were. A sort of bally freedom, if you know what I mean, that gets into your blood and bucks you up, and makes you feel that—

God's in His Heaven:
All's right with the world,

and you don't care if you've got odd socks on. I can't express it better than by saying that the thought uppermost in my mind, as I walked about the place they call Times Square, was that there were three thousand miles of deep water between me and my Aunt Agatha.

It's a funny thing about looking for things. If you hunt for a needle in a haystack you don't find it. If you don't give a darn whether you ever see the needle or not it runs into you the first time you lean against the stack. By the time I had strolled up and down once or twice, seeing the sights and letting the white chappie's corrective permeate my system, I was feeling that I wouldn't care if Gussie and I never met again, and I'm dashed if I didn't suddenly catch sight of the old lad, as large as life, just turning in at a doorway down the street.

I called after him, but he didn't hear me, so I legged it in pursuit and caught him going into an office on the first floor. The name on the door was Abe Riesbitter, Vaudeville Agent, and from the other side of the door came the sound of many voices.

He turned and stared at me.

"Bertie! What on earth are you doing? Where have you sprung from? When did you arrive?"

"Landed this morning. I went round to your hotel, but they said you weren't there. They had never heard of you."

"I've changed my name. I call myself George Wilson."

"Why on earth?"

"Well, you try calling yourself Augustus Mannering-Phipps over here, and see how it strikes you. You feel a perfect ass. I don't know what it is about America, but the broad fact is that it's not a place where you can call yourself Augustus Mannering-Phipps. And there's another reason. I'll tell you later. Bertie, I've fallen in love with the dearest girl in the world."

The poor old nut looked at me in such a deuced cat-like way, standing with his mouth open, waiting to be congratulated, that I simply hadn't the heart to tell him that I knew all about that already, and had come over to the country for the express purpose of laying him a stymie.

So I congratulated him.

"Thanks awfully, old man," he said. "It's a bit premature, but I fancy it's going to be all right. Come along in here, and I'll tell you about it."

"What do you want in this place? It looks a rummy spot."

"Oh, that's part of the story. I'll tell you the whole thing."

We opened the door marked "Waiting room." I never saw such a crowded place in my life. The room was packed till the walls bulged.

Gussie explained.

"Pros," he said, "music-hall artistes, you know, waiting to see old Abe Riesbitter. This is September the first, vaudeville's opening day. The early fall," said Gussie, who is a bit of a poet in his way, "is vaudeville's springtime. All over the country, as August wanes, sparkling comediennes burst into bloom, the sap stirs in the veins of tramp cyclists, and last year's contortionists, waking from their summer sleep, tie themselves tentatively into knots. What I mean is, this is the beginning of the new season, and everybody's out hunting for bookings."

"But what do you want here?"

"Oh, I've just got to see Abe about something. If you see a fat man with about fifty-seven chins come out of that door there grab him, for that'll be Abe. He's one of those fellows who advertise each step up they take in the world by growing another chin. I'm told that way back in the 'nineties he only had two. If you do grab Abe, remember that he knows me as George Wilson."

"You said you were going to explain that George Wilson business to me, Gussie, old man."

"Well, it's this way——"

At this juncture dear old Gussie broke off short, rose from his seat, and sprang with indescribable vim at an extraordinarily stout chappie who had suddenly appeared. There was the deuce of a rush for him, but Gussie had got away to a good start, and the rest of the singers, dancers, jugglers, acrobats, and refined sketch teams seemed to recognize that he had won the trick, for they ebbed

back into their places again, and Gussie and I went into the inner room.

Mr. Riesbitter lit a cigar, and looked at us solemnly over his zareba of chins.

"Now let me tell ya something," he said, to Gussie. "You lizzun t' me."

Gussie registered respectful attention. Mr. Riesbitter mused for a moment and shelled the cuspidor with indirect fire over the edge of the desk.

"Lizzun t' me," he said again. "I seen you rehearse, as I promised Miss Denison I would. You ain't bad for an amateur. You gotta lot to learn, but it's in you. What it comes to is that I can fix you up in the four-a-day, if you'll take thirty-five per. I can't do better than that, and I wouldn't have done that if the little lady hadn't of kep' after me. Take it or leave it. What do you say?"

"ABE RIESBITTER."

"I'll take it," said Gussie, huskily. "Thank you."

In the passage outside Gussie gurgled with joy and slapped me on the back. "Bertie, old man, it's all right. I'm the happiest man in New York."

"Now what?"

"Well, you see, as I was telling you when Abe came in. Ray's father used to be in the profession. He was before our time, but I remember hearing about him—Joe Danby. He used to be well known in London before he came over to America. Well, he's a fine old boy, but as obstinate as a mule, and he didn't like the idea of Ray marrying me, because I wasn't in the profession. Wouldn't hear of it. Well, you remember at Oxford I could always sing a song pretty well; so Ray got hold of old Riesbitter and made him promise to come and hear me rehearse and get me bookings if he liked my work. She stands high with him. She coached me for weeks, the darling. And now, as you heard him say, he's booked me in the small time at thirty-five dollars a week."

I steadied myself against the wall. The effects of the restoratives supplied by my pal at the hotel bar were beginning to work off, and I felt a little weak. Through a sort of mist I seemed to have a vision of Aunt Agatha hearing that the head of the Mannering-Phippses was about to appear on the vaudeville stage. Aunt Agatha's worship of the family name amounts to an obsession. The Mannering-Phippses were an old-established clan when William the Conqueror was a small boy going round with bare legs and a catapult. For centuries they have called kings by their first names and helped dukes with their weekly rent; and there's practically nothing a Mannering-Phipps can do that doesn't blot his escutcheon. So what Aunt Agatha would say—beyond saying that it was all my fault—when she learned the horrid news, it was beyond me to imagine.

"Come back to the hotel, Gussie," I said. "There's a sportsman there who mixes things he calls lightning whizzers. Something tells me I need one now. And excuse me for one minute, Gussie. I want to send a cable."

It was clear to me by now that Aunt Agatha had picked the wrong man for this job of disentangling Gussie from the clutches of the American vaudeville profession. What I needed was reinforcements. For a moment I thought of cabling Aunt Agatha to come over, but reason told me that this would be overdoing it. I wanted assistance, but not so

badly as that. I hit what seemed to me the happy mean. I cabled to Gussie's mother and made it urgent.

"What were you cabling about?" asked Gussie, later.

"Oh, just to say I had arrived safely, and all that sort of tosh," I answered.

Gussie opened his vaudeville career on the following Monday at a rummy sort of place uptown where they had moving pictures some of the time and, in between, one or two vaudeville acts. It had taken a lot of careful handling to bring him up to the scratch. He seemed to take my sympathy and assistance for granted, and I couldn't let him down. My only hope, which grew as I listened to him rehearsing, was that he would be such a frightful frost at his first appearance that he would never dare to perform again; and, as that would automatically squash the marriage, it seemed best to me to let the thing go on.

He wasn't taking any chances. On the Saturday and Sunday we practically lived in a beastly little music-room at the offices of the publishers whose songs he proposed to use. A little chappie with a hooked nose sucked a cigarette and played the piano all day. Nothing could tire that lad. He seemed to take a personal interest in the thing.

Gussie would clear his throat and begin:—

"There's a great big choo-choo waiting at the deepo."

THE CHAPPIE (playing chords): "Is that so? What's it waiting for?"

GUSSIE (rather rattled at the interruption): "Waiting for me."

THE CHAPPIE (surprised): "For you?"

GUSSIE (sticking to it): "Waiting for me-e-ee!"

THE CHAPPIE (sceptically): "You don't say!"

GUSSIE: "For I'm off to Tennessee."

THE CHAPPIE (conceding a point): "Now, I live at Yonkers."

He did this all through the song. At first poor old Gussie asked him to stop, but the chappie said, No, it was always done. It helped to get pep into the thing. He appealed to me whether the thing didn't want a bit of pep, and I said it wanted all the pep it could get. And the chappie said to Gussie, "There you are!" So Gussie had to stand it.

The other song that he intended to sing was one of those moon songs. He told me in a hushed voice that he was using it because it was one of the songs that the girl Ray sang when lifting them out of their seats at Mosenstein's and elsewhere. The fact seemed to give it sacred associations for him.

You will scarcely believe me, but the management expected Gussie to show up and start performing at one o'clock in the afternoon. I told him they couldn't be serious, as they must know that he would be rolling out for a bit of lunch at that hour, but Gussie said this was the usual thing in the four-a-day, and he didn't suppose he would ever get any lunch again until he landed on the big time. I was just condoling with him, when I found that he was taking it for granted that I should be there at one o'clock, too. My idea had been that I should look in at night, when—if he survived—he would be coming

"GUSSIE WOULD CLEAR HIS THROAT AND BEGIN: 'THERE'S A GREAT BIG CHOO-CHOO WAITING AT THE DEEPO.'"

up for the fourth time; but I've never deserted a pal in distress, so I said good-bye to the little lunch I'd been planning at a rather decent tavern I'd discovered on Fifth Avenue, and trailed along. They were showing pictures when I reached my seat. It was one of those Western films, where the cowboy jumps on his horse and rides across country at a hundred and fifty miles an hour to escape the sheriff, not knowing, poor chump! that he might just as well stay where he is, the sheriff having a horse of his own which can do three hundred miles an hour without coughing. I was just going to close my eyes and try to forget till they put Gussie's name up when I discovered that I was sitting next to a deucedly pretty girl.

No, let me be honest. When I went in I had seen that there was a deucedly pretty girl sitting in that particular seat, so I had taken the next one. What happened now was that I began, as it were, to drink her in. I wished they would turn the lights up so that I could see her better. She was rather small, with great big eyes and a ripping smile. It was a shame to let all that run to seed, so to speak, in semi-darkness.

Suddenly the lights did go up, and the orchestra began to play a tune which, though I haven't much of an ear for music, seemed somehow familiar. The next instant out pranced old Gussie from the wings in a purple frock-coat and a brown top-hat, grinned feebly at the audience, tripped over his feet, blushed, and began to sing the Tennessee song.

It was rotten. The poor nut had got stage fright so badly that it practically eliminated his voice. He sounded like some far-off echo of the past "yodeling" through a woollen blanket.

For the first time since I had heard that he was about to go into vaudeville I felt a faint hope creeping over me. I was sorry for the wretched chap, of course, but there was no denying that the thing had its bright side. No management on earth would go on paying thirty-five dollars a week for this sort of performance. This was going to be Gussie's first and only. He would have to leave the profession. The old boy would say, "Unhand my daughter." And, with decent luck, I saw myself leading Gussie on to the next England-bound liner and handing him over intact to Aunt Agatha.

He got through the song somehow, and limped off amidst roars of silence from the audience. There was a brief respite, then out he came again.

He sang this time as if nobody loved him. As a song, it was not a very pathetic song, being all about coons spooning in June under the moon, and so on and so forth, but Gussie handled it in such a sad, crushed way that there was genuine anguish in every line. By the time he reached the refrain I was nearly in tears. It seemed such a rotten sort of world with all that kind of thing going on in it.

He started the refrain, and then the most frightful thing happened. The girl next me got up in her seat, chucked her head back, and began to sing, too. I say "too," but it wasn't really too, because her first note stopped Gussie dead, as if he had been pole-axed.

I never felt so bally conspicuous in my life. I huddled down in my seat and wished I could turn my collar up. Everybody seemed to be looking at me.

In the midst of my agony I caught sight of Gussie. A complete change had taken place in the old lad. He was looking most frightfully bucked. I must say the girl was singing most awfully well, and it seemed to act on Gussie like a tonic. When she came to the end of the refrain he took it up, and they sang it together, and the end of it was that he went off the popular hero. The audience yelled for more, and were only quieted when they turned down the lights and put on a film.

When I had recovered I tottered round to see Gussie. I found him sitting on a box behind the stage, looking like one who had seen visions.

"Isn't she a wonder, Bertie?" he said, devoutly. "I hadn't a notion she was going to be there. She's playing the Auditorium this week, and she can only just have had time to get back to her *matinée*. She risked being late, just to come and see me through. She's my good angel, Bertie. She saved me. If she hadn't helped me out I don't know what would have happened. I was so nervous I didn't know what I was doing. Now that I've got through the first show I shall be all right."

I was glad I had sent that cable to his mother. I was going to need her. The thing had got beyond me.

During the next week I saw a lot of old Gussie, and was introduced to the girl. I also met her father, a formidable old boy with thick eyebrows and a sort of determined expression. On the following Wednesday

Aunt Julie arrived. Mrs. Mannering-Phipps, my Aunt Julia, is, I think, the most dignified person I know. She lacks Aunt Agatha's punch, but in a quiet way she has always contrived to make me feel, from boyhood up, that I was a poor worm. Not that she harries me like Aunt Agatha. The difference between the two is that Aunt Agatha conveys the impression that she considers me personally responsible for all the sin and sorrow in the world, while Aunt Julie's manner seems to suggest that I am more to be pitied than censured.

If it wasn't that the thing was a matter of historical fact, I should be inclined to believe that Aunt Julia had never been on the vaudeville stage. She is like a stage duchess.

She always seems to me to be in a perpetual state of being about to desire the butler to instruct the head footman to serve lunch in the blue room overlooking the west terrace. She exudes dignity. Yet, twenty-five years ago, so I've been told by old boys who were lads about town in those days, she was knocking them cold at the Tivoli in a double act called "Fun in a Tea-Shop," in which she wore tights and sang a song with a chorus that began "Rumty-tiddley-umpty-ay."

There are some things a chappie's mind absolutely refuses to picture, and Aunt Julia singing "Rumpty-tiddley-umpty-ay" is one of them.

She got straight to the point within five minutes of our meeting.

"What is this about Gussie? Why did you cable for me, Bertie?"

"It's rather a long story," I said, "and complicated. If you don't mind, I'll let you have it in a series of motion pictures. Suppose we look in at the Auditorium for a few minutes."

The girl, Ray, had been re-engaged for a second week at the Auditorium, owing to the big success of her first week. Her act consisted of three songs. She did herself well in the matter of costume and scenery. She had a ripping voice. She looked most awfully pretty; and altogether, the act was, broadly speaking, a pippin.

Aunt Julia didn't speak till we were in our seats. Then she gave a sort of sigh.

"It's twenty-five years since I was in a music-hall!"

She didn't say any more, but sat there with her eyes glued on the stage.

After about half an hour the Johnnies who work the card-index system at the side of the stage put up the name of Ray Denison, and there was a good deal of applause.

"Watch this act, Aunt Julia," I said.

She didn't seem to hear me.

"Twenty-five years! What did you say Bertie?"

"THE GIRL NEXT ME GOT UP IN HER SEAT, CHUCKED HER HEAD BACK, AND BEGAN TO SING."

"Watch this act and tell me what you think of it."

"Who is it? Ray. Oh!"

"Exhibit A," I said. "The girl Gussie's engaged to."

The girl did her act, and the house rose at her. They didn't want to let her go. She had to come back again and again. When she had finally disappeared I turned to Aunt Julia.

"Well?" I said.

"I like her work. She's an artist."

"We will now, if you don't mind, step a goodish way uptown."

And we took the subway to where Gussie, the human film, was earning his thirty-five per. As luck would have it, we hadn't been in the place ten minutes when out he came.

"Exhibit B," I said. "Gussie."

I don't quite know what I had expected her to do, but I certainly didn't expect her to sit there without a word. She did not move a muscle, but just stared at Gussie as he drooled on about the moon. I was sorry for the woman, for it must have been a shock to her to see her only son in a mauve frock coat and a brown top-hat, but I thought it best to let her get a strangle-hold on the intricacies of the situation as quickly as possible. If I had tried to explain the affair without the aid of illustrations I should have talked all day and left her muddled up as to who was going to marry whom, and why.

I was astonished at the improvement in dear old Gussie. He had got back his voice and was putting the stuff over well. It reminded me of the night at Oxford when, then but a lad of eighteen, he sang "Let's All Go Down the Strand" after a bump supper, standing the while up to his knees in the college fountain. He was putting just the same zip into the thing now.

When he had gone off Aunt Julia sat perfectly still for a long time, and then she turned to me. Her eyes shone queerly.

"What does this mean, Bertie?"

She spoke quite quietly, but her voice shook a bit.

"Gussie went into the business," I said, "because the girl's father wouldn't let him marry her unless he did. If you feel up to it perhaps you wouldn't mind tottering round to One Hundred and Thirty-Third Street and having a chat with him. He's an old boy with eyebrows, and he's Exhibit C on my list. When I've put you in touch with him I rather fancy my share of the business is concluded, and it's up to you."

The Danbys lived in one of those big apartments uptown which look as if they cost the earth and really cost about half as much as a hall-room down in the forties. We were shown into the sitting-room, and presently old Danby came in.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Danby," I began.

I had got as far as that when there was a kind of gasping cry at my elbow.

"Joe!" cried Aunt Julia, and staggered against the sofa.

For a moment old Danby stared at her, and then his mouth fell open and his eyebrows shot up like rockets.

"Julie!"

And then they had got hold of each other's hands and were shaking them till I wondered their arms didn't come unscrewed.

I'm not equal to this sort of thing at such short notice. The change in Aunt Julia made me feel quite dizzy. She had shed her *grande-dame* manner completely, and was blushing and smiling. I don't like to say such things of any aunt of mine, or I would go farther and put it on record that she was giggling. And old Danby, who usually looked like a cross between a Roman emperor and Napoleon Bonaparte in a bad temper, was behaving like a small boy.

"Joe!"

"Julie!"

"Dear old Joe! Fancy meeting you again!"

"Wherever have you come from, Julie?"

Well, I didn't know what it was all about, but I felt a bit out of it. I butted in:—

"Aunt Julia wants to have a talk with you, Mr. Danby."

"I knew you in a second, Joe!"

"It's twenty-five years since I saw you, kid, and you don't look a day older."

"Oh, Joe! I'm an old woman!"

"What are you doing over here? I suppose"—old Danby's cheerfulness waned a trifle—"I suppose your husband is with you?"

"My husband died a long, long while ago, Joe."

Old Danby shook his head.

"You never ought to have married out of the profession, Julie. I'm not saying a word against the late—I can't remember his name; never could—but you shouldn't have done it, an artist like you. Shall I ever forget the way you used to knock them with 'Rumpty-tiddley-umpty-ay'?"

"Ah! how wonderful you were in that act, Joe." Aunt Julia sighed. "Do you remember the back-fall you used to do down the steps? I always have said that you did the best back-fall in the profession."

"I couldn't do it now!"

"Do you remember how we put it across at the Canterbury, Joe? Think of it! The Canterbury's a moving-picture house now, and the old Mogul runs French revues."

"I'm glad I'm not there to see them."

"Joe, tell me, why did you leave England?"

"Well, I—I wanted a change. No, I'll tell you the truth, kid. I wanted you, Julie. You went off and married that—whatever that stage-door Johnny's name was—and it broke me all up."

Aunt Julia was staring at him. She is what they call a well-preserved woman. It's easy to see that, twenty-five years ago, she must have been something quite extraordinary to look at. Even now she's almost beautiful. She has very large brown eyes, a mass of soft grey hair, and the complexion of a girl of seventeen.

"Joe, you aren't going to tell me you were fond of me yourself!"

"Of course I was fond of you. Why did I let you have all the fat in 'Fun in a Tea-shop'? Why did I hang about upstage while you sang 'Rumpty-tiddley-umpty-ay'? Do you remember my giving you a bag of buns when we were on the road at Bristol?"

"Yes, but—"

"Do you remember my giving you the ham sandwiches at Portsmouth?"

"Joe!"

"Do you remember my giving you a seed-cake at Birmingham? What did you think all that meant, if not that I loved you? Why, I was working up by degrees to telling you straight out when you suddenly went off and married that cane-sucking dude. That's why I wouldn't let my daughter marry this young chap, Wilson, unless he went into the profession. She's an artist——"

"She certainly is, Joe."

"You've seen her? Where?"

"At the Auditorium just now. But, Joe, you mustn't stand in the way of her marrying the man she's in love with. He's an artist, too."

"In the small time."

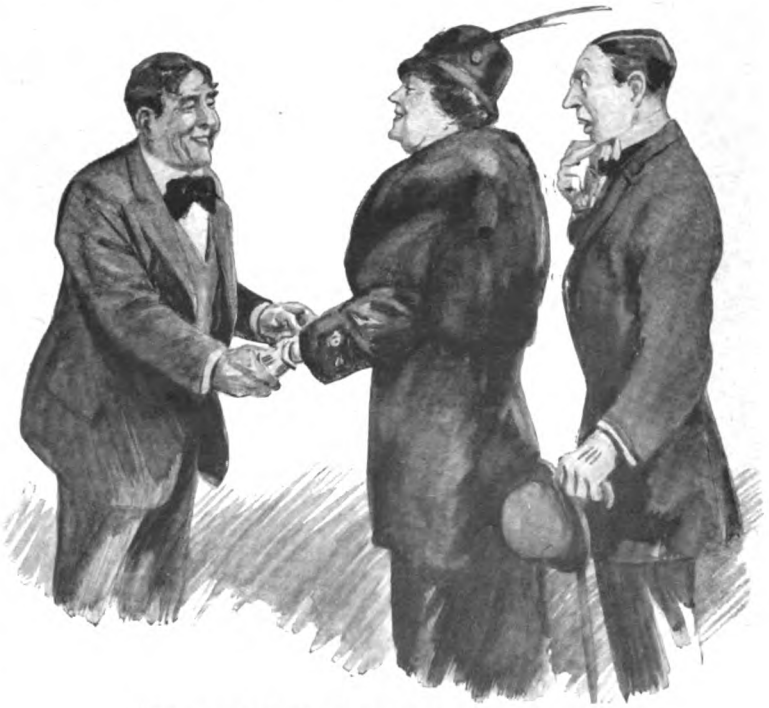
"You were in the small time once, Joe. You mustn't look down on him because he's a beginner. I know you feel that your daughter is marrying beneath her, but——"

"How on earth do you know anything about young Wilson?"

"He's my son."

"Your son?"

"Yes, Joe. And I've just been watching him work. Oh, Joe, you can't think how proud I was of him! He's got it in him. It's fate. He's my son and he's in the profession! Joe, you don't know what I've been through for his sake. They made a lady of me. I never worked so hard in my life as I did to become a real lady. They kept telling me I had got to put it across, no matter what it cost, so that he wouldn't be ashamed of me. The study was something terrible. I had to watch myself every minute for years,



"DEAR OLD JOE! FANCY MEETING YOU AGAIN!"

and I never knew when I might fluff in my lines or fall down on some bit of business. But I did it, because I didn't want him to be ashamed of me, though all the time I was just aching to be back where I belonged."

Old Danby made a jump at her, and took her by the shoulders.

"Come back where you belong, Julie!" he cried. "Your husband's dead, your son's a pro. Come back! It's twenty-five years ago, but I haven't changed. I want you still. I've always wanted you. You've got to come back, kid, where you belong."

Aunt Julia gave a sort of gulp and looked at him.

"Joe!" she said, in a kind of whisper.

"You're here, kid," said old Danby, huskily. "You've come back. . . . Twenty-five years! . . . . You've come back and you're going to stay!"

She pitched forward into his arms, and he caught her.

"Oh, Joe! Joe! Joe!" she said. "Hold me. Don't let me go. Take care of me."

And I edged for the door and slipped from the room. I felt weak. The old bean will stand a certain amount, but this was too much. I groped my way out into the street and wailed for a taxi.

Gussie called on me at the hotel that night. He curvetted into the room as if he had bought it and the rest of the city.

"Bertie," he said. "I feel as if I were dreaming."

"I wish I could feel like that, old top," I said, and I took another glance at a cable that had arrived half an hour ago from Aunt Agatha. I had been looking at it at intervals ever since.

"Ray and I got back to her flat this evening. Who do you think was there? The mater! She was sitting hand in hand with old Danby."

"Yes?"

"He was sitting hand in hand with her."

"Really?"

"They are going to be married."

"Exactly."

"Ray and I are going to be married."

"I suppose so."

"Bertie, old man, I feel immense. I look round me, and everything seems to me absolutely corking. The change in the mater is marvellous. She is twenty-five years younger. She and old Danby are talking of reviving 'Fun in a Tea-Shop,' and going out on the road with it."

I got up.

"Gussie, old top," I said, "leave me for a while. I would be alone. I think I've got brain fever or something."

"Sorry, old man; perhaps New York doesn't agree with you. When do you expect to go back to England?"

I looked again at Aunt Agatha's cable.

"With luck," I said, "in about ten years."

When he was gone I took up the cable and read it again.

"What is happening?" it read. "Shall I come over?"

I sucked a pencil for awhile, and then I wrote the reply.

It was not an easy cable to word, but I managed it.

"No," I wrote, "stay where you are. Profession overcrowded."

"IT WAS NOT AN EASY CABLE TO WORD, BUT I MANAGED IT."

THE FOOD OF SOLDIERS OF ALL TIMES AND NATIONS.

By EUSTACE MILES, M.A.

WHAT are the rations allowed to the soldiers of the different armies on active service? This is an exceptionally interesting question just now, when more than half the civilized world is at war. Every one of the belligerent nations feeds its army in the field differently.

Let us take the diets of the enemy armies first. For the following figures, except those for the British and the French ration, I am indebted to the Hon. Rollo Russell, who, in his book on "Strength and Diet," published in 1903, has brought together much interesting matter respecting the soldier's fare.

Here is the war ration of the German soldier:—

35oz. Bread	**12oz. Peas.**
17·65oz. Meat (raw)	**1·76oz. Butter**

The Austrian soldier in the field receives:—

30·8oz. Bread	**10·6oz. Fresh Beef**
4·9oz. Rice or Preserved Vegetable	**0·7oz. Lard**
	0·46oz. Sugar
1·3oz. Preserved Soup	

No recent statistics are apparently available for the Turkish ration, but probably the great majority of the Turkish troops still have their traditional fare of bread, beans, rice, butter, and salt, with only a little mutton. There is obviously no uniformity about these three diets. The German ration is much higher in body-building substances and in energy units than is the ration either of the Austrian soldier or the Turk.

Differences just as pronounced and fundamental result when any similar comparison is made between the British and French ration, and again between that of the Russian and the Italian.

The British field ration, Expeditionary Force, 1914, comprises:—

1¼lb. Fresh Meat	**4oz. Jam**
1¼lb. Bread	**3oz. Sugar**
4oz. Bacon	**2oz. Dried Vegetables**
3oz. Cheese	

The French soldier, according to Gautier, gets considerably less meat than this in his:—

35oz. Bread	**2½oz. Vegetables in**
11oz. Flesh	**1oz. Sugar [grain**

Rollo Russell gives the following figures for the large war ration of the Russian soldier:—

36·15oz. Rye Bread	**4·8oz. Groats [Tallow**
21·67oz. Flesh	**2·72oz. Butter or**

According to the same authority, the Italian soldier under training received only:—

32·4oz. Bread	**5·3oz. Rice**
10·59oz. Flesh	**0·71oz. Sugar**
0·53oz. Bacon	

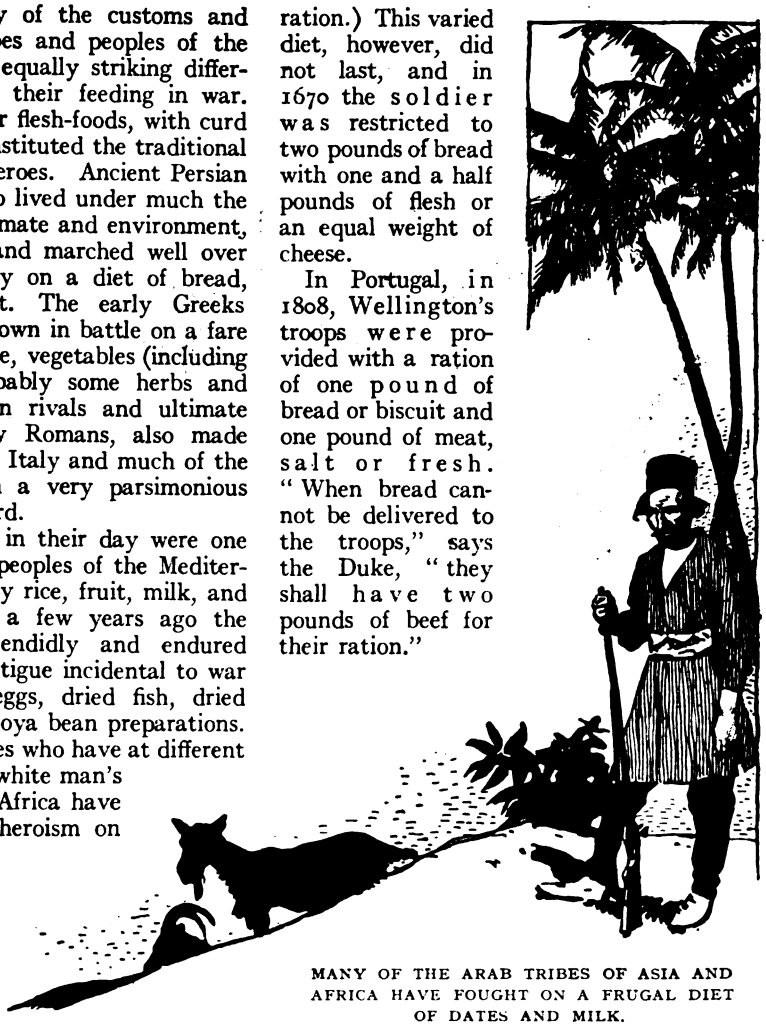
An impartial study of the customs and habits of warlike tribes and peoples of the past brings to light equally striking differences with regard to their feeding in war. Roast beef and similar flesh-foods, with curd cheese and honey, constituted the traditional diet of the Homeric heroes. Ancient Persian soldiers, however, who lived under much the same conditions of climate and environment, fought their battles and marched well over vast tracts of country on a diet of bread, vegetables, and fruit. The early Greeks more than held their own in battle on a fare equally plain, of maize, vegetables (including olives), oil, and probably some herbs and fruits. Their Western rivals and ultimate conquerors, the early Romans, also made themselves masters of Italy and much of the adjoining country on a very parsimonious ration of corn and lard.

The Saracens, who in their day were one of the most military peoples of the Mediterranean basin, had only rice, fruit, milk, and barley bread. Until a few years ago the Japanese fought splendidly and endured every hardship and fatigue incidental to war on *unpolished* rice, eggs, dried fish, dried fruit, and, I believe, soya bean preparations. Many of the Arab tribes who have at different periods contested the white man's advance in Asia and Africa have displayed a sublime heroism on a frugal fare of dates and milk. In strict contrast to this a diet almost exclusively of dried or powdered flesh was favoured by several of the most vigorous warlike tribes of America when they first met with the Europeans.

To come nearer home, Froissart says that the Scotch fighting-men in mediæval days carried boiled flesh in skins, a bag of meal, and a plate of iron on which they made cakes. He tells us, too, that our hearty ancestors in the Wars of the Roses relied, when fighting, on a very substantial ration of two pounds of beef and one pound of bread, with such accessories in eatables and drink as good fortune threw in their way.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the soldier's ration had become more varied. He now had corn, bread, beef, herrings and other salt fish, salt bacon and beef, cheese, butter, nuts, honey, and oil. (By the way, some of these items—the nuts, oil, and honey—might with advantage be included in the present British ration.) This varied diet, however, did not last, and in 1670 the soldier was restricted to two pounds of bread with one and a half pounds of flesh or an equal weight of cheese.

In Portugal, in 1808, Wellington's troops were provided with a ration of one pound of bread or biscuit and one pound of meat, salt or fresh. "When bread cannot be delivered to the troops," says the Duke, "they shall have two pounds of beef for their ration."



MANY OF THE ARAB TRIBES OF ASIA AND AFRICA HAVE FOUGHT ON A FRUGAL DIET OF DATES AND MILK.

In all these differences of diet the standard ration is far to seek. It is quite clear that not one of these rations is primarily designed with a view to supplying the specific needs of the man who is fighting. And yet the needs of a soldier in respect of food have been constant and uniform throughout history, nor are they ever likely to vary a great deal. He has always needed, and still needs, the kinds and quantities of foods that will make him strong and resolute in battle, and able to endure the ordinary and extraordinary alternations of heat and cold, the exposure to wet and to insanitary conditions of living, without having his health undermined and his efficiency as a fighter impaired.

If men who have trained and commanded armies in the past have so often not studied their soldiers' needs, but fed them on unsuit-

able and ill-nourishing foods, it was neither in ignorance nor malice that they did this thing. For all the time they were "up against" the practical difficulties of slow and cumbrous transport, crude methods of preserving food-stuffs, and a limited area from which to draw supplies. They found it impossible to study primarily the soldiers' needs. It was often as much as they could do to supply their fighting-men with any food at all, so that they had little or no chance to stipulate either for quality or quantity. It is these adverse conditions of transport, preservation, and supply that have from time immemorial determined the nature of the fighting-man's ration.

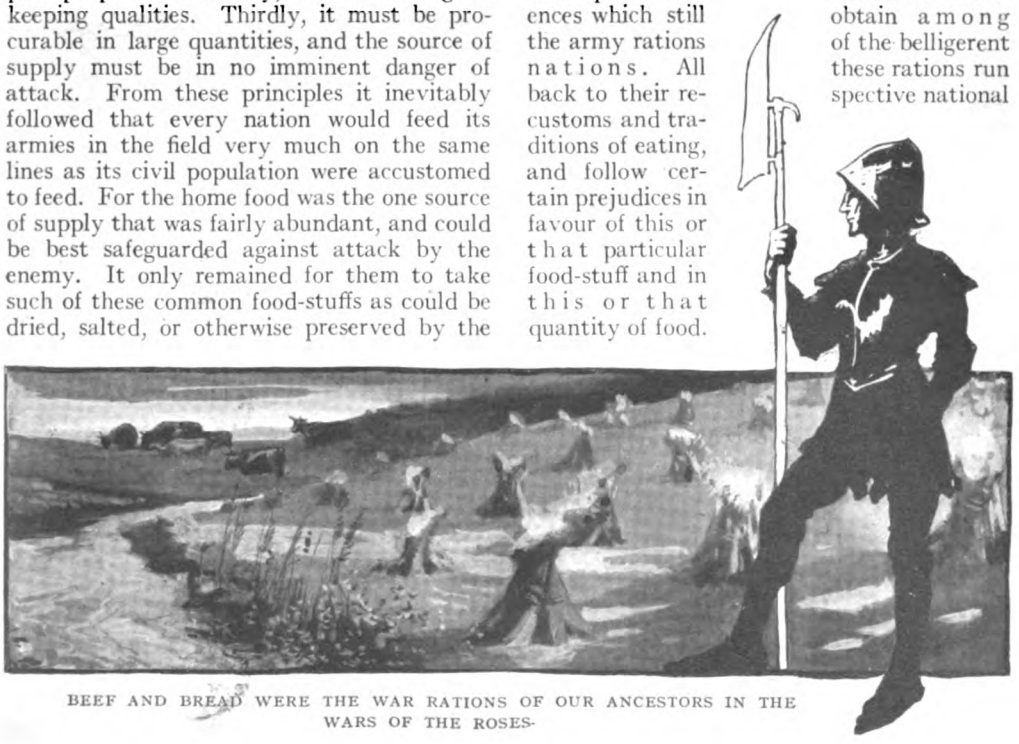
Since war was so often carried on in countries devastated by the enemy, every army, no matter how poorly equipped for this purpose, had to be prepared to carry its own food. It was, of course, equally essential that such food should keep sweet and wholesome for some days, and that there should be a relatively unfailing source of supply.

Under these conditions there arose quite early in the history of war three principles of feeding which have ever since practically determined what kind and quantities of food-stuffs shall be served to armies in the field. First, the food must be concentrated in nourishment and compact in form for transport purposes. Secondly, it must have good keeping qualities. Thirdly, it must be procurable in large quantities, and the source of supply must be in no imminent danger of attack. From these principles it inevitably followed that every nation would feed its armies in the field very much on the same lines as its civil population were accustomed to feed. For the home food was the one source of supply that was fairly abundant, and could be best safeguarded against attack by the enemy. It only remained for them to take such of these common food-stuffs as could be dried, salted, or otherwise preserved by the crude empirical methods then in use, and, after compressing these into the smallest bulk possible, to use them for the feeding of their troops.

Thus it comes about that we have such widely different fighting rations as have here been commented upon. The soldier everywhere has been compelled to carry into the field the same prejudices and customs of eating that obtained among his own people. His diet has never differed greatly from theirs, except in respect to variety. It has always been less varied, since it has been impossible to supply him with the fresh bulky food-stuffs that could not be preserved and compressed.

National custom, again, has been equally successful in fixing the *quantity* as well as the *quality* of his food. It has everywhere been rightly held that the soldier who offers his life for his country should be well and liberally fed. But warlike tribes and nations have differed radically as to what constitutes liberal feeding. Thus, while the ration of two pounds of flesh and one pound of bread reflects the popular idea of a liberal diet in mediæval England, a far more frugal fare of corn and lard reflects the very different view that was current in ancient Rome.

It is here, I think, that we have the key to the present remarkable differences which still obtain among the belligerent nations. All these rations run back to their respective national customs and traditions of eating, and follow certain prejudices in favour of this or that particular food-stuff and in this or that quantity of food.



BEEF AND BREAD WERE THE WAR RATIONS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

On no other theory can one satisfactorily account for such striking differences as come to light when a scientific study and comparison is made of these rations. They fall readily into two distinct classes—the heavy meat ration and the low meat ration, the first containing from twenty-four to thirty per cent. of flesh food, and the second only from seventeen and a half to nineteen per cent. But here are the actual figures:—

Nations.	Percentage of Meat in Ration.
British	**30**
Russian	**29½**
German	**24**
French	**19**
Austrian	**17½**
Italian	**17½**

This close approximation between the three high heavy meat diets on the one hand and the three low meat diets on the other is singularly interesting. After making a liberal allowance for such physiological differences as those of build and weight between typical men of Italian and Russian nationality, between men of French and British, and between men of German and Austrian nationality, and after further allowing for physical differences of climate, it is apparent that this great disparity is still not satisfactorily accounted for. There is a third factor which contributes far more to the result, and this is the somewhat irrational factor of traditional food customs and habits. Tradition and custom have always been dominant in the past, since in the absence of any true science of dietetics men in times of plenty and peace have generally followed with unquestioning faith the food practices of their forefathers. And when war came their difficulties of supply, preservation of food-stuffs, and transport were so great that they were obliged to use as best they could the common food-stuffs that were ready to hand.

But to-day Great Britain and her allies need not be dominated by tradition and custom. With our present command of the great trade routes and our elaborate methods of preserving and compressing foods and the new methods of transport we have at our disposal we could provide practically unlimited supplies of any and every class of food-stuffs.

But in view of the striking clash between our own ration and that of our nearest allies, who can say authoritatively which are the most suitable foods for soldiers in the field? It is quite obvious that both the high meat ration and the low meat ration cannot be approximately perfect. Either the low meat ration entails serious underfeeding or the high meat ration is needlessly excessive in nutriment and stimulant. In other words, we are face to face to-day in this terrible war with one of the most gigantic and fateful experiments in mass feeding that the world has ever witnessed.

As the struggle progresses we may get to know by results (largely in the health and efficiency of the fighting-men concerned) whether the high or the low meat ration is more suited to the needs of the soldier under such cramped conditions of life and activity as obtain in modern warfare. Other things being equal, the ultimate success in this long-drawn-out war must tend to fall to the armies which are most suitably fed for the strenuous and often unhealthy work that they are called upon to carry through. And in war, as we understand it to-day, "other things" mean largely munitions and equipment, strategy and tactics, which, as the campaign progresses, seem likely to become common properties and attributes with all the belligerent armies.

This being so, the health and endurance of the men who are fighting will tend more and more to play a predominant part in the struggle. And since health and endurance depend so closely upon food and feeding, it is quite possible that any one or more of the belligerent armies in the course of the war may have to modify radically its present ration. They may be compelled to do this for much the same reason that any army, if badly led, would have to supersede its inefficient generals.

Modern war is too serious a thing to be trifled with. The brilliant work that we expect from the soldier can only be performed by the man who is suitably fed, and suitable feeding may not necessarily mean feeding with large quantities of flesh-foods. We must be sensible in this matter and watch results very closely. Especially must we be ready often to compare the health and efficiency of our own troops through the summer and autumn with that of the French and Italian troops, who are living and fighting on a ration so comparatively low in flesh-foods when compared with ours. Possibly, in the days ahead of us, there may be something for us yet to learn in this all-important matter of feeding the soldiers. If so, we shall do well not to let any of our national idiosyncrasies with regard to food-stuffs stand in the way of our providing the best of all possible rations for our soldiers in the field.

The First Illustrated Natural History.

By LEONARD LARKIN.

THE first of the illustrated Natural History books appeared in the very early days of printing—in 1480, to be exact. It was written in the most maddening of abbreviated Latin by one Von Cube, with the title "Ortus Sanatatis," or "Garden of Health," owing to the fact that each animal or plant described was considered with reference to its use for curative purposes. But it became known to persons in this country innocent of Latin through an English version by one Bartholomæus. The illustrations which we reproduce, however, are from the original book. It is sad to announce that the name of the artist responsible for these efforts is lost in the mists of antiquity. This is the source from which our ancestors derived their ideas of the animals and vegetables of other countries, and the source from which Shakespeare gleaned his knowledge of the mandrake, sirens, basilisk, and the phœnix.

FIG. 1.—THE TREE OF LIFE, FITTED WITH SERPENT COMPLETE.

To judge by the text and illustrations, the method of compiling such a work was very simple. You thought of any two animals you pleased, as unlike as possible, made a jumble of their heads, legs, tails, eyes, ears, noses, teeth, claws, beaks, fins, scales, feathers, furs, whiskers, and elbows, and there was a new chapter on a wholly original animal, with an illustration of the most startling sort. When you had thus combined in couples all the animals you had ever seen, you started more surprising medleys of three at a time, and then of four; after which you fell back on combinations of animals you never had seen—unicorns, griffins, and cockatrices—and so persevered till you had a fat folio full of the most perfectly untrustworthy information ever provided the eager student.

But such a judgment would be a complete mistake. The illustrations are intended to show *existing* animals, drawn from the reports of travellers and the descriptions of early writers such as Pliny, Isidorus, and others. There is not a plant or animal here shown which is not put forward in perfect good faith as the accurate representation of one in actual being. Grotesque as they appear to us, nothing was further from the intention of either author or artist than any attempt at humour.

In the fifteenth century a Natural History might include anything sufficiently incredible, so that it is not surprising to find the Tree of Life or Knowledge of Paradise (Fig. 1) described as a broadcast species with its proper Latin name — one quite familiar to us still—*Lignum Vitæ*. Persons eating the fruit of this tree, we learn, will be of a "firm and perpetual integrity and solidity"—to say nothing of immortality, which is mentioned

FIG. 2.—THE MANDRAGORA, OR MANDRAKE, WHOSE HEAD-DRESS IS REMINISCENT OF MLLE. GABY DESLYS.

rather casually among the other advantages —and further, shall never be tired or ill. As firewood, however, this miraculous vegetable would seem to be a failure, as it is guaranteed not to burn, and for that reason is especially recommended for the construction of fortresses—and musical instruments. A specimen is illustrated—a young one, apparently, with exactly thirty-six leaves, as supplied by the nurseryman in a portable shallow tub, and fitted with serpent complete —in this particular case a female specimen—all in working order to tempt.

To be done first with the vegetables of our selection we nowcontemplate the Mandragora, or Mandrake (Fig. 2). Here we come upon a medley of fact and fiction, for the mandragora is a real plant, and was much used in ancient times as a narcotic; also, we are told in Bartholomæus' version, it "smyteth of and destroyeth swellynge of the body," and "withstandyth venome by tying." But the chief wonder of the mandrake was its root, "somedele shape as a man." Further, "hereof is two maner of kyndes, the one is female and is lyke in leaves to Letuse and beareth appels. The other is male and hath leaves lyke to the bete, as Isidore sayth." So, on the authority of Isidore, we perceive the specimen in the illustration to be a female mandrake, with "appels" and leaves like the "Letuse." Otherwise the bewildered spectator might guess at some prehistoric forerunner of Mlle. Gaby Deslys, with the characteristic head-dress made familiar by the hoardings. As a fact, the root of the mandrake presents just about as much resemblance to a human being, and just as little, as that of the humble carrot. Both are apt to grow forked on occasion, and the resulting "legs" account for the story.

And now for the zoological wonders. First, "the Mermayden hyghte Sirena." This is a "see-beaste wonderly shape," as anybody may see from the picture (Fig. 3). As a matter of fact, the mermaid is plainly herself wondering a little at her shape, and regards one of her two tails with a doubtful eye. One tail, she is probably reflecting, she could understand and even put up with, in default of anything more satisfactory; but two tails only leads to confusion and defective steering. Or it may be that the defective steering has already caused the lady to bang her head against the rock seen in the foreground, and the tails are blaming each other, so that she is doubtful which to slap. Plainly she is most suspicious of her right tail, which she has probably caught deceiving her before. As for the personal habits of mermaids when not absorbed in the cares incidental to double-tailedness, it is sufficient to observe that "one of them syngeth with voyce, and a nother with a pype, and the thyrde with an harpe, and they pleasen so shypmen with lykness of song that they drawe them to peryl and to shyprecke."

With Chapter XXI. we overtake our old friend the cockatrice, "hyghte Basiliscus in Gresse and Regulus in latyn." Regulus,

FIG. 3.—THE MERMAID REGARDING ONE OF HER TWO TAILS WITH A DOUBTFUL EYE.

FIG. 4. — THE COCKATRICE, WHOSE CHEST IS ORNAMENTED WITH A FEW HUMAN EYES.

FIG. 5. — THE PHŒNIX PECKING PLAYFULLY AT THE FLAMES BY WHICH IT IS SURROUNDED.

or little king, is the name given him because he is a tyrant to all serpents; "and they beene aferde and flee when they se hym; for he sleeth them with his smelle and with his brethe." On the whole the cockatrice is a very terrible little creature; for the mere sight of him kills most things and his size is merely "half a fote long." From the illustration (Fig. 4), indeed, one would judge him nothing but a rat-tailed bantam, with a few human eyes to ornament his chest; yet he slays "al thyng that hath lyfe with brethe and with syght." Nevertheless, one thing is fatal to this creature—the bite of the weasel. For the cockatrice "fleeth when he seeth the wesel and the wesel purseweth and sleeth hym." On the other hand, to make all fair, the bite of the cockatrice is also fatal to the weasel, unless the weasel takes the obvious precaution of eating rue before the encounter, in which case he is safe; otherwise pop goes the weasel.

"Fenix is a byrde," says our old friend Bartholomæus. More, "there is but one of that kynde in all the wyde world." We have corrupted the spelling of the name of this bird with p's and h's and diphthongs, and in that form have given it to the Phœnix Insurance Office; but I like our old Bartholomæus' spelling, and Charles Dickens only slightly adapted it for Cousin Feenix. We learn that this "byrde" "lyveth three hundred or fyve hundred yeares, when the whiche yeares ben passed she seleth her own defaute and febleness and maketh a nest of ryghte swete smellynge styckes that ben full drye, and in sommer when the westerne wynde bloweth the stickes and the neste ben sette on fyre with brennynge heate of the sonne and brennyth stronglye; then this byrde fenix cometh wylfully into the brennynge neste and is there brent to ashes among these brennynge styckes. And within three daies a lyttel worme is gendred of the ashes and wexeth lyttel and lyttel, and taketh feathers, and is shape and tourned to a birde."

And so the "fenix" arises from its ashes, after the cheerful blaze depicted in the illustration, wherein the greater part of the "byrde" has already disappeared among the crackling logs and little more than the beak remains to peck playfully at the flames (Fig. 5).

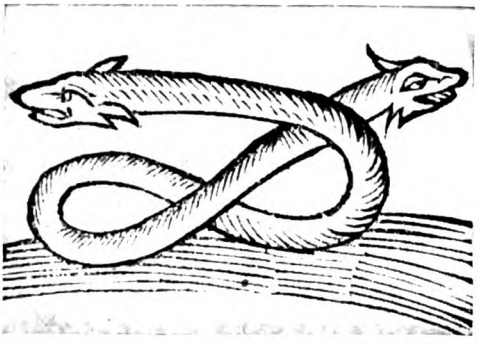


FIG. 6. — THE TWO-HEADED SNAKE, WHOSE HEADS TAKE IT IN TURN TO SLEEP.

The two-headed snake makes a short but pleasant chapter. "Anfibena" is its name, and it wears a head at each end, as we perceive from the picture, where the intelligent creature is seen in the act of tying itself into a reef-

FIG. 7.—THE MUSQUELIBET, OR MUSK-DEER, PRODUCING MUSK.

knot (Fig. 6). From the text we learn that one of the advantages of its peculiarity is that the heads take it in turn to sleep, each leaving the other on watch ; and it would seem that this snake must have many opportunities of amusing itself beyond making reef-knots and cat's-cradles ; it would seem, for instance, to be the only beast capable of having a tug-of-war all by itself.

The musk-deer appears disguised as the Musquelibet—" of the greatnes of a goate." This animal, it seems, suffers from a convenient abscess or boil which it rubs against a tree till it breaks, when the required musk exudes. This triumph is made visible in the illustration by the ingenious expedient of leaving out the tree, which otherwise would obstruct the view (Fig. 7).

" The serpentes called Jacules are like to byrdes. They watch from trees and when they see any beaste come toward them they spring and launch themselves upon it and kill it. And for this reason are they named and called jaculi, for they throwe themselves and lance just like a dart." Nothing can withstand the jacule, it would seem, and nothing can kill it except one other serpent not clearly indicated by name ; and even then the jacule " dieth without having felt any pain " ; which seems unfair, to say the least of it. The picture (Fig. 8) offers many dramatic

FIG. 8.—THE JACULE, A BIRD-LIKE SERPENT, ABOUT TO SPRING UPON ITS UNSUSPECTING PREY.

FIG. 9.—AN UNFAMILIAR ASPECT OF OUR OLD FRIEND THE SWAN.

suggestions, though they are not precise. It seems clear that the jacule on the tree is about to " lance " at the human victim resting at the foot, and perhaps it serves the latter right for seeking shelter from such a hopeless stump. But it is not clear whether the slumbering victim is a snake-charmer in company with his stock, or the object of a general rush of snakes and jaculi in which the snakes are getting first snack. Or is the sleeper confident in the protection of tame specimens of the particular serpent " by which the beast dieth " ?

The chief figure in our next illustration (Fig. 9) is nothing but our familiar friend the swan, though from mere appearances one would never guess it. I have searched the text in

vain for some hint as to why the swan has tied his neck in a knot, and am reduced to the conjecture that the artist, after so generous an allowance of leg, found insufficient room for a corresponding length of neck at full stretch, and so gathered it up in a knot, and compensated the offended bird by a lavish present of beak—about a stork's allowance. The chapter deals, however, not so much with the swan as with the merlin, which is said to attack the swan in companies of four from different quarters, and so distract its attention that it falls an easy prey to the hunters. Possibly it ties itself in a knot in sheer agony of embarrassment.

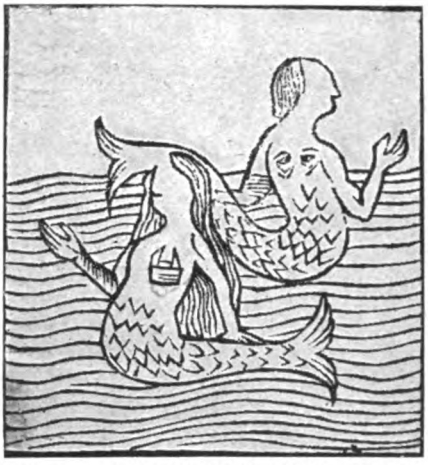


FIG. 10.—THE DOLPHIN, WHICH "HATH HIS EYES IN HIS BACK AND HYS MOUTHE IN THE PARTE OPPOSITE."

But the chapter on the dolphin leaves nothing to conjecture. The dolphin is called "the brother of man" for the very charming reason that "it resembleth not in any waye to the habits of man." The picture of a pair of dolphins seems to confirm this (Fig. 10). The creature "hath his eyes in his back and hys mouthe in the parte opposite." So that what we at first take to be a breast-pocket on the lady dolphin, with a neatly folded pocket-handkerchief showing from it, is nothing but her mouth, after all. There is a great vagueness about the faces, but the improved positions of the eyes and mouth account for a deal of that, and the text explains the rest. "They have no eares, but in place thereof narrow holes. They have no vestyge of smellyne but nevertheless they scent and smell moste wisely. They slepen on the waters so that one may heare them snore." Here, however, in the picture, rest is over and recreation is in hand the happy couple being sketched in the performance of a familiar figure in Sir Roger de Coverley.

All sorts of parts of the dolphin, melted or ground or burnt as the case may be, are good for all manner of sicknesses. But chiefly a dolphin's tooth, "hung and tyed to the neck of a person, removes doubts and sudden fears." Obviously anybody perusing this Natural History should wear a dolphin's tooth.

The "sea-monke" would seem to be a fairly near relation to the dolphin, and still a little nearer to the merman. "These fish are called sea-monkes because they have the head in the manner of a monke freshly shaven. . . . This monster attracteth men journynge on the shore of the see, and playeth before them in the waves. And if he seeth any man that marvelleth approach him, he also comyth neare and . . . he seizeth the man and draweth hym to the very depthes of the see, and feasts in this manner and gluts himself with his fleshe." Here in the picture (Fig. 11) you may see the wily sea-monk tipping the wink to the unsuspecting beach-stroller, while a winged griffin with a saw-topped horn gambols on the nearer waters to impart an air of safety and innocence to the proceedings.

FIG. 11.—ONE OF THE "SEA-MONKES," WHICH ARE SO-CALLED "BECAUSE THEY HAVE THE HEAD IN THE MANNER OF A MONKE FRESHLY SHAVEN."

People of small imagination would scarcely guess the next figure (Fig. 12) to be that of a hippopotamus. That is what it is, however, and by the text we learn that it is "a beaste born on land, but it is equally powerful in water." There seems a touch of disappointment in the announcement that "it is not

any larger than the elephant." But then "it hath the beake turned back behind" —a piece of information precious to those who have all their lives been ignorant of where the hippopotamus kept his beak. Its teeth, moreover, are crooked, and "at night it feedeth on corn to which almost like backward it goeth," as needs must an animal with its beak "turned back behind." But we are left guessing as to how to reconcile the illustration with the statement that the hippopotamus "has no face."

FIG. 12. — FEW WOULD RECOGNIZE IN THIS PRANCING CREATURE OUR SLEEPY OLD FRIEND THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The next picture is that of the Zitiron (Fig. 13). Any intelligent person will see at once that it is just the sort of animal that would be called a zitiron, and it could be only the superficial observer who might take it for a mermaid at a fancy-dress ball. The zitiron is "a monster whych the vulgar hyght Chevalier or Knyghte. It is great and very stronge in the forward partes and carryeth almoste the forme of an armed knyghte, and the head also is as if it were armed with an helmet, of skinne wrinkled and harde and verye firme. To hys necke hangeth a shelde, wide and large and with holes therein. So that . . . in the manner of warrioures he can defend hymselfe agynst the blows. . . . He has moste marvellous strong arms, his fiste as it were gloved and armed with wych he stryketh full powerfully. From whych it cometh that only with much difficulty may the man be taken. And if he may only be taken with great difficulty, more difficult still is to kyll him if not with hammers." So that any person going about in perpetual fear of zitirons may be recommended to keep the domestic coal-hammer in his tail-pocket.

Since this little string of quaint pictures and disrespectful remarks seems to need the ornament of a tail-piece, here is one representing our old friend from the "Arabian Nights"—the roc (Fig. 14). This pleasant bird, for whose nest no tree is big enough, is here shown, with discomfort and dissatisfaction plain on its face, taking the measurement of a wood far too small for the purpose.

FIG. 13.—THE ZITIRON, WHICH "CARRYETH ALMOSTE THE FORME OF AN ARMED KNYGHTE."

FIG. 14.—THE ROC, FOR WHOSE NEST NO TREE IS LARGE ENOUGH.

ALMS AND THE MAN.

By PERCEVAL GIBBON.

Illustrated by F. Gillett, R.I.

WHILE she was yet dressing she had heard the soft pad of slippers on the narrow landing outside her room and the shuffle of papers; then, heralded by a single knock, the scrape and crackle of a paper being pushed under her door. It was in this fashion that the Maison Mardel presented its weekly bills to its guests.

"*Merci!*" she called, aloud, leaving her dressing to go and pick up the paper. A pant from without answered her, and the slipper thudded away.

Standing by the door, with arms and shoulders bare, she unfolded the document, a long sheet with a printed column of items and large, inky figures in francs and centimes written against them, and down in the right-hand corner the dramatic climax of the total. It was the total that interested Annette Kelly.

"H'm!" It was something between a gasp and a sigh. "They're making the most of me while I last," said Annette, aloud.

Her purse was under her pillow, an old and baggy affair of shagreen, whose torn lining had to be explored with a forefinger for the coins it swallowed. She emptied it now upon the bed. The light of a Paris summer morning, golden and serene, flowed in at the window, visiting the poverty of the little room with its barren benediction. She was a slender girl of some three-and-twenty years, with hair and eyes of a sombre brown; six weeks of searching for employment in Paris and economizing in food, of spurring herself each morning to the tone of hope and resolution, of returning each evening foot-sore and dispirited, had a little blanched and touched with tenseness a face in which there yet lingered some of the soft contours of childhood.

She sat down beside the money on the bed, her ankles crossed below her petticoat; her accounts were made up. After paying the bill and bestowing one franc in the unavoidable tip, there would remain to her exactly eight francs for her whole resources. It was the edge of the precipice at last. It was that precipice, overhanging depths unseen and terrible, which she was contemplating as she sat, her feet swinging gently in the rhythm of meditation, her face serious and quiet. For six weeks she had seen it afar off; now it was at hand and immediate.

"Well," said Annette, slowly; she had already the habit of talking aloud to herself which comes to lonely people. She paused. "It just means that to-day I've *got* to get some work. I've *got* to."

She rose, forcing herself to be brisk and energetic. The *Journal*, with its advertisements of work to be had for the asking, had come to her door with the glass of milk and the roll which formed her breakfast, and she had already made a selection of its more humble possibilities. She ran them over in her mind as she finished dressing. Two offices required typists; she would go to both. A cashier in a shop and an English governess were wanted. "Why shouldn't I be a governess?" said Annette. And finally, somebody in the Rue St. Honoré required a young lady of good figure and pleasant manners for "reception." There were others, too, but it was upon these five that Annette decided to concentrate.

She put on her hat, took her money and her *Journal*, and turned to the door. A curious impulse checked her there, and she came back to the mirror that hung above her dressing-table.

"Let's have a look at you!" said Annette to the reflection that confronted her.

She stood, examining it seriously. It was, she thought, quite presentable; a trim, quiet figure of a girl who might reasonably ask work and a wage; she could not find anything in it to account for those six

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weeks of refusals. She perked her chin and forced her face to look assured and spirited, watching the result in the mirror.

"Ye-es," she said, at last, and nodded to the reflection. "You'll have to do; but I wish—I wish you hadn't got that sort of doomed look. Good-bye, old girl!"

At the foot of the stairs, in the open door of that room which was labelled the bureau, where a bed and a bird-cage and a smell of food kept company with the roll-top desk, stood the *patronne*, Mme. Mardel. She moved a little forth into the passage as Annette approached.

"Good morning, mademoiselle. Again a charming day!"

She was a large woman, grossly fleshy, with clothes that strained to creaking-point about her body, and gaped at the fastenings. Her vast face, under her irreproachably neat hair—the hair of a Parisienne—was swarthy and plethoric, with the jowl of a bulldog and eyes tiny and bright. Annette knew her for an artist in "extras," a vampire that had sucked her purse lean with deft overcharges, a creature without mercy or morals. But the daily irony of her greeting had the grace, the cordial inflexion, of a piece of distinguished politeness.

"Charming," agreed Annette. She produced the bill. "I may as well pay this now," she suggested.

Madame's chill and lively eyes were watching her face, estimating her solvency in the light of madame's long experience of misfortune and despair. She shrugged a huge shoulder deprecatingly.

"There is no hurry," she said. She always said that. "Still, since mademoiselle is here——"

Annette followed her into the bureau, that dim-lighted sanctuary of madame's real life. Below the half-raised blind in the window the canaries in their cage rustled and bickered; unwashed plates were crowded on the table; the big, unmade bed added a flavour of its own to the atmosphere. Madame eased herself, panting, into the chair before the desk, revealing the great rounded expanse of her back with its row of straining buttons and lozenge-shaped revelations of underwear. With the businesslike deliberation of a person who transacts a serious affair with due seriousness, she spread the bill before her, smoothing it out with a practised wipe of the hand, took her rubber stamp from the saucer in which it lay, inked it on the pad—and waited.

Annette had been watching her, fascinated by that great methodical rhythm of movement, but at the pause she started, fished the required coins from the old purse, and laid them at madame's elbow.

"*Merci*, mademoiselle," said madame, and then, and not till then, the stamp descended upon the paper. A flick with a scratchy pen completed the receipt, and madame turned awkwardly in the embrace of her chair to hand it to Annette with her weekly smile. The ritual was accomplished.

"Good morning, mademoiselle. Thank you; good luck."

The mirthless smile discounted the words; the cold, avid eyes were busy and suspicious. Annette let them stare their fill while she folded the paper and tucked it into the purse; she had had six weeks of training in the art of preserving a cheerful countenance. Then:—

"Good morning, madame," she smiled with her gay little nod, and reached the door in good order.

There was still Aristide, the lame man-of-all-work, who absorbed a weekly franc and never concealed his contempt of the amount. He was waiting on the steps, leaning on a broom, when she came out.

Her way lay down hill. The first of her advertisements gave an address at the foot of the Rue Lafayette; and soon the stimulus of the thronged streets, the mere neighbourhood of folk who moved briskly and with purpose, re-strung her slackened nerves, and she was again ready for the battle. And as she went her lips moved.

"Mind, now!" she was telling herself. "To-day's the end—the very end. You've got to get work to-day!"

The address in the Rue Lafayette turned out to be that of a firm of house and estate agents; it was upon the first floor and showed to the landing four ground-glass doors, of which three were lettered "Private," while the fourth displayed an invitation to enter without knocking.

"Now!" she said, with a deep breath, and pushed open the fourth door.

Within was an office divided by a counter, and behind the counter desks and the various apparatus of business. The desks were unoccupied; the only person present was a thin, pretty girl seated before a typewriter. She looked up at Annette across the counter; her face showed patches of too bright a red on the cheekbones.

"Good morning," began Annette, with determined briskness. "I've come——"

The girl smiled. "Typist?" she interrupted.

"Yes," said Annette. "The advertisement——" She stopped; the girl was still smiling, but in a manner of deprecating and infinitely gentle regret. Annette stared at her, feeling within again that rising chill of disappointment with which she was already so familiar. "You mean," she stammered, awkwardly—"you mean—*you've* got the place?"

The thin girl spread her hands apart in a little French gesture of conciliation.

"Ten minutes ago," she answered. "There is no one here yet but the manager, and I was waiting at the door when he arrived."

"Thank you," said Annette, faintly. The thin girl, still regarding her with big shadowy eyes, suddenly put a hand to her bosom and coughed. The neat, big office beyond the bar of the polished counter was unbearably pleasant to look at; one could have been so happily busy at one's place between those tidy desks. A sharp bell rang from an inner office; the thin girl rose. The hectic on her cheeks burned brighter.

"I must go," she said, hurriedly. "He wants me; I hope you will have good luck."

The sunlight without had lost some of its quality when Annette came forth to the street again; it no longer warmed her to optimism. She stood for some moments in the doorway of the building, letting her depression and discouragement have their way with her.

"If only I might cry a bit," she reflected. "That would help a little. But I mustn't even do that!"

She had to prod herself into fresh briskness with the sense of her need, that to-day was the end. She sighed, jerked her chin up, set her small face into the shape of resolute cheerfulness, and set forth again in the direction of the second vacancy for a typist.

Here, for a while, hope burned high. The office was that of a firm of thriving wine-exporters, and the post had not yet been filled. The partner into whose office she penetrated by virtue of her sheer determination to see someone in authority was a stout, ruddy Marseillais, speaking French in the full-throated, Southern fashion; he was kindly and cheery, with broad vermilion lips asmile through his beard.

"Yes, we want a typist," he admitted; "but I'm afraid——" His amiable, brown eyes scrutinized her with manifest doubt. "You have references?" he inquired.

Yes, Annette had references. She had only lost her last situation when her employer went bankrupt; the testimonial she produced spoke well of her in every sense. She gave it him to read. But what—*what* was it in her that had inspired that look of doubt, that look she had seen so often before in the eyes of possible employers?

"Yes, it is very good." He handed the paper back to her, still surveying her and hesitating. "And you are accustomed to the—machine? H'm!"

It was then that hope flared up strongly. He could not get out of it; he *must* employ her now. Salary? She would take what the firm offered. And still he continued to look at her with a hint of embarrassment in his regard. She felt she was trembling.

"I'm afraid," he began again, but stopped at her involuntary little gasp and shifted uneasily in his chair. He was acutely uncomfortable. An idea came to him and he brightened. "Well, you can leave your address and we will write to you. Yes, we will write to you."

And to-day was the end! Annette stared at him. "When?" she asked, shortly.

The burly man reddened dully; she had seen through his pretext for getting rid of her. "Oh, in a day or two," he answered, uneasily.

Annette rose. She had turned pale, but she was quite calm and self-possessed.

"I—I hoped to get work to-day," she said. "In fact, I *must* find it to-day. But will you at least tell me *why* you won't give me the place?"

The big man's cheery face began to frown. He was being forced to fall back on his right to employ or not to employ whom he pleased without giving reasons. Annette watched him, and before he could speak she went on again.

"I'm not complaining," she said. Her voice was even and very low. "But there's something wrong with me, isn't there? I saw how you looked at me at first. Well, it wouldn't cost you anything, and it would help me a lot, if you'd just tell me what it is that's wrong. You see, nobody will have me, and it's getting rather—rather desperate. So if you'd just tell me, perhaps I could alter something and have a chance at last."

Her serious eyes, the pallor of her face, and the level tones of her voice held him like a hand on his throat. He was a man with the cordial nature of his race, prone to an easy kindliness, who would have suffered almost any ill rather than feel himself guilty of a cruelty. But how could he speak to her

"WE DO NOT TAKE INTO OUR EMPLOY WOMEN WHO ARE STILL YOUNG—AND PRETTY."

of the true reason for refusing her—the son in the business, the avid young *débauché* whose victims were girls in the firm's employ?

"If you'd just tell me what it is I wouldn't bother you any more, and it might make all the difference to me," Annette was saying.

She saw him redden and shift sharply in his chair; an impulse of his ardent blood was spurring him to give her the work she needed and then to so deal with his son that he would never dare lift his eyes to her. But the instinct of caution developed in business came to damp that dangerous warmth.

"Mademoiselle," he returned her look gravely and honestly, "upon my word I can see nothing whatever wrong with you—nothing whatever."

"Then," began Annette, "why won't you——?"

He stopped her with an upraised hand. "I am going to tell you," he said. "There is a rule in this office, and behind the rule are good and sufficient reasons, that we do not take into our employ women who are still young—and pretty."

She heard him with no change of her rigid countenance. She understood, of course; she had known in her time what it was to be persecuted. She would have liked to tell him that she was well able to take care of herself, but she recalled her promise not to bother him further.

She sighed, buttoning her glove "It's a pity," she said, unhappily, "because—I really am a good typist."

"I am sure of it," he agreed. "I infinitely regret, but—*ça y est!*"

She raised her head. "Well, thank you for telling me, at any rate," she said. "Good morning, monsieur."

"Good morning, mademoiselle," he replied, and held open the door for her to pass out.

Once more the street and the sunshine and the hurry of passing strangers, each pressing by about his or her concerns. Again she stood a little while in the doorway, regarding the thronged urgency that surged in spate between the high handsome buildings, every unit of it wearing the air of being bound towards some place where it was needed, while she alone was unwanted.

"I think," considered Annette, "that I ought to have some coffee or something, since it's the—last—day."

She looked down along the street; not far away the awning of a café showed red and white above the sidewalk.

She took a chair in the back row of seats behind a small iron table, slackening her muscles and leaning back, making the mere act of sitting down yield her her money's worth. The shadow of the awning turned the day to a benign coolness; there was a sense of privilege in being thus at rest in the very street, at the elbow of its passers-by. A waiter brought the *café au lait* which she ordered and set it on the table before her. The cost was half a franc; she gave him a franc, bade him keep the change, and was rewarded with half a smile, half a bow, and a "*Merci beaucoup, matame!*" which in themselves were a balm to her spirit, bruised by insult and failure. The coffee was hot; its fragrance gushed up from her cup; since her last situation had failed her, she was tasting for the first time food that was appetizing and dainty.

She lifted the cup. "A short life and a merry one," she murmured, toasting herself before she drank.

Six francs remained to her, and there were yet three employers to visit. The lady in need of a governess and the shop which required a cashier were at opposite ends of Paris; the establishment which desired a young lady for "reception" was between the two. Annette, surveying the field, decided to reserve the "reception" to the last. She finished her coffee, flavouring to the last drop the warm stimulation of it; then, having built up again her hopeful mood, she set out anew.

It was three hours later, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, that she came on foot, slowly, along the Rue St. Honoré, seeking the establishment which had proclaimed in the *Journal* its desire to employ, for purposes of "reception," a young lady of good figure and pleasant manners. She had discovered, at the cost of one of her remaining francs for omnibus fares, that a fifty-franc a month governess must possess certificates, that governessing is a skilled trade overcrowded by women of the most various and remarkable talents. At the shop that advertised for a cashier a shop-walker had glanced at her over his shoulder for an instant, snapped out that the place was filled, and walked away.

The name she sought appeared across the way, lettered upon a row of first-floor windows; it was a photographer's.

"Now!" said Annette. "The end—this is the end!"

A thrill touched her as she went up the broad stairway of the building; the crucial thing was at hand. The morning had been bad, but at each failure there had still been

a possibility ahead. Now, there was only this and nothing beyond.

A spacious landing, carpeted, and lit by the tall church-windows of the staircase, great double doors with a brass plate, and a dim, indoor sense pervading all the place! Here, evidently, the sharp corners of commerce were rounded off; its acolytes must be engaging female figures with affable manners.

Annette's finger on the bronze bell-push evoked a man-servant in livery, with a waistcoat of horizontal yellow-and-black stripes like a wasp, and a smooth, subtle, still face. He pulled open one wing of the door and stood aside to let her pass in, gazing at her with demure eyes in whose veiled suggestion there was something satiric. Annette stepped past him at once.

"There is an advertisement in the *Journal* for a young lady," she said. "I have come to apply for the post."

The smooth man-servant lowered his head in a nod that was just not a bow, and closed the tall door.

"Yes," he said. "If mademoiselle will give herself the trouble to be seated, I will inform the master."

The post was not filled, then. Annette sat down, let the wasp-hued flunkey pass out of sight, and looked round at the room in which she found herself. It was here, evidently, that the function of "reception" was accomplished. The man-servant admitted the client; one rose from one's place at the little inlaid desk in the alcove and rustled forward across the gleaming parquet, with pleased and deferential alacrity, to bid monsieur or madame welcome, to offer a chair and the incense of one's interest and delight in service. One added oneself to the quality of the big, still apartment, with its antique furniture, its celebrities and notorieties pictured upon its walls, its great chandelier, a-shiver with glass lustres, hanging overhead like an aerial iceberg. No noises entered from the street; here, the business of being photographed was magnified to a solemnity; one drugged one's victim with pomp before leading him to the camera.

"I could do it," thought Annette. "I'm sure I could do it. I could fit into all this like a—like a snail into a shell. I'd want shoes that didn't slide on the parquet; and then—oh, if only this comes off!"

A small noise behind her made her turn quickly. The door by which the footman had departed was concealed by a *portière* of heavy velvet; a hand had moved it aside and a face was looking round the edge of it at her. As she turned, the owner of it came forward into the room, and she rose.

"Be seated, be seated!" protested the new-comer in a high, emasculate voice, and she sat down again obediently upon the little spindle-legged Empire settee from which she had risen.

"And you have come in consequence of the advertisement?" said the man, with a little giggle. "Yes, yes! We will see, then!"

He stood in front of her, half-way across the room, staring at her. He was a man somewhere in the later thirties, wearing the velvet jacket, the cascading necktie, the throat-revealing collar, and the overlong hair which the conventions of the theatre have established as the livery of the artist. The details of this grotesque foppery presented themselves to Annette only vaguely; it was at the man himself, as he straddled in the middle of the polished floor, staring at her, that she gazed with a startled attention—a face like the feeble and idiot countenance of an old sheep, with the same flattened length of nose and the same weakly demoniac touch in the curve and slack hang of the wide mouth. It was not that he was merely ugly or queer to the view; it seemed to Annette that she was suddenly in the presence of something monstrous and out of the course of Nature. His eyes, narrow and seemingly colourless, regarded her with a fatuous complacency.

She flushed and moved in her seat under his long scrutiny. The creature sighed.

"Yes," he said, always in the same high, dead voice. "You satisfy the eye, mademoiselle. For me, that is already much, since it is as an artist that I consider you first. And your age?"

She told him. He asked further questions—of her previous employment, her nationality, and so forth, putting them perfunctorily as though they were matters of no moment, and never removing his narrow eyes from her face. Then, with short, sliding steps he came across the parquet and sat down beside her on the Empire settee.

Annette backed to the end of it and sat defensively on the edge, facing the strange being. He, crossing his thin legs, leaned with an arm extended along the back of the settee and his long, large-knuckled hand hanging limp. His sheep's face lay over on his shoulder towards her; in that proximity its quality of feeble grotesqueness was enhanced. It was like sitting in talk with a sick ape.

"Curiouser and curiouser!" quoted Annette to herself. "I ought to wake up next and find he really doesn't exist."

"Mademoiselle!" The creature began to speak again. "You are the ninth who has come hither to-day seeking the post I have advertised. Some I rejected because they failed to conciliate my eye; I cannot, you will understand, be tormented by a presence which jars my sense."

He paused to hear her agree.

"And the others?" inquired Annette.

"A-ah!" The strange being sighed. "The others—in each case, what a disappointment! Girls—beautiful, of a personality subdued and harmonious, capable of taking their place in my environment without doing violence to its completeness, but lacking the plastic and responsive quality which the hand of the artist should find in his material. Resistant—they were resistant, mademoiselle, every one of them."

"Silly of them," said Annette, briefly. She was meeting the secret stare of his half-closed eyes quite calmly now; she was beginning to understand the furtive satire in the regard of the smooth footman who had admitted each of those eight others in turn and seen their later departure. "What was it they wouldn't do?" she inquired.

"Do!" The limp hand flapped despairingly; the thin voice ran shrill. "I required nothing of them. One enters; I view her; I seat myself at her side as I sit now with you; I seek in talk to explore her resources of sentiment, of temperament, of sympathy. Perhaps I take her hand"—as though to illustrate the recital, his long hand dropped suddenly and seized hers. He ceased to talk, surveying her with a scared shrewdness.

Annette smiled, letting her hand lie where it was. She was not in the least afraid; she had forgotten for the moment the barrenness of the streets that awaited her outside and the fact that she had come to the end of her hopes.

"And they objected to that?" she inquired, sweetly.

"Ah, but you——" He was making ready to hitch closer along the seat and she was prepared for him.

"Oh, *I'd* let you hold them both, if that were all," she replied. "But—it isn't all, is it?"

She smiled again at the perplexity in his face; his hands slackened and withdrew slowly. "You haven't told me what salary you are offering?" she reminded him.

"Mademoiselle, you too?"

She nodded. "Me, too," she answered, and rose. The man on the settee groaned and heaved his shoulders theatrically; she stood viewing in quiet curiosity that countenance of impotent vileness. Other failures had left her with a sense of defencelessness in a world so largely populated by men who glanced up from their desks to refuse her plea for work. But now she had resources of power over fate and circumstance; the streets, the night, the river, whatever of fear and destruction the future held, could neither daunt nor compel her. She could go out to meet them free and victorious.

"Mademoiselle!" the man on the settee bleated at her.

She shook her head at him. It was not worth while to speak. She went to the door and opened it for herself; the smooth manservant was deprived of the spectacle of her departure.

She went slowly down the wide stairs. "Nine of us," she was thinking. "Nine girls, and not one of us was—what did he call it?—plastic. I'm not really alone in the world, after all."

But it was very like being alone in the world to go slowly, with tired feet, along the perspectives of the streets, to turn corners aimlessly, to wander on with no destination or purpose. There was yet money in the old purse, a single, broad, five-franc piece; it would linger out her troubles for her till to-morrow. She would need to eat, and her room at Madame Mardel's would come to three francs; she did not mean to occupy it any longer than she could pay for it. And then the morning would find her penniless in actuality.

Her last turning brought her out to the arches of the Rue de Rivoli; across the way the trees of the Tuileries gardens lifted their green to the afternoon sunlight. She hesitated, then crossed the wide road towards the gardens, her thoughts still hovering about the five-franc piece.

"It's a case for riotous living," she told herself, as she passed into the smooth paths beneath the trees. "Five francs' worth of real dinners, or something like that. Only—I'm not feeling very riotous just now."

What she felt was that the situation had to be looked at, but that looking at it could not improve it. Things had come to an end; food to eat, a bed to sleep in, the mere bare essentials of life had ceased, and she had not an idea of what came next, how one entered upon the process of starving to death in the streets. Passers-by, strolling under the trees,

"HIS LONG HAND DROPPED SUDDENLY AND SEIZED HERS."

"SHE LET THE BROAD COIN SLIP INTO THE POCKET AMONG THE PAPERS."

glanced at her as she passed them, preoccupied and unseeing, a neat, comely little figure of a girl in her quiet clothes, with her still, composed face. She went slowly; there was a seat which she knew of farther on, overshadowed by a lime tree, where she meant to rest and put her thoughts in order; but already at the back of her mind there had risen, vague as night, oppressive as pain, tainting her disquiet with its presence, the hint of a consciousness that, after all, one does not starve to death—*pas si bête!*—one takes a shorter way.

A lean youth, with a black cotton cap pulled forward over one eye, who had been lurking near, saw the jerk with which she lifted her head as that black inspiration was clear to her, and the sudden coolness and courage of her face, and moved away uneasily.

"Ye-es," said Annette, slowly. "Ye-es! And now—oh!"

A bend in the path had brought her suddenly to the seat under the lime tree; she was within a couple of paces of it before she perceived that it had already its occupant—the long figure of a young man, who sprawled back with his face upturned to the day, and slumbered with all that disordered and unbeautiful abandon which goes with daylight sleep. His head had fallen over on one shoulder; his mouth was open; his hands, grimy and large, showed half-shut in his lap. There was a staring patch of black sticking-plaster at the side of his chin; his clothes, that were yet decent, showed stains here and there; his face, young and slackened in sleep, was burned brick-red by exposure. The whole figure of him, surrendered to weariness in that unconscious and uncaring sprawl, seemed suddenly to answer her question—*this* was what happened next; this was the end—unless one found and took that shorter way.

"They walk till they can't walk any longer; then they sleep on benches. I could never do that!"

She stood for some seconds longer, staring at the sleeping man. Resolution, bitter as grief, mounted in her like a tide. "No, it sha'n't come to that with me!" she cried, inwardly. "Lounging with my mouth open for anyone to stare at! No!"

She turned, head up, body erect, face set strongly, and walked away. Neither sheep-faced human grotesques in palatial offices nor all Paris and its civilization should make her other than she wished to be. She stepped out defiantly—and stopped short.

The old purse was in her hand; through its flabby sides she could feel with her fingers the single five-franc piece which it yet contained. Somehow, that had to be disposed of or provided for; five francs was a serious matter to Annette. She looked round; the man in the seat was still sleeping.

Treading quietly, she went back to him, taking the coin from her purse as she went. Upon his left side his coat pocket bulged open; she could see that in it was a little wad of folded papers. "His testimonials—poor fellow!" she breathed. Carefully she leaned forward and let the broad coin slip into the pocket among the papers. Then, with an end of a smile twisted into the set of her lips, she turned again and departed. Among the trees the lean youth in the black cotton cap watched her go.

A day that culminates in sleep upon a bench in a public place is commonly a day that has begun badly and maintained its character. In this case it may be said to have begun soon after nine a.m., when a young man in worn tweed clothes and carrying a handkerchief pressed to his jaw stepped out from a taxi and into that drug-store which is nearest to the Gare de Lyon. The bald, bland chemist who presides there has a regular practice in the treatment of razor-cuts acquired through shaving in the train; he looked up serenely across his glass-topped counter.

"Good morning, monsieur," he said. "A little cut—yes?"

Young Raleigh gazed at him across the handkerchief.

"No! A thundering great gash!" he answered with emphasis. "I want something to patch it up with."

"Certainly—certainly!" The bald apothecary had the airs of a family physician; he smiled soothingly. "We shall find something. Let me now see the cut!"

Raleigh protruded his face across the soaps and the bottles of perfume, and the apothecary rose on tiptoe to scrutinize the wound. The razor had got home on the edge of the jaw, with a scraping cut that bled handsomely.

"Ah!" The bald man nodded, and sought a bottle. "A little of this"—he was damping a rag of lint with the contents of the bottle—"as a cleansing agent first. If monsieur will bend down a little—so——"

Daintily, with precision and delicacy, he proceeded to apply the cleansing agent to the cut; at the first dab the patient leapt back with an exclamation.

"Confound you!" he cried. "That stuff burns like fire."

"It will pass in a moment," soothed the chemist. "And now a little patch, and all will be well."

His idea of a suitable dressing was two inches of stiff and shiny black plaster that gripped at the skin like a barnacle and looked like a tragedy. Raleigh surveyed the effect of it in a showcase mirror gloomily.

"I wonder you didn't put it in a sling while you were about it," he remarked, ungratefully. "People'll think I've been tryin' to cut my throat."

"Monsieur should grow a beard," counselled the chemist, as he handed him his change.

Raleigh grunted, disdaining retort, and passed forth to his waiting cab. The day had commenced inauspiciously. The night before, smoking his final cigarette in his upper berth in the *wagon-lits*, he had tempted Providence by laying out for himself a programme and a time schedule; and it looked as if Providence had been unable to resist the temptation. The business of the firm in which he was junior partner had taken him to Zurich; he had given himself a week's holiday in the mountains, and was now on his way back to London. The train was due to land him in Paris at half-past eight in the morning, and his plans were clear. First, a taxi to the Café de la Paix and breakfast there under the awning while the day ripened towards the hours of business; then a small cigar and a stroll along the liveliness of the boulevard to the offices of the foundry company, where a heart-to-heart talk with the manager would clear up several little matters which were giving trouble. Afterwards, a taxi across the river and a call upon the machine-tool people, get their report upon the new gear-steels, and return to the Gare du Nord in time to catch the two o'clock train for Calais.

He had settled the order of it to his satisfaction before he pulled the shade over the lamp and turned to sleep; and then, next morning, he had gashed himself while shaving and the train was forty minutes late.

"These clothes"—there was a narrow slip of mirror between the front windows of the taxi which reflected him, a section at a time—"these clothes 'ud pass," he considered, gloomily, considering their worn and unbusinesslike quality. "But with this"—his fingers explored his chin—"folks'll think we only do business between sprees."

The manager of the foundry company was a French engineer who had been trained in Pittsburg, a Frenchman of the new style, whose silky sweetness of manner was the mark of a steely tenacity of purpose. He had a little devilish black moustache, waxed at the points, like an earl of melodrama, and with it a narrow, cheerless smile that jeered into futility Raleigh's effort to handle the subject on a basis of easy good-fellowship. The heart-to-heart talk degenerated into a keen business controversy, involving the consultation of letter files; it took more time than Raleigh had to spare, and in the end nothing was settled.

"You catch the early train to London?" inquired the manager, amiably, when Raleigh was leaving.

"Yes," replied Raleigh, warmly. "I'm going to get out of this while I've got my fare left."

"*Bon voyage*," said the Frenchman, smilingly. "You will present my compliments to your father?"

"Not me," retorted Raleigh. "I'm not going to let him know I saw you."

The machine-tool people to whom his next visit was due were established south of the river, a long drive from the boulevards. They were glad to receive him; there was a difficulty with some of the new steels, and they took him into the shops that he might see and appreciate the matter for himself. In the end it was necessary for Raleigh to reset the big turret-lathe and demonstrate the manner of working, standing to the machine in his ancient tweed clothes—nobody offered him overalls—while the swift belting slatted at his elbow and fragments of shaved steel and a fine spray of oil welcomed him back to his trade. The good odour of metal, the engine-room smell, filled his nostrils; he was doing the thing which he could do best; it was not till it was finished that he looked at his watch and realized that the last item of his time-table had gone the way of the first, and he had missed the two o'clock train.

He paid off his return cab in the Place de la Concorde, and stood doubtfully on the kerb watching it skate away into the traffic. His baggage had gone on by the two o'clock train; he was committed now to an afternoon in those ancient clothes with the oily stigma of the workshop upon them. His hands, too, were black from his work; he had slept badly in the train and done without a bath. In the soft sunlight that rained upon those brilliant streets he felt foul and unsightly.

He yawned, between a certain afternoon drowsiness and a languid depression.

"I'll wander up to the Meurice and get a wash, anyhow," he decided, and turned to stroll through the Tuileries gardens towards the hotel. He went slowly; it was pleasant among the trees; and when a seat in the shadow offered itself he sank down into it.

"I'll sleep all right in the train to-night," he thought, shoving back his cap.

There were children playing somewhere out of sight; their voices came to him in an agreeable tinkle. He crossed one leg over the other and settled himself more comfortably; he had plenty of time to spare now. His eyes closed, restfully.

The touch that roused him was a very gentle one, scarcely more than a ghost of a sensation, the mere brush of a dexterous hand that slid as quietly as a shadow along the edge of his jacket pocket and groped into it with long, clever fingers, while its owner, sitting beside him on the bench, gazed meditatively before him with an air of complete detachment from that skilled, felonious hand. Raleigh, waking without moving, was able for a couple of seconds to survey his neighbour, a slim, white-faced youth, with a black cotton cap slouched forward over one eye. Then, swiftly, he caught the exploring hand by the wrist and sat up.

"Your mistake," he said, crisply; "there's nothing but old letters in that pocket."

The youth, at the first alarm, tried to wrench loose, writhing in startled effort like a pronged snake, with all his smooth, vicious face clenched in violent fear. Raleigh gave a twisting jerk to the skinny wrist, and the struggle was over; the lad uttered a yelp and collapsed back on to the seat.

"Be good," warned Raleigh, in easy French; "be good, or I'll beat you. D'you hear?"

The youth sniffed, staring with eyes in which a mere foolish fear was giving place to cunning. He was a creature flimsy as paper, a mere lithe skinful of bones, in whom the wit of the thief supplied the place of strength. He was making now his hasty estimate of the man he had to deal with.

"Well," demanded Raleigh; "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Monsieur!" the youth struck into an injured whine. "I meant no harm, but I was desperate. I have not eaten to-day"—his eyes noted the amused contempt on Raleigh's face, and he paused an instant, like a man taking aim—"and when I saw the lady slip the money into monsieur's pocket while he slept, and reflected that he would never even know that he had lost it——"

"Eh?" Raleigh sat up. The thief suppressed a smile. "What lady, *espèce de fourneau?* What are you talking about?"

"It's not a minute ago," replied the youth, discarding the whine. "See, she is perhaps not out of sight yet, if monsieur will look along the path. No, there she goes—that one!"

His hand was free now; he was using it to point with; but he made no attempt to escape.

"She approached monsieur while he slept, walking cautiously, and slipped the money—it was a five-franc piece, I think—into his pocket. Yes, monsieur, *that* was the pocket."

He smiled patronizingly as Raleigh plunged a hand into the pocket in question, fumbled among the papers there, and drew out the coin and stared at it. He had the situation in hand now; he could get rid of this strong young man as soon as he pleased.

"She is going out of the gate now, monsieur," he said.

Raleigh turned. At the farther end of the path the woman who had been pointed out to him was close to the exit; in a few seconds more she would be gone. He could see of her nothing save her back—that and a certain quality of carriage, a gait measured and deliberate.

He threw a word to the thief, who stood by with his hands in his pockets and an air of relishing the situation. "All right; you can go," he said, and started upon the chase of the secret bestower of alms.

"And me?" the outraged thief cried after him, in tones of bitterness. "And me? I get nothing, then?"

The serge-clad back was disappearing through the gates into the welter of sunlight without; Raleigh gathered up his feet and sprinted along the tree-shaded path. He was going to understand this business. He picked up the view of the serge-clad back again walking towards the bridge, hastened after it, and slowed down to its own pace when he was still some ten yards behind.

"Why, it's a girl!"

Somehow, he had counted upon finding an elderly woman, some charitable eccentric who acquired merit by secret gifts. He saw, instead, a slim girl, neatly and quietly clad, whose profile, as she glanced across the parapet of the bridge, showed pearl-pale in the shadow of her hat, with a simple and almost childlike prettiness of feature. There

was something else, too, a quality of the whole which Raleigh, who did not deal in fine shades, had no words to describe to himself. But he saw it, nevertheless—a gravity, a character of sad and tragic composure, that look of defeat which is prouder than any victory; it waked his imagination.

"Something wrong," he said to himself, vaguely, and continued to follow.

At the southern end of the bridge she turned her back to the sun and went east along the quay where the second-hand booksellers lounged beside their wares. She neither hurried nor slackened that deliberate pace of hers; Raleigh, keeping well behind, his wits at work acutely, wondered what it reminded him of, that slow trudge over the pavements. It was when the booksellers were left behind that an incident enlightened him.

She stopped for a minute and leaned upon the parapet; he crossed the road to be out of sight in case she should look back. She had been carrying in her hand a purse, and now he saw her open it and apparently search its interior, but idly and without interest, as though she knew already what to expect of it. Then she closed it and tossed it over the parapet into the river.

"Ah!" Sudden comprehension rushed upon him; he knew now what that slow, aimless gait suggested to him. He recalled evenings in London when he walked or drove through the lit streets and saw, here and there, the figures of those homeless ones who walked—walked always, straying forward in a footsore progress till the night should be ripe for them to sit down in some corner. And then that shadow in her face, that mouth, tight-held but still drooping; her way at looking at the river! His hand in his pocket closed over the five-franc piece which she had dropped there; he started across the road to accost her forthwith, but at that moment she moved on again, and once more he fell into step behind her.

There is a point, near the Ile de la Cité, where the Seine projects an elbow; the quay goes round in a curve under high houses; a tree or two overhangs the water, and there is a momentary space of quiet, almost a privacy at the skirts of bustling Paris. Here, commonly, men of leisure sit through the warm hours, torpidly fishing the smooth, green depth of water below; but now there were none. The girl followed the elbow round and stopped at the angle of it. She leaned her arms on the coping and gazed down at the quiet, still water below.

She was looking at it with such a preoccupation that Raleigh was able to come close to her before he spoke. He, too, put an arm on the parapet at her side.

"Looks peaceful, doesn't it?" he said, quietly.

The girl's head rose with a jerk and she stared at him startled.

"I—I—who are you?" she stammered. "What do you want?"

He was able to see now that her pale composure was maintained only by an effort, that the strain of it was making her tremble. He answered in tones of careful conventionality.

"I'm afraid I startled you," he said. "I m sorry. I shouldn't have ventured to speak to you at all if you hadn't——" He paused. "You don't happen to remember me at all?" he asked.

"No," said Annette. "If I hadn't what?"

He slipped a hand into his pocket and drew forth the five-franc piece. The broad palm it lay on was still grimy from the workshops.

"I happened to fall asleep in the Tuileries this afternoon," he said. "Idiotic thing to do, but——"

"Oh!" The colour leapt to her face. "Was that—you?"

Raleigh nodded. "You had hardly moved away when a man tried to pick my pocket and woke me in doing so. He told me what he'd seen and pointed you out."

Annette gazed at him in tired perplexity. When he was on his feet, the condition of his clothes and hands and the absurd black patch on his chin were noticeable only as incongruities; there was nothing now to suggest the pauper or the outcast in this big youth with the pleasant voice and the strongly-tanned face.

"I—I made a mistake," she said. "I saw you sleeping on the bench and I thought—a little help, coming from nowhere like that—you'd be so surprised and glad when you found it." She sighed. "However, I was wrong. I'm sorry."

"I'm not!" Raleigh put the money back in his pocket swiftly. "I think it was a wonderful idea of yours; it's the most splendid thing that ever happened to me. There was I, grumbling and making mistakes all day, playing the fool and pitying myself, and all the time you were moving somewhere within a mile or two, out of sight, but watching and saying: 'Yes, you're no good to anybody, but if the worst comes to the worst you sha'n't starve. I'll save you from that!' I'll never part with that money."

Annette shook her head; weariness inhabited her like a dull pain. "I didn't say

that," she answered. " You weren't starving and—you don't understand. It doesn't matter, anyhow."

" Please," said Raleigh. He saw that she wanted to get rid of him, and he had no intention of letting her do so. " It matters to me, at any rate. But there is one thing I didn't understand."

She did not answer, gazing over her clasped hands at the water, across whose level the spires and chimneys of the city bristled like the skyline of a forest.

" It was while I was following you here, wondering whether I might speak to you," he continued. " I was watching you as you went, and it seemed to me that you were —well, unhappy, in trouble or something. And then, back there on the quay, I saw you open your purse and throw it into the river."

He paused. " There was a hole in it," said Annette, shortly, without turning her head.

" But——" he spoke very quietly. " You *are* in trouble? Yes, I know I'm intruding upon you "—she had moved her shoulders impatiently—" but haven't you given me just the shadow of a right? Your gift—it might have saved my life if I'd been what you thought; I might have fetched up in the *morgue* before morning. Men do, you know, every day—women, too!" Her fingers upon the parapet loosened and clasped again at that. " You can't tie me hand and foot with such an obligation as that and leave me *planté là*."

" Oh!" Annette sighed. " It's nothing at all," she said. " But, as you want so much to know, I'm a typist; I'm out of work; I've been looking for it all day, and I'm disappointed and very tired."

" And that's really all?" demanded Raleigh.

" All!" She turned to look at him at last, meeting his steady and penetrating eyes quietly. She had an impulse to tell him what was comprehended in that " all," to speak deliberate, plain words that should crumple him into an understanding of her tragedy. But even while she hesitated there came to her a sense that he knew more than he told, that the grey eyes in the red-brown face had read more of her than she was willing to show. She subsided.

" Yes, that's all," she said.

He nodded, a quick and businesslike little jerk of the head. " I see. I've been worrying you, I'm afraid, but I'm glad I made you tell. Because I can put that all right for you at once, as it happens."

The girl leaning on the wall drew in a harsh breath and turned to him. Young Raleigh, who had written a monograph on engineering stresses, had still much to learn about the stresses that contort and warp the souls of men and women. He learned some of it then, when he saw the girl's pale face deaden to a blanker white and the flame of a hungry hope leap into her eyes. He looked away quickly.

" You mean—you can——"

He hushed her with his brisk and matter-of-fact little nod.

" I mean I can find you a situation in a business office as a typist," he said, explicitly. " Wasn't that what you wanted?"

" Yes, yes." She was trembling; he put one large grimy hand upon her sleeve to steady her. " Oh, please, where is the office? I'll go there at once, before——"

" Hush," he said. " It's all right. We'll get a taxi and I'll take you there. It's the Machine-Tool and Gear-Cutting Company; I don't know what they pay, but——"

" Anything," moaned Annette. " I'll take anything."

" Well, it's more than that," he smiled. " A typist with Raleigh and Son at her back isn't to be had every day of the week."

A taxi-cab drifted out of a turning on to the quay a hundred yards away; Raleigh waved a long arm and it came towards them.

" And after we've fixed this little matter," suggested Raleigh, " don't you think we might go somewhere and feed? I can get a sketchy kind of wash at the office while you're talking to the manager; and I'm beginning to notice that I didn't have any lunch to-day."

" I didn't, either," said Annette, as the taxi slid to a standstill beside them. " But, oh! you don't know—you don't know all you're doing for me. I shall never be able to thank you properly."

Raleigh opened the door of the cab for her. " You can try," he said. " I'm in Paris for three days every fortnight."

The taxi-cabs of Paris include in their number the best and the worst in the world. This was one of the latter, a moving musical-box of grinding and creaking noises. But Annette sank back upon its worn and knobbly cushions luxuriously, gazing across the sun-gilt river to the white window-dotted cliffs of Paris with the green of trees foaming about their base.

" Oh, don't you love Paris?" she cried, softly.

" I do," agreed Raleigh, warmly, watching the soft glow that had come to her face. " I can't keep away from it."

THE ARTIST WITH THE FUNNY IDEAS.

SCHMIDT THE SPY.
ONE OF MR. LEETE'S MOST AMUSING CREATIONS.

MR. ALFRED LEETE.
Photo. Bertram Park.

MOST men may be considered to live, in one way or another, by their wits. But of few can it be said that they live by their wit. Even among the professional humorists, the list of those who can be so described is brief, for there is all the difference (to make a not inapt comparison with fireworks) between the elaborate "set-piece" which they usually offer for our entertainment, and the sudden squib which a nimble wit flings in our startled faces.

It is the readiness of his wit which makes the humour of Mr. Alfred Leete. To the great public which laughs over his pictures he is "the fellow with the funny ideas," and it is the comic thought which a sketch by him embodies, or the comic situation which it portrays, that remains fixed in the mind, rather than the picture itself.

Of course, it goes without saying that the drawing is funny in itself, and exceedingly so, for otherwise it would fail of its humorous purpose, and Mr. Leete would not deserve the title of artist. But few men worry themselves less about the *manner* of accomplishment: his sole concern is to make his point incisively—to hit the nail he is aiming at squarely on the head, and drive it home with a single bang. It follows inevitably that, whatever the means he may adopt in pursuance of so definite a purpose, they are certain to be suited to the end in view.

Mr. Leete comes from the West of England, but he has lived a good many years in London, and might fairly be claimed as a Londoner. At all events, his humour has the real Cockney spirit—that irrepressible love of banter which cannot resist making game of even the most portentous solemnities, that gay philosophy which the baffled foreigner so often interprets as a refusal to take things seriously. Not that this spirit is peculiar to the Londoner—it is, in point of fact, the essence of the national humour, which merely finds its most lively expression in Cockney wit. Thomas Atkins on the battlefield has astonished the nations of Europe by his unrivalled display of it, and Thomas Atkins, in these days, embodies the national type pretty comprehensively.

Mr. Leete's humour, in short, is essentially English in character, and typically Cockney in manner of expression. Consider, for example, his sketch of "Mr. Beetle" calling his spouse to come and look at the "Zeppelin" crawling overhead, in the shape of a bloated caterpillar. Is there not here a perfect parable in picture of the Londoner's half-curious, half-contemptuous attitude to the enemy's much-vaunted and inflated "Zepps"?

From Zeppelins to balloons, even if only of the toy variety, is an easy transition, and the sketch of the small boy asking his mother to buy "the one with a hat on" is an excellent

example of the artist's faculty for seeing things in terms of the ludicrous. His quick, appraising eye detects elements of absurdity where most of us would perceive only the commonplace and normal, and his ready wit instantly turns them to account. And, as becomes an artist who draws for the Press, he is a good journalist. That is to say, he is keenly alive to all that is going on around him. He listens and he observes, subsequently recording in his own inimitable manner the humorous impressions which eye and ear have received.

Humour is an elusive quantity, and the analysis of it a difficult and baffling quest. But it has been laid down, I believe, on the seemingly unimpeachable authority of the editor of *Punch*, that its vital element is incongruity. Mr. Leete's drawings here reproduced might well be cited in support of this theory, for though many are less obviously dependent on incongruity than the ridiculous picture of the escaping convict and his diminutive victim, that quality will be found,

BAL-LUNACY!

"Oh, mother, do buy me that one with the hat on!"

By permission of the "Tatler."

IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES OF INSECTDOM.

MR. BEETLE: "Lizzie, come quick! Here's a Zeppelin!"

By permission of the "Sketch."

in greater or less degree, inherent in all.

Mr. Leete's sense of the ludicrous, indeed, is invincible. No one has been quicker to seize the ludicrous aspects of the war—and the present war would not seem, on the surface, a very fertile source of comedy. Yet the comic side of warfare has been daily revealed to us, in stories official and otherwise, by that incomparable band of humorists, the British Army. And in key with Tommy's irreverent guying of "Kultur" and Teutonic "frightfulness" is the *reductio ad absurdum* which Mr. Leete, with infectious gusto, has applied to all the warlike manifestations of the hour.

The "G. R." brassard of the Volunteer Corps has not escaped his quizzical eye. That "G. R." sketch, by the way, promises to become a little classic in its

MISFITS AND MISS FIRE.

THE ESCAPED CONVICT (having compelled little Spifkins to effect a change of clothing): "You take my tip, guv'nor, an' 'op it quick. If them warders sees yer, they'll shoot!"

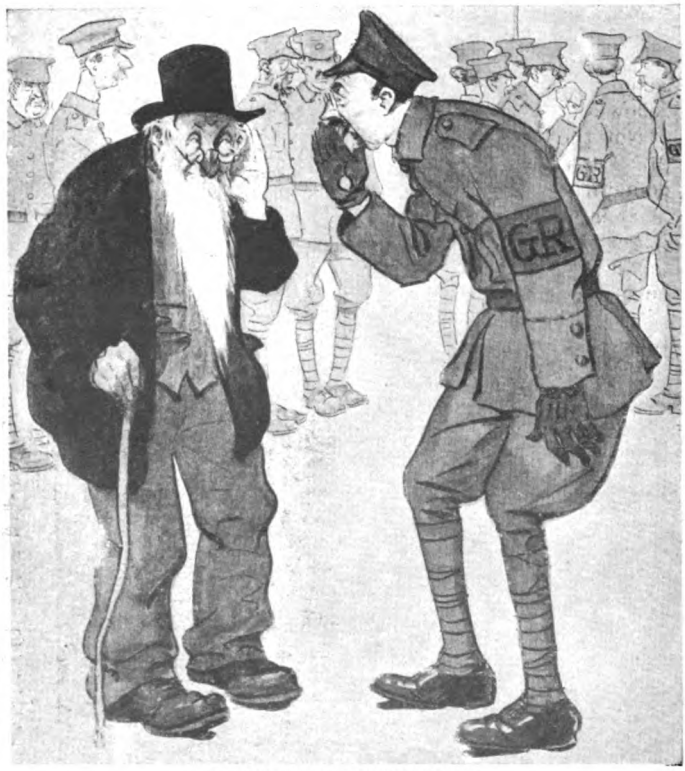
By permission of the "Sketch."

way. Its popularity has been immense—and nowhere greater than in the ranks of the "Gorgeous Wrecks" themselves!

But perhaps Mr. Leete's most notable contribution to the humours of the war is his creation of Schmidt the Spy. As an eminent critic recently remarked, in discussing this egregiously absurd personality, many new things were looked for as a result of the war, but one thing certainly *not* expected was the invention of a new comic type. "Spy fever," as we all know, spread like an epidemic at the beginning of the war—it is, indeed, still rampant, and perhaps not without reason. Mr. Leete was infected, like everyone else, but in his case the malady took a peculiarly individual course. The patient broke out in a new place and threw off a laughable series of drawings representing the legendary adventures of a German spy in our midst.

Schmidt is a truly artistic creation, for he exactly embodies the average impression formed in this country of the average Teutonic mind. Just as his quaint little figure of fun travesties the familiar outward characteristics of the typical German, so the fantastic conclusions at which he arrives, as a result of his earnest but futile spying, burlesque the whole attitude of mind which the disciples of "Kultur" display. Not without reason are the British regarded as the most tolerant of people, and the slowest to anger. We prefer to laugh at our enemies rather than to hate them. Perhaps the complacency which is so often charged against us induces us to feel we can afford to!

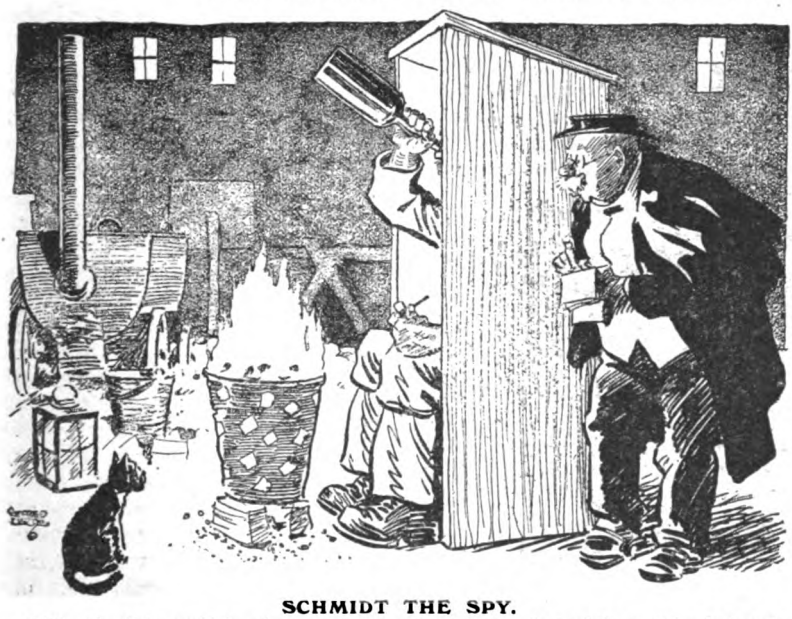
At all events, no one can feel real enmity towards Schmidt as his creator depicts him. Observe him, for instance, in the episode reproduced, with unopened crush hat upon his head, fondly imagining himself to be in suitable evening disguise, while he mistakes a tar furnace for an anti-aircraft gun, and a bibulous night-watchman for a sentry with



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"I said it means Georgius Rex, not gorgeous wrecks."

By permission of the "Tatler."



SCHMIDT THE SPY.

"The English are living in fear of Zeppelin raids, and at night sentries in bomb-proof shelters are placed in the streets, armed with high-angle fire-guns and supplied with special telescopes."

By permission of "London Opinion."

a telescope! Is there not something engaging—one had almost said lovable—about the preposterous little fellow?

Not the least notable of Mr. Leete's qualities as a comic artist is his invariable good humour. Even when he sets himself to depict imaginary scenes in the enemy's country during time of war, he refrains from bitterness or malice. Our Turkish foe, who possesses a robuster sense of humour than his German ally, would be delighted, one feels sure, with the artist's vision of a queue of wives waiting to draw their separation allowances!

If a sense of humour were not so conspicuously absent from the Teutonic mind, even a German could hardly fail to smile at the affecting grief of a family mourning the loss of their "Fido," or at the supposed commotion in a Berlin restaurant over the ordering of such "enemy" dishes as roast beef and macaroni.

It is this unruffled good humour which makes the artist's work so essentially English in character, and so strongly in contrast, therefore, to the mordant satire of his French contemporaries. Where the Frenchman stabs, or the German would clumsily belabour, the Englishman merely derides.

Possibly the artist has been inspired by a certain sympathetic interest in Schmidt,

WIVES OF A TURKISH SOLDIER GOING TO DRAW HIS MARRIAGE ALLOWANCE.

By permission of the "Bystander."

for he was himself once mistaken, if not for Schmidt in disguise, at least for one of the spying fraternity. The circumstances should have a peculiar interest for readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, some of whom will recall the publication, several months ago, of a story by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, entitled "The Romance of an Ugly Policeman." Mr. Leete was commissioned to illustrate that tale, and as the author had specially designated York Mansions, Battersea Park, as the scene of the narrative, to Battersea Park the artist duly repaired. Penetrating the subterranean approaches to the back premises of York Mansions, he proceeded to make the sketches he required. But this was in the early days of the war, and it was not to be thought that a possible alien enemy should sketch without let or hindrance a point of such strategic importance as a block of Battersea flats. Conscious of scrutiny, Mr. Leete presently looked up from his half-finished task to find himself under the surveillance of sundry lift-boys and other attendants. Explanations were of small avail, and the future creator of Schmidt was solemnly escorted to the street and assured that "next time he wouldn't get off so easy." It may be remarked that in any case, spying or no spying, "next time" would have been "never," for the sketch-book already contained all the notes needful, and readers of this magazine who wish to learn the rear aspect of York Mansions, Battersea Park, have only to turn to their bound volumes!

WITH THE ENEMY.

German family trying to think that poor Fido tastes like rabbit.

Sensational arrest in a Berlin restaurant of a customer who ordered roast beef and macaroni.

By permission of "London Opinion."

It is not only in war-time, however, that the artist who wishes to make a sketch finds himself suspect. On one occasion Mr. Leete, guilelessly walking along a country lane, happened on a pond beside a farm. Tall elms rose

from its edge and were mirrored in its cool depths, while across the dark and shining surface there paddled a procession of sunlit, gleaming white ducks. It was a scene to set any artist groping for his paint-box, and Mr. Leete at once addressed himself to the farmer.

"Do you mind if I make a sketch of your duck-pond?"

"Yes, I *do!*" was the unexpected answer. "Half my ducks were stolen only last week!"

Readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE are well acquainted with Mr. Leete's clever work as an illustrator. To the topical weekly papers his ready wit and resourcefulness of ideas make him an invaluable ally. He is especially associated with *London Opinion;* and few cartoonists can claim so brilliant a succession of apt commentaries on passing events as those which appear, with almost unfailing regularity, on the front page of that paper. An outstanding case in point is the arresting head of Lord Kitchener with the appeal, "Your Country needs YOU!" reproduced in these pages, than which there has probably been no more popular and successful recruiting appeal issued during the progress of the war.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL RECRUITING APPEALS EVER ISSUED.
By permission of ["London Opinion."

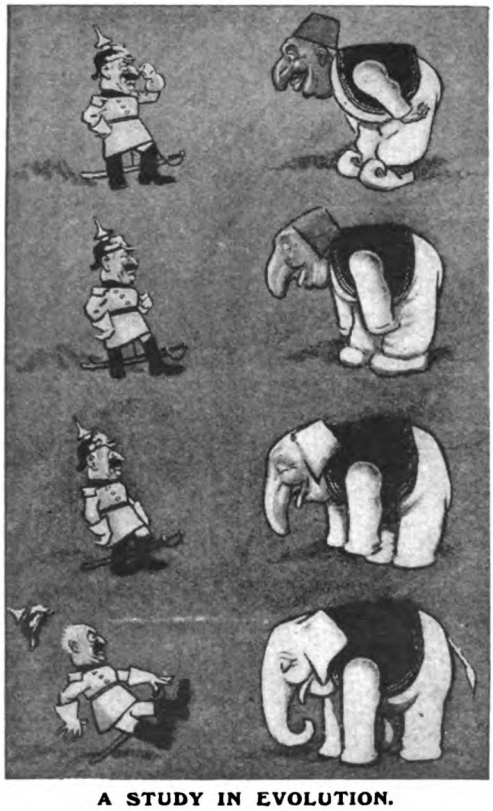
A gift for caricature, coupled with that happiness of invention to which allusion has already been made, admirably equips Mr. Leete for the special function of cartoonist. "Willie and the White Elephant" well illustrates both his clever treatment of facial characteristics and his ingenuity of idea. Equally characteristic of Mr. Leete's resource are the "Play Titles" which he has contributed weekly for eight years without a break to *London Opinion* — a series of pictorial puns which many must regularly look for with amused anticipation. It is no easy matter to devise a travesty of such an arbitrary phrase as the title of a current play, yet Mr. Leete not only triumphantly solves that initial problem, but generally succeeds in giving his sketch additional topical point. An excellent example is "Enterprising Helen," represented by a small child endeavouring to buy a War Loan voucher. Or again, what more diabolically neat and up-to-date interpretation could be imagined of the coupled titles "To-night's the Night" and "While London Sleeps" than the sketch of Zeppelin aviators receiving flying orders?

Apropos of caricature, Mr. Leete tells an amusing story of his efforts at private portraiture. He once made some sketches of a certain Borough Council, in which the special characteristics of the different members were naturally slightly emphasized. The sketches duly appeared in the local paper, and the following morning the artist chanced to meet the wife of Mr. Councillor Brown.

"Oh, Mr. Leete," exclaimed the lady, "what excellent sketches those are which you made of the Council! I don't think you *quite* got my husband, but most of the portraits are splendid, and *Mr. Jones* is simply a *speaking* likeness!"

In the afternoon, the wife of Mr. Councillor Jones was encountered. She delivered herself thus:—

"Mr. Leete, you're a perfect genius! I've never seen such good likenesses as your sketches of the Councillors. I don't feel you



A STUDY IN EVOLUTION.

WILLIE AND THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

By permission of the "Sketch."

quite got my husband, but you hit off *Mr. Brown* to a T!"

And this true story may be capped by the astonishing but undoubted fact that Schmidt the Spy has a double in real life! At all events, hardly a week passes but Mr. Leete hears that Schmidt has been seen by somebody in the flesh. And from the circumstance that he is usually reported from the same town, it would really seem that the comic type which the artist evolved from his inner consciousness has actually a living counterpart. Proverbially there is nothing new under the sun!

The present article has been concerned almost exclusively with Mr. Leete in his capacity of jester. But motley is not his only wear. He has his serious moments (liable to sudden interruptions, it is true, by that turbulent sense of the ludicrous) and cherishes ambitions which it would be irrelevant to enlarge upon here. He does not, indeed, fall into the familiar error of the clown who is convinced he ought to be playing Hamlet, but he takes his art conscientiously, is always striving after something new and better, and is little likely to become, under the numbing influence of success, a case of arrested development. In which connection one may conclude with one more story.

A certain bore of the artist's acquaintance, when wandering round the studio and indulging in aimless conversation after the irritating manner of his kind, paused before a very fine original drawing by Frank Craig, which hung on the wall. He pondered it in silence for some moments, and then gave utterance.

"I really think, my dear chap," was his discriminating remark, "that's the best drawing you've ever done!"

"And if it had been," observed Mr. Leete, cryptically, relating this story to the writer, "it undoubtedly would have been!"

PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.

"TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT" "WHEN LONDON SLEEPS." "ENTERPRISING HELEN."

By permission of "London Opinion."

THE HAT FULL OF SOLDIERS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN.

Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.

THERE once lived in a small village a cobbler, who was very poor. He mended shoes so well for his neighbours that there was very little work they could give him to do. Thus he grew poorer and poorer until at length there came a day when there was nothing more in the house to eat, and his only possession was an old she-goat. The cobbler then decided that he must fare forth and seek his fortune elsewhere.

"You see how it is," he said to his old wife; "it is impossible for me to remain here any longer, for there is no more work for me to do, and soon we shall starve. I must therefore kill the old she-goat, that you may cook me some meat to carry with me on the journey which I must now undertake."

The goat was killed the next day. The cobbler took a portion of the flesh, and leaving the rest for his wife, set forth upon the road. He journeyed all day, but came neither to town nor village, nor any inhabited spot. At last, when night was closing in, he reached a place where an old statue stood by the roadside. He lay down beside this to rest, and was beginning to eat a little meat, when suddenly the statue above him spoke.

"What have you in that bundle?" asked the strange questioner.

"I have nothing but a little goat's flesh," replied the astonished cobbler, "for I am a poor man, and travel in search of my fortune."

"Do not eat the goat's flesh," said the statue, "but take it with you to yonder bend of the road. There you will see a small wooden hut, in which a band of imps have their workshop. Cast the goat's flesh within, and when the imps ask what payment you require, demand from them the old rag which lies upon the bed. Refuse all other recompense, and it will be well with you."

Obedient to these instructions, the cobbler arose and walked to the bend of the road, where he found, as the statue had foretold, a small wooden hut. Going up to the door, he cast in his meat. At once he heard the voices of the imps asking what payment he sought.

"The old rag which lies upon the bed," said the cobbler.

The imps cried out that it was impossible; but the cobbler stuck to his point, and in the end the rag was handed out to him.

The cobbler took it and returned to the statue. On the way he examined the supposed treasure, and found it a miserable thing, far worse than any which he had left behind in his own poor dwelling. He complained bitterly, therefore, to the statue, which he considered had tricked him by such poor advice.

"Be not so hasty," said the statue. "Take the rod which you see in my hand, and having placed the rag flat on the ground, tap three time upon it."

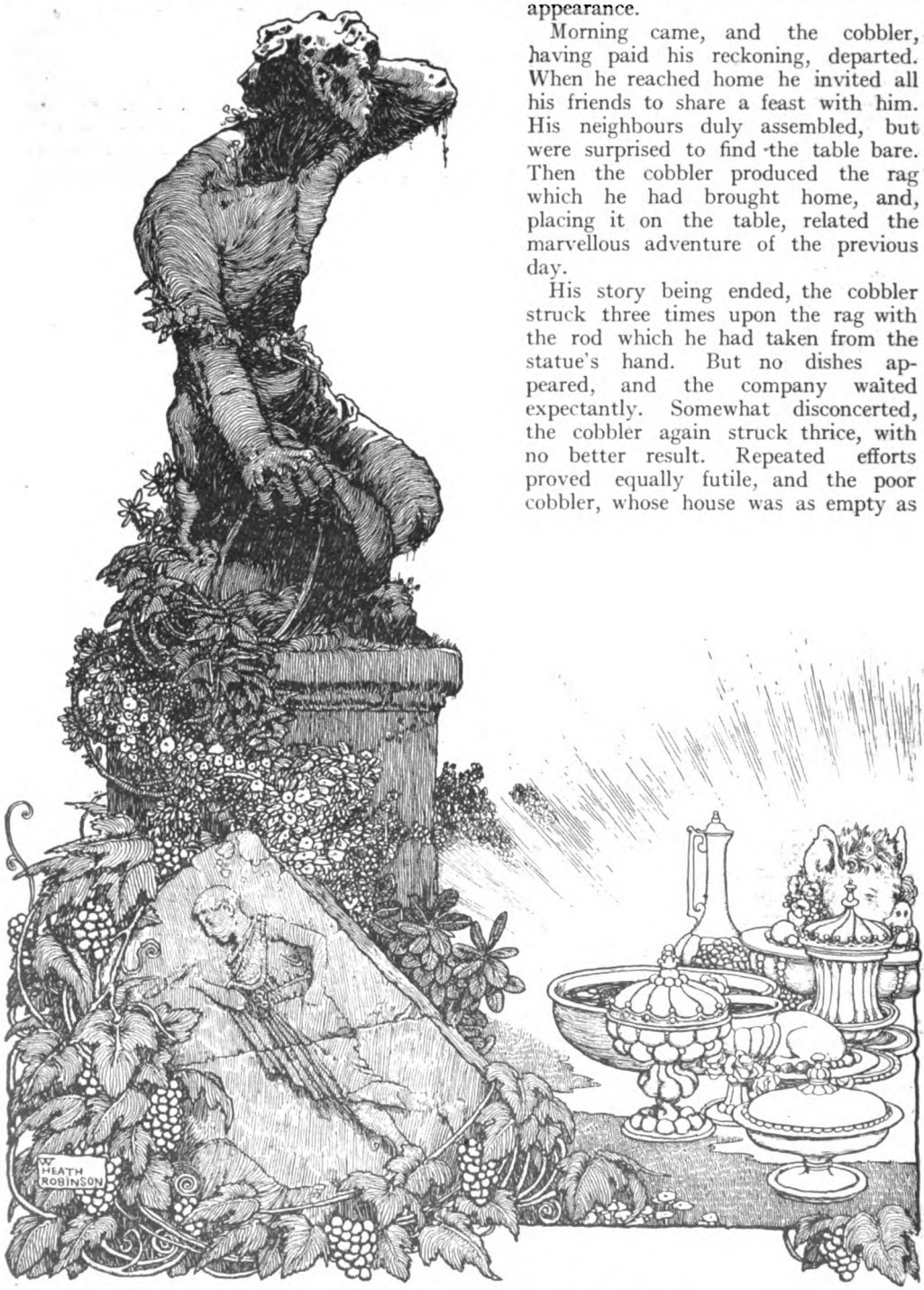
The cobbler did as he was bid, and lo! immediately the rag was covered with a wonderful array of appetizing dishes. The hungry cobbler fell to with a will, for it was long since he had tasted such excellent food, and he saw plainly that through the good offices of the statue he had acquired a magic rag which would keep him from want.

Having finished his meal the cobbler rolled up the rag, gave grateful thanks to the statue, and took the road for home. But it was late when he started, and he was obliged to pass the night at an inn. While there he could not refrain from displaying to the folk present the magical properties of his precious rag. All were much astonished.

The host and his wife eagerly desired to possess the rag, and determined that when the cobbler was asleep they would gain possession of it. During the night, therefore, the host stole it from the cobbler's bedside, substituting another which resembled it in appearance.

Morning came, and the cobbler, having paid his reckoning, departed. When he reached home he invited all his friends to share a feast with him. His neighbours duly assembled, but were surprised to find the table bare. Then the cobbler produced the rag which he had brought home, and, placing it on the table, related the marvellous adventure of the previous day.

His story being ended, the cobbler struck three times upon the rag with the rod which he had taken from the statue's hand. But no dishes appeared, and the company waited expectantly. Somewhat disconcerted, the cobbler again struck thrice, with no better result. Repeated efforts proved equally futile, and the poor cobbler, whose house was as empty as



"THE COBBLER DID AS HE WAS BID, AND LO! IMMEDIATELY

when he left it, was obliged to dismiss his neighbours hungry.

The unfortunate man attributed his ill-luck to the statue, and determined to make complaint to the latter. He therefore took another piece of flesh and repaired a second time to the spot where he had rested. But in reply to his upbraidings, the statue merely bade him take the second piece of flesh to the workshop of the imps and cast it in as before. This time, however, he was to demand as payment the old she-goat which was tethered at the door. The cobbler did as he was told, and presently returned with a wretched old she-goat, more miserable even than the one he had slaughtered a few days previously. Bitterly he complained over the sorriness of his bargain.

"Be not too hasty," said the statue; "but take the rod from my hand and strike the goat thrice on the back."

The cobbler now saw that a new rod rested in the hand of the statue. He took it and struck three blows upon the goat's back. Immediately the goat shook its ears, and out of the latter fell some gold pieces. The cobbler's grief was changed to delight. Thanking the statue, he hurried homeward, driving the goat before him.

But on the way he passed once more the inn at which he had previously stayed. He there ordered refreshment, but when he had eaten and drunk he remembered that he had no money, and for a moment was disconcerted. Then he recollected the magic properties of the goat he was driving. He duly struck

THE RAG WAS COVERED WITH A WONDERFUL ARRAY OF APPETIZING DISHES."

the beast with his rod, and the obliging animal shook a couple of gold coins from its ears.

The innkeeper's covetousness was instantly aroused, and he determined that he would steal the goat from the cobbler as he had already filched the rag. During the night he took away the cobbler's goat and substituted another from his own flock which was in equally ill condition. The cobbler noticed no difference, and when morning came he went his way.

Determined, on reaching home, to make amends to his friends for their former disappointment, he bade his wife procure a roast pig for dinner, promising that the money to pay for it would be forthcoming.

While the meal was preparing he went round to all his neighbours and bade them come to his house. But when it was time to pay for the meal the cobbler found his luck had once more left him. He duly tapped the goat three times with his rod, but though the beast shook its ears, no money was forthcoming. The cobbler tried again, without success; then, becoming enraged, he beat the unhappy goat mercilessly. The poor beast shook its ears violently, but nothing could be got from it save an agonized bleat.

Once more the laughing-stock of his neighbours, and his poverty now increased by debt, the cobbler prepared for a third journey. He took the last piece of goat-flesh that remained, and presented himself once more before the statue. Again the statue gave him similar advice, bidding him this time demand

from the imps the old hat that hung behind the door.

The cobbler duly acquired the hat and brought it to his mysterious benefactor. The statue produced a third rod, and bade the cobbler tap with it upon the hat, after placing the latter upon the ground. The act was no sooner performed than forth from the hat there marched a regiment of soldiers, which formed up in line and waited for orders.

The cobbler looked with delight upon his miniature army, and made it perform various evolutions. Then he struck once more upon the hat, and the soldiers at once marched into it and disappeared.

The cobbler was now in great glee, for the statue explained to him that on the previous occasions he had been tricked by the dishonest innkeeper, and here were means to hand by which revenge could be obtained. Away he went to the inn, taking the shabby old hat with him. Confronting the host, he demanded the return of his rag and goat, but

"THE COBBLER PLACED HIS HAT UPON THE GROUND AND BEAT UPON IT THRICE WITH THE LITTLE ROD. OUT MARCHED THE FAMOUS REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS."

the rascally innkeeper denied that he had stolen them. At once the cobbler tapped upon the hat, and in an instant the soldiers filled the tap-room and took the innkeeper prisoner, threatening him with death if he did not return the stolen goods. The terrified scoundrel at once gave them up, and the cobbler proceeded on his way, a rich man.

Before he reached home, however, the cobbler sent a message to the king, inviting him to come and witness the strange things which he promised he could show him. The king duly arrived, and the cobbler revealed to him the magic properties of the rag and the old she-goat. The king was delighted, and being no more honest than the innkeeper, ordered his servants to seize the cobbler's goods. In vain did the cobbler protest, but the king merely laughed and bade him think himself lucky not to be thrown into prison. The cobbler then stood upon his dignity and declared war upon the king. The latter was much amused at the challenge, but appointed a day in one month's time when the issue should be decided.

In due course the important day arrived. The cobbler, equipped only with the magic hat, appeared on the chosen field of battle. The king came with a squad of ten picked soldiers, and was mirthful when he found his opponent without a force of any kind. He laughed too soon, however, for the cobbler placed his hat upon the ground and beat upon it thrice with the little rod. Out marched the famous regiment of soldiers, which promptly surrounded the king's body-guard, and took the monarch himself prisoner. The king was obliged to surrender, but was released on giving a promise to restore the stolen goods.

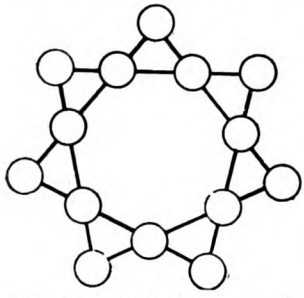
The cobbler returned to his home, and lived happily and prosperously with the precious rag and goat, which none dared try to steal from him, for fear of the soldiers concealed in the dilapidated hat.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

279.—THE SEVEN-POINTED STAR.

We have already dealt briefly with stars of five and six points. The case of the seven-pointed star is particularly interesting. All you have to do is to place the numbers 1, 2, 3, up to 14 in the fourteen discs so that every line of four discs shall add up to 30. If you make a rough diagram and use numbered counters, you will soon find it difficult to break away from the fascination of the thing. Possibly, however, not a single reader will hit upon a simple method of solution; his answer, when found, will be obtained by mere patience and luck. Yet, like those of the large majority of the puzzles given in these pages, the solution is subject to law, if you can unravel it. Many are content to arrive at the answer to a puzzle by haphazard trials, but the true puzzlist will always try to get at the heart of the mystery. I will show next month a quite simple method of dealing with the seven-pointed star. Can you find one?



280.—MISSING WORDS.

Her cheek . . . . . sadly, and there comes
A sudden rush of tears,
As memory . . . . . back across
The . . . . . of fleeting years.

She hears again the . . . . . of love
He made beneath this tree;
The merry . . . . . ring in her ears.
A widow now is she.

Every missing word contains the same five letters.

281.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACROSTIC.

Acrostic poetry is of very great antiquity, the word being derived from the Greek and meaning "first-letter verse." The term was first applied to the verses of the Erythræan Sibyl, written on leaves, and they were excessively obscure prophecies. But the Acrostic Puzzle is a modern invention. The earliest Double Acrostic of this kind was published in the *Illustrated London News*, August 30th, 1856, and was by "Cuthbert Bede" (Rev. J. Bradley), who wrote of these puzzles as agreeable novelties, "lately introduced." I will give this example next month. Why did these things become a sort of established feature in the columns of journals devoted to society and fashion? I venture not only to attribute it to their having been a favourite pastime at the Court of Queen Victoria, but to suggest the probability that one of the first inventors, if not the very first, was the Queen herself. A rare little book fell into my hands, "Victorian Enigmas; or Windsor Fireside Researches," by Charlotte Eliza Capel, 1861. The author says: "Five years ago a copy of one in this collection was handed to me to solve, with these words: 'A friend at Windsor had this from the palace, said to be written by the Queen for the Royal children.'" Now, five years from 1861 brings us to 1856, the very year when "Cuthbert Bede" says Double Acrostics were "lately introduced." It will be seen that the Queen's puzzle is not in verse, and doubtless it was "Cuthbert Bede," a practised versifier, who put this finishing touch to the Double Acrostic.

A city in Italy.
A river in Germany.
A town in the United States.
A town in North America.
A town in Holland.
The Turkish name for Constantinople.
A town in Bothnia.
A city in Greece.
A circle on the globe.

The initials form the name of a town in England, and the finals (read upwards) what that town is famous for.

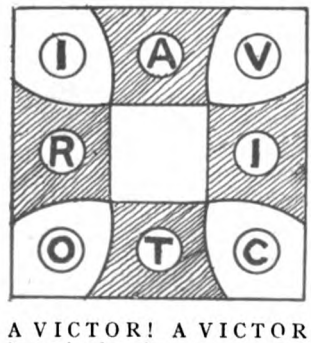
282.—A CURIOUS CHESS PUZZLE.

Here is a most captivating and instructive little study by S. R. Barrett. It appeared some years ago in an American magazine, but, for some reason, the solution seems never to have been published. On first examining it I believed a solution to be impossible, but later discovered the wily answer. White has to play and mate without moving his king or any one of the pawns. It will be seen at once that if Black had to play White would mate on his first move, and the point is to manœuvre so that exactly the same position may be reached with Black to play, instead of White. This can be done by losing a move with the bishop (you cannot lose a move with the knights), and the difficulty is to do this without allowing Black to capture a pawn or to escape with his king into the middle of the board. Part of the board is omitted merely to save space.

White to play and mate without moving his king or a pawn.

283.—THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Place eight lettered counters in the order indicated, so that they spell the name VICTORIA when read in a clockwise direction. The puzzle is to slide the counters one at a time, from black to white and white to black alternately, until the word reads correctly in the same direction, only with the initial letter V on one of the dark arms of the cross. If you move them in the following curious order: A VICTOR! A VICTOR I! you will find that it can be done in twenty-two moves. But it is required to do it in as few as eighteen.



SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

"THE BEST ACROSTICS."

The following are the solutions of the Acrostics given in last month's article :—

No. 1.

1. A nagra M
2. L lan O
3. I nma N
4. M agent A
5. I nn-keepe R
6. T eutoni C
7. E levent H
8. D e Y

No. 2.

1. D C
2. U lv A
3. Blunderbus S
4. Legomachis T
5. I stambo L
6. N acr E

No. 3.

1. G alatian S
2. U hla N
3. T olsto I
4. T rom P
5. E mulat E
6. R epo S

No. 4.

1. H avan A
2. O dontologica L
3. M ichae L
4. E lecto R
5. R econcentrad O
6. U s U (ally)
7. L ente N
8. E ucli D

No. 5.

1. E ncomiu M
2. L aput A
3. L ympha D
4. E rl-kin G
5. N atur E
6. P latof F
7. A rg O
8. G rangousie R
9. E ginhar D

No. 6.

1. D i D
2. O n O
3. U l U
4. B o B
5. L a L
6. E v E

No. 7.

1. W D
2. I E
3. L E
4. L D

No. 8.

1. F le D
2. A ske R
3. N on-resistanc E
4. C os S
5. Y ork S

No. 9.

1. P e N
2. I ndit E
3. N ectarin E
4. S a D
5. A nge L
6. N am E
7. D uches S

No. 10.

1. A b B
2. E ncæni A
3. R ique T
4. I nvestmen T
5. A tol L
6. L eonin E

No. 11.

1. S. O. S.
2. P etrell A
3. R ove R
4. A mpersan D
5. T olsto I
6. O straco N
7. R us E

No. 12.

1. H ydr A
2. U r N
3. S ud D
4. B ungalo W
5. A cc I (dent)
6. N eu F
7. Demoisell E

No. 13.

1. R oss A
2. O mnibu S
3. Y mri C
4. A ls O
5. L amen T

No. 14.

1. H at H (away)
2. E am E
3. Reame R
4. A lph A

No. 15.

1. T empest T
2. H otc H (kiss)
3. Espagn E
4. W oa· D
5. O nz E
6. R athe R
7. L a B (orare)
8. D iar Y

No 16.

1. J ui F
2. OperatoR
3. F ar E
4. F arthi N (gale)
5. R o C (oco)
6. E noug H

No. 17.

1. S prin T
2. T rut H
3. I rredeemabl E
4. L ande D
5. L ami A
6. I nvestigato R
7. N ick-nac K

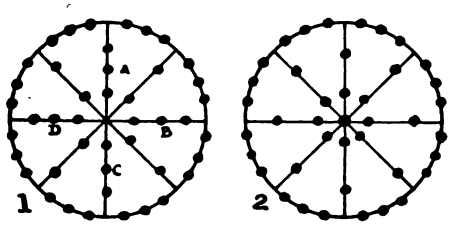
No. 18.

1. Q uadrati C
2. U nderg O
3. A lar M
4. S trea M
5. I c E
6. I nteri M
7. N O
8. S uppe R
9. A ren A
10. N igh T
11. I. I.
12. T w O
13. Y aw N

NOTE.—Light 9 Or, possibly, "Arista"; but there should be a more convincing answer than either of these.

UNRECORDED CASES.

THE RUBY BROOCH CRIME.—The diagram, No. 1, shows the original form of the brooch. The thief removed the four stones marked A, B, C, D and set one of them in the centre, as in diagram No. 2. He thus secured three stones without preventing there being eight stones in every count from the centre, up one row, along the edge, and down the next row. Thus only one stone need be re-set.



THE BRONDESBURY BURGLARY. — The key-word was LYM (a dog held in a leam), read in the order 3, 2, 1 on the three dials of the combination lock.

STEALING THE BELL-ROPES.—Call the six ropes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. First tie together at the ends 1 and 2, Then bind together with your scarf or handkerchief 3, 4, 5, and 6, and climb 1 with the united ends of the four slung over your arm. When well up the rope twist it round your legs for support and pull in ropes 3, 4, 5, and 6, cutting them off as high as you can reach and letting them fall to the floor. Then cut off 2 and let it fall, only leaving enough hanging to enable you to tie a strong loop in it. Next, hanging by your arm to the loop, cut off 1 as high as you can reach, but on no account let it fall. Pass the end of No. 1 through the loop by which you are hanging and pull it through until you reach the knot joining it to No. 2. Finally, descend by the double rope and afterwards pull it through the loop to the ground. You have thus secured all six ropes, practically only sacrificing the portion of No. 2 required for making the loop.

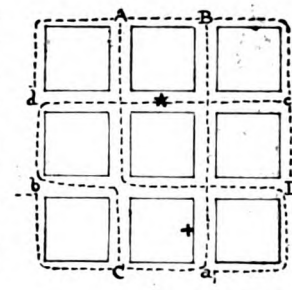
THE PIMLICO MURDER.—The number of the cab was 25186, for 251 multiplied by 86 gives us 21586, in which only the second and third figures are transposed. There are twelve ways, and no more, in which a five-figure number may be treated in this manner and produce the same five figures, but this is the only one that answers the other condition.

THE STOLEN ALBUMS.—The correct answer, giving the smallest aggregate number of stamps, is 482, 3362, 6242. The common difference is 2880, and by adding the first and second, the first and third, and the second and third together you get the squares of 62, 82, and 98.

THE TRAIL OF THE SMASHER.—The following numbers will indicate the route :—

1, 1, 1, 5, 1, 5, 1, 1, 5, 9, 9, 1, 3, 1, 1, 1, 3, 1. These add to 50. In order to get to Liverpool with any even number whatever it is absolutely necessary that you include those two 9's at the top right-hand corner. Having discovered this fact, you must reduce the rest of your count to 32.

WHO KILLED RATTENBURY?—Archer could have taken alone any one of twenty-four different routes, but only twelve of these allow of the other men's routes without two men ever going along the same street or block. And of these twelve only one allows Curwen to pass the star. The routes are shown in the diagram, from which it is evident that Banks must have passed Rattenbury's door, and was therefore the murderer.



A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.—We are all apt to read into a story more than is actually there. It was never stated that "Charlie" was Mrs. Mayfield's husband. As a matter of fact, he was the small pet dog that was shown in the illustration. There is no possible way in which the husband could, in such circumstances, have got out of the room. Directly the dog's mistress left the room he jumped up and tried to follow her. Finding the door closed against him, he made a leap at the window and passed easily between the iron bars on to the narrow window-ledge, from which he slipped and fell. He would undoubtedly have been killed if he had not had the luck to fall into a pot-shrub on the balcony of the floor next below. He thus escaped injury and was delivered up to Mr. Mayfield on his arrival by a later train.

THE SHOOTING OF BROOKS.—What was really written was, "I shot and killed 13 rooks," not, "I shot and killed Brooks." It was a practical joke on the part of Morgan, who recognized the detective.

"IRREGULAR FORCES."

THE following is the solution of the end-game referred to in the chess story entitled "Irregular Forces," published in our last number :—

1. Q to R 6, R to K 8 (best) (a) ; 2. Q to Q 6, ch., K. to Kt sq. ; 3. Kt to K 7, ch., K to B sq. (best) ; 4. Kt to Kt 6, double check, K to Kt sq. ; 5. Q to B 8, ch., R takes Q ; 6. Kt to K 7, ch., K to R sq. ; 7. R takes P, ch., K takes R ; 8. R to R 2, mate.

(a). 1 . . . . . , P takes Q ; 2. R takes P, K to Kt sq. ; 3. R to Kt 7, ch., K to B sq. ; 4. Kt to R 6, Q takes Kt P, ch. ; 5. P takes Q, R to K 7, ch. ; 6. R takes R and mates on the next move.

HOW FAR DOES THE BOOK-WORM TRAVEL?

THE books are in the order shown herewith, so that page 1 of vol. i. is next to page 100 of vol. ii., and page 100 of vol. iii. is next to page 1 of vol. ii. The worm therefore travels through one leaf of vol. i., one hundred leaves of vol. ii., and one leaf of vol. iii. As each leaf is $\frac{1}{100}$in. thick, the total distance is $\frac{102}{100}$ or 1·02in.

The dotted line shows the track of the book-worm.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

TO make sense of the apparently nonsensical sentence given last month, one must imagine a ship outside a harbour-bar with the tide right out and not enough depth of water for her to come in. Bearing such a situation in mind, the meaning of the sentence is, of course, quite clear.

BRIDGE PROBLEM.

THE solution of last month's problem is as follows the card underlined winning the trick, while the card immediately beneath is led to the next trick :—

A	Y	B	Z
Diamonds ace	Diamonds kve.	Clubs queen !	Diamonds 2
Diamonds king	Diamonds 5	Clubs ace !	Diamonds 3
Diamonds 8 !	Diamonds 7	Hearts knave !	Diamonds 4
Hearts 8	Hearts 6	Hearts 3	Hearts 5
Clubs knave	Clubs king	Hearts queen !	Clubs 3
Hearts 10	Hearts 7	Hearts 4	Hearts 9
Hearts ace	Spades 2	Spades 3	Hearts king
Hearts 2	Clubs 5 ?	Spades 4	Clubs 2
Clubs 10	Clubs 6	Spades 5	Clubs 4
Clubs 9	Clubs 8	Spades 7	Spades 6
Clubs 7	Diamonds qn. ?	Spades 8	Diamonds 6
Diamonds 10	Spades knave	Spades 10	Diamonds 9
Spades queen	Spades king	Spades ace	Spades 9

An Unpublished Letter of John Ruskin.

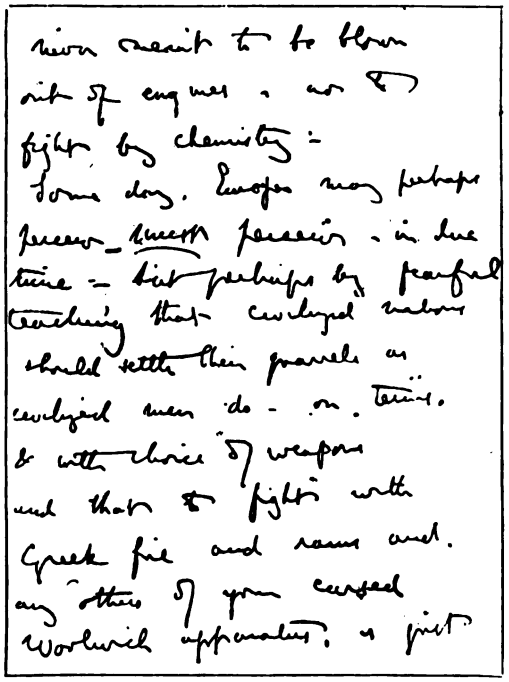
We are glad to be in a position to publish the following most characteristic letter, addressed to Colonel Bruce, King Edward's tutor at Woolwich, as its direct bearing upon events of the present day makes its appearance singularly opportune. The letter, which is now in the possession of Captain Caddell, reads as follows:—

Denmark Hill,
My Dear Sir, 2nd January, 1864.

I do not know when I have had a New Year's letter that gave me more pleasure than this of yours, for many reasons, but I can't say a word more to-day than that I'll keep any day during the whole month, that you tell me, free for you and Captain Brackenbury.

I will not make any engagement, after the 12th, till I hear from you. You soldiers are the life of England just now, but I wonder when it will come into your heads that you were never meant to be blown out of engines, nor to fight by chemistry. Some day Europe may perhaps perceive, must perceive in due time, but perhaps by fearful teaching, that civilized nations should settle their quarrels as civilized men do, on terms, and with choice of weapons, and that to fight with Greek fire and rams and any others of your cursed Woolwich apparatus is just as if two gentlemen, instead of fighting with sword or pistol, went each first to his apothecary to fill his pockets with nitric acid and fulminating silver, to be thrown in his antagonist's face. Do you know, if you don't mend your manners you'll soon come to poisoned bullets. You're all straight on the way to it.

Always faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.



CURIOSITIES.

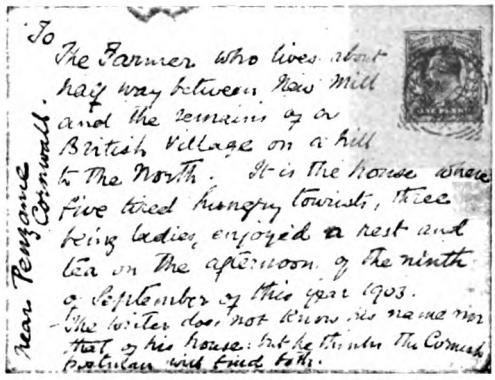
[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A WEDDING ON HORSEBACK.

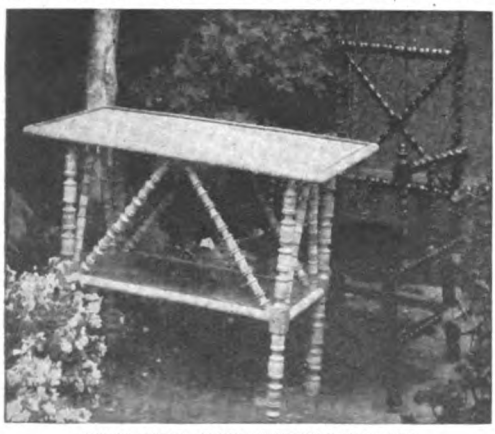
A WESTERN riding club celebrated the wedding of two of its members in true cowboy style, the ceremony being held in the open, with bride, groom, clergyman, and witnesses all on horseback. The costume of the club is the frontier regalia of sombrero, chaps, silk shirt, and neckcloth for the men; and for the girls a similar costume, with a divided skirt replacing the chaps. The equipment of the ponies is also in true Western style. —Mr. C. L. Edholm, 1,353, West 36th Place, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

ANOTHER POSTAL PUZZLE.

YOU have from time to time published many curiously-addressed envelopes, but I think you



will consider the accompanying specimen well worthy of being added to the collection.—Mr. William Maddern, Librarian, Public Library, Newton Abbot.



NEW USE FOR COTTON-REELS.

THAT there are hitherto unsuspected possibilities in old cotton-reels is shown by this photograph of a table and chair made largely from a collection of assorted-sized reels. The spools are threaded on an iron rod, which is then bent into the required shape. And, of course, many things besides tables and chairs can be made by a capable handy-man. The two articles of furniture shown are thoroughly substantial, and have stood the test of three years' constant wear.—Mr. E. Sharp, Back Lane, Balsham, near Cambridge.

ANAGRAM LETTER SOLUTION.

THE words in black type in the following solution are the answers to the Anagrams our readers were asked to decipher last month:—

My dear **Henrietta,**—

I have **enjoyed** the visit with my old **classmate,** in spite of a little **nostalgia.** There is not much to do here but **chatter** over **school days,** which, while **entertaining,** sometimes proves **wearisome.** You know John is a sort of **bibliomaniac.** To illustrate—to-day he drifted on **mythology,** and gave me the **romance** of **Andromeda,** which was **interesting.**

Briefly, this **enchantress** was the **recognized** beauty of that time. Once while **contesting** for **supremacy** with the **daughter** of Saturn and the **Neirides,** they, fearing defeat, had her **abducted,** chained to a **promontory,** and left to her fate with **Leviathan.** This **despicable malevolence** was, however, to be **frustrated,** for in spite of the **unpropitious** outlook and the **disheartening** surroundings of **Andromeda,** already **deliverance** was at hand.

The devoted **Perseus,** quickly learning of this **predicament,** hastened in search of and soon found his **sweetheart,** disposed of **Leviathan,** and, after **severing** the chains, carried **Andromeda** away to his castle. **Matrimony** completes the **narrative.**

In spite of his **idiosyncrasies,** of all my old friends John is staunchest. He sends you **salutations,** and says he hopes you will enjoy this **epistolary** effort, in which he has **collaborated.** I trust that I shall not receive **retribution** for this **infliction** when I return next Tuesday.

Yours ever **adoringly,**
EPHRAIM.

Fine War Story by Conan Doyle

Absolutely Pure
Fry's
PURE BREAKFAST
Cocoa
See Page 22.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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J. M. BARRIE
Stories

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FEBRUARY, 1916.

Home Billiards!—never was a jollier "whileaway" for empty Winter evenings

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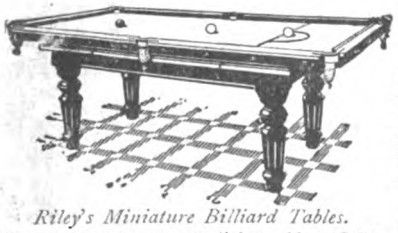
Fascinating?—well, everyone seems to want a hand in it at once; and there's one thing about Riley's Home Billiards—everyone, from ten-year-old Tommy to grandfather, can easily become skilful on a Riley's Billiard Table. And even the expert player finds that so well-finished and well-proportioned are Riley's Tables that on the smallest size one can make the most delicate run-through stroke or long pot, and play every stroke with the same nicety as on a full-size table.



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8/6 Send 8/6 postal order to us this evening, and within two or three days the 5-guinea size **Riley Miniature Table** (the most popular size) will be dispatched, carriage paid (no charge for packages), to any address within a mile of railway station. The remainder you pay in twelve monthly instalments of 8/6. Any other price of table in 13 equal monthly payments, 5% being added to cash price.

CASH PRICES ARE AS FOLLOWS:—

Size 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	**£3 7 6**	*Or in monthly payments—*	**5/6**
,, 5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	**4 7 6**		**7/-**
,, 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	**5 5 0**	*5 per cent. being added to cash prices.*	**8/6**
,, 7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	**7 5 0**		**11/6**
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Riley's "Combine" Billiard-and-Dining Table.

Handsome as a dining-table and perfect as a Billiard Table. Solid mahogany; low frost-proof rubber cushions; best slate bed; patent automatic raising and lowering action. Dining-table top of highly polished mahogany.

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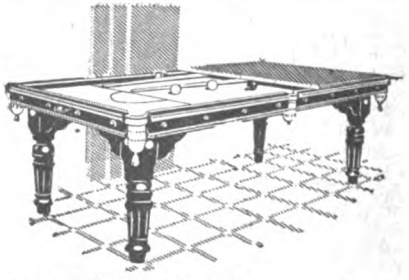

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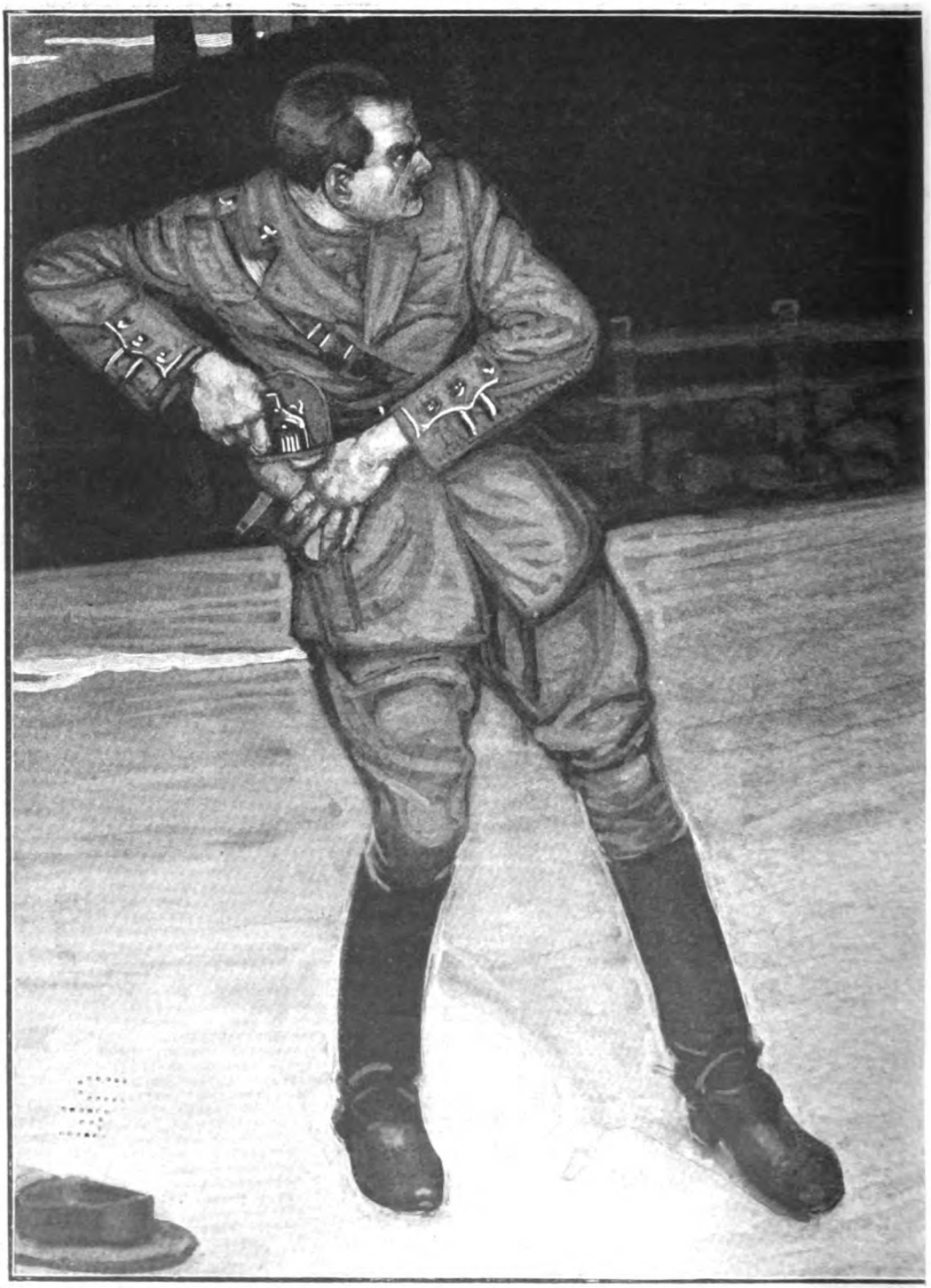
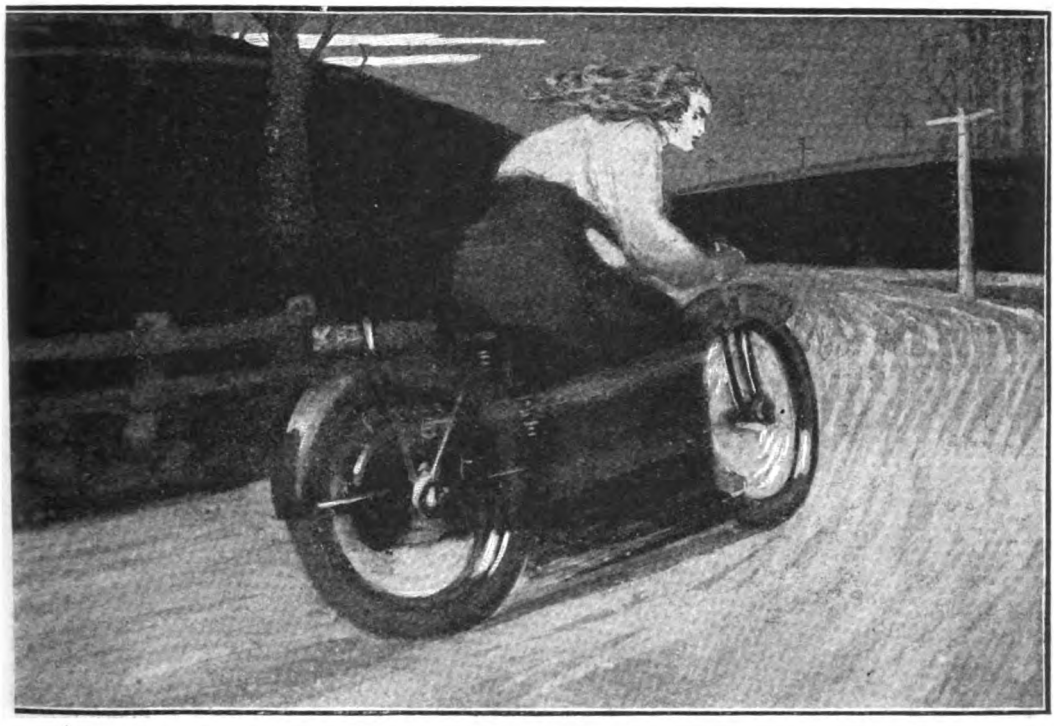


"SHE WAS PAST ME LIKE A FLASH AND TORE ON DOWN THE COLCHESTER ROAD."

(*See page* 122.)



THE PRISONER'S DEFENCE.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Graham Simmons.

THE circumstances, so far as they were known to the public, concerning the death of the beautiful Miss Ena Garnier, and the fact that Captain John Fowler, the accused officer, had refused to defend himself on the occasion of the proceedings at the police-court, had roused very general interest. This was increased by the statement that, though he withheld his defence, it would be found to be of a very novel and convincing character. The assertion of the prisoner's lawyer at the police-court, to the effect that the answer to the charge was such that it could not yet be given, but would be available before the Assizes, also caused much speculation. A final touch was given to the curiosity of the public when it was learned that the prisoner had refused all offers of legal assistance from counsel and was determined to conduct his own defence. The case for the Crown was ably presented, and was generally considered to be a very damning one, since it showed very clearly that the accused was subject to fits of jealousy, and that he had already been guilty of some violence owing to this cause.

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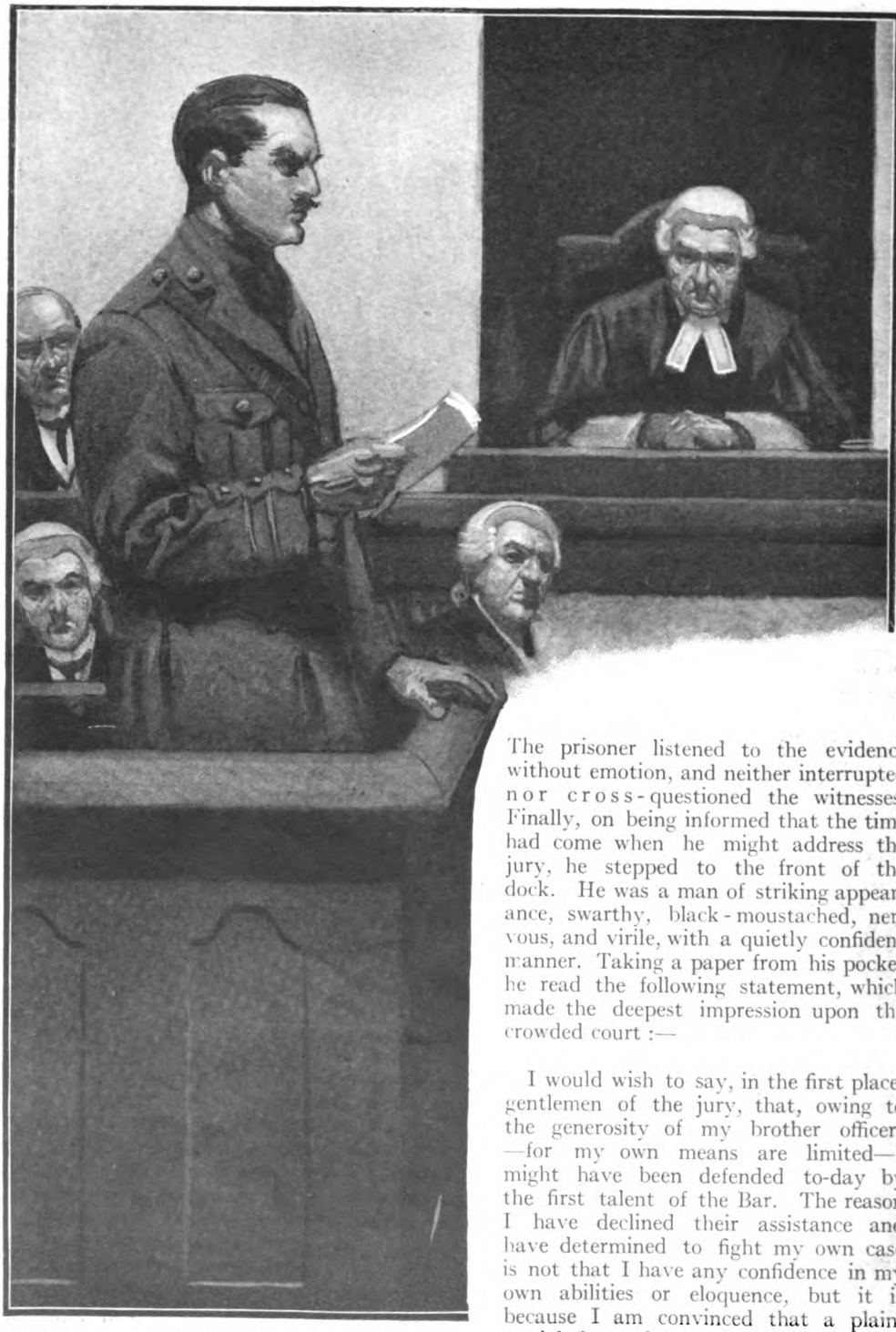


"SINCE, IN MY OWN HEART, I BELIEVE THAT I AM INNOCENT, I AM PLEADING MY OWN CAUSE."

The prisoner listened to the evidence without emotion, and neither interrupted nor cross-questioned the witnesses. Finally, on being informed that the time had come when he might address the jury, he stepped to the front of the dock. He was a man of striking appearance, swarthy, black-moustached, nervous, and virile, with a quietly confident manner. Taking a paper from his pocket he read the following statement, which made the deepest impression upon the crowded court :—

I would wish to say, in the first place, gentlemen of the jury, that, owing to the generosity of my brother officers —for my own means are limited—I might have been defended to-day by the first talent of the Bar. The reason I have declined their assistance and have determined to fight my own case is not that I have any confidence in my own abilities or eloquence, but it is because I am convinced that a plain, straightforward tale, coming direct from the man who has been the tragic actor in this dreadful affair, will impress you

more than any indirect statement could do. If I had felt that I were guilty I should have asked for help. Since, in my own heart, I believe that I am innocent, I am pleading my own cause, feeling that my plain words of truth and reason will have more weight with you than the most learned and eloquent advocate. By the indulgence of the Court I have been permitted to put my remarks upon paper, so that I may reproduce certain conversations and be assured of saying neither more nor less than I mean.

It will be remembered that at the trial at the police-court two months ago I refused to defend myself. This has been referred to to-day as a proof of my guilt. I said that it would be some days before I could open my mouth. This was taken at the time as a subterfuge. Well, the days are over, and I am now able to make clear to you not only what took place, but also why it was impossible for me to give any explanation. I will tell you now exactly what I did and why it was that I did it. If you, my fellow-countrymen, think that I did wrong, I will make no complaint, but will suffer in silence any penalty which you may impose upon me.

I am a soldier of fifteen years' standing, a captain in the Second Breconshire Battalion. I have served in the South African Campaign and was mentioned in despatches after the battle of Diamond Hill. When the war broke out with Germany I was seconded from my regiment, and I was appointed as adjutant to the First Scottish Scouts, newly raised. The regiment was quartered at Radchurch, in Essex, where the men were placed partly in huts and were partly billeted upon the inhabitants. All the officers were billeted out, and my quarters were with Mr. Murreyfield, the local squire. It was there that I first met Miss Ena Garnier.

It may not seem proper at such a time and place as this that I should describe that lady. And yet her personality is the very essence of my case. Let me only say that I cannot believe that Nature ever put into female form a more exquisite combination of beauty and intelligence. She was twenty-five years of age, blonde and tall, with a peculiar delicacy of features and of expression. I have read of people falling in love at first sight, and had always looked upon it as an expression of the novelist. And yet from the moment that I saw Ena Garnier life held for me but the one ambition—that she should be mine. I had never dreamed before of the possibilities of passion that were within me. I will not enlarge upon the subject, but to make you understand my action—for I wish you to comprehend it, however much you may condemn it—you must realize that I was in the grip of a frantic elementary passion which made, for a time, the world and all that was in it seem a small thing if I could but gain the love of this one girl. And yet, in justice to myself, I will say that there was always one thing which I placed above her. That was my honour as a soldier and a gentleman. You will find it hard to believe this when I tell you what occurred, and yet—though for one moment I forgot myself—my whole legal offence consists in my desperate endeavour to retrieve what I had done.

I soon found that the lady was not insensible to the advances which I made to her. Her position in the household was a curious one. She had come a year before from Montpelier, in the South of France, in answer to an advertisement from the Murreyfields in order to teach French to their three young children. She was, however, unpaid, so that she was rather a friendly guest than an *employée*. She had always, as I gathered, been fond of the English and desirous to live in England, but the outbreak of the war had quickened her feelings into passionate attachment, for the ruling emotion of her soul was her hatred of the Germans. Her grandfather, as she told me, had been killed under very tragic circumstances in the campaign of 1870, and her two brothers were both in the French army. Her voice vibrated with passion when she spoke of the infamies of Belgium, and more than once I have seen her kissing my sword and my revolver because she hoped they would be used upon the enemy. With such feelings in her heart it can be imagined that my wooing was not a difficult one. I should have been glad to marry her at once, but to this she would not consent. Everything was to come after the war, for it was necessary, she said, that I should go to Montpelier and meet her people, so that the French proprieties should be properly observed.

She had one accomplishment which was rare for a lady: she was a skilled motor-cyclist. She had been fond of long, solitary rides, but after our engagement I was occasionally allowed to accompany her. She was a woman, however, of strange moods and fancies, which added in my feelings to the charm of her character. She could be tenderness itself, and she could be aloof and even harsh in her manner. More than once she had refused my company with no reason

given, and with a quick, angry flash of her eyes when I asked for one. Then, perhaps, her mood would change and she would make up for this unkindness by some exquisite attention which would in an instant soothe all my ruffled feelings. It was the same in the house. My military duties were so exacting that it was only in the evenings that I could hope to see her, and yet very often she remained in the little study which was used during the day for the children's lessons, and would tell me plainly that she wished to be alone. Then, when she saw that I was hurt by her caprice, she would laugh and apologize so sweetly for her rudeness that I was more her slave than ever.

Mention has been made of my jealous disposition, and it has been asserted at the trial that there were scenes owing to my jealousy, and that once Mrs. Murreyfield had to interfere. I admit that I was jealous. When a man loves with the whole strength of his soul it is impossible, I think, that he should be clear of jealousy. The girl was of a very independent spirit. I found that she knew many officers at Chelmsford and Colchester. She would disappear for hours together upon her motor-cycle. There were questions about her past life which she would only answer with a smile unless they were closely pressed. Then the smile would become a frown. Is it any wonder that I, with my whole nature vibrating with passionate, whole-hearted love, was often torn by jealousy when I came upon those closed doors of her life which she was so determined not to open? Reason came at times and whispered how foolish it was that I should stake my whole life and soul upon one of whom I really knew nothing. Then came a wave of passion once more and reason was submerged.

I have spoken of the closed doors of her life. I was aware that a young, unmarried Frenchwoman has usually less liberty than her English sister. And yet in the case of this lady it continually came out in her conversation that she had seen and known much of the world. It was the more distressing to me as whenever she had made an observation which pointed to this she would afterwards, as I could plainly see, be annoyed by her own indiscretion, and endeavour to remove the impression by every means in her power. We had several small quarrels on this account, when I asked questions to which I could get no answers, but they have been exaggerated in the address for the prosecution. Too much has been made also of the intervention of Mrs. Murreyfield, though I admit that the quarrel was more serious upon that occasion. It arose from my finding the photograph of a man upon her table, and her evident confusion when I asked her for some particulars about him. The name "H. Vardin" was written underneath—evidently an autograph. I was worried by the fact that this photograph had the frayed appearance of one which has been carried secretly about, as a girl might conceal the picture of her lover in her dress. She absolutely refused to give me any information about him, save to make a statement which I found incredible, that it was a man whom she had never seen in her life. It was then that I forgot myself. I raised my voice and declared that I should know more about her life or that I should break with her, even if my own heart should be broken in the parting. I was not violent, but Mrs. Murreyfield heard me from the passage, and came into the room to remonstrate. She was a kind, motherly person who took a sympathetic interest in our romance, and I remember that on this occasion she reproved me for my jealousy and finally persuaded me that I had been unreasonable, so that we became reconciled once more. Ena was so madly fascinating and I so hopelessly her slave that she could always draw me back, however much prudence and reason warned me to escape from her control. I tried again and again to find out about this man Vardin, but was always met by the same assurance, which she repeated with every kind of solemn oath, that she had never seen the man in her life. Why she should carry about the photograph of a man—a young, somewhat sinister man, for I had observed him closely before she snatched the picture from my hand—was what she either could not, or would not, explain.

Then came the time for my leaving Radchurch. I had been appointed to a junior but very responsible post at the War Office, which, of course, entailed my living in London. Even my week-ends found me engrossed with my work, but at last I had a few days' leave of absence. It is those few days which have ruined my life, which have brought me the most horrible experience that ever a man had to undergo, and have finally placed me here in the dock, pleading as I plead to-day for my life and my honour.

It is nearly five miles from the station to Radchurch. She was there to meet me. It was the first time that we had been reunited since I had put all my heart and my soul upon her. I cannot enlarge upon these matters, gentlemen. You will either be able to sympathize with and understand the emotions

which overbalance a man at such a time, or you will not. If you have imagination, you will. If you have not, I can never hope to make you see more than the bare fact. That bare fact, placed in the baldest language, is that during this drive from Radchurch Junction to the village I was led into the greatest indiscretion—the greatest dishonour, if you will—of my life. I told the woman a secret, an enormously important secret, which might affect the fate of the war and the lives of many thousands of men.

It was done before I knew it—before I grasped the way in which her quick brain could place various scattered hints together and weave them into one idea. She was wailing, almost weeping, over the fact that the allied armies were held up by the iron line of the Germans. I explained that it was more correct to say that our iron line was holding them up, since they were the invaders. "But is France, is Belgium, *never* to be rid of them?" she cried. "Are we simply to sit in front of their trenches and be content to let them do what they will with ten provinces of France? Oh, Jack, Jack, for God's sake, say something to bring a little hope to my heart, for sometimes I think that it is breaking! You English are stolid. You can bear these things. But we others, we have more nerve, more soul! It is death to us. Tell me! Do tell me that there is hope! And yet it is foolish of me to ask, for, of course, you are only a subordinate at the War Office, and how should you know what is in the mind of your chiefs?"

"Well, as it happens, I know a good deal," I answered. "Don't fret, for we shall certainly get a move on soon."

"Soon! Next year may seem soon to some people."

"It's not next year."

"Must we wait another month?"

"Not even that."

She squeezed my hand in hers. "Oh, my darling boy, you have brought such joy to my heart! What suspense I shall live in now! I think a week of it would kill me."

"Well, perhaps it won't even be a week."

"And tell me," she went on, in her coaxing voice, "tell me just one thing, Jack. Just one, and I will trouble you no more. Is it our brave French soldiers who advance? Or is it your splendid Tommies? With whom will the honour lie?"

"With both."

"Glorious!" she cried. "I see it all. The attack will be at the point where the French and British lines join. Together they will rush forward in one glorious advance."

"No," I said. "They will not be together."

"But I understood you to say—of course, women know nothing of such matters, but I understood you to say that it would be a joint advance."

"Well, if the French advanced, we will say, at Verdun, and the British advanced at Ypres, even if they were hundreds of miles apart it would still be a joint advance."

"Ah, I see," she cried, clapping her hands with delight. "They would advance at both ends of the line, so that the Boches would not know which way to send their reserves."

"That is exactly the idea—a real advance at Verdun, and an enormous feint at Ypres."

Then suddenly a chill of doubt seized me. I can remember how I sprang back from her and looked hard into her face. "I've told you too much!" I cried. "Can I trust you? I have been mad to say so much."

She was bitterly hurt by my words. That I should for a moment doubt her was more than she could bear. "I would cut my tongue out, Jack, before I would tell any human being one word of what you have said." So earnest was she that my fears died away. I felt that I could trust her utterly. Before we had reached Radchurch I had put the matter from my mind, and we were lost in our joy of the present and in our plans for the future.

I had a business message to deliver to Colonel Worral, who commanded a small camp at Pedley-Woodrow. I went there and was away for about two hours. When I returned I inquired for Miss Garnier, and was told by the maid that she had gone to her bedroom, and that she had asked the groom to bring her motor-bicycle to the door. It seemed to me strange that she should arrange to go out alone when my visit was such a short one. I had gone into her little study to seek her, and here it was that I waited, for it opened on to the hall passage, and she could not pass without my seeing her.

There was a small table in the window of this room at which she used to write. I had seated myself beside this when my eyes fell upon a name written in her large, bold handwriting. It was a reversed impression upon the blotting-paper which she had used, but there could be no difficulty in reading it. The name was Hubert Vardin. Apparently it was part of the address of an envelope, for underneath I was able to distinguish the initials S.W., referring to a postal division

of London, though the actual name of the street had not been clearly reproduced.

Then I knew for the first time that she was actually corresponding with this man whose vile, voluptuous face I had seen in the photograph with the frayed edges. She had clearly lied to me, too, for was it conceivable that she should correspond with a man whom she had never seen? I don't desire to condone my conduct. Put yourself in my place. Imagine that you had my desperately fervid and jealous nature. You would have done what I did, for you could have done nothing else. A wave of fury passed over me. I laid my hands upon the wooden writing-desk. If it had been an iron safe I should have opened it. As it was, it literally flew to pieces before me. There lay the letter itself, placed under lock and key for safety, while the writer prepared to take it from the house. I had no hesitation or scruple. I tore it open. Dishonourable, you will say, but when a man is frenzied with jealousy he hardly knows what he does. This woman, for whom I was ready to give everything, was either faithful to me or she was not. At any cost I would know which.

A thrill of joy passed through me as my eyes fell upon the first words. I had wronged her. "Cher Monsieur Vardin." So the letter began. It was clearly a business letter, nothing else. I was about to replace it in the envelope with a thousand regrets in my mind for my want of faith when a single word at the bottom of the page caught my eyes, and I started as if I had been stung by an adder. "Verdun"—that was the word. I looked again. "Ypres" was immediately below it. I sat down, horror-stricken, by the broken desk, and I read this letter, a translation of which I have in my hand:—

Murreyfield House,
Radchurch.

DEAR M. VARDIN,—Stringer has told me that he has kept you sufficiently informed as to Chelmsford and Colchester, so I have not troubled to write. They have moved the Midland Territorial Brigade and the heavy guns towards the coast near Cromer, but only for a time. It is for training, not embarkation.

And now for my great news, which I have straight from the War Office itself. Within a week there is to be a very severe attack from Verdun, which is to be supported by a holding attack at Ypres. It is all on a very large scale, and you must send off a special Dutch messenger to Von Starmer by the first boat. I hope to get the exact date and some further particulars from my informant to-night, but meanwhile you must act with energy.

I dare not post this here—you know what village postmasters are, so I am taking it into Colchester, where Stringer will include it with his own report which goes by hand.—Yours faithfully, SOPHIA HEFFNER.

I was stunned at first as I read this letter, and then a kind of cold, concentrated rage came over me. So this woman was a German and a spy! I thought of her hypocrisy and her treachery towards me, but, above all, I thought of the danger to the Army and the State. A great defeat, the death of thousands of men, might spring from my misplaced confidence. There was still time, by judgment and energy, to stop this frightful evil. I heard her step upon the stairs outside, and an instant later she had come through the doorway. She started, and her face was bloodless as she saw me seated there with the open letter in my hand.

"How did you get that?" she gasped. "How dared you break my desk and steal my letter?"

I said nothing. I simply sat and looked at her and pondered what I should do. She suddenly sprang forward and tried to snatch the letter. I caught her wrist and pushed her down on to the sofa, where she lay, collapsed. Then I rang the bell, and told the maid that I must see Mr. Murreyfield at once.

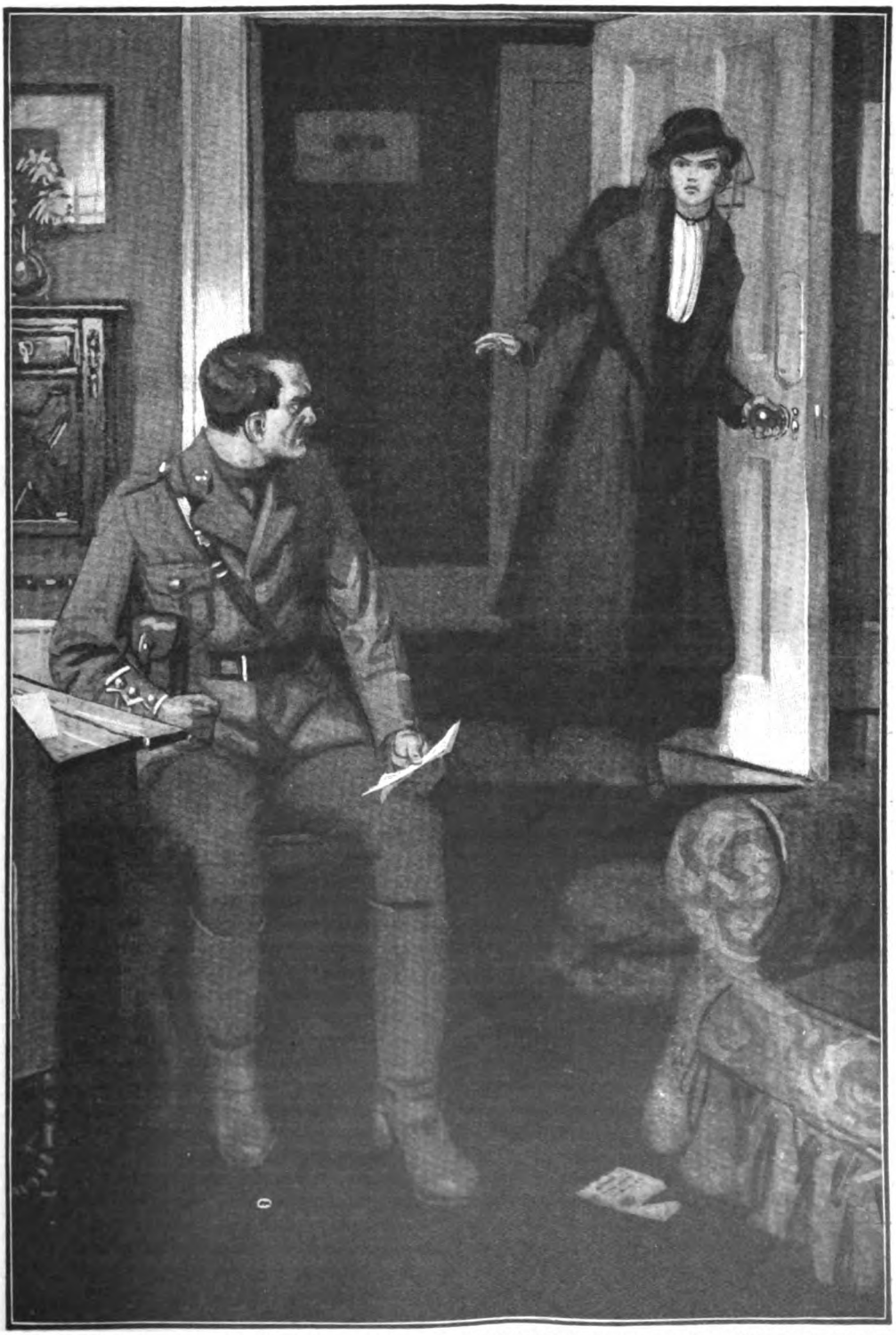
He was a genial, elderly man, who had treated this woman with as much kindness as if she were his daughter. He was horrified at what I said. I could not show him the letter on account of the secret that it contained, but I made him understand that it was of desperate importance.

"What are we to do?" he asked. "I never could have imagined anything so dreadful. What would you advise us to do?"

"There is only one thing that we can do," I answered. "This woman must be arrested, and in the meanwhile we must so arrange matters that she cannot possibly communicate with anyone. For all we know, she has confederates in this very village. Can you undertake to hold her securely while I go to Colonel Worral at Pedley and get a warrant and a guard?"

"We can lock her in her bedroom."

"You need not trouble," said she. "I give you my word that I will stay where I am. I advise you to be careful, Captain Fowler. You've shown once before that you are liable to do things before you have thought of the consequence. If I am arrested all the world will know that you have given away the secrets that were confided to you. There is an end of your



"'HOW DID YOU GET THAT?' SHE GASPED. 'HOW DARED YOU BREAK MY DESK AND STEAL MY LETTER?'"

career, my friend. You can punish me, no doubt. What about yourself?"

"I think," said I, "you had best take her to her bedroom."

"Very good, if you wish it," said she, and followed us to the door. When we reached the hall she suddenly broke away, dashed through the entrance, and made for her motor-bicycle, which was standing there. Before she could start we had both seized her. She stooped and made her teeth meet in Murreyfield's hand. With flashing eyes and tearing fingers she was as fierce as a wild cat at bay. It was with some difficulty that we mastered her, and dragged her—almost carried her—up the stairs. We thrust her into her room and turned the key, while she screamed out abuse and beat upon the door inside.

"It's a forty-foot drop into the garden," said Murreyfield, tying up his bleeding hand. "I'll wait here till you come back. I think we have the lady fairly safe."

"I have a revolver here," said I. "You should be armed." I slipped a couple of cartridges into it and held it out to him. "We can't afford to take chances. How do you know what friends she may have?"

"Thank you," said he. "I have a stick here, and the gardener is within call. Do you hurry off for the guard, and I will answer for the prisoner."

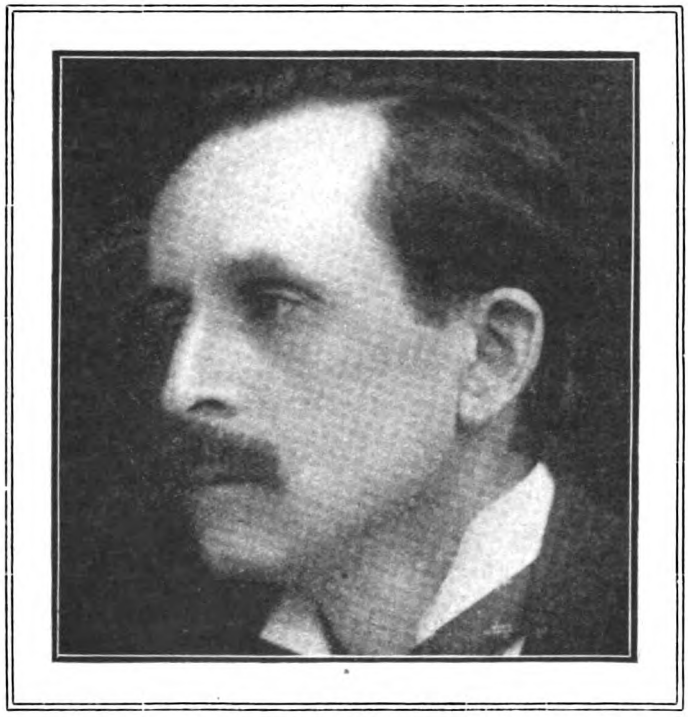
Having taken, as it seemed to me, every possible precaution, I ran to give the alarm. It was two miles to Pedley, and the colonel was out, which occasioned some delay. Then there were formalities and a magistrate's signature to be obtained. A policeman was to serve the warrant, but a military escort was to be sent in to bring back the prisoner. I was so filled with anxiety and impatience that I could not wait, but I hurried back alone with the promise that they would follow.

The Pedley-Woodrow Road opens into the high-road to Colchester at a point about half a mile from the village of Radchurch. It was evening now and the light was such that one could not see more than twenty or thirty yards ahead. I had proceeded only a very short way from the point of junction when I heard, coming towards me, the roar of a motor-cycle being ridden at a furious pace. It was without lights, and close upon me. I sprang aside in order to avoid being ridden down, and in that instant, as the machine flashed by, I saw clearly the face of the rider. It was she—the woman whom I had loved. She was hatless, her hair streaming in the wind, her face glimmering white in the twilight, flying through the night like one of the Valkyries of her native land. She was past me like a flash and tore on down the Colchester Road. In that instant I saw all that it would mean if she could reach the town. If she once was allowed to see her agent we might arrest him or her, but it would be too late. The news would have been passed on. The victory of the Allies and the lives of thousands of our soldiers were at stake. Next instant I had pulled out the loaded revolver and fired two shots after the vanishing figure, already only a dark blur in the dusk. I heard a scream, the crashing of the breaking cycle, and all was still.

I need not tell you more, gentlemen. You know the rest. When I ran forward I found her lying in the ditch. Both of my bullets had struck her. One of them had penetrated her brain. I was still standing beside her body when Murreyfield arrived, running breathlessly down the road. She had, it seemed, with great courage and activity scrambled down the ivy of the wall; only when he heard the whir of the cycle did he realize what had occurred. He was explaining it to my dazed brain when the police and soldiers arrived to arrest her. By the irony of fate it was me whom they arrested instead.

It was urged at the trial in the police-court that jealousy was the cause of the crime. I did not deny it, nor did I put forward any witnesses to deny it. It was my desire that they should believe it. The hour of the French advance had not yet come, and I could not defend myself without producing the letter which would reveal it. But now it is over—gloriously over—and so my lips are unsealed at last. I confess my fault—my very grievous fault. But it is not that for which you are trying me. It is for murder. I should have thought myself the murderer of my own countrymen if I had let the woman pass.

These are the facts, gentlemen. I leave my future in your hands. If you should absolve me I may say that I have hopes of serving my country in a fashion which will atone for this one great indiscretion, and will also, as I hope, end for ever those terrible recollections which weigh me down. If you condemn me, I am ready to face whatever you may think fit to inflict.



SIR J. M. BARRIE.
Photo. Beresford.

BARRIE STORIES.

BY SOME OF THOSE WHO KNOW HIM.

[*We propose to publish from time to time other articles of this kind concerning eminent people.*]

Although one of the best-known and best-loved of authors, whose books and plays have given delight to thousands, the personality of Sir J. M. Barrie has always been something of an enigma. What do we know of the man himself? Practically nothing. His reticence and love of retirement have given birth to a number of more or less authenticated stories, from which one endeavours to conjure up a portrait of the man. It is told, for instance, that once at a public dinner he asked his neighbour, after the formal remarks, "Do you feel like talking?" "No," was the brief reply from the other literary celebrity. "No more do I," said Sir James, and forthwith they went through the long meal in silence.

Another story relates to one of his rare speeches—this time at a dinner given in honour of Mr. P. F. Warner when he returned from Australia with the "Ashes." "I have only seen Mr. Warner play twice," said the author of "Peter Pan," "The first time he scored one; on the second occasion he — er — was not so successful!"

Another story is told concerning Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "Androcles and the Lion." When the play was finished

Mr. Shaw read it over to Sir James Barrie, who gave an approving verdict. "But what am I to do about the Lion?" asked G.B.S. Sir James reflected for a few moments, then he startled his companion by saying, "I'll let you have a Lion on one condition—that you let me have him back by Christmas!" And he explained that he had in mind Edward Sillward, who has played the dog Nana in "Peter Pan" well over a thousand times; and, although he was willing to suggest a Lion to his friend, his caution prompted him to add the condition that Sillward should be free for "Peter Pan" at Christmas.

Sir James is said to tell the following amusing story himself. A certain theatrical "star" fell ill, and his understudy was suddenly called upon to play the part. The understudy, scorning false modesty, dispatched telegrams to all the critics and others interested in the drama, informing them that he would be appearing that evening. In the afternoon Barrie was at a certain club frequented by dramatic critics. "Did any of you receive a telegram from X. to-day?" he asked. They all had. "What did you do?" They had not answered it, of course. Had Barrie replied? "Yes," said Barrie. "What did you say?" "I wired: 'Thanks for the warning!'"

Another good story which he tells against himself refers to a lady of his acquaintance who had taken a friend to see one of his plays, and, quite astonished, he asked her why she had done so. "Oh," was the reply, "the theatre is in such a quiet street for the horses!"

Such are a few of the traditional Barrie stories. With the idea of throwing some fresh light on the character of the author of "Peter Pan," we have asked a number of eminent persons who have been brought into close personal relations with Sir James Barrie to relate some personal experience, or tell us a story, for the accuracy of which they can vouch. The following most interesting article is the result

MISS HILDA TREVELYAN.

MISS HILDA TREVELYAN.
Photo. E. O. Hoppé.

I HAVE known Sir James Barrie for so many years that I can think of all sorts and kinds of examples of his humour, and still more examples of his kindness. Indeed, I think those wonderful lines he wrote, "Those who bring happiness into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves," must apply as forcibly to him as to anyone in the world, for he is never quite so happy as when doing something to help someone else.

But of the many stories which cross my mind perhaps the most typically "Barrie-ish" occurred one day when I was rehearsing the part of Maggie Shand in "What Every Woman Knows." Just before the rehearsal started I was sitting with Sir James in the stalls, and he was telling me with such wonderful wealth of detail the sort of girl the real Maggie Shand would have been that I could almost feel that I knew her in real life. I could imagine her wonderful resource, never-failing tact, unfailing sympathy, deeply affectionate nature—in fine, as Sir James talked, I almost felt as if Maggie Shand was in the theatre, so wonderfully life-like a portrait was he painting for me.

"What a wonderful woman Maggie must have been!" I said, enthusiastically, when Sir James had finished his word-picture of the heroine I was to create.

"Oh, no!" he said, with a twinkle in his eye; "just an average Scotch lassie."

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.

There are many stories I could tell in illustration of Sir James Barrie's kindliness, humour, and love of children. He possesses that rare charm which endears him immediately to all those who have the privilege of acting in his plays, while incidents that would not improbably arouse in many dramatists and producers a feeling of irascibility, in his case are invariably greeted with unfailing calm and serenity.

Some years ago, when his successful

comedy, "Little Mary," was produced at Wyndham's Theatre, the chief parts were sustained by Sir John Hare and myself. The dress rehearsal had passed off satisfactorily, but there was to be another call before the opening performance to make certain that all was well and that nothing was to be left to chance.

I had not been informed of this extra rehearsal, and with the object of getting a little fresh air between the calls had gone for a short spin on my bicycle without, unfortunately, having informed anyone that I should be away from the theatre for an hour or two.

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.
Photo. E. O. Hoppé.

All members of the cast duly assembled, save myself. But I was nowhere to be found, in spite of the assiduous endeavours made to ascertain my whereabouts.

Great consternation was naturally caused in the theatre, for, as I was playing a leading part, my absence was, to put it mildly, more than a little inconvenient, especially as no one had seen me go and no one knew when I might return.

From the stage-doorkeeper to the small Cockney who fulfilled the duties of call-boy and prompter, every endeavour was made to track me down—but on this particular occasion every searcher "drew blank."

At last Sir James was tremblingly informed of my absence, but this incident, which had caused so many anxious moments in the theatre, entirely failed to upset his habitual equanimity.

"Ah, well," he quietly remarked, "the prompter knows the words!"

MR. HOLMAN CLARKE.

Sir James Barrie is always most punctilious at attending rehearsals, and follows every detail with the most faithful attention. Whether progress is fast or slow, whether things are going well or badly—it is all the same to him; nothing short of a raid by hostile aircraft or an earthquake in the immediate vicinity of the theatre would, I think, disturb his imperturbable serenity. He just ensconces himself comfortably in a chair or stall, lights his pipe, and sits there smoking, calm and unperturbed.

MR. HOLMAN CLARKE.
Photo. E. O. Hoppé.

But I do remember one occasion when he was a little "upset" both in the figurative and literal sense of the word. This occurred during the rehearsals of "The Little Minister" at the Haymarket, where a special platform had been built over the orchestra in order that Sir James might more conveniently supervise the rehearsals, as sometimes from the stalls it is difficult to follow every detail.

If memory serves me, we must have been rehearsing for a couple of hours or so, during the whole of which time Sir James quietly sat on his "throne," scarcely ever uttering a word, except when finding it necessary to point out some little detail which lent itself to improvement.

Of course, most people at some time or another must have seen "The Little Minister," and will probably remember that in the course of the play the line occurs: "In the midst of life we are in death."

It happened to fall to my lot to speak these words. As I did so, by almost the most amazing coincidence that can ever have happened, the flooring of the platform whereon Sir James sat gave way, and he and his chair disappeared into the orchestra below.

In a few seconds he emerged from his peremptory retirement, and was heard to murmur philosophically, "Evidently."

MISS PAULINE CHASE.

As Peter Pan I failed to grow up for many years, during which said years I met Sir James Barrie so often that I can think of hundreds of "Barrie" stories. Perhaps the best and most characteristic, however, concerns his wonderful affection for each and every child in the company, and I can picture him to-day sitting in some secluded corner

MISS PAULINE CHASE.
Photo. E. O. Hoppé.

behind the scenes telling the kiddies stories, asking them riddles, and arranging tea-parties for them.

Sir James Barrie, I must tell you, was particularly fond of propounding conundrums for his little friends to unravel. Personally I am the greatest dunce in the world at both puzzles and riddles, and never guess the right answer, but some of the other "children" are ever so much sharper, and, even if they don't happen to light upon the correct "booky" solution, they at least provide replies which possess the merit of being distinctly convincing.

Thus, one afternoon, Sir James was talking to a tiny mite who was standing looking very forlorn, waiting to go on the stage. After asking her name, age, and so on and so forth, he said, "Do you like riddles?" "I loves 'em," said the child, her big blue eyes growing bigger in the delightful expectation of having a riddle to answer. "Then I wonder if you can tell me why a miller wears a white hat?" said Sir James, smilingly, evidently having decided to give the tiny tot an easy one to commence with. The child thought for a moment with puckered brows. Then she replied excitedly, "In course I do." "Why?" said he. "'Cos the man who sells hats had sold out of all other colours," she replied, decisively. And who will dare say that her information was wrong? Between ourselves, I may tell you that I don't think Sir James has ever put another conundrum to that child, for he seemed to realize that she possessed a soul above such simple childish queries.

MISS GLADYS COOPER.

I did not witness the incident myself, but a friend who saw it vouches for its accuracy. At one of the rehearsals of "Rosy Rapture" you may remember that in a film which was thrown on the screen a "runaway baby" is shown who, during the course of "its" wild flight, looks very much like meeting with a serious accident.

Now, Sir James Barrie's affection for children is well known, and at the first rehearsal, when this particular scene was thrown on the screen, an officious stranger, who happened to be present and sitting a few stalls away from the author, noticed that as he watched the incident a pained look came over his face.

MISS GLADYS COOPER.
Photo. E. O. Hoppé.

A few seconds later Sir James got up from his stall and was about to go round to the back of the stage when the said officious stranger tapped him on the arm and said, "Excuse me, sir, but you seem a little afraid that that child you have just seen on the screen will meet with an accident—I noticed how nervous you looked," and then, evidently trying to be supremely funny, he added, still more officiously, "It's only a scene on the film, you know—it isn't a real incident."

Evidently thinking that this harmless but officious lunatic required a slight rebuff, Sir James sat down again with a sigh, and said with frigid politeness, "Thank you. What a relief! I thought it was!"

MISS HELEN HAYE.

The rehearsals for the Barrie plays I have acted in provide some of the most pleasant memories of my theatrical career. Sir James possesses the rare gift of sympathy to an extraordinary degree, and this, combined with his exquisite humour—and never-failing sense of humour—makes acting in his plays one of the most agreeable tasks imaginable, and robs each

MISS HELEN HAYE.
Photo. Hugh Cecil.

and every rehearsal of that atmosphere of formality imparted by some dramatists.

I always see Sir James, when thinking over the delights of these rehearsals, as a kindly, unobtrusive personality, sitting quietly in a corner, always smoking a large pipe, and following every incident with silent appreciation. When he does make an occasional remark, however, it is certain to be pithy and to the point, as I think the following little story may illustrate.

Rehearsals of his charming one-act play, "Rosalind," were in full swing, and at the outset certain Scotch colloquialisms, which almost inevitably find their way into so many of his plays, were apparently unintelligible to some of those present, who gathered together here and there, asking each other what on earth the interpretation of such and such an expression might mean.

One of these, which was afterwards widely quoted in the Press, was the famous line, "Forty and a bittuck," Rosalind's reply to the boy's eager query regarding her age.

"Forty and a whattuck?" he repeated, puzzled by the quaint ending. "What's a whattuck?" also asked various actors and actresses at the particular rehearsal I am recalling.

Sir James, hearing the question repeated so often, looked up with a twinkle in his eye and said, with the utmost gravity, "Perhaps it would be more intelligible if I were to re-name this play, 'Forty and a Haddock!'"

MR. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

Mr. Granville Barker, when running his Repertory Theatre, made various novel experiments in the art of production, perhaps not the least interesting of which was to convey inspiration to his artistes by, if I may so describe it, expressing the effect he wished to be produced by drawing up a series of "word pictures."

MR. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.
Photo. Elliott & Fry.

Thus, on one occasion, he said to a certain actor, who presumably was not giving expression in quite the desired manner, "Try to look as if you had just had dinner, and had been listening to the inspired strains of Verdi."

Sir James Barrie presumably must have thought that this method of conveying inspiration where it was badly needed was worth putting to the test, for at rehearsals one day he remarked to a now highly successful actor:—

"Try to look as if you had just come up from Southend and heard that your brother had died at Liverpool!"

MR. HERMAN DAREWSKI.

I could tell you a number of anecdotes of the famous author with whom I had the honour of collaborating, musically—at least, I hope I may be allowed to say so—in the production of "Rosy Rapture" a short while ago. But better than any of my personal experiences of Sir James Barrie's repartee, delightful as these have been, I think, is the following, told me by a fellow-author of note. The latter had gone to see a famous actress with the object of reading her his latest play, in which she seemed desirous of appearing, and there was a third and interested "auditor" present at the interview, in the person of the said star's little pet dog.

MR. HERMAN DAREWSKI.

This poor little chap was subject to spasmodic fits, no less painful for the onlooker than for their victim, and, what is more, he became so affected by the pathos of the drama that was being unfolded in his hearing that, as each successive climax was reached, he was seized by a sudden attack, which effectively claimed the attention of his distracted mistress, to the exclusion of all else, including the unfortunate playwright and his masterpiece.

At last he gave up his reading in despair, and, on chancing to meet Sir James a short while after, poured the tale of his woes (and those of the unfortunate dog) into the

sympathetic ear of his colleague. Sir James listened to the tale in patience; indeed, it seemed as if he were not unfamiliar with its trend.

At last the unfortunate author, for sheer want of breath, was forced to bring to a close the recapitulation of his woes, whereat Sir James, pressing his hand in cordial sympathy, murmured, "Yes, I quite understand, and I can truly feel for you—I've read to that dog myself!"

MISS LENA ASHWELL.

I first met Sir James Barrie—although then I didn't know who he was—in circumstances which, at the time, I frankly confess I sincerely hoped would prove unpleasant from his point of view.

MISS LENA ASHWELL.
Photo. F. C. Bangs.

Our meeting came about in this way. The garden of the house in which I was living backed on to Sir James's garden. At the time I did not even know him by name, but merely as the owner of a dog whose persistent and exuberant barking caused the greatest annoyance.

I therefore addressed a letter to the "Occupant" of ——, complaining of the noise, and asking that something might be done to restrain this canine exuberance of spirits.

The next day came a very charming letter of apology from Sir James, which ended up by inviting me to come and see the dog. I did so more out of curiosity than anything else, for I thought that any dog who could keep barking day and night, almost without cessation, must at least be worth seeing—if not hearing.

The owner of this wonderful voice turned out to be the most fascinating Newfoundland dog imaginable, a great, big, strong, healthy fellow, a veritable Dreadnought among dogs, with the voice of a steam-engine and the manners of a child, who drank a glass of milk out of a tumbler and generally comported himself like a meek and mild little gentleman. I never remember, indeed, meeting a dog with so fascinating a personality. To see him was to fall in love with him. And Sir James Barrie evidently knew this, for, as I later said good-bye to him, he said, dryly, "The only complaints about my dog are made by people who have never seen him. When once they have seen him all complaining ceases."

It was not, however, until I had arrived home that I saw through Sir James's reason for having asked me to meet the dog. He knew from experience the effect that dog had upon mere human beings. And I proved no exception to the rule. I came to see the dog, saw him, and was conquered. Anyway, he continued to bark as exuberantly as ever, but I never dreamt for a second of complaining again.

Whenever I think of this most fascinating of dogs I cannot help feeling that he must have been in Sir James's mind when he created the wonderful Nana of "Peter Pan."

MR. O. B. CLARENCE.

During rehearsals of "The New Word," the father, referring to the mother's mention of her son's photograph "when he was very young," says:—

"Ellen, don't break down—you promised."

The mother has to reply, "If I break down, it's because of what's written on the back."

MR. O. B. CLARENCE.
Photo. Hana.

At this moment the locket slipped from her neck and disappeared in the folds of her garments and could not berecovered for some time.

Whereat Barrie, in his dry way, said:—

"I think perhaps you had better say, 'If I break down it's not because of what's written on the back, but because I can't find it.'"

MR. DONALD CALTHROP.

I can recall a considerable number of canny sayings of Sir James Barrie. His wit, like another product of his homeland, is essentially "rare old Scotch"—and, better still,

MR. DONALD CALTHROP.
Photo E. O. Hoppé.

it is always so consistently humorous that the more you have of it the more you grow to want.

When I was playing in "The Little Minister" I determined to do my humble best to impart the rich local flavour to my accent. Accordingly, I spent a week in Scotland, endeavouring, during that time, to master the "dialect." On my return to attend rehearsals I continued my efforts, and after the first rehearsal was over I was rash enough to approach the author and ask for a frank criticism on whether a week in the land of Burns had "put me wise" to the intricacies of the Scotch accent.

Sir James appeared decidedly pleased with the said accent, and told me to continue the good work to the best of my ability. I naturally did so, feeling considerably elated, and on the eve of the first performance again made bold enough to solicit the author's opinion.

And you can guess exactly how pleased I felt when Sir James replied, "It'll do, my boy, it'll do quite well; there will be very few Scotsmen in England this year!"

MR. H. B. IRVING.

Sir James Barrie, as everybody is aware, has let an expectant world into the secret of "What Every Woman Knows." But it may not be so generally known that this most versatile of playwrights and authors not only knows "What Every Woman Knows"—that to him is the letter A in the alphabet of the requirements of the fair sex. He knows something still more valuable—he knows what every woman wants, and in any and every circumstance.

It was at one of the rehearsals of "The Admirable Crichton" that I first learnt of this super-sense on Sir James's part.

The scene was the desert island, which appeared a most unsociable spot, lacking as it did any suggestion of comfort, while when we arrived there luxury was at an impossible premium. As you may remember, we derelicts had hitherto been used to doing ourselves rather well, and, unpromising as things looked from the male point of view, to the feminine mind, on landing, they must have appeared infinitely worse.

Seeing a look of despair gradually dawning on the faces of several actresses, Sir James Barrie looked up with a whimsical smile, evidently hoping to induce a more cheerful frame of mind, and said, quietly: "If any member of the company can tell me by to-morrow what was the one and only thing Mary (the heroine, played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh) took with her when she left the wreck, I will present him or her with a complete set of my works."

MR. H. B. IRVING.
Photo. E. O. Hoppé.

This competition proved enormously popular. We all went home guessing hard. And the harder we guessed, the worse we guessed—any way, when the solution was eventually discovered, we all felt most indifferent amateurs at the art of guessing.

If I may be allowed to say so, however, with the aid of a little extraneous assistance—in the shape of my wife—I think I may claim to have proved to be the best riddle-solver of the company. But a love of the truth compels me to acknowledge that this happy result was solely attained through Mrs. Irving's feminine intuition—certainly not through my consummate knowledge of "what every woman wants."

"In the circumstances I have described, what would every woman want?" I asked her.

"A hot-water bottle," she said, tersely.

I carried the books home; she still has them.

The Astragen Waistcoat.

How It Ameliorated Certain Grave Acerbities in the Courtship of Aloysius Moriarty.

By E. A. MORPHY.

Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.

PETER GIBLIN was mooning by the fireside, nursing a fit of the blues, while he waited the tardy home-coming of his chum, Aloysius Moriarty. When, eventually, Moriarty did enter the apartment, Giblin was so absorbed in his doleful reflections that he did not even glance up at him.

On such not infrequent occasions it was the Irishman's habit to greet Giblin with a jovial "Cheero!" and a hearty slap on the shoulder. This time, however, there was no slap—no "Cheero!"

Moriarty simply flung himself on the lounge and moaned.

Peter Giblin roused himself and blinked across the room at the unwonted spectacle.

"What is it, Paddy?" he gasped.

Everybody called Moriarty "Paddy," though well knowing that Aloysius was his proper name.

"She's rejected me!" he replied, with a groan of anguish. "Cast me off for a bounder with a motor-car! I'm going to cut my throat!"

This sinister announcement produced an extraordinary effect upon Giblin. The shadow of despondency vanished from his face as if by magic.

"Thank God, Paddy!" he ejaculated, fervently. "Only don't cut your throat. That will help nobody. If you feel that you must put an end to yourself, why not be matey, and first test my astragen waistcoat?"

Moriarty gulped back an oath of angry protest. But—apart from his present sad predicament—he was essentially quick-witted and temperamentally an optimist. Moreover, he was very fond of Giblin. Before the oath was uttered he realized his friend's point of view. Giblin was an inventor, and his "astragen waistcoat," so called, was dearer to him than the apple of his eye.

"I don't mind, Peter!" he agreed, bravely. "One way's as good as another, says you; and sure you know there's nothing I wouldn't do to oblige you!"

Giblin hastily stumbled out of his chair and stretched a glad hand to Moriarty.

"Shake on it, Paddy!" he begged, in a voice choking with emotion. "I always said you were the best pal on earth!"

"And now tell me," he proceeded, "what has Miss Rayner done to you?"

Naturally enough, Giblin knew that his chum had been wooing Enid Rayner for months past, and that he had been pressing his suit with all the diligence and impetuosity compatible with long office hours, an Irish temperament, and a salary of three pounds a week.

"It was Ginger Featherstone's Rolls-Royce that did it," said Moriarty, with quiet resignation. "He's a stockbroker, and rich as Crœsus, and he's been dangling after her for years back, from all I can gather, though he's every day of fifty, if he's a minute. What could a fellow do against a Rolls-Royce?"

"Nothing," grunted Giblin, sympathetically.

"Well," continued Moriarty, "I went and got a motor-bike, with a side-car attachment. Got it on the hire-purchase system, you know. It was the most I could spring to. Took it round this afternoon to ask her out for a spin; Ginger's Rolls-Royce was at the door when I got there. Did you ever hear of such luck?"

Giblin had not.

"I went in and asked if I might see her by herself for a moment, and when she came out I showed her the bike, and told her that the time had come to choose between me with the puffer or Ginger with his car; and—will you believe it, man?—she laughed at me!"

"Impossible!" ejaculated the inventor.

"Begobs!" reiterated Moriarty, solemnly, "'tis only too true. When I told her I loved her, she told me not to be silly. Wouldn't even listen to me, only to laugh at me; and laughed again when I told her she'd live to weep over my lonely grave."

"Never mind, old chap," persisted Giblin, with the single-minded enthusiasm of the true scientist. "My opinion is that you won't be killed at all, but that you'll achieve a fresh and beautiful interest in life, as well as all the fame you can swallow, by this really glorious experiment. Then Miss Rayner will lay her heart at your feet, instead of spurning you for that fat money-grubber's motor-car."

This last remark seemed somewhat to hearten Moriarty.

"The waistcoat will prove your good angel in a host of ways," continued the inventor. "All in the wide world you will have to do is to go up in an aeroplane and jump out when you are a mile or so above the ground. It's as easy as rolling off a log! If the waistcoat works properly, you won't even feel a bump when you land. In that case, you can see for yourself, the patent will be worth a cool million if it's worth tuppence. All the Governments on earth will be screaming for it, and one half the profits of the discovery will be yours."

Moriarty nodded a trifle dubiously. The merits of astragen were not with him an article of faith, and astragen was the factor of safety in this wonderful waistcoat.

This astragen was a gaseous element of extreme buoyancy which Giblin had accidentally isolated in the course of other experiments. It was difficult and expensive to produce, but was superlatively lighter than all other known bodies.

The astragen waistcoat, so-called, was a garment constructed of an elastic but gas-proof material, in the lining of which were concealed two vials of highly-compressed liquid astragen. When one of these vials was opened—and its automatic opening in certain contingencies was assured by a patented device—the liquid instantly expanded into gas again, and the waistcoat swelled out like a balloon. It became in effect an air lifebelt, and practically defied the more malign forces of gravity as encountered by airmen, steeplejacks, alpine climbers, and other daring adventurers who customarily go in peril of death through falling from stupendous altitudes.

If the speed of the fall were not reduced at once, or some shock of collision supervened, the second vial opened itself automatically, and offered such additional resistance to the earth's attraction that complete buoyancy immediately ensued.

"But if the gas doesn't work, or the waistcoat blows up?" queried Moriarty, as Giblin explained this pleasing process of automatic salvage.

"We mustn't think of such things!" admonished the inventor.

Though Moriarty, as stated, was of a highly optimistic temperament, many circumstances combined to depress and worry him during the next few days. The aerodromes and aeroplane manufacturing companies to which he applied for the necessary co-operation and assistance were unanimous in their refusal to take him seriously. Some of them even pestered him with rude questions.

"Supposing the aeroplane turns turtle," one expert asked him, "what earthly use would your gas-bag be to an airman strapped into his seat?"

Moriarty demonstrated how the gas in the waistcoat would be released automatically the moment the aviator reached a particular angle of danger, and also how patent straps —contrived on the well-known principle of the safety stirrup—would automatically release the wearer in any such emergency. He also explained how the supplementary vial of astragen in the waistcoat would open automatically in case of any extra emergency. Everything conducive to safety happened automatically when the wearer of the waistcoat was in peril.

Despite such assurances, however, the experts one and all scoffed at him.

On the eighth day of the search he reached his last aerodrome in a condition bordering on frenzy. The protracted strain was sapping the optimism that had so far inspired his quest.

"Cough it up, sonny!" said the hatchet-faced manager, as he noted his caller's aspect of dejection. "What's your woe?"

Moriarty unfolded his proposition.

"Nothing doing!" said the manager, tersely. "If you want to test your heavenly waistcoat, you've got to play a lone hand, and paddle your own canoe to Sheol or elsewhere. We can't send up one of our own young men to kick you out above the sky-top, and get swung for murder *pronto*. You must do your own dirty work!"

The Irishman, being personally ignorant of the aviator's art, had requested to be sent up as a passenger in some skilled pilot's machine, whence he could jump off comfortably into space as soon as he reached a proper altitude.

"I don't know how to work an aeroplane, or I'd go up on my own account like a shot!" he now explained to the American. "It's the deuce and all of a shame that a fellow should have an invention like ours, and not be able to demonstrate it because the very

men who would profit most are afraid of helping the experiment."

The manager bit off the end of a green cigar and spat it to a great distance.

"Say, sonny," said he, "we've got a machine here that I was going to put in the scrap-heap. It will bust a stay or turn turtle before it mounts ten thousand feet; and that's about all you want! I'll rent you that machine for sixpence a week, if you like, and I'll advertise you from Halifax to breakfast if you say you'll take her up till she bursts, and then toboggan back here again on the edge of a sunbeam with the help of your fancy waistcoat!"

Though this was as fair a proposition as any reasonable man could expect, Moriarty did not betray such prompt enthusiasm in its acceptance as the friendly American seemed to expect.

"It's a good offer, friend!" the latter assured him. "She'll bust as sure as God made little apples; but she'll first take you high enough to leave nothing but a grease-spot where you hit the earth—unless, of course, your waistcoat works miracles on your way back!"

Moriarty pulled himself together, and expressed his most fervent thanks to the Good Samaritan.

"Cut the ballyhoo talk, sonny!" cheerfully interrupted the latter. "The ad. you'll give us will more than pay for the rat-trap! It's a busted flush, anyhow; we'll have to put a few nails in the coffee-mill and prop up the tractor so she'll work when we get the dope in her, before you can use her. We'll have that fixed by the day after to-morrow, I reckon; and then you can fly in her till she goes pop!"

Moriarty consented to this brief delay; and then, having all the preliminaries for his suicidal enterprise finally and definitely arranged, he decided to seek out the proud but beautiful cause of his desperation.

He found Miss Rayner at home, and was at once shown into her presence.

"I have come to bid you farewell, Enid," he announced, "and not to play upon your sympathies. I do not even ask you to mourn my fate. I only desire that you should always remember that I loved you—and that was why I died!"

He then lightly touched upon all the dreadful details of his project for testing Giblin's waistcoat.

Enid Rayner bent forward as she listened to him, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands. Her eyes mesmerized and enthralled Moriarty. To his great disappointment, however, they did not brim with tears. On the contrary, they twinkled.

"You're a perfect wonder, Paddy!" she rippled. "Really, I never imagined you were such a sky-larker! But don't you think you are missing a golden opportunity? Why not make a fortune out of the cinematograph theatres by getting yourself filmed in the waistcoat?"

Moriarty gritted his teeth with impotent chagrin.

"Please don't make that horrid, scraping noise, Paddy!" she begged him. "I'm sure I am quite right! Why, it would be funnier than Charlie Chaplin! I'd give anything to see you doing it!"

Moriarty stood up and sighed.

"Farewell, Enid!" said he. "I see it's no use talking to you! But remember I always loved you. Farewell!"

Gathering up his gloves and umbrella, he passed out of the presence of his inamorata and into the busy street.

As he was dodging the traffic on his way home, the words of Miss Rayner recurred to him with buzzing insistency. She might be heartless, but she was unquestionably as original as she was beautiful.

That film suggestion was really not half a bad idea. It is not every day that a young man, in the prime of youth and spirits, hurls himself out of a crazy aeroplane into the empty vastnesses of the ether and trusts solely in an astragen waistcoat for his safe return to terra-firma. To the best of Moriarty's knowledge and belief, indeed, such an experiment had never been attempted before, and would probably never be tried again. Whether it proved a success or a failure from a scientific point of view, it should, in any case, make an invaluable "turn" for a picture-show.

The more he thought over the matter, the deeper grew his conviction that the record would be worth a pot of money to any enterprising film company that might secure the exclusive rights. Fortified with this belief, he sought the biggest cinema company in London, and briefly unfolded his project—eliminating for obvious reasons any reference to the romantic cause of his risking the experiment.

The manager of the concern at first seemed to think he was mad; but he sat up and began to take notice when Moriarty showed him the waistcoat and handed over a copy of his agreement with the aerodrome people. He glanced swiftly over the latter, then stood up and smiled benignly on his visitor.

"Will you favour me, sir, by coming out and having a little bit of lunch?" said he. "I think we can discuss this matter much better over a small bottle and a warm bone."

They went out to lunch together. Moriarty found the picture magnate a sportsman and a gentleman. He candidly admitted that the prospects from such a film were absolutely magnificent and unique, and finally he signed an agreement by which the Irishman secured a very handsome royalty.

Cinematograph men know how to advertise their undertakings. When, two days later, Moriarty proceeded to the flying-ground to attempt his mad flight to glory, he was followed by a string of the firm's cleverest operators, and a small army of reporters.

Giblin, of course, accompanied him, and adjusted the waistcoat with scientific accuracy, as Moriarty took his seat in the dilapidated old monoplane which the aerodrome people were sacrificing for the experiment.

The directors of the establishment seemed very nervous about the contract that had been entered into by their manager, and at the last moment besought the Irishman to abandon his frightful enterprise.

"My dear sir," begged the chairman, in a voice that was earnest but faltering, "this wretched machine is sure to go smash before you're half a mile up. It is absolute suicide! I beg of you to abandon the attempt."

Moriarty shook his head. He was not feeling much happier than the chairman himself; but he was quite dauntless. It was too late to draw back, anyhow, even were Giblin to allow him to—a doubtful contingency. The inventor was waiting and watching him with an eagle eye. The morning papers had published screaming accounts of the daring project, and Moriarty knew full well that Enid Rayner must have read some of them, and would be hurrying to the scene.

There was nothing for it but to go forward and upward, and perform a miracle or perish.

He took his seat. The attendants, goggle-eyed with apprehension, started the tractor. Obedient to instructions, Moriarty pulled one lever and pushed another. The monoplane bumped forward, then nosed upward and circled wobbily for the sky. The instant its wheels left the earth, Moriarty felt that he was already half-way to Paradise. The chill atmosphere of that place did not reassure him.

Up, up he went; time and distance ceased to be of account. Around and behind him soared the biplanes that held the operators of the film company.

Moriarty had no idea how he was to jump out of his machine when the critical moment came, or how to make it turn turtle, but he need not have troubled on this score. Suddenly something cracked! Before he could pull or push a lever, or do anything else, according to the instructions he had received below, the machine plunged forward on its nose, then turned head over heels in the most approved manner, and collapsed.

The safety-straps worked to perfection. Moriarty was flung headlong into space, the machine hurtling and fluttering somewhere overhead and to one side of him.

For a little while he fell like a bolt from a catapult. The speed of his descent was terrific; the rush of air howling in his ears seemed to make them red-hot.

Somewhere infinitely beneath him was the earth. On that—it seemed certain—he must be dashed to atoms in the space of a ridiculously few seconds. There was the astragen, of course; but it seemed to him unthinkable that any human force could break the frightful impetus of his fall. He wondered how many seconds were separating him from eternity, for each second felt like a century.

Never, to his fevered imagination, had time dragged so sluggishly. Yet he was hurtling through space at a rate that should have felt embarrassingly speedy to even the most placid of temperaments.

Then, suddenly, he felt the rush of air ceasing. He realized that he was swelling enormously; at least the waistcoat was swelling. It was puffing out around him, forcing his arms away from his body, burying his head, like the top of a pippin. The metacentric disturbance that ensued, combined with the terrific momentum, spun him upside-down and round about. As occasionally he got a chance to glance below, he could see an enormous and gesticulating crowd in a roped-in enclosure in the aerodrome beneath him.

The astragen had got to work; but he feared that it had come too late to the rescue, and he vaguely wondered would he hit any of the spectators in his descent, and crush them to pulp.

On his right, queer sounds like the cawing of rooks disturbed him. Glancing around, with great difficulty, he saw it was the film man in an aeroplane twirling away like mad at the handle of his recording-machine.

Lower and lower he dropped, the speed abating all the time.

He made another solemn somersault, and the peep he had at the earth showed the turf

"MORIARTY WAS FLUNG HEADLONG INTO SPACE."

floor of the aerodrome scarce one hundred feet below. It seemed that he was driving on it at the rate of a million miles a second.

He shut his eyes tight, and being at heart a true optimist, hoped for the best.

There was a sickening crash and a sudden splintering that sounded precisely like his mental conception of the Crack of Doom. Moriarty opened his eyes with pardonable curiosity.

He had landed on the corner of a conservatory that stood at the southern end of

the aerodrome. The shock liberated the gas in the supplementary vial of astragen, and, instead of smashing through to the geraniums, the accession of fresh buoyancy in the waistcoat was whirling him bodily back towards the stars.

The sensation was extraordinary. For a moment or two it almost dazed him. Then a great shadow intervened between him and the sky, and the noise like the cawing of rooks sounded quite close to him.

As he jerked himself around to glimpse at his persecutor, a human voice hailed him, thin and shrill, through the attenuating atmosphere.

"Splendid, old man!" it piped. "Corking! For Heaven's sake, keep it up!"

Moriarty was gasping for breath. He struggled frantically, like an impaled cockchafer, hopelessly endeavouring to turn this way or that; but the weight of his legs held him proper end downwards, while the puffiness of the waistcoat kept his arms extended. His head, more like the top of a pippin than ever, was embedded in the voluminous outcrop of the vest, and consequently he could only see in whatever direction his head was pointed.

By this time a sharp little squall had sprung up and was carrying him jerkily in the direction of an upstanding factory chimney, on which it seemed certain—from his own narrow pale of vision—that he would be dashed to death. He would hit it broadside on and burst with a bang. He struggled frantically in a mad effort to escape it, while below him the spectators—mistaking the tragic nature of his manœuvres—cheered him to the echo.

At the instant when death seemed most certain, the breeze wafted the waistcoat a few feet upwards. Instead of hitting the great chimney fairly in the centre, Moriarty only grazed, as it were, the curve of the coping round the top, and was instantly carried—half-suffocated and spluttering—into the curling volumes of black and sulphurous vapours that belched up from the furnaces in the bowels of the unseen factory.

On either side of the great, rolling clouds of black and grey the undaunted cinema operators hovered in their biplanes, hungering to re-focus their prey.

Moriarty's apprehensions of an unwelcome paradise melted in a veritable realization of Hades. Then a cool breeze wafted in through his veil of smoke, and a fresh chorus of cheers echoed faintly from far below as the crowds saw him emerge from the fumes and float steadily upwards.

The shock of the second impact seemed to ease the balloonist's wits and to soothe him. The top-like whirling ceased, and he realized that the astragen was more potent in overcoming the forces of gravity than even Giblin had anticipated. Slowly but surely it was taking him to the stars.

Now, though Moriarty, having once decided upon committing suicide, had been ready to do so in an unusual manner for the benefit of science and his friend Giblin, he had never covenanted to prolong the agony in an unnecessary manner; and the idea of floating about the uttermost realms of space, there to wither and perish of hunger and exhaustion, was as revolting to his taste as it was at variance with his original intention.

The emergency that now menaced stimulated him to great mental activity. He recalled that in the pocket of his real waistcoat, underneath the safety vest, he had a penknife. Might it not be possible to reach the weapon, open it, and cut a gash in his aerial prison, thus allowing the gas to escape by slow degrees and himself to descend to earth again in safety? A Rolls-Royce would then be a certainty—and, perhaps, Enid!

The problem was how to get at the penknife.

With infinite trouble he pulled one arm out of the prisoning sleeve of the waistcoat.

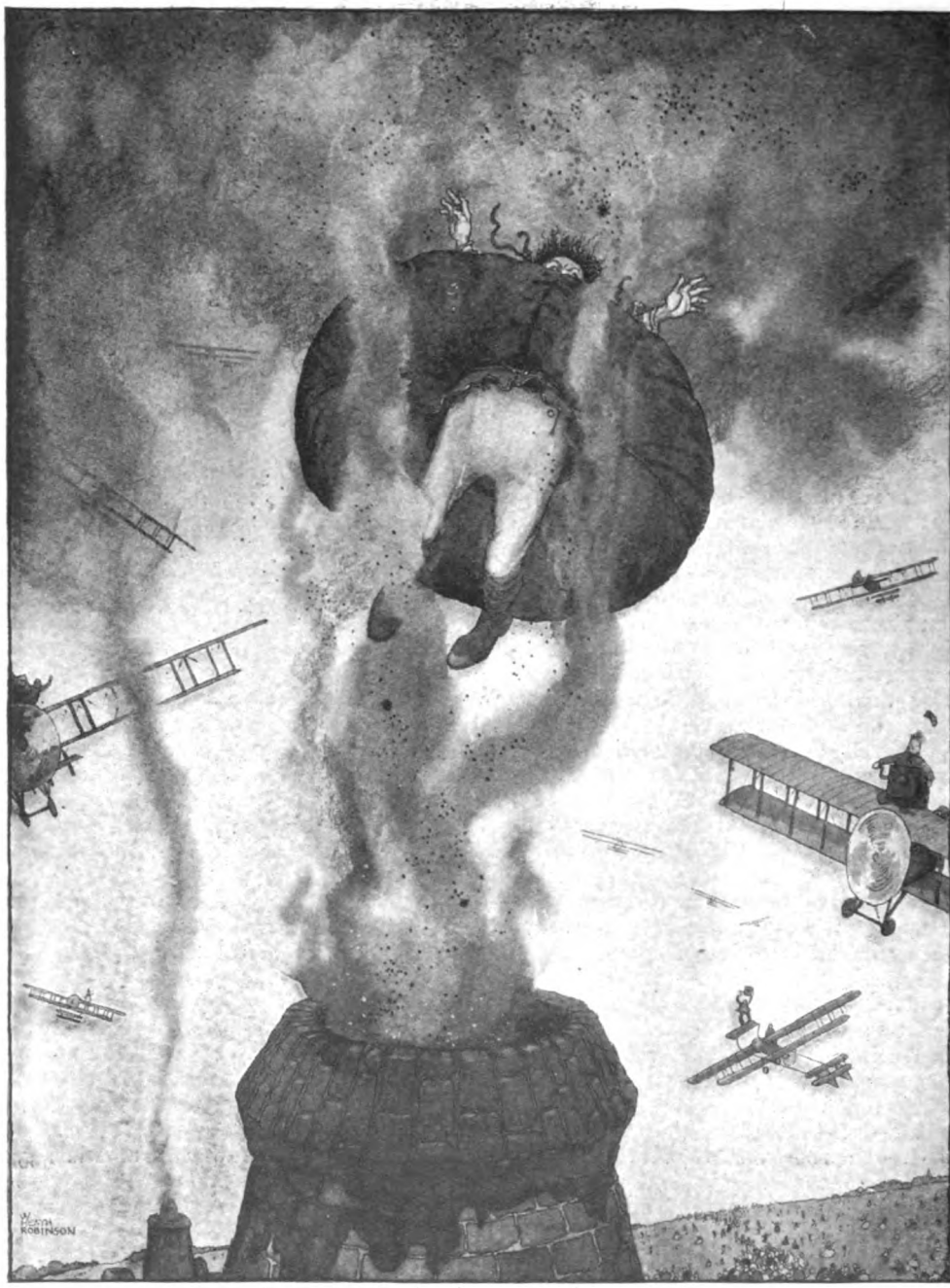
The cinematograph operator circling about him, and wholly mistaking the object of his struggles, vigorously applauded this performance.

Presently Moriarty's hand emerged again through the puffy sleeve of the waistcoat, the knife glittering in his grip. The blade was closed, and it required new and great efforts on Moriarty's part to open it. For a moment or so the bright steel glittered in the sunlight. Moriarty yelped out in baffled anger as he vainly struggled to find a vulnerable spot wherein to perforate the cover of his aerial jail.

"Open your mouth wider when you halloa!" shouted the cinematograph man, joyously, thus spurring his victim to new convulsions.

By this time, though the temperature at such an altitude was nearly at freezing-point, the perspiration rolled down his cheeks as he strove vainly to rip a gash in his accursed vest.

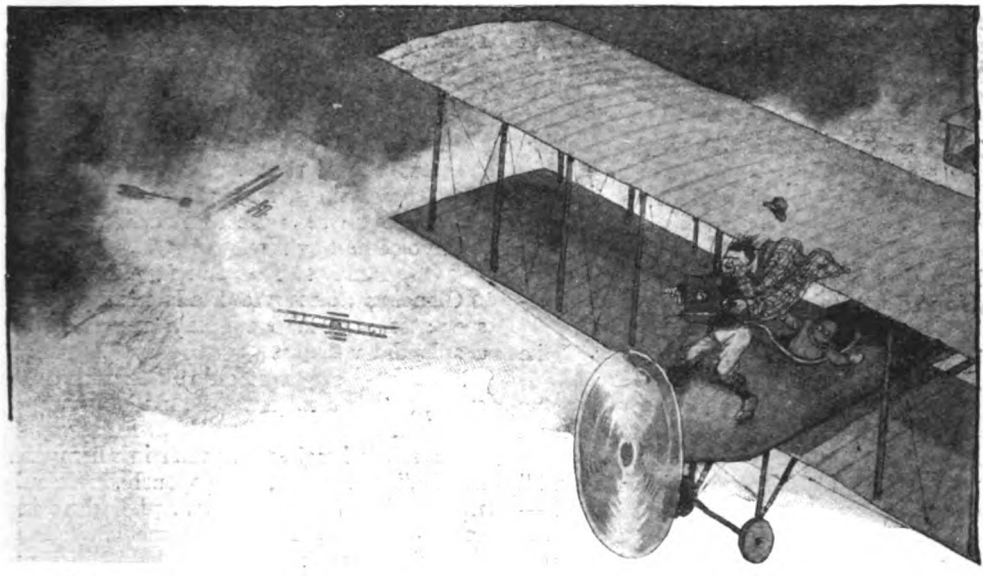
The blade was dull, and the elastic fabric yielded to it with distracting perversity. He turned three times head over heels in his wild endeavours to hack a hole in it, and he swore profoundly as he turned.



"INSTEAD OF HITTING THE GREAT CHIMNEY FAIRLY IN THE CENTRE, MORIARTY ONLY GRAZED, AS IT WERE, THE CURVE OF THE COPING ROUND THE TOP, AND WAS INSTANTLY CARRIED—HALF-SUFFOCATED AND SPLUTTERING—INTO THE CURLING VOLUMES OF BLACK AND SULPHUROUS VAPOURS."

"Don't stop, old man! Keep it up! Don't stop yet!" continuously bawled the photographer, his face transfigured with supreme professional ecstasy. "Somersault again! It's corking! I've still got six hundred feet of film to unroll on you!"

The man's eyes were popping out of his head with delight.



" Be careful ! Be careful, laddie ! Gently does it—don't overdo the knife-play, or you'll rip the treasure-chest ! "

A particularly frenzied stab had alarmed the operator. He was achieving the greatest film record in the whole history of cinematography, and he knew it. He also knew that if Moriarty bored a proper orifice in that astragen, the whole show would collapse prematurely, and half a thousand feet of irreplaceable film would be missed.

His advice was wholly lost upon Moriarty, who—egged on by a mad spasm of despair —flung the knife far above his head in the hope that it might drop point downwards and puncture the necessary hole. The blade glittered for an instant in the sunlight, fell on the expansive bosom of the waistcoat, and bounded harmlessly into space.

A fervid " Bravo ! " mocked at him from the cinema man.

Moriarty cursed him for an idiot ; then again he closed his eyes in calm resignation, knowing there was now nothing to arrest his passage to the stars.

Minutes passed that felt like æons. He heard nothing, knew nothing, but the purring of the cinema man's plane and the clicking of his photographic machine. Then again the thin voice called at him from the far spaces :—

" It's O.K., laddie ! Top-hole ! There's only another hundred feet to spin ! I'll signal down to the other Johnnies to come up and fetch you."

The words were meaningless to Moriarty. He had ceased to care about the things of this earth. There were no motor-cars in the place he was going to—no Enid Rayner——

Purring like monster cats, the three salvage biplanes that the cinema manager had engaged for this possible contingency came circling upwards from the aerodrome to the sky. Moriarty heard the rumble of their tractors as they closed around him. He heard the loud and joyous shouts of the salvage men. Then he felt a whack, as a rope dangling from one of the machines flapped against the side of his vest.

He knew it was too soon for him to have reached even an asteroid ; so he wearily opened his eyes to observe if possible the vagrom aerolite with which, he felt convinced, he must have collided.

" Take a grip, old chap ! Hold tight the next time it hits ! " called a voice from above. " Just you catch on when the hook passes you, and we'll tow you back to the shop ! "

Moriarty felt something brushing against his side. He clawed wildly, and grasped the iron prong of a grappling-hook.

" Hold tight ! " shouted the man.

Moriarty clutched for all he was worth. He held with the grip of the drowning man on the proverbial straw.

The biplane vanished from his circumscribed patch of vision. He felt himself being turned upside down.

As he turned, the surface of the world came

suddenly into sight again, and seemed to leap up at him as he followed in the wake of the rescuing biplane that was towing him gently back to his friends.

Three minutes later Moriarty was standing on the air, tethered safely about eighteen inches above the ground, while the aerodrome people cautiously pried him out of the overpowering waistcoat.

Peter Giblin, hiccoughing in the excitement of his joy, was fairly sobbing his congratulations and promises.

"Half is yours, Paddy, my boy!" he blurted. "There's millions in it!"

But the cinematograph manager was the man of action. Sobbing was remote from his philosophy.

"We've the world by the neck, old chap!" he chortled, shaking Moriarty by the ankle—it being impossible for him to reach the Irishman's fist. "Charlie Chaplin's a back number!"

Moriarty smiled down on him a trifle sheepishly. He felt that—as a suicide, at any rate—his venture was not a complete success.

"It'll be on in the big halls to-night, laddie," went on the magnate. "Here's the cheque I promised you as advance royalty when you pulled through the stunt."

Visions of limousines and other harbingers of joy floated before the mind's eye of Moriarty as his feet touched the solid ground and his fingers closed over the precious slip of paper.

At that instant, from the outskirts of the little throng within the enclosure, he heard a glad voice hailing him.

"Oh, Paddy! Hurrah!"

Glancing across the heads of the nearer spectators, he saw Enid Rayner waving him a splendid welcome.

With an incoherent gulp of thanks to the smiling cinema magnate, he made his way to her side.

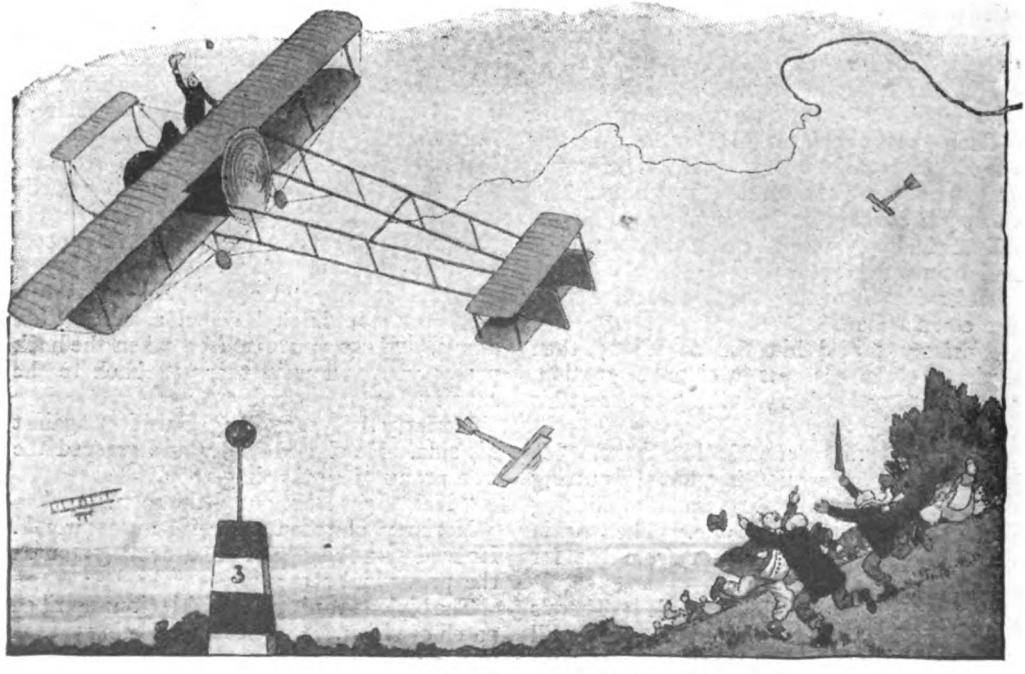
"I never laughed so much in all my life, Paddy," she told him, joyously. "You're the funniest fellow on earth. I had no idea you were such a duck of a comedian."

Moriarty took her extended hand and held it.

"I'm going to buy a Rolls-Royce this blessed minute," said he, "and I want you to come and help me to choose it."

The natural peach-bloom deepened on the cheek of Miss Rayner. Moriarty felt her little hand fluttering in his grasp.

"Do you know why?" he whispered, softly.



"HE FOLLOWED IN THE WAKE OF THE RESCUING BIPLANE

For an instant their eyes met.

Then a louder cheer than ever rocked the aerodrome as Miss Rayner realized that she was being kissed by Mr. Moriarty.

Click !

"Top-hole, sonny!" The operator stood with his machine still balanced on the rail of his now landed aeroplane. "That's the best-acted finish I've got for a film in all my natural life."

THAT WAS TOWING HIM GENTLY BACK TO HIS FRIENDS."

BIG MOMENTS OF BIG TRIALS.

An American Reporter's Story of Climaxes and Thrills.

By IRVIN S. COBB.

A court where the presiding judge is searched twice a day to see that he carries no "gun"! The procedure of such seats of justice, in which almost every detail makes a Britisher gasp, has an interest of its own, apart from the thrilling scenes of which the writer of this article presents such vivid pictures.

VERY big criminal trial has its big moments—when the prisoner takes the stand, when the lawyers make their summing-up speeches, when the jury brings in the verdict—but these come at spaced intervals, like the climaxes of a play, dividing the action of the trial off into separate acts. The supreme scene of all breaks, nearly always, with no warning. But when it does come, it comes big with importance for the man or the woman whose life is the stake in the game, and on the instant the atmosphere of the court-room changes. The reporters hunch their shoulders above the Press table and send their pencils racing across the copy paper on the hop, skip, and jump. The lolling jurymen straighten in their chairs. The judge on the Bench bends forward, alert and watchful. Every head among the spectators comes frontward at the same angle, like an assemblage at prayer. The opposing lawyers are on their feet, one fighting to get this evidence in in its entirety, the other fighting to keep it out or to blunt down its edge and cripple its force. About the ears of the two fencers, interruptions, objections, cross objections, and exceptions buzz in swarms like stinging gnats. From the crowd rises a little, subdued, humming sound never heard anywhere else. And the witness on the stand is telling, in broken scraps, the story which means ruin to the accused, or his salvation. It is the Big Moment.

A GREAT NEW YORK MURDER TRIAL.

One of the great murder trials that took place in New York was that of Albert Wolter for the murder of Ruth Wheeler. Albert Wolter was a half-grown immigrant boy, a sinister compound of ignorance and guile. He lived in the rear tenement on the top floor of a tenement house in East Seventy-fifth Street, with a girl called Katchen Miller, who worked as a kitchen drudge for seven dollars a week, and living on her earnings this boy, Albert Wolter, took his ease. His idle hands found some particularly bad work to do.

In the Help Wanted columns of a morning paper one day Wolter read the advertisements of a shorthand and typewriting school seeking places for its graduates, and he answered three of them by mail, inviting the applicants to call. Luck saved the first two girls. One distrusted the look of the house and turned back at the door. The second went home and consulted her parents first; and her father realizing, from his knowledge of the neighbourhood, that a reputable concern would hardly be doing business in such a quarter, told his daughter to stay away from the place.

Finally, on the third day, which was Good Friday, came Ruth Wheeler, seventeen years old, a pretty, red-haired, blue-eyed girl, born in Alabama of native American parentage. Her father, a railroad engineer, had been killed in a wreck. Her mother was a refined, energetic little woman who did fine needlework. There were two older sisters, one the head of a department in a big store, and the other the confidential secretary of a publisher. Ruth, the youngest of the three, had graduated from one of the numerous stenographic schools that flourish in New York and was looking for

work. Under its contract with its students, the school was bound to secure a place for her. On this Friday morning she went to the school, dressed in her best clothes, and the principal handed her a post-card signed with a rubber stamp, "A. A. Wolter, Secretary," and giving an address in East Seventy-fifth Street. For all that she had spent most of her life in a populous part of the big city, Ruth Wheeler, to use an overworked comparison, was as innocent as a child. Later, through the testimony, we were to get an intimate picture of the little household where the mother and the older sisters watched jealously over the baby, as they called her, to protect her from every smirching influence.

A Fateful Call.

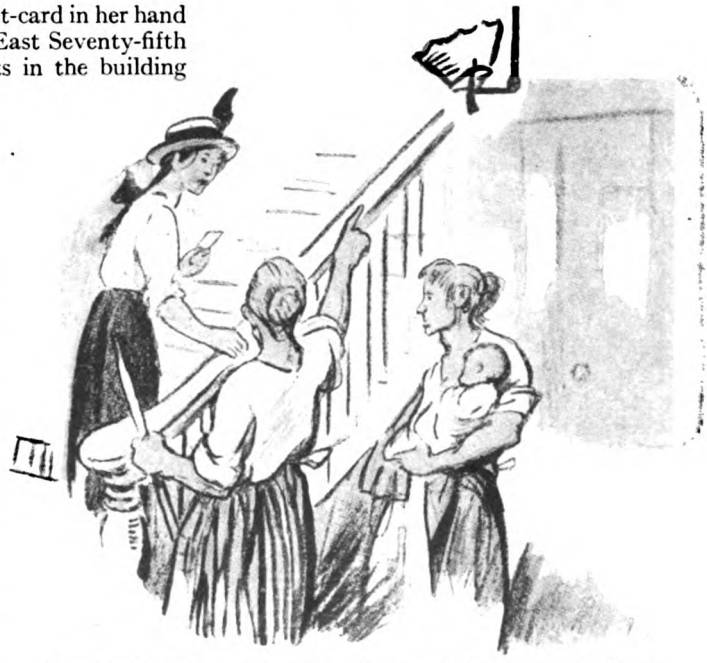
Ruth Wheeler took the post-card in her hand and rode on a street-car to East Seventy-fifth Street. Two women tenants in the building saw her mounting the steps to Wolter's room. One of them pointed out the way to her. She went up the steps, and she never came down.

That night, after Ruth Wheeler's elder sister had traced Ruth to Wolter's flat and had brought the police to help her search for the missing girl, Wolter and Katchen Miller fled to other lodgings. The next day he was arrested—for abduction only. On the third day one of Wolter's recent neighbours found a bundle wrapped in burlap on the fire-escape outside the window of the flat lately deserted by Wolter and Katchen Miller. She called her husband, who pushed the cumbersome thing off the narrow balcony, so that it dropped into the yard four floors below. Then, having noticed something unusual about the weight and feel of it, the man went downstairs to where the bundle lay, cast off the ropes and piano-wire which held the sacking together, and found what was left of little Ruth Wheeler—a headless trunk, choked, beaten, dismembered with a knife and burned with fire.

I doubt if there ever was a crime that stirred New York to deeper levels. Within five days the grand jury, laying aside all lesser matters, had indicted Wolter for murder in the first degree. Within two weeks the Legislature at Albany had enacted a law requiring the managers of stenographic schools to carefully investigate the standing of strangers who applied to them for clerical help.

The Trial Begins.

In a little more than a month Wolter was facing a jury before Judge Warren W. Foster in the Criminal Courts Building. In that month the assistant district attorney in charge of the prosecution, Frank Moss, had prepared a case that was well-nigh faultless. Having to rely entirely upon circumstantial evidence to convict Wolter, he had overlooked nothing and provided for everything. For example, he had more than a hundred



"SHE WENT UP THE STEPS, AND SHE NEVER CAME DOWN."

physical exhibits ready for introduction at the proper time—fragments of bone out of a fireplace where Wolter tried to destroy his victim's body, a string of fire-blackened blue glass beads, a charred scrap of embroidery from a shirt-waist, a bent hat-pin, a pathetically small gold finger-ring, part of a corset-steel, a little wisp of singed hair, even ashes and cinders of coal and wood, each by itself in a small wooden box, with a sliding glass top. When Mr. Moss was through with the identification of all these things, he spread them out on a long table in front of the jury-box, where they stayed for the best part of a

week, as complete and as satisfying and as grim a collection of physical evidence as I ever saw produced in a court-room.

The sentiment of the community demanded a speedy trial for young Wolter, and he got it. At the Press table we thought the big moment had been reached when Ruth Wheeler's sisters took the stand to tell of her departure from home on the last morning of her life, of their search for her that night after she failed to return, and, worst ordeal of all for them, to look at and touch some of the articles in the glass-topped little boxes. All of us marvelled at the brave endurance that was shown by these two.

An Interesting Witness.

I think no one who was there will ever forget how Adelaide Wheeler looked. She was a slender, pretty girl, with a fair skin, which looked dead white against the background of her black hat and black mourning gown, and a great coil of red hair on her head. One by one she took the objects which Mr. Moss handed to her, and in answer to his questions said, clearly and quietly: "Yes, I recognize this bow of ribbon. I tied it in Ruthie's hair myself that morning"; or, "Yes, sir, I know this ring; it was my sister's, and she gave it to Ruth on her sixteenth birthday. I would know it anywhere." Nearly everybody who was there wanted to cry, and a great many did cry, when she took into her black-gloved hands an umbrella and said it had been her Christmas gift to Ruth. It was such a simple, plain, little black umbrella; just such a gift as good taste and a limited purse would have chosen.

But Wolter didn't cry. He stared at the dead girl's sister—only a year or two had separated the sisters in age and they were said to have looked very much alike—with a steady, insolent stare.

As I was saying just now, we reporters thought the big moment had come and gone when the sisters quitted the stand, after perfunctory cross-examinations by Wolter's lawyers. But it hadn't. A little later that same day, Mr. Moss called as a witness for the State Dr. George S. Huntington, the eminent anatomist, and now it developed for the first time that, with the consent of the mother, the body of Ruth Wheeler had been privately disinterred and given over to Dr. Huntington; and that he, after a series of wonderfully minute comparisons and measurements, was prepared to swear positively that the tiny pieces of bone found in the grate at the Seventy-fifth Street flat had belonged to the body which afterwards lay on the fire-escape, so establishing the complete loop of evidence necessary to prove the *corpus delicti*, the body of the crime.

After the first flurry invariably excited by the appearance of an unexpected witness, the reporters slumped back in their chairs. As a rule, expert testimony doesn't make interesting reading, and we welcomed the prospect of a little respite from a strain that had been wearing us down fiercely all day. Presently it came out that Dr. Huntington, in dissecting the exhumed body, had found the missing left hand. All along we supposed that the left hand, like its fellow, had been cut off by the murderer and destroyed separately. Now we learned that the fire afterwards had burned the left arm in two, but that the hand was caught up under the shelter of the right arm hollow and escaped, practically intact. This point did not seem particularly important though, except as tending to show that the coroner's physicians had been hurried and possibly careless in performing the original autopsy. But Mr. Moss had something else in store.

The Dénouement.

William Travers Jerome, at once the most brilliant, the most daring, and the most spectacular prosecutor I ever saw anywhere, would have worked up the *dénouement* which was now at hand with studied care. He would have paved the way for his climax as skilfully as a trained playwright. James W. Osborne would have done the same thing; for Osborne, like Jerome, has the dramatic instinct highly developed. Moss, however, is of a different stamp, as methodical as a knitting machine and about as showy, but certain sure.

Slowly, as if unaware of the sensation he was about to unloose, Mr. Moss produced the skeleton of the little hand which Dr. Huntington had found. It was articulated and mounted in one of the glass-topped cases. The box was handed up to the witness casually and identified by him. The expert sat at ease, holding the box in his lap.

"Doctor," said Moss, "did you, in the course of the examinations which you have described, find anything in Exhibit K for identification—this hand?"

"I did."

"What did you find, please?"

"I found clutched in this hand six human hairs."

"What was the general condition of those six human hairs?"

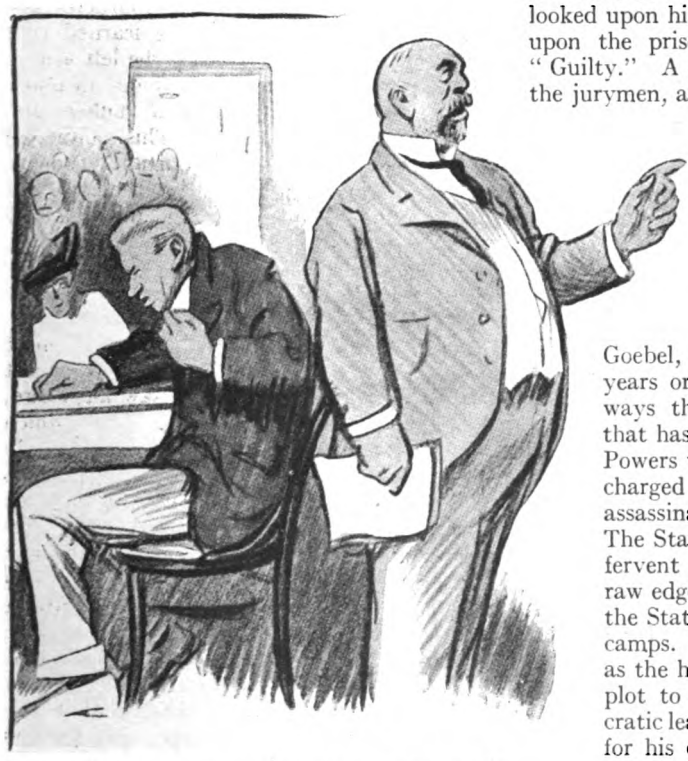
"They were partly burned—that is, the ends of them had been scorched away."

"Did those hairs, in your opinion, come from the head of the body which you dissected?"

"They did not. They were of a different texture and a different colour."

"That is all, doctor," said Mr. Moss, and sat down.

For the smallest part of a minute there was a hush, and then a stir ran through the room like a breeze blowing suddenly into tree-tops. The reporters put their heads down and began to write like mad, turning out rush copy, forty or fifty sprawled words to the sheet. For



"HE WAS PHYSICALLY SHRIVELLING UP."

they knew, and the jurors knew, and all hands there knew, that if there were hairs clutched in Ruth Wheeler's fingers and they were not from her own head, they must have been torn from the head of the man who killed her. She could not have been killed by a chance blow—a suggestion upon which Wolter's counsel had been pinning his hopes of a mistrial or a compromise verdict. She must have met her death in a struggle, fighting for her life. Literally, Ruth Wheeler's dead hand had risen out of the grave to convict her murderer.

As I ground out my story I snatched a quick look at Wolter. He made me think of a white worm, singed by a flame. He was physically shrivelling up.

From that moment there was never any doubting what Wolter's finish would be with that jury. Under cross-examination the next day he tripped and tangled himself in fifty places, and once he teetered on the edge of a confession; but nothing that he might have said or done could have added to or abated from the effect of that bit of testimony by Dr. Huntington. Late on a Friday night the jurors came in and, while Wolter's old mother listened in a dumb agony, uncomprehendingly, for she didn't know any English, the prisoner looked upon his jurors and the jurors looked upon the prisoner, and the foreman said, "Guilty." A day or two later I met one of the jurymen, and he said to me:—

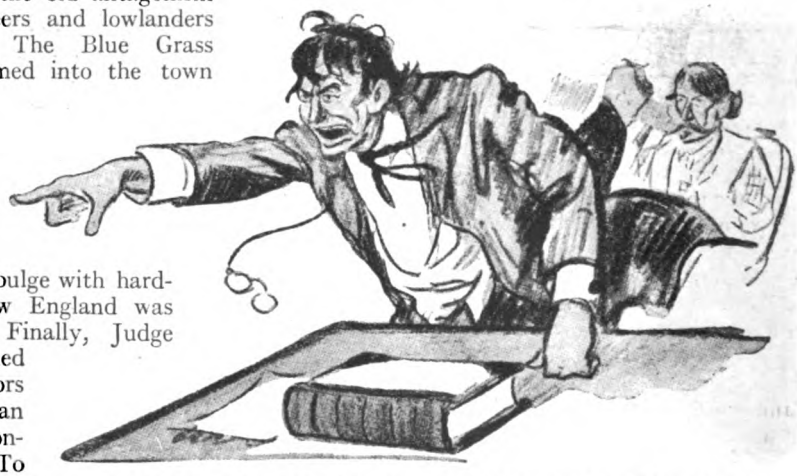
"It was the evidence of that little girl's dead hand that convicted Wolter."

A UNIQUE TRIAL IN KENTUCKY.

The trial of ex-State Secretary Caleb Powers for the murder of William Goebel, Governor of Kentucky, ten years or so ago, was in a good many ways the most unique murder trial that has ever taken place in the States. Powers was the first, of all the men charged with the conspiracy to assassinate Goebel, to be put on trial. The State of Kentucky, always pretty fervent politically, hung then on the raw edge of civil war. The people of the State were divided into two hostile camps. One faction regarded Powers as the head and front of the successful plot to kill from ambush the Democratic leader of the State, and clamoured for his conviction. The other faction called him a martyr to political and personal prejudice, declared that he was being sacrificed to the demand for a victim merely because he chanced to be prominent among the younger Republicans, and demanded his acquittal as an innocent and an injured man.

On a change of venue, the trial took place at Georgetown, in an old-fashioned, hermetically-sealed, air-tight court-house, in the middle of a scorching hot summer. There were twenty-three lawyers in the case, eleven for the prosecution and twelve for the defence. Each lawyer had a bitter personal enemy on the other side; some of them were quite generous in their hates and

had two or three apiece. The trial judge, stern, handsome old Judge Cantrill, one of the last of the company commanders of Morgan's raiders, and an un-reconstructed Confederate, had his private quarrels with at least two of the lawyers for the defence. and they were good haters, both of them, who repaid the debt with compound interest, and carried hair-trigger tempers besides. Many of the witnesses from the eastern end of the State were talented gun-fighters, who had been reared in what has been called the Pure Feud Belt. As between them and the police-force of the town the old antagonism between mountaineers and lowlanders was emphasized. The Blue Grass farmers who swarmed into the town and packed the court-house were ready to take a hand in the fighting if anybody else would kindly start it. A hip-pocket that didn't bulge with hardware made in New England was a scarce thing. Finally, Judge Cantrill stationed deputies at the doors to search every man who entered for concealed weapons. To show his own fair-mindedness in the matter, the judge himself submitted to being searched twice daily.



"THE GOVERNOR ALWAYS WAS A VOLCANIC SORT OF SPEAKER."

A Flood of Oratory.

The finish of the trial came in the hottest, driest part of August. The summing-up required a full week with night sessions. There were ten speeches in all, five to a side, and not a single speaker took less than six hours. Kentuckians love court-house oratory, and they came from all over the State for this feast of it. The sweltering little court-room was jammed. Men and boys roosted in the narrow window openings, shutting out any breath of air that might have found its way in there. The reporters perched about anywhere—back of the jury-box, on the steps of the judge's platform, and up against the wall, writing their stories on lapboards and box tops. At the wind-up we sat under rival human geysers which spouted forth vast streams of those two favourite brands of Southern eloquence—the fiery and the flowery—night and day one solid week. In the acute stress of their personal emotions, some of the orators forgot about the case and devoted their time to blasting their enemies over the way. I remember how old Governor Brown looked, swelling himself up with rage and contempt until he seemed nine feet high, and spilling molten lava, hot ashes, and the powdered pumice-stone of his wrath all over his chief adversary, Colonel Thomas C. Campbell. The Governor always was a volcanic sort of speaker, anyhow.

Colonel Campbell, though, was a veteran of a hundred court-house battles himself; he only sat and smiled pleasantly through Governor Brown's speech. And when his turn came, he did a little blistering and blasting himself. He was particularly bitter against the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, which had fought the dead Goebel, and against General Basil M. Duke, of Louisville, who had handled the railroad's political and legislative affairs. Colonel Campbell charged that the L. and N. was indirectly responsible for the assassination of Goebel.

"I would give my right arm," he declaimed, theatrically, "to get Basil Duke here on this witness stand."

"And give your other arm and both your legs to let him go again, suh," audibly growled an excited old gentleman in a front seat, breathing hard through his nose and glaring. The old gentleman had fought under Duke in Morgan's cavalry, and he was prepared to fight again. The judge, who, you will remember, was one of Morgan's raiders himself, rapped for order, but he didn't fine anybody for contempt of Court. I don't believe such a trial could have taken place in any State of the Union except

in Kentucky, and not in Kentucky except in most extraordinary circumstances.

I don't know how much of the evidence the jury of dazed farmers and tobacco-planters still carried in their minds as they filed out one day at noon; but it took them only forty minutes to frame a verdict of guilty, and Powers listened to it calmly, while sniffing at a tuberose which a young woman handed to him just as the foreman stood up.

Unexpected Evidence.

But before we reached the verdict there occurred the scene which I started out to describe. In order to complete its case against Powers, the prosecution deemed it highly necessary to show that the bullet which killed Goebel was fired from a certain window of Powers's own office, in the department of the Secretary of State, on the grounds of the State Capitol at Frankfort. There were plenty of witnesses ready to testify that the sound of the shot seemed to come from that particular point; but sound is deceptive, and the lawyers for the Commonwealth were anxious to strengthen this defect in their chain of proof by better evidence. One morning there walked into their consultation room at one of the two Georgetown hotels a stranger, who told them something that so filled them with joy that fifteen minutes later when court opened they put him on the stand, without waiting to verify his story. This stranger was a short and stoutish man, with long, flowing, sandy moustache, a round, pink nose, and a pair of rolling blue eyes. His hair was thin in front but long and wavy behind. His whole front was spangled over with lodge emblems. On his coat-lapel there was pinned a gold axe, which didn't lack so very much of being life-size. Then and thereafter, during all his appearances, he clung fast to a tightly-rolled umbrella. He looked like a cross between a corn doctor and a travelling book-canvasser, and there was about him something that was funny and yet pathetic.

"HIS WHOLE FRONT WAS SPANGLED OVER WITH LODGE EMBLEMS."

As he stood to be sworn, clutching his precious umbrella in his free hand, Charley Michaelson, who had been sent to cover the story for one of the New York papers, leaned over and said to me: "In every big murder trial at least one volunteer perjurer turns up. This fellow here is a candidate for the job."

It was the first big trial I had ever covered, and I bent and asked him what made him think so.

"I can't tell you," said Michaelson; "but after a while you get to know them. I'll make a little bet I'm right."

The New Witness.

The new witness was named Weaver. He had been a barber, but had abandoned barbering to become an organizer of fraternal lodges with a roving commission; hence his heavy display of emblems. He had come to Frankfort on the day of the shooting; he had been strolling about the Capitol grounds, looking at the buildings, when he heard several shots fired rapidly and saw a man fall; he had looked then in the direction whence the sound of the firing came and had seen the barrel of a rifle protruding from the lower left-hand windows of Caleb Powers's suite of offices. No, there couldn't be any mistake about it; he had seen the rifle-barrel plainly, two feet or more of it; had seen the smoke coming out of its muzzle; had watched it as it was withdrawn and had seen hands of unseen bodies fumbling with the sash and closing the window. That was all; the other side might cross-examine.

On the cross-examination Weaver suffered somewhat. What business had brought him to Frankfort? No business at all — he just happened by and stopped off to see the Legislature in session. Did he tell anybody what he had seen before he left Frankfort? No, he couldn't say that he had. Why not? He couldn't say that either. How long a time did he spend on the Capitol grounds before the shooting occurred? Oh, a good while, two hours,

maybe two hours and a half. What had he been doing all that time? Strolling around. Just strolling? Yes, that was it—just strolling. Wasn't it snowing hard that morning? Well, it had snowed some. Didn't he mind the snow? Oh, no; he had his umbrella with'him. The same umbrella which he now held in his hand? The same. And so on for more than an hour. Judge James Sims, the cross-examiner, managed to worry the stroller a good deal, but he couldn't show anywhere that Weaver had any prejudice against Powers or any motive for testifying to anything except the truth.

Basking in the Limelight.

The impression among the jurors must have been that this was a well-meaning, rather simple-minded person who might get tangled up on the incidental ends of his testimony, but who would not, knowingly, state a falsehood under oath. Eventually Judge Sims had to let him go. Weaver remained around town, basking in the temporary limelight, like a kitten before a grate fire.

That night the circulation manager of one of the Louisville papers slipped into Georgetown, bringing with him a troupe of leather-lunged city newsboys and a special edition of his paper. The front page of this special edition was entirely devoted to the display, under appropriately large heads and subheads, of these indisputable facts.

On the day of the shooting, and almost on the hour, the witness, Weaver, had been in a town clear off at the other end of the State from Frankfort, organizing a lodge and investing its officers with their high-sounding titles and the ritual. When word of the shooting reached this town, he had made quite a speech on the enormity of such a thing, and then he had gone with certain of his newly-made brothers to the telegraph-office in the hope of learning fuller details of the assassination. Finally, a special train was then on its way to Georgetown, bearing practically the entire membership of the lodge. In the morning, bright and early, they were there—the Supreme King, the Puissant Imperial Potentate, the Keeper of the Royal Rolls, and all the rest, bringing with them books and archives, showing time, place, and date.

I think most of us began our stories that morning something after this fashion.

"The Strolling Barber took another stroll to-day, strolling from the county court-house to the county jail, and thence into a cell. He was accompanied by his umbrella and the sheriff of the county."

Just as Michaelson told me then, there is at least one of them who turns up at every big trial. It is rare that they have a really criminal motive in testifying to something which never happened, or which they never saw; some of them, I am convinced, really get to believe they are telling the truth. They are the same people who write the crank letters; love of notoriety amounts to an obsession with them.

HOW THE REPORTER UNEXPECTEDLY "MADE GOOD."

The trial of Henry Youtsey, a State house clerk, for complicity in the Goebel murder, followed closely on the trial of Powers, and, like the Powers trial, it was held at Georgetown, too. When it was perhaps a third over, the judge fixed a day when, following the Kentucky procedure, the prisoner, the jurors, and one lawyer from either side would go to Frankfort in a body to view the scene of the crime and the surroundings. One of the reporters covering the story at Georgetown was just married. He knew the regular Frankfort correspondent of his paper would cover the Frankfort end of the trip, and he desired greatly to steal a holiday and take his bride up to Cincinnati for a day. He went to see Judge Cantrill, who told him that after the return from Frankfort, court would probably adjourn for the day. So the reporter and his bride felt safe in slipping away.

The day at Cincinnati stretched into a day and a night. A famous actress was playing at one of the theatres, and; since nothing would be happening, anyhow, at Georgetown, Mr. and Mrs. Reporter decided to stay over, see the play, and catch an early train, which would land them in Georgetown in time for the opening of court. When they reached the station the next morning the husband bought a morning paper. It was the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. The reporter took one look at the last column of the first page of his *Enquirer* and his knees knocked together.

An Unpleasant Surprise.

Under a Georgetown date-line he read that, unexpectedly, a night session of the trial had been arranged. About ten o'clock, Arthur Goebel, the younger brother of the murdered Governor, had taken the stand as a witness and had proceeded to tell for the first time in any court the story of a detailed confession of the crime and the conspiracy, as made to him by Youtsey four months before in the Frankfort jail on the day of Youtsey's arrest—a confession of which no one on earth, with the exception of a few persons in Arthur

Goebel's confidence, had any knowledge. To the newspaper men it had come as an absolute surprise. But this wasn't all. As Arthur Goebel, acting out the scene in the jail, with minute detail, reached the point where he began word for word to repeat Youtsey's confession, Youtsey had leaped to his feet, screaming out that Goebel was not dead and all the devils in hell couldn't kill him, and then, as the court officers jumped forward to overpower him, fell on the floor writhing about and frothing at the mouth, finally going off into a strange stupor and lying like one dead. Youtsey's young wife had gone into hysterics at the sight of her apparently frenzied husband fighting with the officers and being held down and handcuffed. Several women had fainted. In a stampede to get out of the narrow room, persons had been crushed at the doors and on the narrow stairs. And then, while Youtsey, mute and seemingly unconscious, lay on a cot alongside the witness stand, with his eyes set in his head and his chained hands crossed on his breast, Arthur Goebel, who had not moved once during all the uproar, had gone calmly on with his amazing, totally unexpected testimony.

All that had happened at Georgetown the night before—with a new reporter on his first big assignment ninety miles away in Cincinnati. Because the hour had been so late and the wires so crowded, the story in the morning paper was little more than a series of jerky bulletins; but his paper was an afternoon paper at Louisville, and he knew the office would be expecting a complete account of the whole thing, testimony and all, for the first edition, going to press at 11.10.

A Nerve-Racking Journey.

The train was one of those things misnamed an accommodation train, which meant that it stopped at all stations and hesitated in between.

It was due at Georgetown at 10.30. Following the usual custom, it was late. It was ten minutes before eleven when the locomotive whistled for Georgetown. As the train loafed into the station, a newly-married newspaper reporter, basely deserting his bride of a month, leaped off the rear platform, ripped up the cindered right-of-way with his toes and knees, gathered himself up, and tore down Main Street toward the Western Union office as fast as a moderately long pair of legs would carry him. As he fell panting in at the open door of the telegraph office, the manager looked up, startled.

"Where in thunder you been?" he asked.

"Looky here—I got about a thousand messages for you from the office already this morning," and he held up a double handful of the little yellow envelopes.

"What did you do?" gasped the reporter.

"Well," said the manager, "I couldn't find you and I couldn't find any of the other boys that had time to help out—all of them was busy with their own stuff. And your folks was calling for copy every half minute and not getting any.

An Inspiration.

"So, not knowing what else to do, and feeling that something had oughter be done, I took a chance. I went up to the hotel and got a copy of Walker's (Walker was the court stenographer) transcript of what happened last night, and about three-quarters of an hour ago I put it on the wire. It was sort of long—over four thousand words, I guess; but I couldn't think of anything else."

"Let me see it, quick!" said the reporter.

"Too late now," drawled the manager. "Bancroft's just sending the last page in over your office loop."

The reporter ran around behind the screen and scooped up the pile of typewritten sheets which lay just under the operator's busy right elbow. He ran his eye through one page, through another, part way through a third—and his heart, which had been a cast-iron hitching-post down in the pit of his stomach, jumped back up in his chest where it belonged, and turned into a vital living organ again. For it was a great story that had gone into the home office. Done in the official style of the methodical, unemotional court stenographer, it was all there—the oaths, the screams, the inarticulate cries, the orders of the judge, the ravings of Youtsey, the testimony of young Arthur Goebel, everything—and told so it made a more graphic picture of the scene than any written-out, descriptive account could possibly have been.

The reporter went back and found his wife and resumed normal breathing. Later in the day he got a telegram of congratulation from his editor. With a fifty-word introduction, written in the office, the stenographic narrative had run in the paper exactly as it came in over the wire. And it had been the talk of the town. So far as anybody in Louisville knew, no paper had ever before covered such a story in such a way. The admiring managing editor wondered how the reporter ever came to think of it.

The reporter didn't tell him. He hasn't told him yet. I happen to know, because I was the reporter.

A THRILLING EXIT.

By FRED M. WHITE.

Illustrated by Thomas Somerfield.

IT wanted but ten days to August Bank Holiday, and already the great watering-place of Sandmouth was packed with visitors. Within the next few days the numbers would be augmented by perhaps another two hundred thousand, but Sandmouth made nothing of that, for they boasted that there was ample provision for half a million immigrants, and the boast was justified.

The Empire Palace of Varieties, that huge and luxurious theatre attached to the Winter Gardens, was packed with people from the stalls to the gallery. Not one popular favourite, but a dozen came forward one after the other and did their best, and, indeed, only the best was good enough for Sandmouth.

In the third row of the stalls Gilbert Lockhart sat with his eyes on the stage. He was by way of being an artiste himself, but for the moment, at any rate, he was free to indulge in a little well-earned leisure. He had come down to Sandmouth for a brief rest before appearing in the Winter Gardens on the evening of August Bank Holiday. He would be *the* star on that occasion in the character of Señor Romano, the world's greatest exponent on the high wire. At ten o'clock on the Monday night he would go through his marvellous performance on a single strand of copper wire running from one lofty water-tower surmounting the huge glass dome of the Winter Gardens to the twin tower at the other end. Others have done this sort of thing before—the great Blondin, for instance—but then Blondin's performance took place on a rope, and Señor Romano traversed a taut strand of wire two hundred and fifty feet above the ground and absolutely invisible to the great audience down below. There was not much in the performance, perhaps, as such, but it was a fine exhibition of cool courage and daring. Moreover, it took place in the dark, save for the fact that the performer for the most part was surrounded by a blaze of fireworks, and at any rate the management held the entertainment cheap at the fee of five hundred guineas which they cheerfully paid for it. They got their money back twice over, for of all the draws at that moment attracting huge audiences, Señor Romano was the greatest. It was positively his last performance, too, on any stage, and the Palace people were making the most of it.

Lockhart had not gone into this business from any love of it, for, as a means of making a living, he hated it from the bottom of his soul. But what can a young man do who finds himself at twenty-three utterly penniless, without any profession or business training and face to face with poverty after a public school education and a successful career in the world of athletics at Oxford? The sudden collapse of his father's huge business and his subsequent death had brought about this catastrophe. How Lockhart had drifted into it he hardly knew himself; probably his passion for Alpine climbing had been the main incentive. He had discovered that he had the art of balancing himself on a rope at dizzy altitudes, and thus, little by little, he had found his way into the business. And now, under an assumed name, and unknown to his friends, he had become the greatest wireman of his time. And in the last eight years he had amassed the nucleus of a fortune. His appearance at Sandmouth would be his last, for he had purchased a ranch in Canada, and his intention was to go out to it in the spring.

But he had not met Mlle. de Lara, the famous French dancer, at that time. And this was largely the cause of his sitting there in that packed audience with a moody frown on his forehead and a certain anxiety gnawing at his heart. He was watching the lady in question going through that graceful

performance of hers in a little sketch founded on the Mexican rebellion which had been written round her and the other star performer in the shape of Leon Diaz, who claimed, not without justice, to be the champion rifle and revolver shot of the world. In it she had to meet first one and then two fencers armed with rapiers and overcome them in a hand-to-hand combat, holding the position till the hero turned up with his revolvers and his world-famed rifles.

Lockhart was watching the slim, graceful, girlish figure in the white shirt and black silk knee-breeches with something like a dog-like devotion in his eyes. He was fascinated by the wonderful swiftness and dexterity and moved by the exquisite beauty of that fair face. And when it seemed to him that Diaz as the lover was carrying his privileges a little too far something like a smothered groan escaped him.

Sitting by his side was a little man in loud checks, with "low comedian" written all over him. But Billy Jenks was a kind-hearted soul in spite of his native vulgarity, and Lockhart had a genuine liking for him. Jenks was not performing this evening; like all the rest of his profession, he found it impossible to keep away from the atmosphere of the theatre. And the look on Lockhart's face and that smothered exclamation were not lost upon him.

"Diaz is a beast," he said. "But there is no denying that he is easily first in his own particular line. But she don't care anything about him, laddie."

"I wish I could think so," Lockhart groaned.

"Well, I know I'm right. He's fascinated her, and you are a bit slow, ain't you, old man? No business of mine, of course, but there isn't one of us behind who can't see how the land lies. And he is clever. You've never seen what he can do with a rifle, have you? Of course, there isn't much scope for a gun inside a theatre. But I was in a big circus with Diaz three years ago in California, where we gave evening shows in the moonlight, and, by Gad, that chap can make a gun actually talk as long as there's any light at all. And there's no fake about it either. He can judge the range up to a thousand yards as easy as a man judges the points of a horse. But don't you worry about that. You just go in and win, old man. I'm not a gentleman like you, but I know a lady when I see one, and the girl we call Mlle. de Lara was never brought up to this sort of thing."

Lockhart was silent. He knew that perfectly well. He knew that Mlle. de Lara had been born Lucille Dare, that she was the daughter of a man who had at one time had a high commission in the British Army, and that the art she had learnt as a child for her amusement and the sake of her physical training had become later on her one means of obtaining a livelihood. And Lockhart knew, too, that she hated and loathed all this publicity as much as he did himself. He had met her more than once during the last eighteen months, and all had looked like going well until Lucille had been persuaded to accept one of the leading parts in the sketch which had originally been written for Diaz alone.

The entertainment came to an end presently, and the huge audience filed slowly out. Lockhart found himself presently waiting outside the stage door for a chance of a few words with Lucille. He had not yet shaken off Billy Jenks, who was hanging about as if waiting for someone himself.

"All right, old man," he said, "I'll be off. I can see that you don't want me. But I am your friend, as you know, and if you take my advice you won't quarrel with Diaz. There used to be some nasty stories told about him in California; as a matter of fact, he dare not show his face there. I don't believe the beast would stick at anything. And don't forget that a man like yourself who risks his life on a bit of copper wire might form a tempting object for a bit of treachery on the part of a reckless devil like Diaz. Well, so long, old man, and remember my advice is well meant."

Lockhart drew a deep breath as he saw Lucille coming towards him. There was cold surprise in her eyes as she saw him standing there. It was his own fault, perhaps—he had been somewhat shy and laggard in his *rôle* of a lover—but he did not stop to think of that at the moment. He felt the blood rising to his temples and tingling to his finger-tips as Diaz emerged from the shadows and laid his hand familiarly on Lucille's arm.

"Don't forget," he said, with an insolent glance at Lockhart, "that you are engaged to me for to-morrow afternoon."

Lockhart kept his temper with an effort.

"I—I was going to ask you to come as far as St. Everards in the side-car," he stammered. "But if I am too late, why, then, I must go over there alone."

It seemed to him that Lucille yielded for a moment, and then the cold look came back into her eyes again.

"I'm very sorry," she said. "But as you did not mention it this morning I thought you

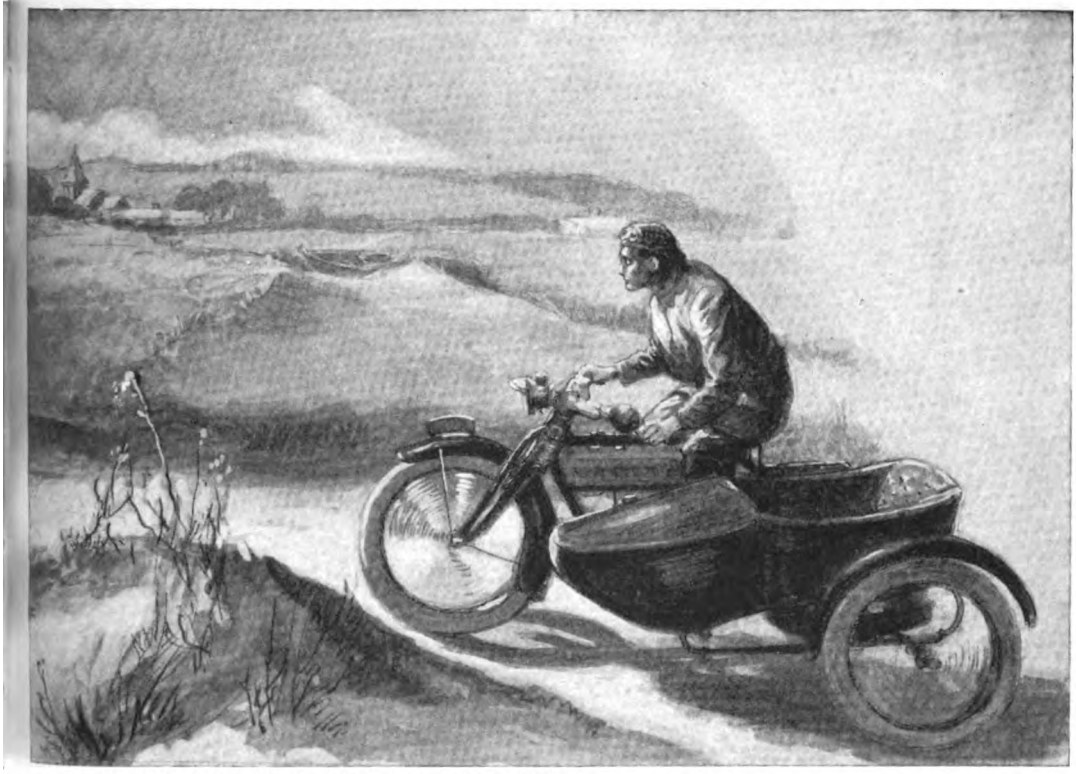
"DIAZ HAD SNATCHED THE REINS FROM LUCILLE'S

had forgotten. Besides, Señor Diaz is going to drive me over to tea at St. Everards in his dogcart. He has promised to let me drive a little way myself. It isn't often nowadays I get a chance of driving a good horse, and I should be foolish to lose such a chance."

Lockhart turned away without another word. He was hurt and sore, and none the less so because he knew he had largely himself to blame. But he would go to St. Everards and have tea at that charming little seaside village alone. And he had, too, an uneasy feeling that perhaps Lucille would need him.

Accordingly, the next afternoon he set out on his motor-cycle about half an hour after he had seen the dog-cart depart and Lucille driving the fine thoroughbred horse of which Diaz was exceedingly proud. Presently he saw them before him on the lonely road over the sand dunes. And then it seemed to him that something was wrong. Evidently the big black horse had got out of hand, for he could see that Diaz had snatched the reins from Lucille's hand and was urging the horse forward. Then, when the danger was past, Diaz began to thrash the high-spirited animal unmercifully. So far as Lockhart could judge, the Mexican was blind with rage and fury, for he suddenly stood up in the cart and, reversing the whip, began beating the terrified animal over the head with the loaded end of it. It was as if some lunatic had suddenly flared out into one of his cyclones of passion. On and on the helpless horse dashed until, absolutely exhausted, he sank between the shafts and lay in the road. As Lockhart quickened his pace, he saw Diaz jump from the cart and approach the prostrate animal with something in his hand. But it was something that shone and gleamed in the sunlight, and then the full horror of the situation burst on Lockhart. He quickened his pace and threw himself off his motor-cycle by the side of the cart. He was just in time to see Diaz, with a face distorted with fury and eyes blazing with rage, stoop down in the road and deliberately cut the throat of the exhausted animal from ear to ear. In the cart Lucille sat like a frozen statue. She was evidently petrified and stricken dumb by this exhibition of raging fury. As Lockhart put out his hands to her she placed her cold fingers in his and he lifted her to the ground. Had he not placed his arms about her she would have fallen. Then she found her speech.

"Oh, take me away, take me away!" she



HAND AND WAS URGING THE HORSE FORWARD."

said. "I—I am frightened. Did you ever see anything so horrible?"

Diaz rose from his knees and came forward. But not a word did Lockhart say as he fairly lifted Lucille in his arms and placed her in the side-car, which he had not detached from his cycle. There had been just the chance that he might bring Lucille home with him, and he congratulated himself now upon his prudence.

"Don't say anything," he cried to Diaz. "And don't come a yard nearer me, or I'll strangle the life out of you."

A few minutes later and Lockhart, with his precious burden by his side, was racing along the road in the direction of St. Everards. He [illegible] little empty alcove in the tea-thing[illegible]me one, and placed Lucille in a seat. mass[illegible] Th[illegible] dumb, though now she shook ness[illegible]. Then the blessed tears came Stro[illegible] and for a long time she sobbed un[illegible]trainedly.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said at length. "Oh, why did I come out with that dreadful man? From the very first I have hated and loathed him, and I have been warned against him more than once. I was told that he was dreadfully cruel to his animals. Now, if you——"

"Oh, I know, I know," Lockhart said. "It was all my fault, Lucille. Only I thought you didn't want to come with me, and I was jealous. I dare say you will say that I have no right to be jealous."

She smiled at him gloriously through her tears.

"And I thought you didn't care," she whispered. "I thought that you were only amusing yourself. Are you quite sure even now, or is it only that you are sorry for me?"

Lockhart acted on the impulse of the moment. They were all alone in the arbour and no one was in sight. And, besides, she was looking at him with those tear-wet eyes of hers in a way there was no mistaking, and her soul was shining in them. He drew her to his side and kissed her passionately.

"There are going to be no more misunderstandings," he said. "Lucille, I never cared for anyone till I met you, and there will never be anybody else. And we are made for one another. You drifted into this the same as I did; you suddenly found yourself without your comfortable home and facing the world as I had to face it. But that is

all over now. After Monday I turn my back on this life for ever, and I am going to take you to Canada with me. We both hate the life."

"I've done with it," Lucille said. "At any rate, when I have finished here. And nothing will induce me to appear with that man again. I couldn't do it, Gilbert. I shall tell the management exactly what happened."

The scandal was too great to be concealed; the management was sympathetic; and during the rest of the week the sketch was abandoned. But Diaz brooded, and the expression in his eyes when he looked at Lockhart was bad to see.

"Look to yourself," he threatened, the first time they met. "That is a great performance of yours on the wire, but see that it does not prove a barbed wire for you. I will make that girl my wife yet, in spite of everything."

"Do your worst," Lockhart said. "I'm not afraid of you."

Nevertheless, Lockhart was far from easy in his mind, a fact that he confided to the sympathetic Jenks later in the day.

"It isn't that I'm afraid," he said. "But I'm fearful of my own happiness. Now, just consider, Billy. I've made a good deal of money, I am going to marry the sweetest and dearest girl in the world, and it looks as if a glorious future lay before us. And for the last time on Monday night I am going to risk my life. And it is a risk—a dozen times I have been within an ace of death. The mere thought that it is the last time makes me uneasy. There's more than a chance, too, that Diaz will do me a mischief. I heard just now from one of those Japanese jugglers that the fellow was actually in a lunatic asylum in Nevada three years ago. I tell you I don't like it a bit, Billy."

Billy Jenks was duly sympathetic.

"Look here, laddie," he said. "I believe you are in danger, and the best thing to do is to realize it. I'm all with you, I am. I am only a red-nosed comedian, but I have had my dreams, and I want to help you if I can. You can't go to the police and get them to arrest Diaz, because he has never really threatened you. You can't get that chap locked up till after Monday, anyhow. But you can take precautions, and these are all the more necessary because I know that Diaz will do you a mischief if he can. I found out this morning that he has changed his bedroom to the back of the house where he has his lodgings in Vernon Terrace."

"I don't quite understand," Lockhart said.

"Let me explain. I also, as you know, lodge in the same house; in fact, there are a whole lot of us there. The top back bedrooms in Vernon Terrace overlook the Winter Gardens right between the two water-towers. Anybody up there would have a grand view of your performance on Monday. They could see the fireworks, too, and, of course, there will be a deuce of a noise going on whilst you are on that high wire. Now, our performance will be over at nine, so that we shall be free for your big show. I don't propose to be there at all. I am going to stay at home and keep an eye on Diaz. And I can get one or two of the other chaps to help."

"You think Diaz made that change designedly."

"Of course he did. And he's got some deep-laid scheme, too. If he gets you then, nothing matters afterwards, so far as you are concerned. And he won't lose any time about it either. I was thinking about it all last night. And I think I can see a way to get the better of that ruffian and lay him by the heels for many a year to come. Now, listen to me."

As Jenks proceeded to unfold his scheme the frown on Lockhart's face gradually gave way to a smile. He was looking quite himself by the time the comedian had finished.

"That's a good idea," he said. "There's plenty of time to carry it out, too. If nothing happens nobody will be any the wiser, and if, by any chance, Diaz gets to know, then you will be able to prevent him doing anything dangerous."

"I'll see to that," Jenks said, grimly. "I'll use violence if necessary. But if you do get through Monday night all right, then he'll be pretty sure to have another go at you. But if we give him a certain amount of rope, then we shall be able to prove an attempted crime against him and hand him over to the police. You needn't worry, old chap. You must see that everything should co[illegible] the r[illegible] all right."

[illegible] f the ex-
[illegible] the cart

It was nearly ten o'clock on the ni[illegible] was [illegible] August Bank Holiday, and something like two hundred thousand people had gathered there in the grounds to watch the most sensational performance before the public that England perhaps had ever seen. The two big water-towers loomed out high into the sky, and between them, as the spectators knew, was a slender copper wire on which

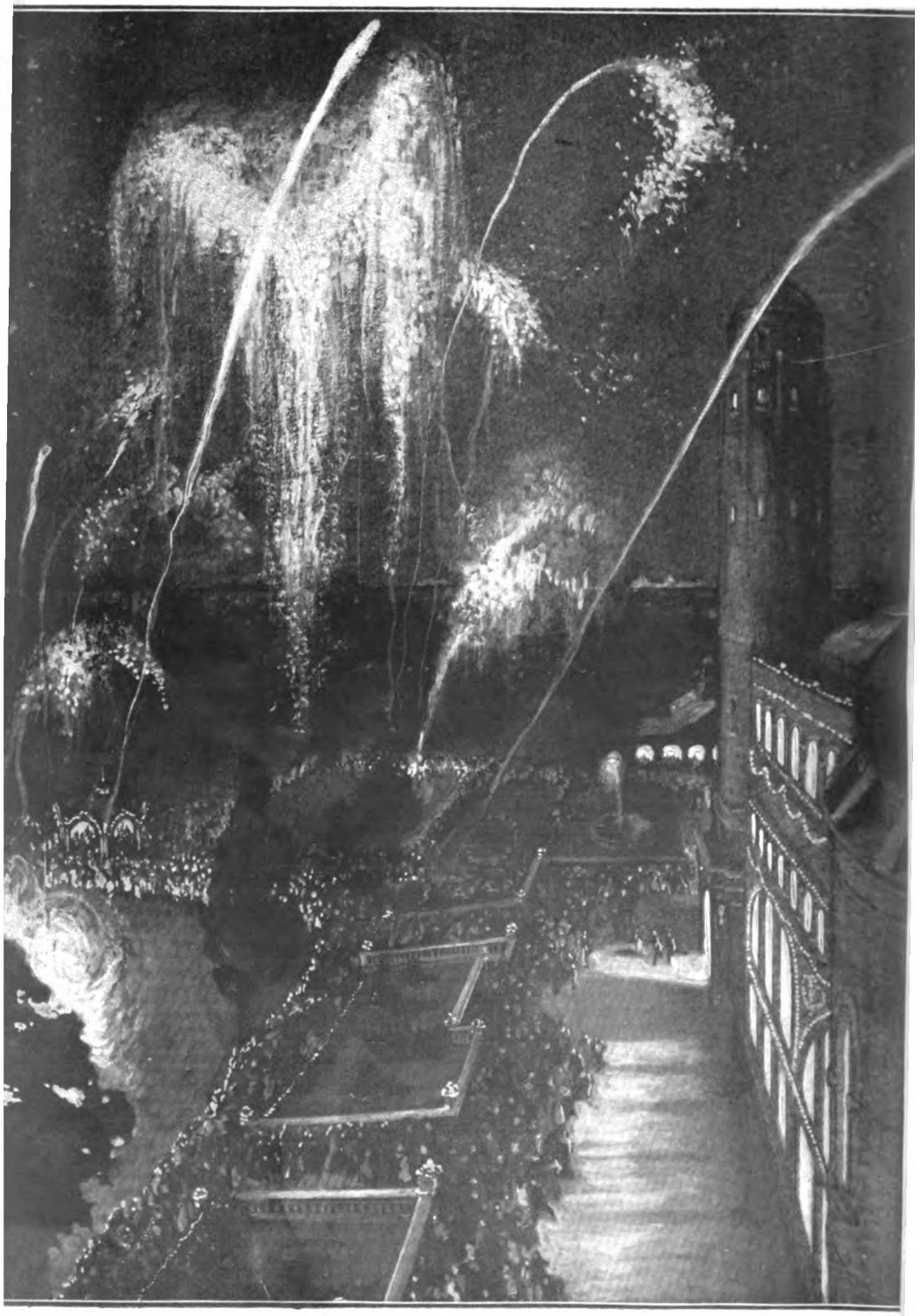
Señor Romano, as they knew him, was to perform the marvellous feat which many of them had come miles to see. He would appear presently through one of the windows of the right-hand tower and cross on that spider web to the far side, a matter of some six hundred feet, and should anything happen to him, he would be dashed to pieces on the glass dome beneath him. In itself the performance was not, perhaps, particularly clever, but it was the peril and danger and the superb exhibition of human nerve and courage that the holiday-makers had come to see.

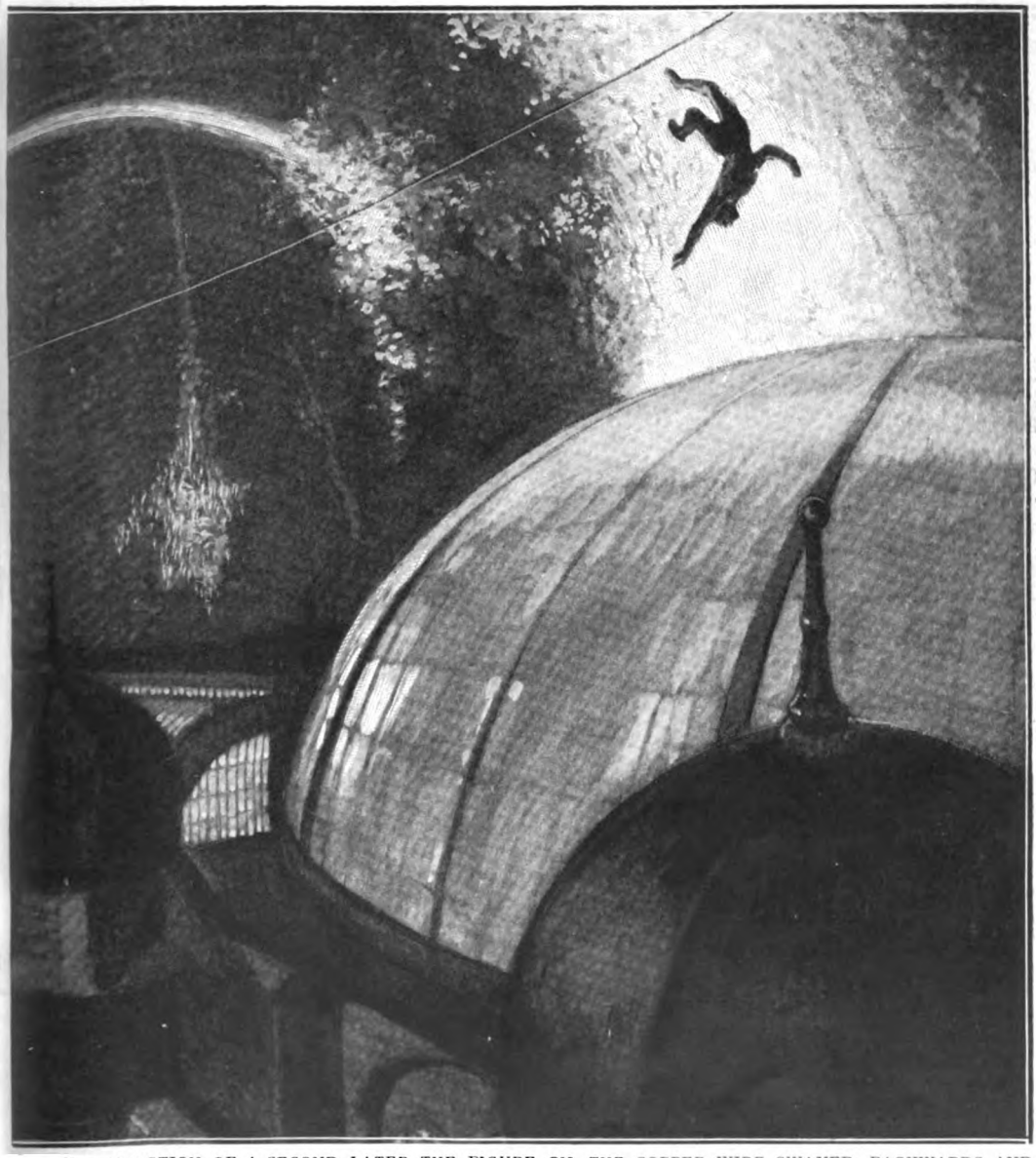
There was no noise now—no word was spoken. It was as if all the people there were aware how necessary it was that there should be no outburst of feeling and no clamour or hurricane of applause to disturb the performer on his terrible journey. And so they waited moment after moment, tense and silent and strung up to a pitch that had something of pain in it. Then a rocket soared high into the sky and burst like a bombshell high overhead into a cascade of falling stars. It lit up that white ring of faces for a moment as if they had been so many corpses staring up out of a sea of blackness. There followed another rocket and yet another, and after that a blaze of flares picked out the two great water-towers as if they had been cameos cut out against a background of solid bronze. And then, high up overhead, something seemed to drift away from the edge of the tower and move slowly along the unseen wire. Its outline was blurred and dim, but it was a human figure plainly enough, a human figure with hands outstretched swaying gently from side to side. A sort of murmur rose from the audience, dull and subdued like the sigh of the incoming tide on a midnight beach. And after that there was a silence more tense and painful than before. From the street outside the walls came the hoot of a motor and the clang of an electric tramcar as it swung along. It seemed like an unseemly interruption, something that was vaguely resented by the packed mass of humanity down there below.

Then silence again, a silence like the darkness of Egypt, inasmuch as it could be felt. Strong men were there, not given to emotion, who swallowed down something in the back of their throats. A woman tittered hysterically and then bit her lip as someone gripped her arm with a force that filled her with pain. The mere fact that this grip came from a stranger mattered nothing. And gradually and carefully the figure on the wire slipped on until it paused half-way between one tower and the other, as if looking down on the pallid faces there—and at the same moment hundreds of fireworks, rockets, and Roman candles and squibs began to play all about the human spider on his copper web up there so far over their heads. Presently came a little whip-like crack faintly audible about the reverberating din and unnoticed by the ears of everyone there. A fraction of a second later the figure on the copper wire swayed backwards and forwards, then before the horrified eyes of the overwrought audience pitched headlong downwards and crashed through the dome of glass into the Winter Gardens below.

It was all done in a flash, a minute fragment of time so short as to be infinitesimal, and yet in that pinch from the duration of a second a people's holiday was turned into a tragedy of mourning. It was petrifaction for a breath, paralysis for a second, and then a letting loose of the simple emotions that broke like a flood and carried that vast human tide with it. Men groaned and shuddered and women cried aloud as they covered their eyes. And down there on the bandstand amidst the fireworks somebody in authority jumped to his feet and began to roar authoritative words through a megaphone. For a second or two it was as if the man down there was raising his voice against the tumult of a nation. Then first one and another caught the gist of what he was saying and whispered it to his neighbour. The tale flew from ear to ear quickly as a flash of summer lightning. There was silence again, deep and impressive, then the megaphone spoke once more.

Billy Jenks stood in the darkness of a bedroom in Vernon Terrace looking out anxiously on to the packed gardens below. Behind him in his sitting-room with the door closed two men were waiting for him to give the signal. They knew exactly what they had to do, and they knew, moreover, that when the time came not a moment must be lost. And so Jenks stood there straining his eyes into the darkness, waiting one tense minute after another until he saw that diminutive figure beginning to slide its way from one tower to the other opposite. Jenks was holding his breath now, every nerve in his body thrilling and every sense in him at its highest tension. He saw the first rocket soar high into the sky, he watched the play of the gathering sheets of flame down below. And then from somewhere close by him,





"A FRACTION OF A SECOND LATER THE FIGURE ON THE COPPER WIRE SWAYED BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS, THEN BEFORE THE HORRIFIED EYES OF THE OVERWROUGHT AUDIENCE PITCHED HEADLONG DOWNWARDS."

almost in his own ear it seemed, he heard a sharp crack like the lash of a whip, and before the sound had died away he moistened his dry lips and whistled. He had just time to see the figure on the wire sway and fall before he realized that two men were behind him.

"It's done," he said, hoarsely. "Now, come on, there's no time to be lost."

As Jenks said this he opened the bedroom door next to his own. He fumbled inside for the switch of the electric light, and flooded the room with a warm glow. The bedroom window was wide open, and leaning by the sash with a rifle in his hand was Diaz. It had all been done so quickly that even yet a thin vapour of smoke was trickling from the barrel of the Winchester rifle. Before Diaz could rise to his feet the three men were upon him and he was disarmed. He had been caught absolutely in the act, caught within twenty

seconds of firing that fatal shot, and he knew plainer than words could tell him that his fate was sealed.

"You murderous scoundrel!" Jenks cried. "Now, what have you got to say for yourself? I saw everything from my bedroom window, and now we have caught you with the weapon in your hand. Anything to say?"

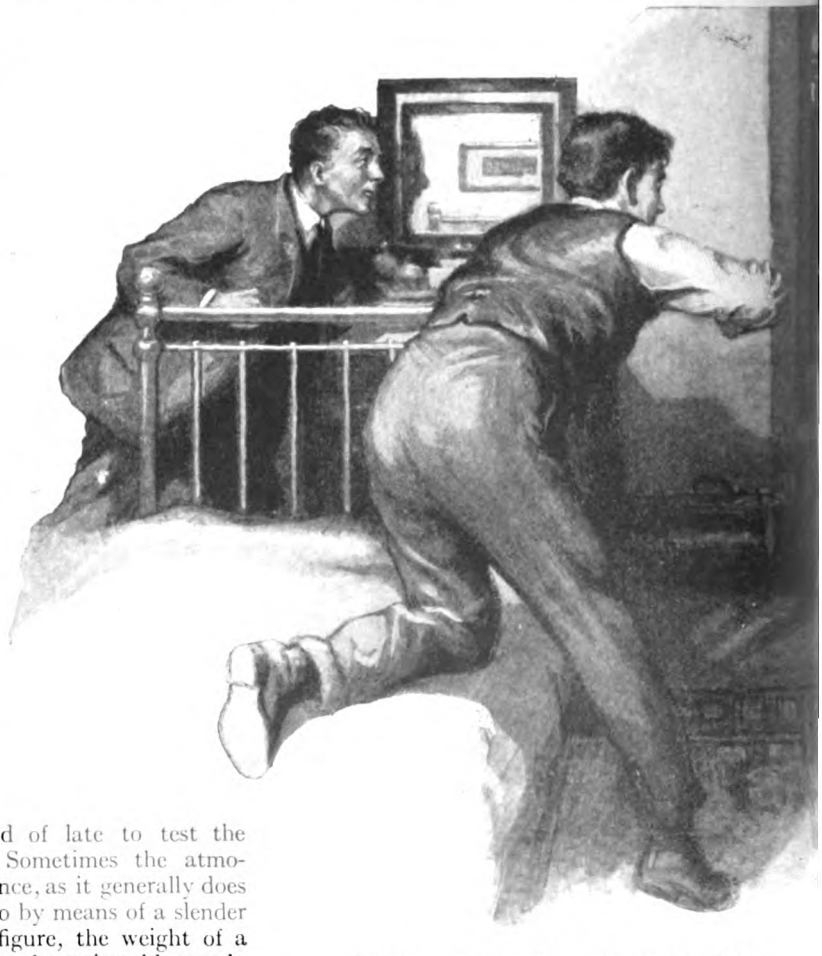
"Not a word," Diaz replied, between his teeth. "I planned it well and carefully, but fate has been too strong for me. And if you want to know if I'm sorry—well, I'm not. If it had not been to-night, it would have been another time."

"We are wasting time here," Jenks said. "Bring the scoundrel downstairs, and I'll telephone for the police."

The man with the megaphone had his audience well in hand now, and every word that he said carried true and clear to the farthest part of the grounds.

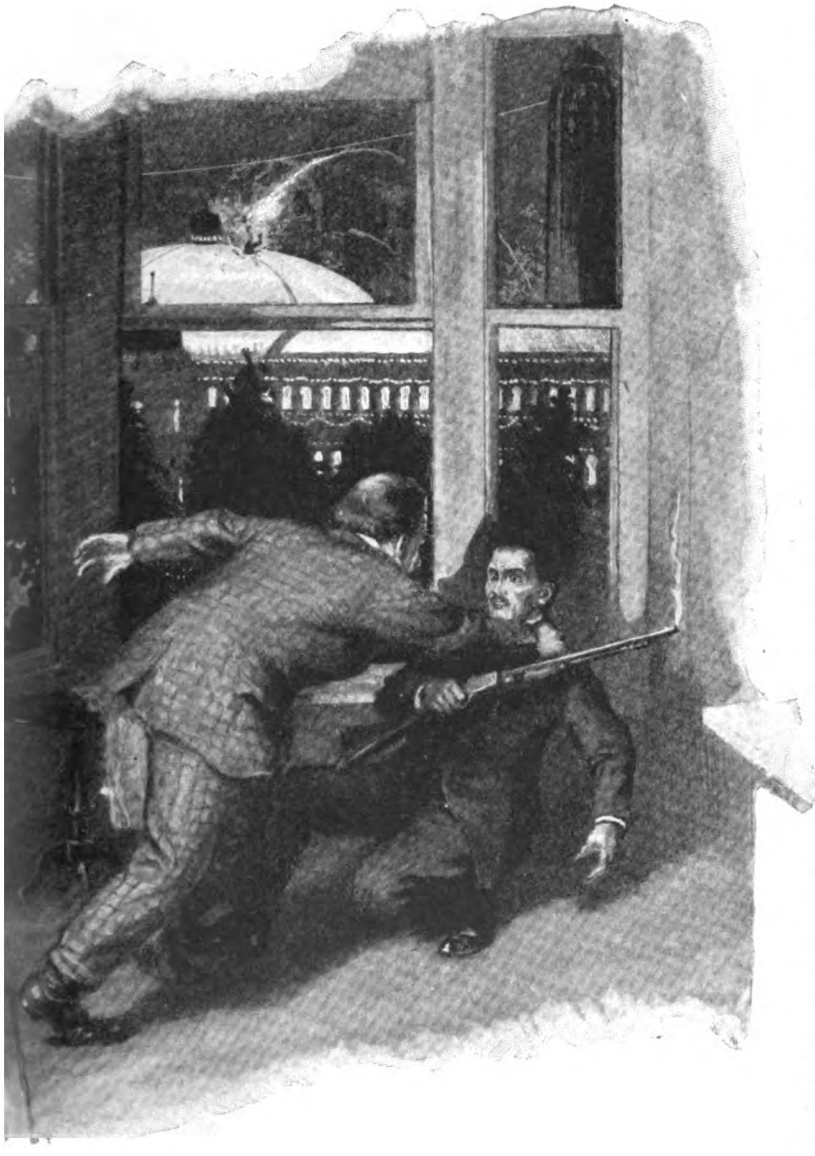
"Ladies and gentlemen," he yelled. "There is no cause for alarm, and the tragedy you have been witnessing is no tragedy at all. It is only a little idea on the part of Señor Romano which he has adopted of late to test the safety of his wire. Sometimes the atmosphere makes a difference, as it generally does to high tension wire, so by means of a slender steel cord a dummy figure, the weight of a big man, is worked along the main cable merely to see that it is absolutely safe. By some means or another the dummy must have become detached from the steel cable and, as it swung downwards, tore itself free from the copper wire. We deeply regret that we should have caused you all this distress, but it has-been an accident, as you see, and Señor Romano is up there now waiting to begin. If you look up, you will see him for yourselves."

A great hurricane of cheers broke from two hundred thousand throats, cheers of relief and enthusiasm as Lockhart slid along the wire and started his daring performance. He had waited up there watching eagerly until he had seen the flash of an electric light three times repeated from a certain house in Vernon Terrace, which told him that the danger was past and that now he could satisfy the demands of his audience without any further fear. He had finished at length



"BEFORE DIAZ COULD RISE TO HIS FEET

in a last blaze of rockets, he was drawing nearer and nearer to safety, and then he took one deep, shuddering breath as his foot left the wire and he stepped through the window on to the upper stage of the tower, a free man, sound in life and limb, a man who saw the long years of happiness and prosperity looming before him from behind the violet darkness of the warm August night.



THE THREE MEN WERE UPON HIM"

"We owe everything to the ingenuity of Jenks," Lockhart told Lucille, as the three of them sat at supper an hour later. "I told you that I should be quite safe, but Billy swore me to secrecy, and so I couldn't tell you exactly how it would be done. All the same, I'm glad you kept away from the gardens, for it must have been a painful scene; in fact, I hardly liked to face it myself. Still, that's all over and done with now. Diaz is out of the way and he will never threaten our happiness again. They will probably certify him as a lunatic, which the man undoubtedly is, and he will very likely never be free again. But I don't want to talk about him. I want to talk about our friend Billy here. It was he who guessed what Diaz was going to do, especially when he found out that the Mexican had changed his bedroom, and it was he who hit upon the happy idea of that dummy. It was any odds that Diaz would take it for me, and behave exactly as he did."

"But suppose he had found out?" Lucille shuddered.

"Oh, I'd arranged for all that," Billy Jenks said, modestly. "If he had tumbled to our little scheme we were going to enter his bedroom by force and keep him a prisoner till the performance was over. We might have done that in any case, but that wouldn't have helped us. We had to prove that Diaz had murderous intentions or we should never have been able to have kept him out of mischief for the future. Otherwise, he would certainly have had another try. Neat little dodge, wasn't it? And some day, when I have got time, I think I shall turn it into a play. It ought to make a good one."

"Make it a comedy," Lucille smiled. "We have been too near the edge of tragedy tonight."

AEROPLANE *v.* AIRSHIP.

LIGHT THROWN BY THE WAR ON A GREAT CONTROVERSY.

By

CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE

and

HARRY HARPER

(*Joint Authors of "Aircraft in the Great War," etc.*).

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo.

I.

THERE was a question which, prior to this campaign, exercised probably more than any other the minds of those who studied naval and military aviation. What, if a Zeppelin airship was attacked by armed aeroplanes, would be the result of the encounter? How engrossing to experts this question was may be gathered if one pictures a craft as large as a Dreadnought, only without the Dreadnought's armour or long-range guns, being pitted in conflict against small machines—resembling, say, torpedo-boats—which, though they can attain speeds far greater than are possible on sea or land, are armed so inadequately that they need, before striking an effective blow, to steal within two hundred feet, or even less, of their adversary's hull. And it is necessary to imagine, also, though this is not easy, the conditions which, owing to the element in which they navigate, must govern a contest between any such craft. On land or on sea—save in the case of the submarine—combatants manœuvre on one plane; advancing, retiring, or moving from side to side, but maintaining always the same level. In the air, though, these adversaries, apart from such manœuvring as is possible on the earth or in the water, have the additional and unique power of either ascending or descending, and of doing so at any moment and at high speed.

It was this capacity to move up or down, as well as from side to side, with its attendant complexities—to say nothing of the differing speeds and ascensional powers of the machines, or of the weakness of their armament—which made it almost futile, at any rate before the war, to prophesy what would happen in a fair and open conflict, when a large airship was given battle by hostile aeroplanes. Now, after more than a year of war, we have data provided by contests, each authenticated and instructive, as fought between British aeroplanes and German Zeppelins; the question ceases, therefore, to be problematical, and may be discussed in the light not of theory but of proved tactics.

II.

WHY should Britain have relied on aeroplanes in such duels as we shall analyze, and why should Germany have equipped herself, spending millions of money, with the large, costly, rigid-type airships which have been built and developed by Count von Zeppelin? The question has been one of ambition. Germany's aim has been offensive; she has needed a weapon which should make light of frontiers and pass above seas, and rain destruction on positions far distant from German bases, which could be reached only by a journey through the air.

Great Britain had not the stimulus of an offensive plan. Our aircraft, and particularly our naval aircraft, have been considered largely—though, of course, not wholly—as instruments of defence: as craft to patrol our coasts. Had we meant to attack other

* This MS. is based on such data as was available up to December 14th, 1915.—C. G.-W., H. H.

nations, we might have been willing to spend freely on the building of large dirigibles; but as things were, before the war, no sums were forthcoming—at any rate to any appreciable extent—for such airships as Germany found money to build. That we should have constructed dirigibles, machines larger even than those of Germany, there is no question. Under certain conditions, when Zeppelins attack by night, it would be advantageous to have defensive airships already aloft, and prepared without delay to meet them. A drawback, though, with the airship is that she does not mount, at any rate at present, guns sufficiently powerful to strike an enemy an effective or decisive blow.

Germany gave herself, in the Zeppelin, an airship which was the most powerful in the world. It carried greater loads than the aeroplane, had a wider radius of action, and was navigable with some certainty, and fair safety, during the hours of darkness; and this attribute of night-flying was, in raids over hostile territory, one of supreme importance. Had not Zeppelins been able to cross above the North Sea and attack us under cloak of darkness they would have been powerless, owing to their vulnerability when visible, to deliver such attacks at all. In daylight, had they dared approach defended positions, they would have been brought down by high-angle guns, or destroyed by aeroplane patrols.

By creeping over us on dark nights, and limiting themselves to such conditions, the Zeppelins are reduced to the expedient of dropping bombs more or less haphazard—one here, one there, over a darkened city. The only hope in such a method of a decisive success, not discussing for the moment its barbarity, is that it might be done, say, on such a scale, and by such a number of airships, that the fires caused by incendiary bombs were so numerous, and so disastrous, that they tended to paralyze the activities of a great city; or that the people of a country, demoralized by the frequency of such air raids, and the loss of life and damage caused by them, demanded from their Government a cessation of the war.

III.

AEROPLANES can fly at night; but, unless a special organization is provided in regard to landing-grounds, night flying entails serious risk. The engine of a machine may fail while it is in flight, necessitating a descent through the darkness that will end probably in disaster; while, even if a craft is fitted with more than one motor, there is still a danger that its pilot may make an awkward landing, owing to the confusion of darkness.

There is also, with the aeroplane at night-time, a difficulty for the pilot in steering an accurate course. He is faced often, even if he follows his compass, by the task of estimating what amount of leeway, under the influence of a side-wind, his craft may be making as it moves ahead. There are, during the day, objects on the earth that will assist him in calculating this drift; but at night he has no such aid. And he cannot bring his craft to a halt in mid-air, as can the pilot of an airship, and allow it for the time to float motionless, while he makes a careful observation so as to determine his position.

Except during operations abroad, in which British aviators have assumed a determined offensive, the task of our aeroplane pilots, acting as coastal or inland patrols, has been to ascend at night-time and seek to attack Zeppelins which have stolen in on a raid. The game has been one of aerial hide-and-seek, played generally on moonless nights, and under conditions which have favoured the airships. They have been in a tactical advantage. Already in the air, and at an appreciable altitude, the aim of their pilots has been, after dropping bombs, to make off again at their best speed. It is more easy, under existing conditions, to make an air raid than to repel one. We ourselves have proved this by the success of those naval airmen who, in full daylight and under a concentration of fire, have flown low over German air-stations and destroyed Zeppelins in their sheds.

Aeroplane pilots, for whom it is not feasible at night-time—unless illuminated landing-grounds have been prepared for them—to ascend till they have received definite warning of an airship's approach, need to fly upward to an elevation which equals, or if possible exceeds, that of the raiders. But this ascent takes time, in spite of the rapidity with which a powerfully-engined aeroplane can, when the need is urgent, be driven upward; and meanwhile the Zeppelins are striving not to meet their adversaries in conflict, but to make good their escape. It is not surprising, therefore, that, though our aviators have been many times aloft at night, it has not been possible for them, more than once or twice, to come within striking distance of the airships. The aeroplane has, on a dark and moonless night, and unless it is already in the air at a high altitude, a task almost hopeless in seeking to combat a Zeppelin.

But expert organization, with the protection of a city from Zeppelin attack exclusively in view, may do much to render effective an aeroplane defensive, even if the airships attack by night, and only under conditions which favour them. A system of landing-grounds may, for instance, be established round the outskirts of a city; and these, at night-time, can be outlined by lights in such a way that a pilot, even when at a high altitude, may not only observe their positions readily, but may be shown exactly where, on the surface of a landing-ground, he is to bring his craft to earth. The alighting points can be so distributed also that, when an aeroplane is on patrol at night, and its motor fails suddenly, the pilot may reach with certainty, during his downward glide, one or other of the grounds he sees illuminated below, and make a landing without accident. Patrol aeroplanes, granted the provision of such illuminated landing-points, may be sent up at night ten thousand feet or more high, awaiting the approach of a Zeppelin. The raiding airship, flying in towards the city at a height of seven or eight thousand feet, is detected, we will argue, by searchlight and rendered very clearly visible to the pilots of the aeroplanes, who are flying, we must remember, two or three thousand feet higher than the airship. Whereupon the aeroplanes, invisible themselves in the upper darkness to those on the Zeppelin, and with the sound of their engines drowned by the noise of the airship's own machinery, can steal over the Zeppelin until they are close above her, and drop incendiary bombs on her hull from a point-blank range.

A foggy night would, naturally, tend to render inoperative such a system of aeroplane defence. But fog must prove disadvantageous also for the raiders. Experience shows that Zeppelins attack, as a rule, when the nights are moonless and dark and without wind; and these conditions, assuming the existence of illuminated landing-points, are suitable for an aeroplane defensive.

Means of protection exist, even should Zeppelins attack when ground fogs preclude aeroplane ascents. Captive balloons, for instance, charged with extremely high explosives fired electrically from the ground, may be stationed, at heights from seven to ten thousand feet in a circle round a city. The charge of explosives would be fired when a Zeppelin approached one of the balloons, and the concussion of the explosion—granted the charge was sufficiently powerful—might shatter the framework of a Zeppelin even at a distance, say, of a quarter of a mile. There would be no crews, of course, in these balloons, but in addition to the explosives they might be fitted with powerful lights.

IV.

ZEPPELIN pilots, in many of their raids on England, have timed their flights so that they have reached some part of our coast-line just after nightfall. This has given them, after dropping their bombs, a number of hours of darkness in which to steal seaward again in their avoidance of our patrols; and it has afforded them a better chance, also, when their starting point has been one of the sheds in Belgium, to regain this harbour without being intercepted by aircraft, say, from Dunkirk, where the Allies have an important base.

But the Zeppelin is more of a fine-weather craft than the aeroplane. Whereas the latter will combat a gale, a Zeppelin finds herself in trouble, and is awkward to handle, should the wind rise higher, say, than about thirty-five miles an hour. So Zeppelin pilots, in the time-schedules of their flights to England, have had to reckon seriously with the question of adverse winds; and their difficulties have been rendered greater by the fact that, since war began, they have been unable to obtain weather reports from the other side of the North Sea.

More than once, from one cause or another—and sometimes owing to the human weakness of a pilot, who has lingered when he should have fled—the time schedules of the Zeppelins have been interfered with seriously; and then to the joy of hostile airmen, weary of searching for enemies they have been unable to find, one of these big machines has been surprised, like an owl in daylight, and at a moment when her pilot, if plans had not gone wrong or been ignored, should have been flying in safety far from danger zones.

We have an instance in the interesting engagement, or series of engagements, which began off our south-east coast very early on the morning of May 17th, 1915. A raiding Zeppelin had penetrated as far as Ramsgate, dropping bombs here and there. But the boldness of her pilot, still off our coast at an hour when caution must have suggested a retreat, seemed likely to cost him dear. A warning as to the airship's passage above our shores—punctuated as this was by the dropping of bombs—had been received at such air stations as had been established nearby. There was a naval base, for instance, at West-

gate, from which aircraft were soon in flight; while other machines, seeking to cut off the Zeppelin's retreat, rose from the flying-ground on the Isle of Sheppey.

The airship pilot adopted the only tactics which were feasible: he turned to escape, rising as he did so. The superior speed of aeroplanes, when compared with a Zeppelin, and their quickness in manœuvring, ensure for them—if they can only locate the airship and come up with her—a very distinct advantage. Outpacing the Zeppelin, and infinitely more rapid in response to their controls, they assume inevitably an offensive; while the airship is forced just as automatically to a defensive, and endeavours to repel the aeroplanes with machine-guns, should they close in on her; or—and this better still—she will try to anticipate their attack, and render it inoperative, by utilizing her ascensional power, which is greater than that of the aeroplanes, and climb as she retreats till she can shake off these antagonists. Were it not for a Zeppelin's ascensional power, when in peril and discharging ballast, she would be almost at the mercy of fast-flying aeroplanes, should such craft discover her by daylight, and in a clear sky. A Zeppelin can, in an extremity, ascend very considerably faster than any aeroplane which bears the weight of pilot, passenger, and machine-gun; and also to a certain extent faster —though here, in view of constructional progress, it is unwise to be specific—than any single-seated aeroplane. The aeroplane rises by forcing air beneath its planes—by a definite expenditure of so much horse-power; and its labour is rendered harder from the fact that, as it climbs, the air that supports it becomes less dense, and provides a diminishing "lift." But the airship, with gas in her hull which bears her constantly in flight, has only to discard ballast, and so lighten the load her hydrogen chambers carry, in order to make a rapid ascent; and this climb she can assist, materially, by going full speed ahead with her motors, and inclining her bow upward, so that a current of air is forced beneath her hull.

V.

A ZEPPELIN pilot must, if he hopes to make use of his power of ascent, perceive attacking aeroplanes as they approach him. If he cannot do this, if the airmen secure a complete surprise, they may ascend to a high altitude before they close in on their foe, and so rob him of his chief safeguard. But in the combat we are describing those in the Zeppelin, flying near a hostile coast, were naturally on the alert; and what this affair developed into, actually, was a running engagement, in which the aeroplanes sought persistently to draw in on the airship, and she as persistently eluded them. And this stern chase, as it drew away from our coast, tended not only to move seaward, but to ascend to higher altitudes. An aeroplane, when set climbing, as were the craft on the heels of the Zeppelin, may be likened to a motor-car on an arduous hill. The speed of the aeroplane, so long as it must ascend, is reduced perceptibly; and this drawback, in a pursuit which is also a race for altitude, tells in favour of the Zeppelin. A latest-type Zeppelin, with motors of nearly a thousand horse-power, can be driven through the air at a speed—despite the five hundred odd feet of her hull—which equals that of an express train; though, of course, her sixty miles an hour, even at its best, compares unfavourably with the hundred miles an hour, or more, of the high-speed aeroplane. But this last-mentioned craft is a light single-seater, which carries no more than a pilot and bombs; and its only effective means of attack, when engaging a Zeppelin, is to overtake the airship, rise to a higher altitude, and pass across above her hull, dropping on her, as it does so, a number of bombs. Such a manœuvre, with a stern chase in progress, and those in the airship determined to frustrate if possible the airman's plan, is by no means easy.

Heavier, slower-flying aeroplanes, those carrying more than one occupant as well as a machine-gun, have their pace so reduced, as they toil upward after the airship, that they cannot hope, even in favourable circumstances, to do more than draw in on her slowly; while there is risk for the pursuers that the airship may, while she retreats, seek the shelter of a bank of cloud. Then, hidden for the time from those in the aeroplanes, she may steer an erratic course, emerging from the cloud-bank at such a point and in such a position that she is unobserved.

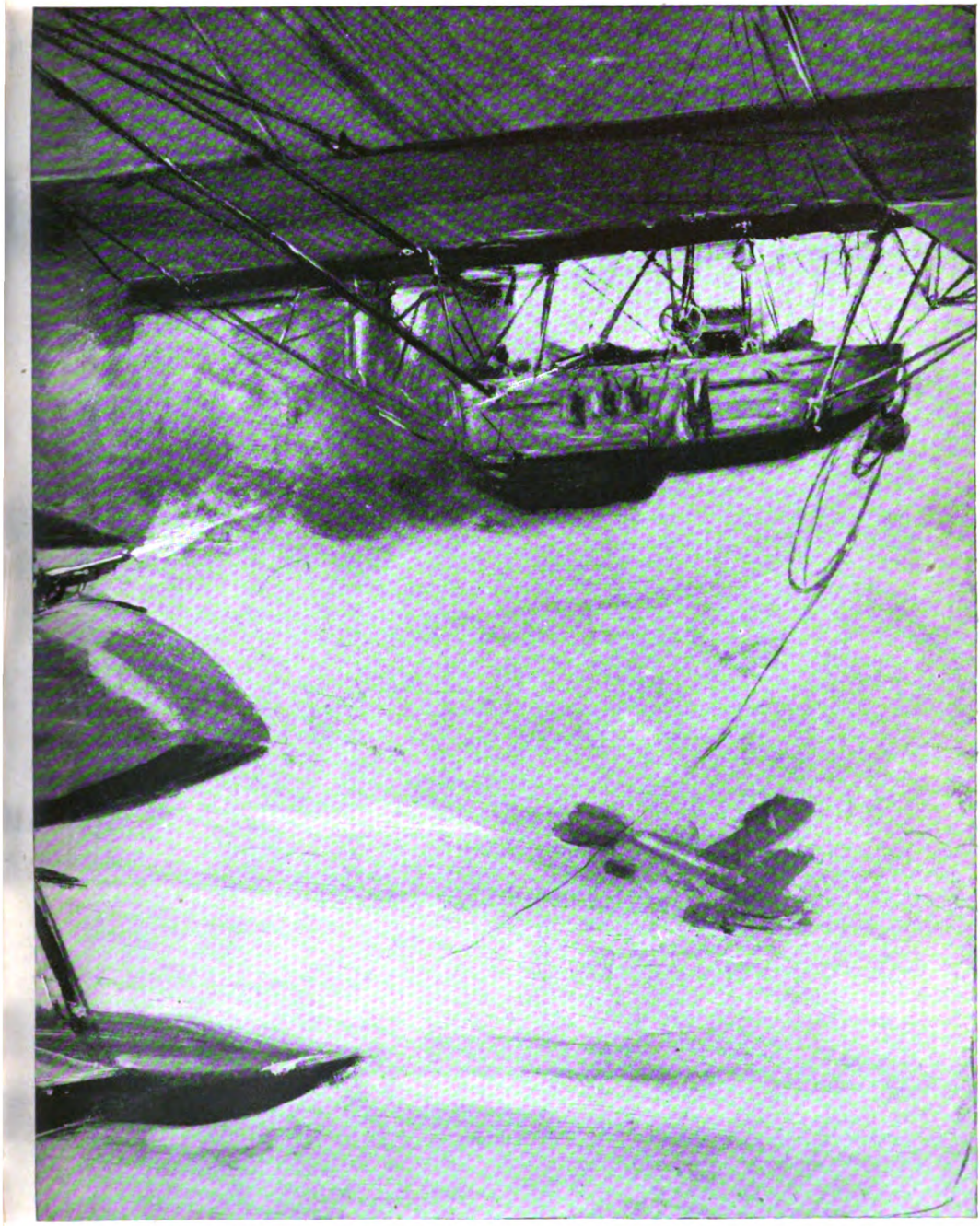
The aeroplane pilots in this engagement, though they hung obstinately on the track of the Zeppelin, found they were unable to bring matters to an issue. The Zeppelin, moving fast and handled well, retired too rapidly for them to come up with her. So, after flying out as far as the West Hinder lightship, they were compelled to return landward, leaving their antagonist still in full retreat.

VI.

BUT the Zeppelin pilot's anxieties were not at an end. Though he had thrown off one set of pursuers, and without injury to his craft,

"FROM THE AEROPLANES AS THEY PASSED AND REPASSED THE ZEPPELIN, AND ALSO

he now found he had to reckon with another —and this a squadron of eight of our naval aeroplanes, which had risen from the Dunkirk station on the other side of the Channel, and were seeking to cut off the Zeppelin as she made for the Belgian coast. In this they succeeded, coming up with the airship off Nieuport. She, being caught in daylight some distance from her shed, attempted to repeat the tactics which had succeeded just before.



FROM THE CARS BENEATH THE AIRSHIP'S HULL, THERE WAS A BRISK AND RAPID FIRE."

But now conditions were less in her favour. The aeroplanes, all at an appreciable height, were not at the disadvantage, as had been those off the English coast, of having to seek an enemy who was already in the air above them. The pilots of three machines, closing in on the Zeppelin fast, were able, despite the speed at which the airship rose, to fly so near her that they were within machine-gun range. Whereupon, from the aeroplanes as

they passed and repassed the Zeppelin, and also from the cars beneath the airship's hull, there was a brisk and rapid fire.

But the aeroplanes, using light machine-guns, had small chance—even should a number of bullets reach their mark—of inflicting any serious damage on the Zeppelin. Her hull, though vulnerable to the penetration of every bullet, might be punctured again and again without these injuries affecting her flight. The holes made by bullets are so small, and the area of the hull so large, that the leakages caused by such gunfire, even in their total, amount to a volume that is insignificant.

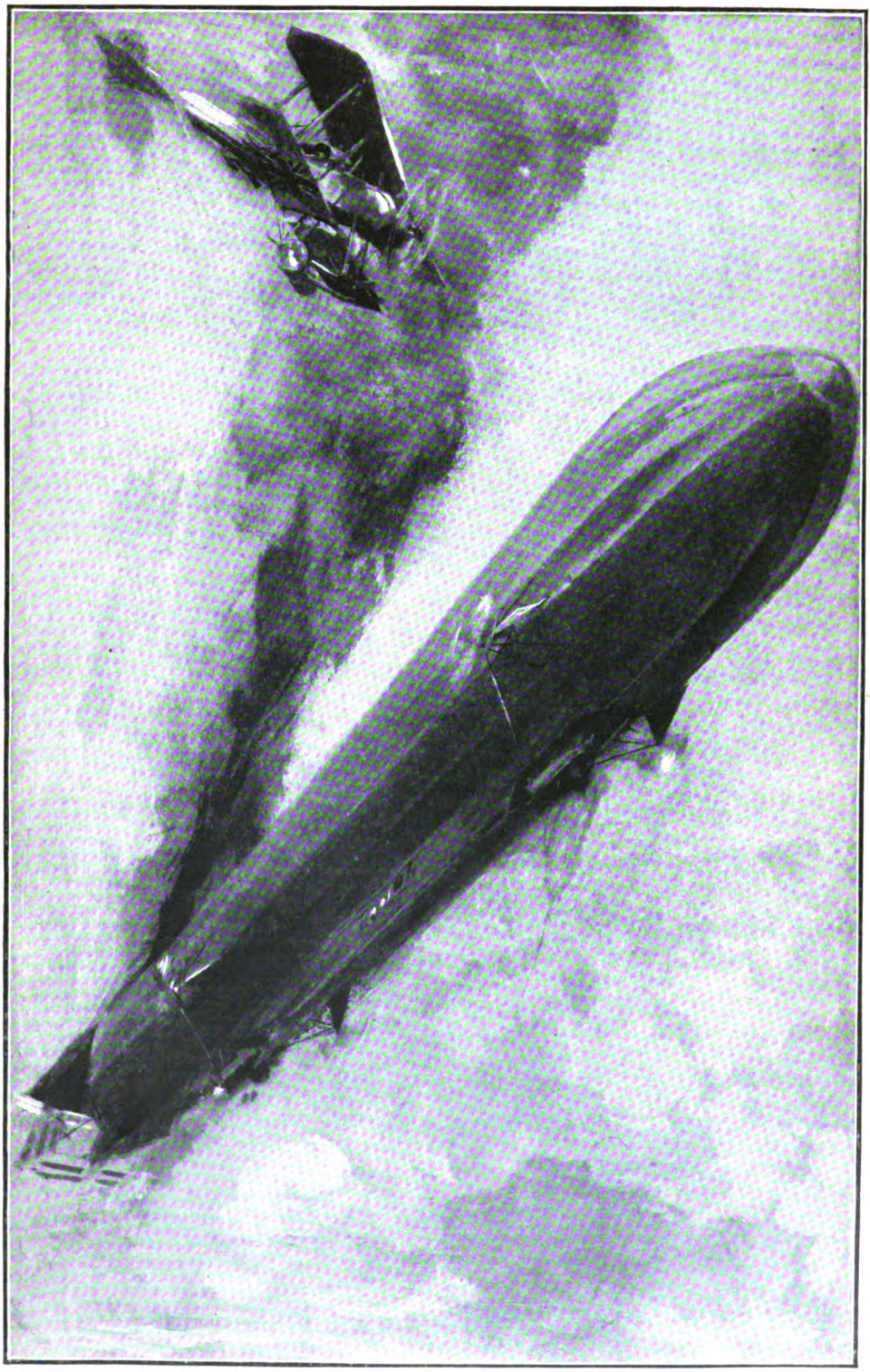
The cars of the airship presented themselves as targets; but here, again, with machine-gun bullets, and having no weapon of heavier calibre, the airmen were not likely to achieve much with their fire. The power-plant of the Zeppelin, the engines that drove her, would be a vital target, naturally; but around these—very light and thin, yet sufficiently tough to resist a machine-gun bullet—lay a protective armouring. Members of the airship's crew might be struck and wounded by a well-directed fire; but this would produce no immediate or definite result. And it must not be thought the aeroplane pilots were having things all their own way. Against such attacks, made with nothing more powerful than machine-guns, a Zeppelin is in a position to defend herself. She mounts as many as four machine-guns in her cars; and these, handled from a steady platform, turn on hostile aeroplanes a dangerous fire. The pilots of the latter can, by skill in manœuvring, minimize this risk; but such a fire, if it does not hit the aeroplanes, prevents them drawing so close that they can direct their own guns from a point-blank range. And aeroplane pilots need to remember, when flying within the zone of fire, that the craft they control are very vulnerable. Neither the motors of aeroplanes, nor the fuel-tanks, are, as a rule, armoured; and for the reason that such armouring spells weight, and prejudices the lifting-power and speed of the machines. Pilot and passenger have been protected, it is true, and this through the lessons of war, by a sheet of toughened steel beneath their seats; but this armouring does not afford protection from a more or less horizontal fire, such as might be directed from the cars of an airship. One shot, striking, say, the pilot and killing or wounding him, or hitting a vital part of his motor, may put an aeroplane out of action; whereas the aeroplane pilot himself cannot hope, by any such single shot—unless he is given a weapon more powerful than a machine-gun—to inflict a vital injury on a Zeppelin.

VII.

THE gunfire on both sides, in this encounter, proved inconclusive; and the Zeppelin might have escaped without injury from this ordeal, as from that off the English coast, had it not been for the manœuvre of Flight-Commander Bigsworth, one of the attacking aviators, who managed to climb higher than the airship, and gain a position from which he could use bombs against her hull.

Here lies a weakness of the airship that may prove fatal. Though she can resist assaults made by an enemy on her own level, she lies practically helpless, or has done so to the moment of writing these lines, if one of the attacking airmen can only outfly her, even for a time, in the race for altitude. The hull of a Zeppelin, built of fabric over an aluminium framing, offers no resistance that is appreciable to the penetration of a bomb; and if a hostile airman does succeed in flying higher than a Zeppelin, and drops bombs on her hull, the pilot of the airship has more to fear than the puncturing of one of his gas-compartments, with a subsequent loss of altitude, and perhaps a sluggishness of his machine in response to its controls. What he has to dread is nothing less than the destruction of his craft, with the loss, in addition—and this more than probable—of its entire crew. The completeness of the aeroplane's success is due to the fact that the airship, charged with an inflammable gas, carries her own ruin within the compass of her hull. The aeroplane has incendiary bombs; and one of these, piercing the Zeppelin, may cause a fire which involves the airship in sheets of flame.

The Zeppelin has no means that are effective of combating this peril. An aeroplane, once directly over the airship, disappears from the sight of those in her cars. The hull of their own craft, bulking above them, blots out their upward view. It did not need war to bring this danger to the minds of the Germans; they were considering it in 1913. A Zeppelin was fitted, experimentally, with a platform on the top of her hull, which could be reached by means of a ladder passing through the centre of the airship, and upon which it was intended that members of the crew should be stationed



"ONE OF HIS BOMBS, RELEASED WITH PRECISION, STRUCK THE ZEPPELIN TOWARDS THE REAR OF HER HULL."

with a machine-gun. Mystery surrounded, and still surrounds, the trials of the Zeppelin so equipped. Unofficially it was stated that, when the top-platform gun was fired, the flashes from its muzzle ignited, with disastrous results, the slight escapes of gas which, after issuing from the interior compartments, leaked upward through the fabric of the hull. The airship, it is undeniable, caught fire and fell to destruction. But the official explanation was that the fire was brought about by an ignition of petrol fumes from one of the motors.

Had these trials proved successful it is fairly obvious, in view of the extreme vulnerability of Zeppelins to attack from above, that a system would have been adopted generally of arming airships on the tops of their hulls. But during this campaign we have heard nothing—at any rate to the time of writing—which would suggest that Zeppelins, even if top-platforms have been fitted to the hulls of some of them, have used machine-guns from these platforms against an adversary above. When Flight-Commander Bigsworth found himself in a tactical advantage, and at an elevation greater than the Zeppelin, it was the obvious task of those in the airship to keep him, by any means possible, at such a distance that his incendiary bombs would fall wide of their mark. Here was an opportunity, then, if ever there was, for a top-platform gun; but there is no record, authoritative or otherwise, of such a weapon having been used. The airman, indeed, passed so near the Zeppelin that he was two hundred feet—no more—above her.

His bombs, released with precision, struck the Zeppelin. Whereupon, issuing from the neighbourhood of one of the hits, towards the stern of her hull, a column of smoke became visible. But incendiary bombs, as used by aeroplanes against airships, are still experimental. This bomb, for instance, was not fully effective. Though it registered a palpable hit, the result was only local. Beyond smoke, as seen at the impact, there was no spread of flame along the airship's hull. The bomb failed in its prime purpose, which was to ignite her hydrogen; and the injury did not check the Zeppelin in her ascent. She continued to climb, giving her opponents no chance to repeat Commander Bigsworth's *coup*. The height she attained, as estimated by the aviators who were attacking her, was eleven thousand feet, and this proved the damage to her hull could not have been extensive.

The aeroplanes, unable to attain the climbing speed of the Zeppelin, were out-distanced and left behind, and the airship, free for the second time from pursuers, continued her flight towards her shed. Whether she reached it, or whether her pilot paid the penalty of his heavy discharge of ballast—not forgetting the influence of the injury to the hull—and failed to check the descent which must have followed on the rush upward, remains a point undecided. It was rumoured the Zeppelin fell and was wrecked; while other statements, German in origin, made it appear that she did, after all, creep to her shed.

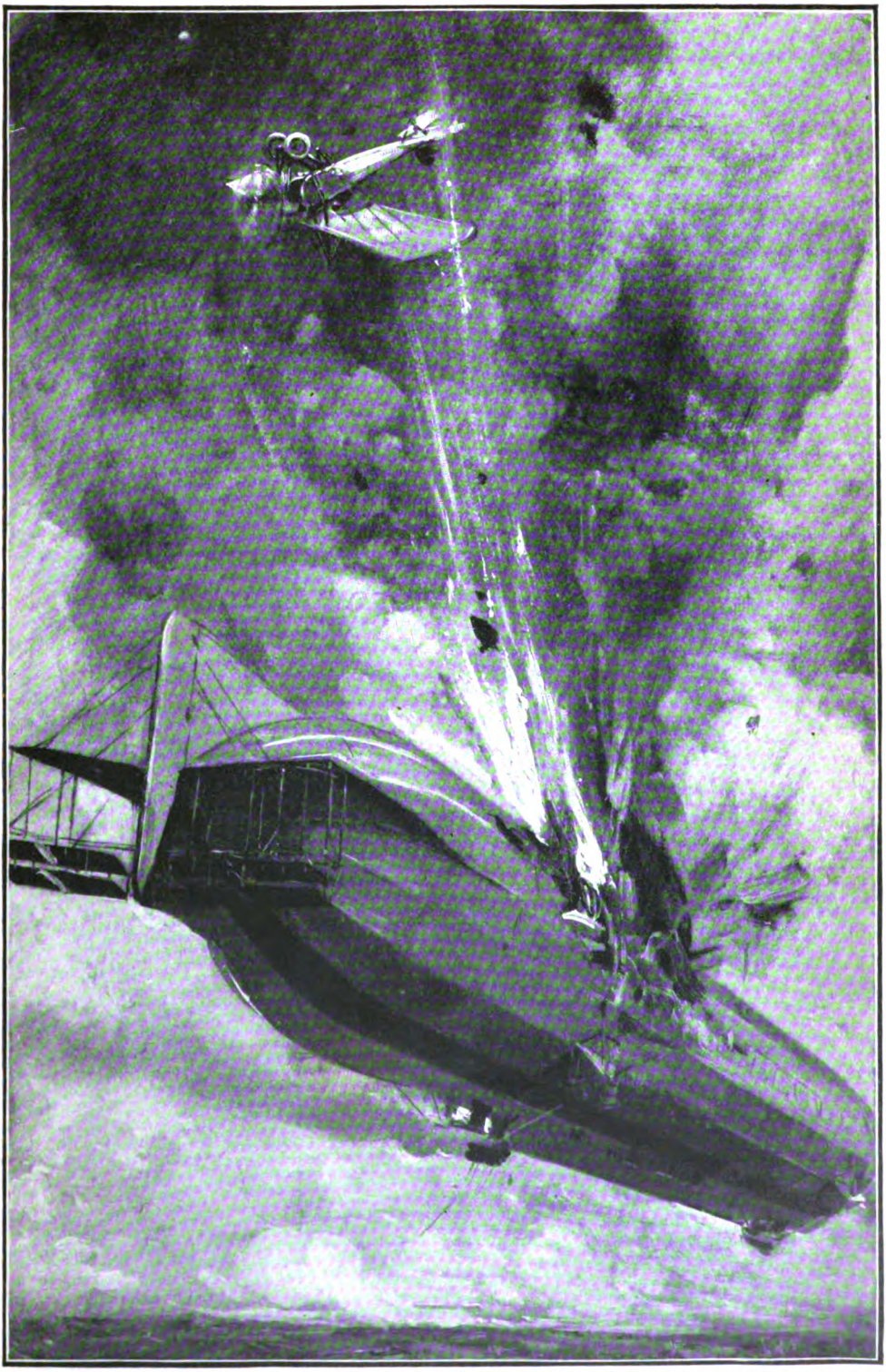
Theoretically, in this combat, the Zeppelin was destroyed. In peace manœuvres, had such a duel taken place, the umpires would have ruled the airship out of action. The aeroplane had won the position of advantage, and had hit the airship with its bombs. But though the pilot, as we have shown, performed his task gallantly, the bombs he carried failed, and so the Zeppelin escaped.

VIII.

THESE combats should give an impression of the complexities of a fight between airships and aeroplanes; and if the duels lacked a dramatic ending, if the antagonists met, fought, and failed to defeat each other, this was not their fault, but the result of a poverty in armament—of an inability, when they came together, to strike a deadly blow. But it is not always, even in this war, that such engagements are inconclusive. We have an instance—one which should become classic—of the aeroplane offensive pushed rapidly to success.

On the night of June 7th, 1915, rising from French territory and passing towards Brussels, flew three pilots of our Naval Air Service. Two were on an errand of destruction that does not concern us. The third was Flight Sub-Lieutenant R. A. J. Warneford, a young officer of no great experience, but who had shown audacity that was conspicuous. His task was to make a reconnaissance, and he was flying between Ghent and Brussels, the time being three a.m., when he observed suddenly, in the faint light of an early morning sky, the hull of a Zeppelin. The airship was returning towards her shed from a night flight.

There is a factor which favours the aeroplane at such a moment, and it is speed. Lieutenant Warneford was piloting a single-seated monoplane, which would fly fast and ascend rapidly, and his manœuvring was



"THE MONOPLANE, FLYING ABOVE THE DOOMED CRAFT, WAS CAUGHT BY THE BLAST AND OVERTURNED."

performed without any loss of time. He gained altitude so quickly, and bore in on the Zeppelin so suddenly, that he was flying over her, and ready to strike his blow, before she could make any move that was effective to save herself. And this time the airman's bombs, when they reached her, ignited her gas. There was a flash and an explosion, followed by an air disturbance so great that the monoplane, flying above the doomed craft, was caught by the blast and overturned. Lieutenant Warneford restored its equilibrium, however—as is possible, granted an aviator is flying high—and returned in safety to his starting point; and it was a tragedy, after such an achievement, that he should have been killed, accidentally, while testing a biplane in a practice flight.

The Zeppelin, receiving her death blow, went to earth a broken wreck, and all those in her cars were, according to news received unofficially, killed as a result of her fall.

IX.

THESE encounters taught Germany that she must build Zeppelins which are faster, which will maintain higher average altitudes, and which are, if possible, armed more efficiently; while for the designers of aeroplanes, apart from obtaining weapons of greater power, there lies the need to provide craft, specially adapted for airship attack, which shall climb more rapidly.

Improved Zeppelins have been built, and are still being built. Their speed has been increased, though with difficulty, and their power of high-flying also. As to aeroplanes—and the fact is significant—pilots can now be given machines when they attack an airship which, though details of their achievements must naturally be withheld, can rise at such a pace and are manœuvred with such facility that they should, in struggles for altitude which may precede a combat, tend to rob the Zeppelin of her advantage.

We need to remember, to the credit of the aeroplanes, that it is they—and the anti-aircraft guns—which have driven Zeppelins from the air in regions where they should legitimately be operating; that is to say, over the theatres of war. Instead of engaging their Zeppelins in tasks of military significance, such as the bombardment of railways, ammunition depots, and lines of communication, the Germans have been forced to employ them in night raids on cities far distant from the fighting-line. More effective, surely, is the work of a flight of aeroplanes which, ascending from one of the bases of the Allies, wrecks a stretch of railway with its bombs just prior to a movement of German troops, and prevents thousands of men—during, say, a critical action—from reaching their place at the front.

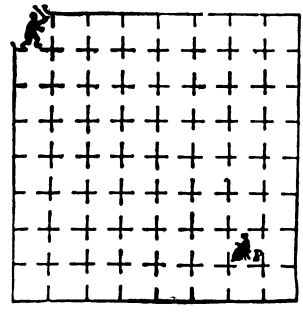
A word in conclusion. Wherever a Zeppelin, either at home or abroad, dares attack under conditions of daylight which would enable her to aim bombs with precision, she has defensive aeroplanes most seriously to reckon with; and, even if she raids a city by night—and the defences of that city prove efficient — she may still have much to fear from patrol aeroplanes. They, through the facilities for night flying we have described, may be already aloft and in a position of advantage, waiting only for the co-operation of the searchlights to make a counter-attack which should be swift and unseen.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

284.—THE ARMENIAN MAIDEN.

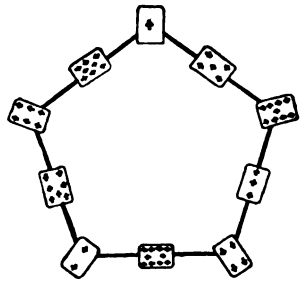
THE illustration shows the ground plan of a Turkish dungeon, consisting of sixty-three cells, all communicating by open doorways. An Armenian maiden was imprisoned, chained down, in the cell where she is shown. Her lover, at great risk to his life, succeeded in reaching the entrance, where he is seen, and rescued her. In making his search it seems that he entered all the other cells once, and only once, before he went into the one in which she was found. Take your pencil and try to discover a possible route. If you succeed, then try to find a route in twenty-two straight courses.



285.—THE CARD PENTAGON.

MAKE a rough pentagon on a large sheet of paper. Then throw down the ten non-court cards of a suit at the places indicated in the illustration on the opposite page, so that the pips on every row of three cards on the sides of the pentagon shall add up alike. The example will be found faulty. After you have found the rule you will be

able to deal the cards into their places without any thought. And there are very few ways of placing



them. The reader will be pleased with the simple but pretty solution.

286.—THE FIRST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

HERE is what is believed to be the first Double Acrostic puzzle in verse ever published. It was by "Cuthbert Bede" (Rev. J. Bradley), and appeared in the *Illustrated London News* for August 30th, 1856.

THE WORDS.

A mighty centre of woe and wealth:
A world in little, a kingdom small.
A tainted scenter, a foe to health:
A quiet way for a wooden wall.
Find out these words as soon as you can, sir,
And then you'll have found the acrostic's answer.

THE LETTERS.

Untax'd I brighten the poor man's home—
My wings wave over the beauty's brow—
I steal by St. Petersburgh's gilded dome—
While Bomba's subjects below me bow.
A cook had reason to dread my name,
Though I carry the tidings of pride and shame.

I give the spelling and punctuation as in the original. It is, of course, a six-letter acrostic. By the "words" is meant the two uprights (initials and finals), and by the "letters," the "cross lights."

287.—A CHARADE.

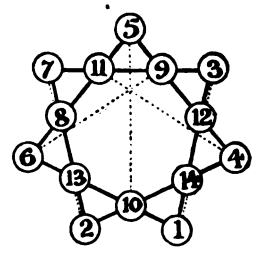
LORD RONALD burned the famed Yule log,
With wassail in his hall.
My *first* was wreathed in many a fold
Where Christmas moonbeams fall.

He poured my *second* in a glass
And pledged the merry glow,
While in the garden lay my *whole*
Crushed dead beneath the snow.

Solutions to Last Month's Problems.

279.—THE SEVEN-POINTED STAR.

PLACE 5 at the top point, as indicated in diagram. Then let the four numbers in the horizontal line (7, 11, 9, 3) be such that the two outside numbers shall sum to 10 and the inner numbers to 20, and that the difference between the two outer numbers shall be twice the difference between the two inner numbers. Then their complementaries to 15 are placed in the relative positions shown by the dotted lines. The remaining four numbers (13, 2, 14, 1) are easily adjusted. From this fundamental arrangement we can get three others. (1) Change the 13 with the 1 and the 14 with the 2. (2 and 3) Substitute for



every number in the two arrangements already found its difference from 15. Thus, 10 for 5, 8 for 7, 4 for 11, and so on. Now, the reader should be able to construct a second group of four solutions for himself, by following the rules.

280.—MISSING WORDS.

PALES—LEAPS—LAPSE—PLEAS—PEALS.

281.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACROSTIC.

N	aple	S
E	lb	E
W	ashingto	N
C	incinnat	I
A	msterda	M
S	tambou	L
T	orne	A
L	epant	O
E	clipti	C

282.—A CURIOUS CHESS PUZZLE.

THE following are the moves of White. Black's moves need not be given, but we must note whether he goes to R 4 or R 5 on his 11th move. 1. Kt to B 2, ch.; 2. Kt to R 3; 3. Kt to Kt sq.; 4. Kt to B 5; 5. Kt to K 4; 6. B to Q sq.; 7. B to K 2; 8. B to Kt 4; 9. B to K 6; 10. Kt to B 5; 11. Kt to Q 3. If the Black king now goes to R 5, continue: 12. B to Kt 4; 13. Kt to R 3; 14. Kt to Q B 2; 15. B to K 2; 16. Kt to K B 2; 17. Kt to K 4; 18. B to Q sq.; 19. Kt to K 3; 20. B to Kt 3; 21. Kt to Q sq.; 22. Kt to Kt 2; 23. Kt to R 4; 24. Kt to K Kt 5; 25. Kt to K B 3; 26. Kt to Q 4; 27. Kt mates. If Black on his 11th move goes to R 4, then continue: 12. Kt to R 3; 13. Kt to Q B 2; 14. B to Kt 4; 15. Kt to K B 2; and the rest precisely as before, making the 17th move now the 16th. By going to R 5 on that 11th move, Black himself loses the move, which he cannot recover, so the bishop makes eight moves—an even number. If Black goes to R 4 White loses the move by making only seven moves—an odd number—with his bishop. The subtlety lies in sending the bishop round to hold the bishop's pawn while the knights are got into the necessary positions for the play that brings about the change of move.

283.—THE VICTORIA CROSS.

IT is necessary that the two I's should change places. In the following solution in eighteen moves the first and second I are distinguished by the numbers (1) and (2): I (1), V, A, I (2), R, O, T, I (1), I (2), A, V, I (2), I (1), C, I (2), V, A, I (1).

The CASTAWAYS.

By

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by Will Owen.

CHAPTER I.

MR. WILLIAM POPE closed his ledger with a slam and, slipping from his stool, locked the drawer of his desk and returned the keys to his pocket. It was just one o'clock, and there was an ebb and flow of clerks returning from and going to lunch. It had been an everyday scene to Mr. Pope for thirty years; he looked forward to another ten and then a pension, which he fondly hoped to enjoy for thirty more. He walked slowly across the big room and, putting his head around a glass and mahogany screen, eyed with clerkly disapproval the industry of a man working there.

"One o'clock, Carstairs," he said, sharply.

Mr. Carstairs turned a lean, clean-shaven face on his friend and smiled amiably.

"Just coming," he said, blotting his work. "I had no idea it was so late."

Mr. Pope grunted. "I should know it in the dark," he declared, "without a watch. I believe you like work, Carstairs."

The other shook his head. "Just a habit," he said, slowly. "There's not much to like about it. Come along, before you faint."

He led the way out of the bank into the crowded, sunlit street, and, seizing an opportunity, darted across the road. Mr. Pope, with a finer sense of his dignity, waited until the traffic was held up, and crossed ponderously.

"One of these days——" he began.

"I know," said his friend, "but I feel like a boy to-day. Twenty-five years dropped from my shoulders this morning and left me a boy of twenty."

"Pity the grey hairs didn't drop too," remarked Mr. Pope.

"One thing at a time," said the other. "And, after all, I haven't got many."

He stopped at the entrance to the Beech Tree and pushing through the swing-doors led the way up to the dining-room, and to the end table they usually occupied. Mr. Pope seated himself with a sigh of content and, placing a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez across his nose, studied the menu.

"Plate of mulligatawny," he said, slowly, "boiled silverside, tankard of bitter."

He ate his meal with enjoyment and then, lighting a cigar and ordering coffee, disposed himself for conversation. Carstairs, who had eaten but little, answered in such an abstracted fashion that Mr. Pope, in a fit of pique, closed his mouth with his cigar and lapsed into silence.

"I'm sorry," said Carstairs, turning, with a slight laugh. "I was thinking."

"Think away," said his friend, coldly.

"Thinking of the many times I have eaten in this place," said Carstairs. "Day after day, year after year. It has all passed like a dream."

"Best way for a lunch to pass," said Pope, with feeling. "If you had poor Hall's digestion——"

"I mean the whole thing," said Carstairs. "The morning train, the day's work. For twenty-five years, rain or shine, I have been shut up in that office taking care of other

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people's money. Now I am my own master. I can stay in bed all day, or go to the North Pole if I like."

Mr. Pope took his cigar from his mouth and regarded him thoughtfully. "You had better stay in bed all day," he said at length. "Or perhaps two or three days would be better."

"This is my last day at the office," said Carstairs. "I can hardly realize it."

"Don't try to," said Pope, anxiously.

"To-morrow morning I shall go birds' nesting."

"In—in October," stammered the unhappy Pope.

"Or a motor run," said Carstairs, hiding a smile. "If it's a day like this it will be splendid. I'll ask for a day's leave for you. I bought a ripping car yesterday."

Mr. Pope stifled a groan. "We had better be getting back," he said, rising.

"Back!" said the other. "Why, we have got twenty-five minutes yet. Sit down and discuss where we shall go. You needn't be alarmed. I am not going to drive. What do you say to Brighton? Run down to lunch, spend a couple of hours by the sparkling sea, and then home to dinner and a theatre."

Mr. Pope turned and looked long and hard at his friend. "Look here, Carstairs," he said at last, "do you know what you are talking about?"

"About a motor run," said the other.

"In your own car," pursued Pope.

Carstairs nodded.

"Where did you get it?"

"Bought it."

Mr. Pope sighed, but pursued his cross-examination. "How much?"

"Nine hundred and twenty-five pounds," was the reply.

There was a long pause, during which Mr. Pope tried hard to get his voice under control.

"Where did you get the money?" he asked at last, in fairly even tones.

"Ah, now you're getting to business," said Carstairs, smiling broadly. "It was left to me by an uncle I haven't seen since I was ten. He went to Australia sheep-shearing. Judging by the amount I'm rather afraid he must have been shearing his fellow-men as well."

Pope, still looking doubtful, cleared his throat.

"Much?" he inquired.

Carstairs nodded. "I'm afraid to tell you the amount," he said, quietly. "You might ask me to go and see a doctor."

"How much?" demanded the other.

"Or fall off your chair."

"*How much?*" repeated the other, severely.

"We don't know exactly," said Carstairs, fumbling in his pocket, "but in this letter from my lawyers they say about thirty thousand a year."

Conversation in the room was suspended until the echoes of Mr. Pope's exclamation had died away. With a trembling hand he took the letter and read it, and then for the first time in many years he had a glass of water with his lunch. After which he congratulated Mr. Carstairs.

"But you've known this some time," he said, reproachfully.

"About three weeks," said Carstairs. "But I wanted to be absolutely certain before I said anything about it."

"What are you going to do with it all?" demanded the amazed Pope.

Carstairs pretended to consider. "I shall keep a few fowls, I think," he said at last, "*and* the motor."

Mr. Pope shook his head gloomily. "It'll be thrown away on you," he said. "You never have had any idea of real enjoyment. You'd have been much better off if the old man had left you five hundred a year. You've got simple tastes."

"Simple things cost the most, I believe," said Carstairs. "My car doesn't make nearly such an important noise as a secondhand one at fifty pounds. A ten-guinea suit of clothes escapes observation, whereas one at twenty-five shillings attracts attention wherever it goes."

Mr. Pope, who was not listening, raised his finger for the waiter. "Two glasses of the best and oldest port you've got. I want to see what it feels like to stand treat to a man with thirty thousand a year," he said, after the waiter had departed. "You'll drop all your old friends now."

"Of course," said Carstairs, simply. "I shall begin with you—after I have drunk the port."

Mr. Pope clinked glasses, and then with a gentle sigh sipped his wine.

"You'll have to be careful," he said, after a long silence. "There are heaps of people who will be anxious to help you spend that money. You're too easy-going by half to be trusted with it. I can see you investing it in all sorts of wild-cat schemes, not because you believe in them, but because you will be unable to say 'No.'"

"Perhaps you're right," said Carstairs.

"I'm certain of it," said his friend,

"'WE DON'T KNOW EXACTLY,' SAID CARSTAIRS, FUMBLING IN HIS POCKET, 'BUT IN THIS LETTER FROM MY LAWYERS THEY SAY ABOUT THIRTY THOUSAND A YEAR.'"

vehemently. "You've got no knowledge of the world, and you have a trust in human nature that I can only describe as child-like. I shouldn't be surprised if you lost everything you've got in five years."

"I reckoned ten," said Carstairs, "but I dare say you are nearer the mark. However, I will relieve your mind by telling you that I am taking measures to prevent it. I am engaging a man to look after my affairs, and if I crack up in a few years he will be responsible. I shall practically leave things in his hands."

"Leave things in his hands?" gasped the amazed Pope. "And suppose he lets you down?"

"He won't," said Carstairs.

The other looked at him with unaffected concern. "Don't do it," he said, earnestly. "Don't do it."

"I must," said Carstairs. "I can't be bothered with business matters. I might as well stay on at the bank. It's no use, Pope, I'm quite determined."

"You must be crazy," said Pope, at last. "What do you know about him? How long have you known him?"

"Long enough to know he is all right," said the other. "But you know him better than I do."

"I!" said Pope, starting. "I don't know anybody I'd trust to that extent. Who is it?"

"His name is William Pope," said Carstairs.

Mr. Pope's expression changed suddenly, and his mouth broke into tremulous smiles. Then his face began to harden again.

"It's no use," said Carstairs, who had been watching him closely. "It's a favour to myself. You've got a very clear head for business, and a stronger way of dealing with people than I have."

Mr. Pope shook his head.

"And you know what things are better than I do," pursued Carstairs. "You can help me to keep my end up. There's an air about you, Pope, that I haven't got. I want some of your moral support. I want you to tell my lies for me, and intervene between myself and people who want to help me spend my money."

"If you put it that way——" began the other, wavering.

"It's the only way to put it," said Carstairs. "It's a pure matter of business; friendship doesn't count at all. We'll have a contract drawn up by my solicitors all shipshape and proper, and then I shall be able to enjoy my money while you have all the trouble of it."

Pope turned in his chair and extended his hand.

"That's settled," said Carstairs, "and I'm willing to give you the pleasure again of paying for a wealthy friend's port to celebrate it."

Mr. Pope held up to the waiter a beckoning finger that seemed to have increased in size and importance since the last order. He turned an eye on a clock that no longer had any message for him, and, raising his glass, toasted "Our very good healths."

The return to the office was effected without hurry. Haste was all very well for men whose horizon was bounded by streets and the regular performance of mechanical duties; free men with the pleasant places of the world before them could afford to take their time. In front of the very entrance of the bank Mr. Pope, pleasantly conscious of being twenty-five minutes late, loitered to purchase a buttonhole. His appearance was so dignified that the colleague who had been impatiently awaiting his return in order to go to his own lunch ventured on no greater reproach than a sniff.

CHAPTER II.

THE dislocation caused in a large office by the retirement of two of its staff is not great, and any inconvenience occasioned is amply atoned for by the consequent promotions. The two clerks left with the good wishes of their fellows, although there was a little uncertainty, due to the bearing of Mr. Pope, as to which of them was the fortunate legatee.

The secretary entered upon his duties at once. He had innumerable consultations with the lawyers (cheerfully acquiesced in by those excellent men of business), and with knowledge gleaned from "Every Man His Own Lawyer" propounded conundrums that took the united intellects of the firm to solve.

Nor were the lighter branches of his work neglected. Gently but firmly he made the reluctant Carstairs renounce the firm of City tailors who had dressed him for twenty years, and all their works, and piloted him to a West-end house where the charges were three times as great.

"To be well-dressed is half the battle," he said, severely, as he followed Carstairs into a restaurant to recuperate after their labours. "What about that little table at the end?"

"That's taken, sir," said the waiter. "The next one is not engaged."

Mr. Pope frowned, and, after a moment's hesitation, took the proffered chair and began to study the menu. He made his selection

after much questioning, using his forefinger in preference to the pitfalls of the French language.

He broke his roll and looked around him with placid content. The Beech Tree Tavern seemed to belong to a remote and uncongenial past. His gaze roved from pretty women and well-groomed men to the small orchestra in the gallery. He turned with a smile to see the *hors d'œuvres* at his elbow.

The occupant of the reserved table appeared just as Mr. Pope was toying with a sweetbread: a tall, well-knit young man of about twenty-five, who took the chair which backed on to Mr. Pope's with so much vigour that a piece of sweetbread changed its destination at the last moment, and, leaving a well-defined trail down that gentleman's shirt-front, hid inside his waistcoat.

"Sorry," said the young man, moving his chair forward an inch. "They don't leave much room here."

"Plenty of room for people who know how to use it," said Pope, crisply.

The other smiled amiably and watched with some interest the efforts of Mr. Pope to find the missing morsel. His interest increased as the latter in a furtive fashion began to unfasten the buttons of his waistcoat.

"Surely you're not going to disrobe here, my good man?" he said, in an unnecessarily distinct voice.

Mr. Pope, crimson with rage and confusion, turned a deaf ear. For some time he went on with his meal in silence, and then, conversing in a low voice with Carstairs, allowed such words as "Wasters," "Overgrown schoolboys," "Boors," etc., to wander as far afield as the next table.

His countenance did not relax until the coffee and liqueur stage was reached. He lit a large cigar and, in a moment of forgetfulness, pushed a little farther from the table and leaned back in his chair. Contact was made, as the electricians say, and a strong current of obstinacy passed from Mr. Pope and rooted the feet of the man at the next table to the floor. Carstairs, at first amused, became apprehensive.

"Don't make a scene," he whispered. "You'll attract attention in a moment."

"*I'm* not doing anything," rejoined Pope, in a hot whisper. "Let him move back to his own territory."

He thrust his back heavily into his chair, determined not to budge an inch. The same idea seemed to possess his adversary, then better feelings prevailed, and with a quiet but sudden movement he hitched his chair forward at least a foot.

Mr. Pope, by a frantic movement of his arms, retained his balance, but a loud snapping noise indicated disaster. He turned to see the top of his chair and half the back dangling to the floor. His waiter came hastily to the scene of disaster and the manager made a leisurely progress up the room.

"Another chair, please," said Carstairs, quietly.

A fresh chair was fetched and the manager, expressing polite regrets for the shortcomings of the old one, withdrew to his lair to find fault with the waiter. The cause of the mischief, who had taken a languid interest in the proceedings over his right shoulder, lit a fresh cigarette and exchanged glances with Carstairs.

"Worst of these genuine twentieth-century Chippendale chairs," he remarked, casually. "They won't stand a strain."

"They were not made for twentieth-century manners," rejoined Carstairs, equably.

The young man flushed. "Do you mean it was my fault?" he inquired.

"You know it was," said Carstairs.

"Perhaps you're right," said the other, shaking his head. "But"—he nodded in the direction of Pope, and lowered his voice to a penetrating whisper—"he's got such an aggressive back. Besides, I didn't think the chair would break; I merely thought that he would come over backwards."

Mr. Pope, with a smothered exclamation, turned and regarded him fixedly.

"However, all's well that ends well," pursued the young man. "You will allow me to settle for the damage."

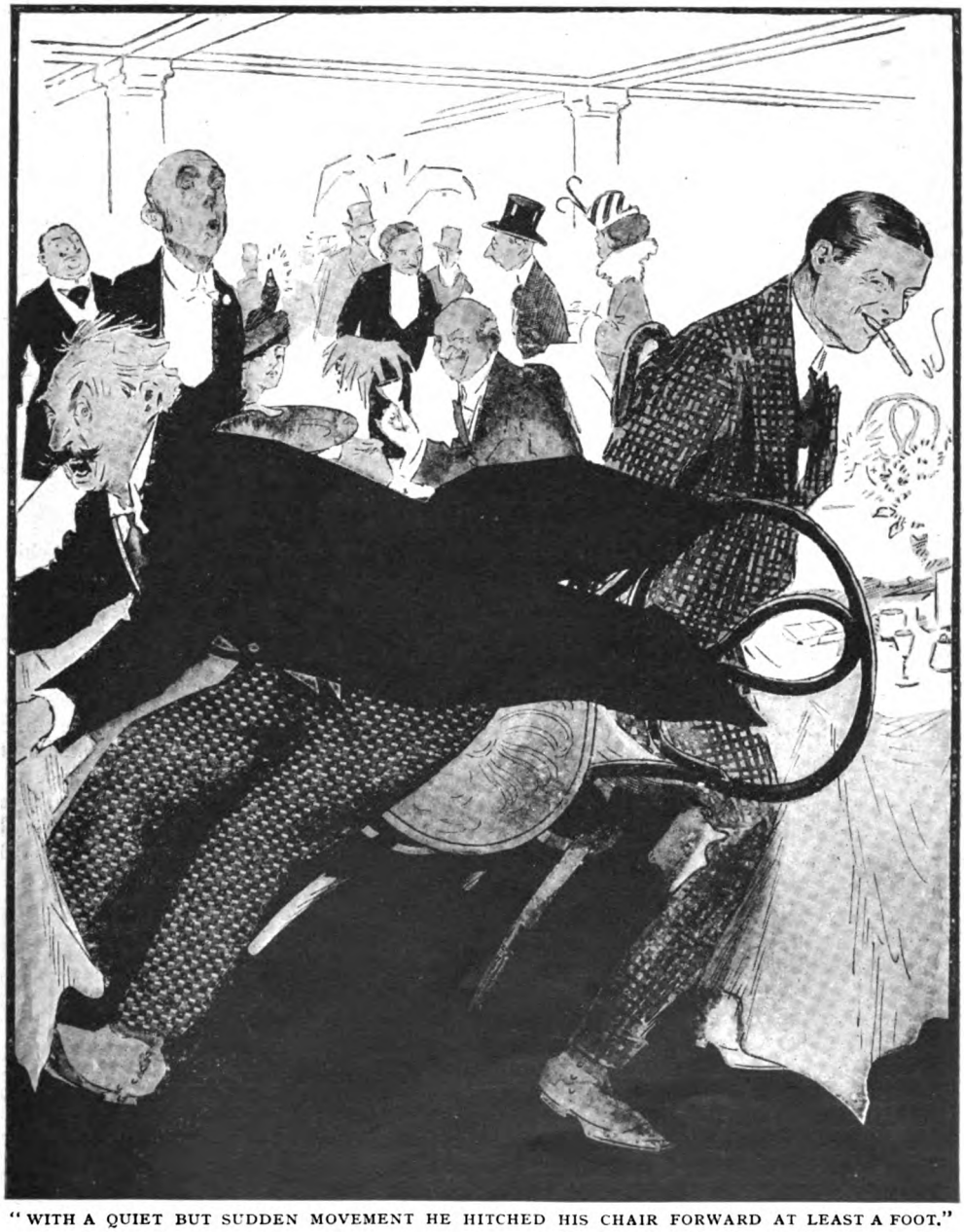
"No," said Carstairs.

"I sha'n't feel comfortable unless I do," urged the other.

"I don't see any reason why you should be allowed to feel comfortable," said Carstairs. "You have done your best to make my friend feel uncomfortable."

"He's all right," said the young man, nodding comfortably at the glowering Pope. "He's a sportsman."

He turned his chair a little with the air of one disposed for conversation, and, striking a match for his cigarette, applied it first to the end of Pope's cigar. The owner, paralyzed at his impudence, endured the attention in silence, while a faint chuckle from Carstairs cleared the atmosphere. Mr. Pope had finished his second cigar and the restaurant was nearly empty by the time they arose



"WITH A QUIET BUT SUDDEN MOVEMENT HE HITCHED HIS CHAIR FORWARD AT LEAST A FOOT."

from table and, walking down the room, divided the manager's bow between them.

"Bright youngster," said Carstairs, after their newly-made acquaintance had departed.

Pope assented, but without much enthusiasm. "You gave him your address," he said, accusingly.

"I like him," was the reply.

"And he is one of the sort that is sure to turn up," added Pope.

His remark was justified by the arrival of Mr. Jack Knight at Carstairs' flat three nights later. Being in the neighbourhood, he said, he thought he would just look in and see how Pope was progressing in the furniture-moving line. When he left, at midnight, both men saw him to the lift.

Within a fortnight he was on the footing of an old and valued friend, and full of advice beyond his years as to the best and most

satisfactory mode of disposing of a large income. The endowment of an orphan asylum, coupled with visits to Monte Carlo, would, he thought, satisfy all shades of opinion.

"Or you might get married," he said, thoughtfully. "There are plenty of women who could get through your income, and ask for more."

"Meantime," said Carstairs, "while you are pricing sites for the asylum, and Pope is looking up the trains to Monte Carlo, I am going to look about for a place in the country."

"Of course," said Knight, suddenly. "Good heavens! Why didn't I think of it before? It's the very thing; it fits in exactly. I've been wondering why Fate threw you into my lap in such an informal manner. Now I know."

"He is rambling," said Pope.

"We are all going to ramble," retorted Knight. "That is, so far as one can ramble in a motor-car. To-morrow I am going to take you in a car—Carstairs'—to see the place. A beautiful Elizabethan house in Hampshire that is just made for you."

"'I HAVE GOT NOTHING TO BLUSH ABOUT,' DECLARED BEING ENGAGED.

"What's that got to do with your lap?" inquired Carstairs.

"Small park, meadow land, and a lake; a little gem of a lake," pursued the young man. "It's a little bit of Paradise that has fallen into Hampshire and is waiting for you to pick up."

"The place I'm going to look at is in Surrey," said Carstairs. "I'm already corresponding about it."

"Surrey? Surrey's no good," said Knight, quickly. "It's overrun. You come to Hampshire, there's a good chap."

"Afterwards, perhaps, if the place in Surrey is no good," said Carstairs.

"But it might be," said the other, "and in that case you wouldn't want the Hampshire one."

Carstairs acquiesced.

"There's something behind it," growled Pope. "Something to do with his precious lap. He is quite agitated."

"You're right, Pope," said Carstairs, regarding the young man closely. "If it were anybody else I should say he was blushing."

"It's as near as he will ever get to it," said Pope.

"I have got nothing to blush about,' declared Knight, firmly. "There's nothing wrong about being engaged, is there?"

KNIGHT, FIRMLY. 'THERE'S NOTHING WRONG ABOUT IS THERE?'"

"Engaged!" said his listeners together, and, "I hope she's worthy of you," added Pope.

"I fail to see the connection between your engagement and my choice of a house," said Carstairs.

"Lack of imagination," said Knight, briefly. "She lives down there. If you take that delightful Elizabethan mansion I can come and stay with you. As it is, whenever I want to see her I have to hang about fishing in the beastly little river there. Last four times I caught three puny fish and saw her once—with her guardian."

Carstairs looked at him helplessly for a few seconds, and then turned his gaze on Pope.

"No sense of proportion," he said, at last, "or else morally deficient."

"Both," said Pope, in a deep voice.

"The house is probably a draughty ruin," pursued Carstairs, "the so-called lake a duck-pond covered with green slime. He ought to have been a house agent."

"Well, I'm going down there to-morrow, anyway," said Knight. "If you won't drive me down, I suppose I must go by train—third class."

"Why do you have to go fishing?" inquired Carstairs.

Mr. Knight sighed. "The engagement is not official," he said, after a pause. "Lady Penrose, her guardian, misunderstands me."

"But surely——" began Carstairs.

"Don't make obvious jokes," said Knight, wearily. "This is serious. I suppose an old bachelor doesn't understand; but he might try and learn."

"What has the guardian got against you?" asked Carstairs.

"Poverty," said Mr. Knight, gloomily. "I am an undesirable. Four hundred a year and a distinguished appearance are my sole assets."

"When I was your age——" began Carstairs.

"Oh, my aunt!" interrupted Mr. Knight, in despairing accents. "My dear Carstairs, I have got three uncles, three stolid, unimaginative uncles, and whenever I go to see them to try and touch them for a little bit, they always begin that way. It's their one opening. Try and say something more agreeable. Tell me the time the car will be ready."

"I'm not going to take that house, mind," said Carstairs.

"Course not," said Knight, with a delighted grin. "But you can look at it. There's no

harm in looking, as the lady said when her husband asked her not to go to the bargain sale. You're a brick, Carstairs. So's Pope," he added, after a moment's reflection. "Will half-past ten be too early for you?"

"That'll do," said Carstairs. "Is the chauffeur to wear a white favour?"

"He can wear a wreath of roses if he likes," said Knight. "I don't mind. I'm so pleased at being able to be of service to you, Carstairs, that I'd put up with anything. By the way, do you mind if I bring a friend with me? Chap named Peplow—great friend of mine. He's got interests down there, too."

"Interests?" repeated Carstairs, in a dazed voice.

Mr. Knight nodded. "She's a very nice girl," he said, generously. "Freddie used to come down fishing with me, and the two girls are great friends. He had met her before in town, too."

"Do you think I'm running a matrimonial agency?" demanded Carstairs.

"Not at all," said Knight, raising his eyebrows. "I'm merely asking you for a lift, that's all. I'll tell Peplow he must go by train."

"Bring him, by all means," said Carstairs. "But, mind, I wash my hands of it. I am merely going to look at a house."

"Awfully good of you," said the other. "And if you remember, that's just what I wanted you to go down there for. Well, good-bye. If I'm to be up early in the morning I must be off."

He took a cigarette from the box and departed, humming the latest air from the latest musical comedy. Carstairs, to avoid the censorious gaze of Pope, got up and helped himself to a whisky and soda.

The morning was misty, with a glorious sun overhead, as, punctual to the minute, the car drew up and Mr. Knight descended the steps from his front door, accompanied by a young man of somewhat chubby appearance, whom he introduced as Mr. Peplow. To Mr. Pope's whispered inquiry, "Where are the others?" he turned a deaf ear.

"Awf'lly good of you," said Mr. Peplow, climbing into the car as his friend got up in front. "I'm so fond of fishing."

"Are your rods down there?" inquired Carstairs, as the car moved off.

"Jack," said Mr. Peplow, leaning forward, "we've forgotten the rods."

"Never mind," said Mr. Knight.

"But——" said Mr. Peplow.

Knight twisted round in his seat. "It's all right," he said, calmly. "They know all about it. Carstairs wormed it out of me."

Mr. Peplow sat back in his seat and blushed, and, smoothing a small fair moustache, glanced sideways at his astonished host. A smothered guffaw from Mr. Pope did not add to his comfort.

"Awf'lly good of you," he murmured, mechanically.

"Just the day for a run," said Knight, turning round in his seat again as they left the dwindling suburbs and began to scent the open country. "You ought to be awfully obliged to me, Carstairs."

"I am," was the reply.

"What is the programme?" inquired Knight. "There's an awfully decent inn in the village, and I suggest we should lunch there, and then go on to the house afterwards."

"That'll do," said Carstairs. "And perhaps we shall be able to see the house from the inn. That will save trouble."

"I don't mind trouble," said Knight. "Especially if I can pick my own. Do you mind if I drive a little way?"

He changed seats, and Mr. Pope, with a smothered exclamation, held on to the side of the car. He leaned across Mr. Peplow to shout to Carstairs, but the wind blew the words down his throat. He huddled back into his seat, and prepared for the worst.

"*Fast?*" said Mr. Knight, as he slowed down for a village. "You don't call that fast, do you? Wait till I get a bit of straight road."

"He never has an accident," said Mr. Peplow, proudly, "but he's had the most marvellous squeaks. Do you remember that brick-cart, Jack?"

Mr. Knight turned his head to smile, and Mr. Pope's voice rose in protest.

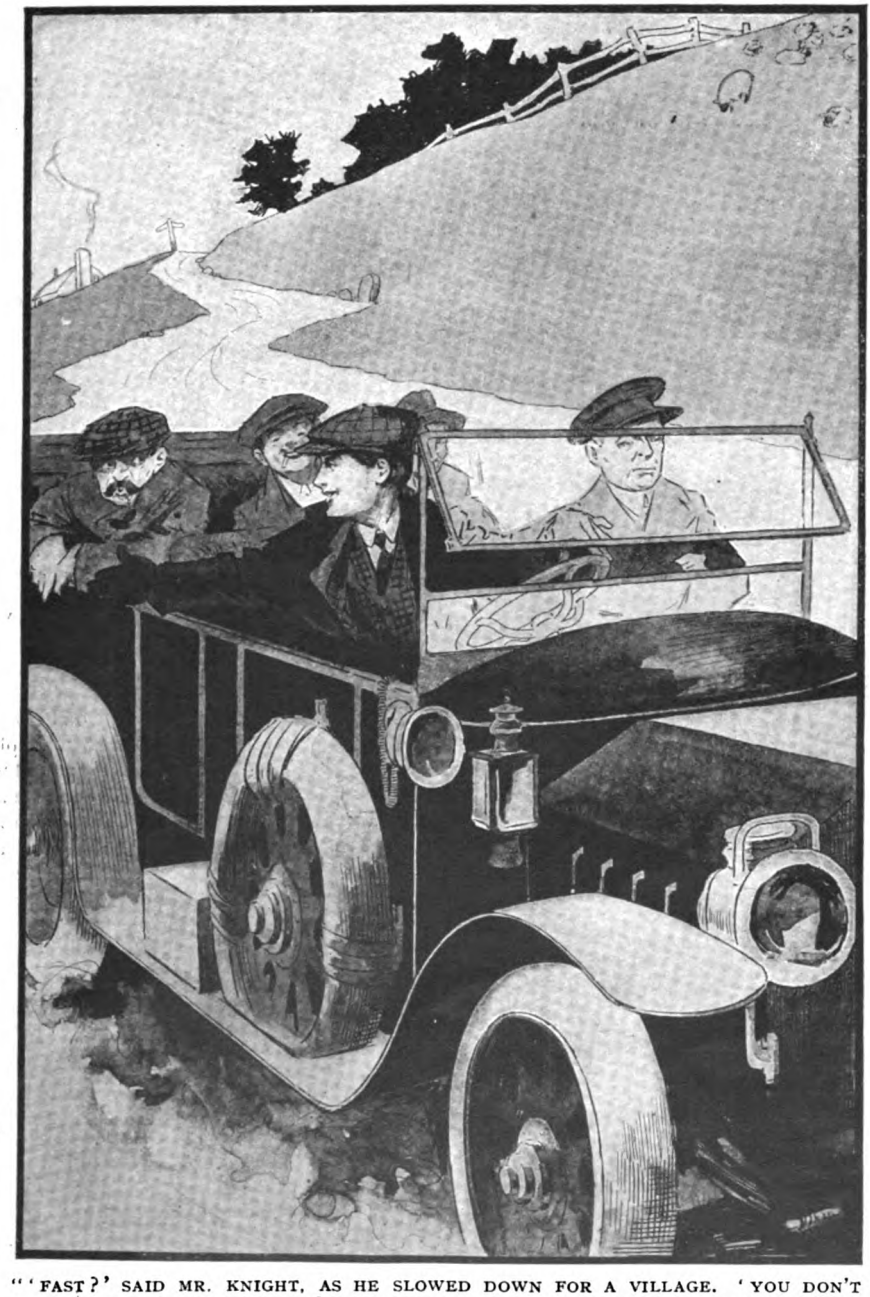
"We'll keep her down to twenty-five or thirty, please," said Carstairs, leaning forward, "for the sake of the brick-carts."

Mr. Knight sighed, and with a couple of fingers on the wheel endeavoured, but in vain, to carry on a conversation with Mr. Pope.

"We're nearly there now," he said, presently. "Keep your eyes open for the scenery."

They passed slowly through a winding village street, whose half-timbered houses had drowsed through the centuries. The bell of the general shop clanged, and a bent back disappeared inside the doorway of the Red Lion. The rest of the place slept.

"Restful!" said Mr. Knight, almost smacking his lips. "Here's our show."



"'FAST?' SAID MR. KNIGHT, AS HE SLOWED DOWN FOR A VILLAGE. 'YOU DON'T CALL THAT FAST, DO YOU? WAIT TILL I GET A BIT OF STRAIGHT ROAD.'"

He drew up in front of a sedate old inn a hundred yards beyond the village, and, yielding the wheel to the chauffeur, led the way inside and, nodding to the landlord, passed upstairs.

"Now for a fire and a meal," he said, as he ushered them into a comfortable room. "Here's the fire, and the food will be on the table at one. Observe how beautifully Pope's legs frame the glowing coals."

(To be continued.)

A Philosopher of the Kerbstone.

By ALDER ANDERSON.

Perhaps the strange vicissitudes of fortune are nowhere more strikingly displayed than on the kerbstones of the streets of London. Here, for example, is a case in point—no fancy picture, but an actual study from the life.

THERE is a man in London—he calls himself a pedlar. He has no home save the uncertain nightly tenure of a bed in a common lodging-house in Seven Dials, no possessions save the clothes on his back, no human ties of any kind. Thousands of people whose steps take them through the pulsing web of streets which has for its nerve-centre Piccadilly Circus have probably brushed past him without so much as noticing him; yet he is that rare phenomenon, a man worth knowing, worth speaking to.

To be satisfied with one's lot, when that lot is to sell matches in the street in order to keep body and soul together, implies either the elementary mind of an animal or the highest intellectual achievement.

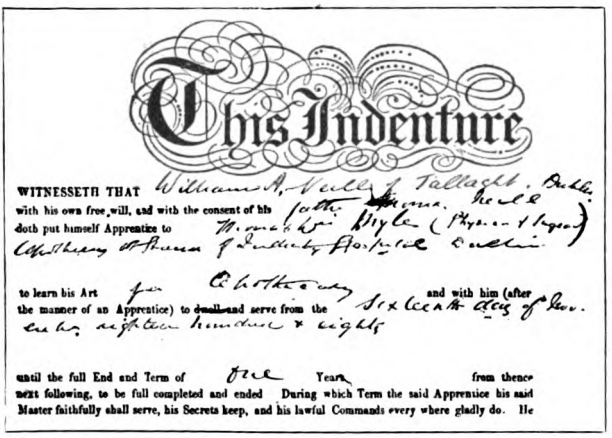
Think of it! Here, in the very heart of the richest city in the world, faced by the most blatant proofs of luxury, worldly ambition, and human restlessness, this man, who is practically a beggar—for, if he does not beg, he accepts alms from the passer-by—this man with empty purse and empty stomach, whose nostrils must be continuously tantalized by the appetizing odours from the restaurants, where his fellows gorge themselves to repletion, professes to feel no envy, no bitterness. More, he asserts that he is perfectly contented. He is a philosopher in the true sense of the word, accepting the decrees of Fate without a murmur and deeming that, for some reason beyond his ken, Providence has imposed upon him a period of trial.

THIS SNAPSHOT OF WILLIAM NEILL WAS TAKEN IN LEICESTER SQUARE, WHERE HE IS OFTEN TO BE SEEN.

"Were it not difficult to reach the Pole," he will tell you, in the dull monotone of the man who seldom unburdens his thoughts, "there would be no honour in success." Every attempt at sympathy he counters with a like rejoinder. Yet there is nothing of the

sanctimonious prig about him, nor the least suspicion of the mumper by profession.

The prosperous and the "unco guid" have theories to explain why people fall to the very bottom of the social structure and remain there. In the present instance, none of these theories are applicable. Policemen who have known this particular pedlar for years, ever since his gaunt, bearded figure became a familiar feature of their beat, will tell you they have never seen him beg, nor do anything that merited reproof. They have never even seen him enter a public-house.



This Indenture

WITNESSETH THAT William A. Neill of Tallaght, Dublin, with his own free will, and with the consent of his father Thomas Neill doth put himself Apprentice to Thomas Wm Myles (Physician & Surgeon) Apothecary to House of Industry Hospital Dublin

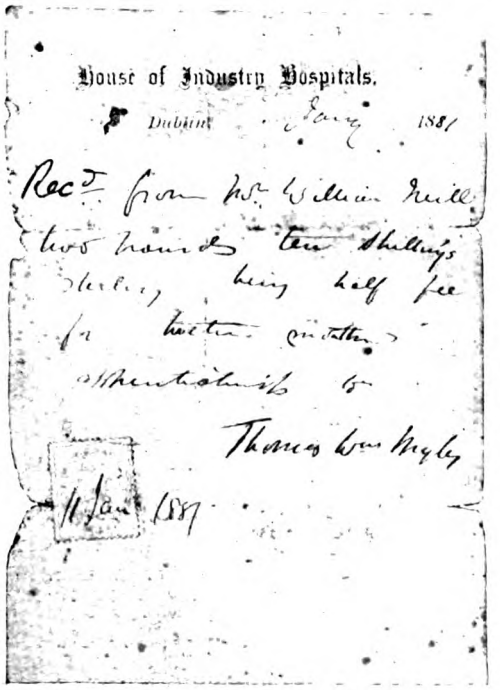
to learn his Art for Apothecary and with him (after the manner of an Apprentice) to ~~dwell and~~ serve from the Sixteenth day of November eighteen hundred & eighty

until the full End and Term of One Years from thence next following, to be full completed and ended During which Term the said Apprentice his said Master faithfully shall serve, his Secrets keep, and his lawful Commands every where gladly do. He

FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF WILLIAM NEILL'S ARTICLES OF APPRENTICESHIP TO SIR THOMAS MYLES.

Here, briefly, is this man's record.

His father was a prosperous farmer and miller near Dublin. Two of his brothers were in the medical profession. It was arranged that young Neill should enter the same profession, and on leaving school, in 1880, at the age of seventeen, he was bound apprentice-apothecary to Sir Thomas Myles, apothecary and surgeon to the House of Industry Hospital, Dublin—his articles of apprenticeship are here reproduced. The same year he matriculated at the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, and entered on a regular course of medical studies. Two years later he passed successfully the first part of the examination—anatomy, physiology, and chemistry—of the King and Queen's College of Physicians of Edinburgh. Here he was overtaken by the first blow of Fate, and this was, perhaps, the initial cause of his subsequent ill-luck.



House of Industry Hospitals.

Dublin Jany 1881

Recd from Mr William Neill two hounds ten shillings sterling being half fee for twelve months apprenticeship to Thomas Wm Myles

11 Jan 1881

FACSIMILE OF RECEIPT FOR WILLIAM NEILL'S APPRENTICESHIP FEES.

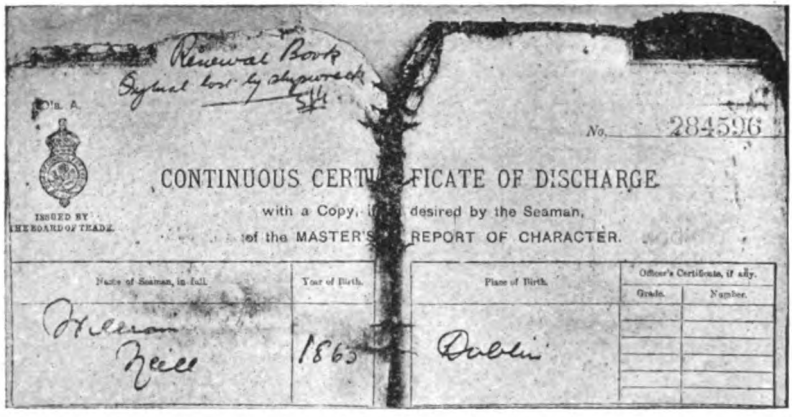
The sudden death of his father made it imperative for him to earn money at once. He abandoned medicine and entered an engineering factory, where his industry was such that he even found time to act occasionally as an unqualified medical assistant to his uncle. Though much preferring engineering to medicine, doubtless he would eventually have been able to obtain a medical qualification, had not chance intervened.

The chief engineer of a large steamer, the *Mentmore*, at the moment of sailing for New York, discovered that his fourth assistant was missing. He appealed to a shore friend in his extremity, and Neill was suggested as a possible substitute.

"Does he know his business?"

"What he does not know about engines is not worth knowing."

A few hours later the young neophyte was sailing out of the Mersey as fourth engineer of the *Mentmore*, at a salary of ten pounds a month and "all found." He had bidden a final good-bye to medicine in favour of what



FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF WILLIAM NEILL'S DISCHARGE CERTIFICATE — IT WILL BE NOTICED THAT THIS IS A COPY, THE ORIGINAL HAVING BEEN LOST BY SHIPWRECK.

he felt was his true vocation, and was as elated as any young man who feels his feet at last firmly planted on the ladder. Almost before he knew where he was, he became a full-fledged member of the Marine Engineers' Association.

For the next fourteen years there followed a continuous series of engagements as third and second engineer on steamers of every kind and every tonnage—coasting steamers, tramps, oil tanks, and great ocean-going leviathans, as shown by his Certificate Book, some pages of which are here reproduced in facsimile. To-day he is in Antwerp, to-morrow in Tokio or Valparaiso. He sees the world as only the seafaring man can, picks up a smattering of half-a-dozen modern languages, and, with his scientific training and receptive mind, backed by his abstemious habits, acquires sufficient exact and curious information about men and things to furnish matter for a respectable encyclopædia.

In 1899 he is second engineer on the eight-thousand-ton *Puritan*, carrying locomotives and railway material from Philadelphia to Vladivostok—a seventy-five days' voyage—coal from Simoneseki to Singapore, sugar from Java to New York. Next he is on the *Goolistan*, churning up the wide Euphrates. In the interval he has managed, while in London, to pass the examination for the coveted first engineer's certificate of the Board of Trade.

In 1903 he is on the *Cam*, which becomes a total wreck in the Red Sea, within a day's steam of her destination, Massowah. Everything he possessed in the world, save the clothes he stood in, went to the bottom. The captain and Neill are the last to leave the vessel. They are almost within sight of the African shore, but are afraid to land on account of the Arabs.

For nearly four days they are adrift in an open boat, with nothing to sustain them except a few biscuits. Finally, they are picked up by the Anchor liner *Olympian* and

ANOTHER PAGE FROM NEILL'S DISCHARGE CERTIFICATE, AS ENGINEER, STAMPED "VERY GOOD," BOTH FOR ABILITY AND GENERAL CONDUCT.

brought to Marseilles. Eleven months later Neill is wrecked again, this time in the *Menantic*, on the inhospitable southern coast of South America. Once more he is saved at the cost of a tramp of many miles along the precipitous cliffs to the nearest Chilean town, Bajo Imperial.

Finally, after a number of other engagements, in 1906 he is appointed to the responsible position of deck engineer in

the twenty-five-thousand-ton *Baltic*, then commanded by Captain E. J. Smith, who went down later on the ill-fated *Titanic*.

On returning to Liverpool, after the fourth round trip, the deck engineer learns that the official who appointed him is no longer in office; another reigns in his place. When Neill in paid off his discharge certificate is stamped as it always has been—"Very Good," both for diligence and conduct.

The discharged man has saved a little money, and, nothing daunted, he decides to rest for a week or two in Liverpool and then try London. Eventually he buys a bicycle, makes the journey in leisurely fashion by road, then sets forth to find another berth. From the start he is unsuccessful—rebuff follows rebuff.

His little nest-egg is rapidly diminishing. Weeks follow weeks, and he is no nearer the desired goal. First he finds this enforced idleness irksome; this purposeless knocking about frets his soul, then demoralization slowly creeps in and undermines his self-confidence. Already he doubts his ability to "give satisfaction." A recent attack of anæmia makes him think he is unfit for hard work, and thus he drifts along, until hunger stares him in the face. His clothes have ceased to be shabby—they are worse; his whole appearance is unkempt, almost wild. Now his chief desire is not to find work, but merely a morsel of bread to still the gnawing pains of hunger.

Like some grim spectre, aimlessly, purposelessly, he walks swiftly along the streets, pausing nowhere, looking neither to right nor left, head and shoulders above the crowd. And there is so much restrained pathos in his figure, such hopeless misery in his unseeing eyes, that a woman hurries after him and slips a coin into his hand. And now a remarkable thing happens—this man of sound education and uncommon intellect accepts the alms in the spirit in which it was given. He has no feeling of revolt, no false shame. Possibly a long course of heartache, of utter loneliness and physical depression, has corroded his once lucid mind; possibly, too, in a sort of defiance to Fate, he accepted the woman's gesture as a sign, as a guidance from above. Be that as it may, from that moment he renounces his past, he enters on a new phase of life. And, what is eminently characteristic of the man, he does this coolly, methodically, as if he were simply giving up one profession for another. The few coppers he receives daily represent to him his income, an income legitimately earned—for, as I said before, he never begs.

Eight years have elapsed since then. When he began to earn his livelihood in this way he was still in the prime of life—now he is fifty-two. Livelihood is a relative expression. During the whole period his "income"—the term is his own—has seldom exceeded a maximum of a shilling a day; occasionally it falls below fivepence, the sum indispensable to procure a night's shelter in Seven Dials. On such occasions there is no resource but to tramp the streets all night. But this is a rare occurrence, and, moreover, he will tell you, does not involve any very great hardship. So thorough is his self-discipline that, apparently, the vagaries of the weather are beneath his notice. By night, as by day, he moves almost mechanically, wrapped in his thoughts and detached from his environment, as though it did not exist. Also, he is not compelled to remain in the streets after four o'clock in the morning. At that hour the compassionate manager of the lodging-house allows him to enter the public kitchen, where there is always a fire and the necessary utensils to cook food.

Before the war, a total daily "income" of ninepence, or even eightpence—that is to say, threepence or fourpence above the cost of a bed—sufficed for his wants; now, with the enhanced price of food, his ambition is to earn a shilling a day. And so, at best, after he has paid for his bed, he can only lay out sevenpence for his food.

So limited a budget has, perforce, to be carefully thought out. Here is his bill of fare for the day:—

A packet of tea, sufficient for three meals, one penny; bread, threepence; sugar, halfpenny; margarine, one penny; milk, one penny; bloater, very occasionally, when funds permit, one penny.

When, which happens not infrequently, he has not sufficient money to buy tea, the tea-leaves left in a pot used by one of his fellow-lodgers provide a substitute. Meat hardly ever enters his diet, though in times of plenty a sheep's head is to be had for threepence. Vegetables he never purchases. There are certain streets where stray vegetables, potatoes principally, abound, waiting, as it were, to be picked up. They have been dropped by hawkers obliged, for some reason or other, to pack their stock in a hurry. There are people, too, who considerately leave remnants of their lunch, consisting of sandwiches, on a window-sill in some back alley, and these are rare bits that are speedily pounced upon.

To-day, when the necessity for strict economy is being preached from the housetops,

and food experts are vying with one another in teaching us how we can halve our bills, it may not be inopportune to point out that the *régime* followed by this man appears in no way to have impaired his health. True, he is spare almost to the point of emaciation, but he declares he has not known a day's illness for eight years. He covers ground extraordinarily quickly, and his gait is free and easy, and eloquently proves how absolutely untrammelled he is by any physical complaint. He is, in a word, a fine example of the triumph of mind over matter.

His attitude towards the war, as towards everything else, is one of complete detachment; yet he has a good grip of the facts and the changing situation from day to day. He seldom sees the inside of a newspaper; all his knowledge is gleaned from the newspaper contents bills.

For eight years he has not entered a conveyance of any kind, not even a bus, never once been inside a reading-room or any public building. The reason he gives is sad and complex. He is conscious of his dilapidated appearance, and is mindful to spare his neighbours' feelings—surely the acme of humility. Or is it pride?

He does not believe in the legendary stories of fortunes made in the streets. Here and there he has heard a man boast he had been tipped in gold, but it left him incredulous. His personal experience accounts for this. Occasionally, so rarely that he can recall each separate incident, he has received a shilling for a box of matches. And once, on a red-letter day, he received two half-crowns from two different people. A third half-crown was given to him by a lady one dark winter evening quite recently. As she hurried away he was struck by her shabby clothes, and came to the conclusion she had made a mistake. He ran after her, and discovered that she had supposed the coin to be a penny. She was overjoyed to get it back, and gave him twopence. He is more lucky in the way of clothes. A kind Providence sees to this. By a fortunate coincidence, when the clothes on his back, or his boots, can do service no longer, somebody is moved to replace them. That somebody was once an omnibus conductor who tossed a bundle at him as he rattled past. On one occasion an Army surgeon, now at the Front, made a sketch of him, and a few weeks later, last Christmas night twelvemonth, the model received a surprise visit at his lodging-house from the kindly artist, who gave him a dinner of roast beef and a friendly chat. Another artist, a lady this time, struck by his dolorous expression, painted a picture of him. Such is the sum-total of his "adventures" in the streets.

Through all his vicissitudes he has retained a remarkable memory. To while away the time, when he stands by the hour in the shelter of a passage, his tin platter slung round his neck, waiting patiently for the charitable hand that will spare him a copper, he mentally leaps back to his scholar days. He still can juggle with Greek verbs, memorize the second aorist, and repeat without hesitation Boyle and Marriott's law of the absolute zero of temperature. It is impossible to convey the sad incongruity of hearing this man in rags and tatters emit, for instance, in the smooth accents that only a classical education seems able to give, that a gas loses one two-hundred-and-seventy-third part of its volume for every degree Centigrade it falls in temperature. It is, indeed, bewildering.

A PENCIL SKETCH OF NEILL, MADE BY AN ARTIST WHO HAS OCCASIONALLY USED HIM AS A MODEL.

All questions about himself he answers readily, without apparent reticence. In spite of this, the inner man remains a mystery. His resignation, his passivity are almost uncanny. "What is the good of owning anything?" he asks, in a dispassionate tone. "Sooner or later you must leave everything behind." Is this the result of a sort of anæmia of the will, or is it an extra-lucid state of mind which makes him ready to exclaim with the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity'?

Irish Characters and Irish Wit.

By M. McD. BODKIN, K.C.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

ONCE upon a time Lever's books were the most popular pictures of Ireland. His hard-drinking, hard-riding, frolicking, rollicking Irish heroes, Charles O'Malley, Jack Hinton, and Burke of Ours, were prime favourites with novel readers. Mickey Fine rivalled Sam Weller. Then the reaction came. In quieter times Lever's reckless heroes were regarded as impossible, mere outlandish creatures of the writer's imagination. That was a mistake, though a very natural mistake. In the counties of Galway and Mayo Lever's heroes had the high old times which he describes, full of the joy of life, living only for the present, oblivious alike of the past and the future. Their extravagances were redeemed by courage, generosity, and humour.

My father was a Bodkin of Galway. We have it on the high authority of Lever that

> The Bodkins sneeze at the grim Chinese,
> *They* come from the Phœnicians.

Moreover, they boast themselves one of the famous Twelve Tribes of Ye Ancient Citie of Galway. Many and various are the accounts of the origin of the Tribes. I only remember one, which the great preacher and famous humorist, Father Tom Burke, O.P., used to tell with infinite relish. It was a version, I may add, not popular with members of the Tribes.

In the good old times a Spanish ship was wrecked off the coast of Galway. The crew were rescued and brought before the King of Connaught, who was a mighty monarch in those days. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed in the least like the King of Connaught. There was, however, one serious defect in his gorgeous get-up. Like Achilles, he was vulnerable in the heel. In plain English, the resplendent Sovereign went barefoot. It is not surprising, therefore, that he cast covetous eyes at the stout leather brogues in which the feet of the Spanish prisoners were encased. Pair after pair, he tried them on himself, vainly, as the wicked sisters tried on the slipper of Cinderella. The feet of the monarch were of royal proportions, and the kingly toes could not be squeezed into any one of the brogues.

Thereupon he returned the prisoners to the King of Spain with handsome presents for his brother Sovereign, and a request, couched in the choicest language of diplomacy, that his Majesty of Spain should send in return twelve pairs of the biggest brogues in his kingdom. Either the Connaught king's handwriting was illegible or an initial letter got obliterated by the salt water. This much, at least, is certain: when the document came to the eyes of the King of Spain it read "twelve pairs of the biggest rogues in Spain." Very willingly the king complied with the strange request, the rogues were collected by proclamation, and the cargo dispatched.

Thus were founded the Twelve Tribes of Galway. But it is not always safe to tell this story in mixed company in Connaught.

In these troublesome times, when our nerves are kept constantly on the rack, a brief excursion into this region of reckless jollity may prove a pleasant and not wholly unprofitable vacation. My father was a young man when those rollicking days were drawing to a close, and it is to him I am indebted for the following descriptions and stories which acquit Lever of exaggeration.

As no sort of sequence is attempted in these roundabout recollections, as well here as elsewhere may be said a few words about the most famous physician of his generation. Sir Dominick Corrigan, as I remember him in the very height of his fame, was the least affected or pretentious of men. Hypocrisy had no attraction for him. He did not believe in humouring the hypochondriac, however rich or important.

On one occasion my father brought Corrigan down specially to see a wealthy patient of

his in the County of Galway. Sir Dominick was much more confident than my father of the patient's recovery. Still, with the doctor's proverbial caution he declined to commit himself. "In a week's time," he said, "I expect he will be completely out of danger." Within a week's time the patient was dead. When Sir Dominick met my father some time after he inquired:—

"Well, Bodkin, how is our patient?"

"Dead."

"You don't tell me so! I suppose his people regard me as an absolute fraud?"

"On the contrary, they consider you a prophet, a medical magician."

"In the name of wonder, why?"

"Do you remember what you told them?"

"That the patient would recover."

"No; you said in a week's time he would be out of danger."

"Well?"

"He died the last hour of the last day of the week. They are convinced if he had lived another hour he would have been safe."

One other story may be slipped in here characteristic of the genial Corrigan's good-humour. He had for a patient a prominent solicitor named Meldon, a contemporary of his own, and like himself a martyr to well-earned gout. Corrigan advised him to abstain from champagne; he took the advice and his gout almost entirely disappeared. It chanced, however, some months later that he was dining at a big public banquet side by side with his physician. The champagne was of an attractive brand, but Meldon reluctantly covered his glass with his hand as the bottle came round. To his amazement Corrigan's glass was regularly filled and drained. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer.

"Corrigan," he began, "didn't you tell me champagne was bad for gout?"

"So it is. How is your gout since you gave it up?"

"Almost gone. But——"

"Well?"

"You are as great a victim to gout as ever I was."

"Greater, my dear fellow, greater."

"Then, why in the devil's name do you drink champagne?"

"I will answer your question, Meldon, by another. Which do you prefer, your health or your champagne?"

"My health, of course."

"Well, I prefer my champagne."

There was no more to be said.

My father had many stories to tell of the rollicking, devil-may-care gentry of Galway and Mayo, stories which also help to acquit Charles Lever of exaggeration. The two chief heroes of the stories were John Bodkin of Kilclooney, M.P. for the County of Galway, and "Big Joe McDonnell," M.P., of Doo Castle (aptly so named), member for the County of Mayo.

In those days it was a common custom after the ladies had retired from dinner to lock the door on the inside and throw the key out of the window. Then every man was compelled, in the immortal words of Sarah Gamp, "to drink fair." A pint of salt water was the penalty for refusing a bumper of claret at every round of the decanter. Is it to be wondered at that many of the guests spent the remnant of the night on the carpet under the dining-table? Nor were these customs wholly confined to the West. I have in my possession a vast round table of shiny black mahogany with a huge mahogany trunk for its central pillar. It is reputed to have been the dining-table of Lord Mountjoy, which I deported from his former mansion in Henrietta Street. When it first came into my possession the under edges were carefully padded with worn green baize. I can find no other explanation of the padding of the table than the host's considerate regard for the heads of his guests when they chanced to fall under it.

The Galway gentleman was a firm believer in the philosophy of Horace; he took the good which to-day had to give him with no thought of yesterday or to-morrow. John Bodkin of Kilclooney was involved in a Chancery suit in which a valuable slice of his large estate was at stake. An essential affidavit was to be sworn by the owner of the property. Early one morning his solicitor drove about six miles from Tuam to Kilclooney, to find his erratic client at home.

"Go into Tuam to swear an affidavit!" protested John Bodkin; "quite impossible, my dear fellow; it's the best day for trout that has come this year" (he was the best fly-fisher in Galway). "We may not have another like it for six months."

The solicitor, however, helped by my father, over-persuaded him. He actually got on the car for the drive, but as the horse was starting he shouted, "Wait a moment!"

Then, plunging through the open door of the room he was pleased to call his study, he picked up his trout-rod and vanished through the back door into the open world beyond. There were fish to be caught, and affidavit and estate might go hang.

"HE PICKED UP HIS TROUT-ROD AND VANISHED THROUGH THE BACK DOOR."

Even John Bodkin of Kilclooney, however, pales his ineffectual fire before "Big Joe McDonnell" of Doo Castle. For many years he had represented his county in Parliament without even once opening his lips in the House. Politics apart, the position of member of Parliament was very useful to Joe. He found the immunity from arrest for debt which it conferred especially convenient. For Joe always abounded in creditors. The righteous indignation of the Irish landlords of our own time—when the tenants obstructed the processes of the law—is a little comical when it is remembered that a favourite landlord amusement in the old days was to make the process-server swallow the writs he came to serve.

A Dublin wine-merchant, from whom Joe had carried off to Doo Castle (on credit, of course) a canal boat of his choicest wines, began after a time, possibly made nervous from echoing rumours of Joe's reputation, to press hard for payment.

Joe responded by a cordial invitation to visit him at Doo Castle, and the merchant went. It was a scene of open-door rollicking hospitality. The good merchant's choicest wines were drunk by the jovial host and guests in tumblerfuls. After a few weeks he could endure it no longer. By this time he had almost abandoned all hope of payment, but he thought he might make some salvage from the wreck. One morning he appealed to Joe in the room he called his study at Doo Castle.

"Mr. McDonnell," he said, "may I have a word with you?"

"Certainly, my dear boy, certainly. Only too delighted."

"Well, I am a little embarrassed, and you may help me out. I have an order from a very old customer for some of the vintage wines I have supplied to you; unfortunately, I have none in stock, so I thought you might perhaps let me have some back. I would allow you, of course, the full price in your account."

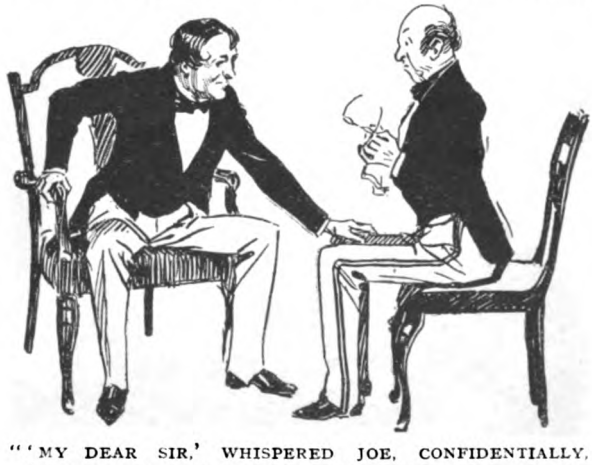
"That's very kind of you, very kind indeed."

"I would not inconvenience you for the world, but it seems to me that the gentlemen I have met here would just as soon have whisky punch as those wines."

"As soon have it!" interrupted Joe; "they would a great deal sooner have it, if they could get it."

"Then, in the name of goodness," cried the merchant, startled out of his prim propriety, "why not let them have whisky punch instead of costly wine?"

"My dear sir," whispered Joe, confidentially, with his hand on the other's knee,



"'MY DEAR SIR,' WHISPERED JOE, CONFIDENTIALLY, 'WHERE DO YOU THINK WOULD I FIND THE READY MONEY FOR THE LEMONS?'"

"where do you think would I find the ready money for the lemons?"

As I have said, Joe never opened his lips in the House of Commons, but there was no more persuasive speaker on the hustings, none more adroit in the art of bamboozling a crowd.

Let a single illustration suffice. On one occasion Joe, standing as the champion of the "ould faith" in Mayo, was caught by a horrified supporter eating meat on a Friday. Instantly his popularity departed. There was a shout of derision when he appeared on a platform. "Give him an egg, boys, to take the taste of mate off his mouth!" and an egg whizzed past his ear. "Big Joe" was equal to the occasion. He drew a letter from his pocket.

"Does anyone here," he roared out in a voice of thunder that dominated the tumult—"does anyone here know the handwriting of his Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth?"

There was a moment's pause. No one seemed to know the handwriting of his Holiness. Without waiting for an answer, Joe read the letter at the top of his voice:—

MY DEAR JOE,—I am well pleased to hear you are fighting for the old faith down in Mayo. You are neither to fast nor abstain while the good work is in hand.

With kind regards for yourself and the boys that are helping you, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
POPE PIUS IX.

A roar of applause followed the name, and "Big Joe" was once more the popular hero.

"Big Joe McDonnell" drank twenty-one tumblers of punch regularly every night after his dinner, so I have heard from a dozen eye-witnesses. But he never tasted acoholic drink before dinner. I was privileged to see a letter written a short time before his death, in his seventy-sixth year, in which he strongly recommended temperance to the young men of Ireland.

"WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER, JOE READ THE LETTER AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE."

"HE HAD CARRIED HIS INSTRUMENT WITH HIM INTO THE FRONT LOBBY."

The popular story runs that "Big Joe's" assets consisted of a flute, a bagpipes, and an Irish setter. It is certain he was an accomplished player on the bagpipes. His bagpipes came into possession of his granddaughter, Miss D'Arcy, who presented them to the National Museum. It is said that on one occasion "Big Joe" determined to enliven the dull routine of the House of Commons by a spirited tune on his favourite pipes, and with this intent had carried his instrument with him into the front lobby, but was captured by his friends at the door of the legislative chamber.

Descending to more recent times, I purpose introducing the readers of this magazine who have not heretofore made his acquaintance to the wittiest man of his generation. Half an hour's chat with Father James Healy, who was for many years parish priest of Little Bray,

about twelve miles from Dublin, and was known to his intimates as the Vicar of Bray, will prove a pleasant relief from the eternal and oppressing topic of war. I had the supreme advantage of the personal friendship of Father Healy, and most of the following stories, which, I trust, will justify my eulogy, come within my personal knowledge. It may indeed with truth be said—

> A merrier man
> Within the limits of becoming mirth
> None ever spent an hour's talk withal.

For many years he held a unique position in Dublin. He was the Sydney Smith of the Irish metropolis, a "diner-out of the first water." His social charm made him a welcome guest at the table of such men as Gladstone, Salisbury, and Disraeli. It was the ambition of every distinguished man who lived in Dublin, or who visited Dublin, to dine in Father Healy's company. In one of Lord Randolph Churchill's letters, preserved in the admirable biography by his son, he writes, after a session of unusual stress, that nothing could restore him but "a night spent in Father Healy's company." The festivities of Dublin circled round him. He was overwhelmed with the invitations of the great, while, on the other hand, an invitation to his own humble "shanty" in Little Bray was the most prized of all social distinctions. A ceremonious Viceregal banquet would be immediately postponed if it were found that the *padre* was giving one of his little dinners the same day and had honoured the Viceroy with an invitation.

FATHER JAMES HEALY, FOR MANY YEARS PARISH PRIEST OF LITTLE BRAY.

Those eagerly-sought-for dinners consisted of a single joint, sometimes preceded by fish or soup. He had one servant, who, when she had cooked the dinner, attended at table. On one occasion a noble visitor who had been brought by the Viceroy to dinner, much to the amusement of the other guests, looked round for someone to take his coat.

"Excuse me, my lord," interposed Father Healy, "all my footmen left without notice this morning and I have not had time to replace them; I will take your coat myself, if you will kindly allow me."

Father Healy was poor. The income of his parish did not exceed two hundred pounds a year, at the outside, and he used to say good-humouredly he did not know how he would live at all if it were not for the "outdoor relief" he received. His outdoor relief, which took the form of fruit, game, and wine, he freely shared with the poorest of his parishioners.

Nor were the game from the preserves, fruit from the hot-houses, and wines from the cellars of the nobility the only forms which Father Healy's "outdoor relief" assumed. His well-to-do parishioners made liberal contributions to his larder. A fine clutch of young ducks arrived among these gifts, and Father Healy watched their progress from the pond to the table with lively satisfaction. Seeing them sporting in the water, he exclaimed, with a whimsical compassion, "Poor innocents, how they enjoy themselves, never thinking that my green peas are growing on the other side of the garden wall!"

The gifted Father Healy, the chosen friend of the great ones of the world, was of humble origin, and was never ashamed of it. His father was a provision merchant in James Street, and to the end Father Healy retained pleasant recollections of his father's occupation.

One day, when driving in a gig with an aristocratic friend, their way was blocked by a drove of pigs.

The aristocrat so far forgot himself as to exclaim:—

"Damn those swine!"

Father Healy quietly interposed, "I would rather see them saved."

After all, it is no small wonder that Father Healy lives in the mind of the general public chiefly as a sayer of good things. He has been compared to Sydney Smith, but the comparison is hardly just to Father Healy. The wit of the Irishman was not the less brilliant of the two, and he had a quiet, keen humour which was all his own. There never was a stauncher friend: he maintained to the last his friendship with Judge Keogh, even after Judge Keogh became generally obnoxious to the priests and people of Ireland by his ferocious judgment in the Galway election petition. But Father Healy did not spare his friend an occasional sharp touch where the occasion seemed to demand it.

"POOR INNOCENTS, HOW THEY ENJOY THEMSELVES, NEVER THINKING THAT MY GREEN PEAS ARE GROWING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GARDEN WALL!"

In a quasi-political trial Father Healy was summoned as a witness, and was chaffed by Judge Keogh about the dangers of cross-examination.

"What will you do, Father Healy," said the judge, "if that villain Butt cross-examines you as to your friendship with me?"

"I will do my best," replied Father Healy.

"What will you answer," the judge persisted, "if he asks, 'Is it true that you, a good Catholic and an Irishman, are a friend of the infamous Judge Keogh?'"

"I will appeal to the court for protection," retorted Father Healy. "I will say, 'My lord, am I bound to incriminate myself?'"

On another occasion the judge met him and stopped him.

"Father Healy," he said, abruptly, "I have a crow to pluck with you."

"Let it be a turkey, and I will be with you at six p.m.," said Father Healy.

Another of Father Healy's special friends was Father Meehan, a distinguished author, whose caustic tongue alienated most of his acquaintances. Even Father Healy himself did not always escape, but he gave as good as he got. They travelled together on the Continent, and Father Healy took occasion more than once to give Father Meehan a touch of the caustic he so freely applied to others. On one occasion at an hotel, meeting some friends, and ignoring the fact that Father Meehan was within earshot, he proceeded to describe him to the company.

"Do you see that fellow yonder? Though we are not on speaking terms, we are obliged to travel together because he cannot manage one word of the French and is obliged to come to me to help him out of every difficulty."

The fact that Father Meehan was an admirable linguist gave special sting to the description.

Next day Father Healy received a curt note from Father Meehan intimating that they must part company, and requesting the return of a razor he had lent. Father Healy replied:—

MY DEAR MEEHAN,—I return you the razor. If you should want to commit suicide I should advise you to get it ground first.

Never posing as a politician, the Father distributed his good-humoured raps with perfect impartiality to the extremists of both sides. Meeting a parish priest who had been active in the agrarian agitation, Father Healy asked him how he was getting on at politics.

"Oh, Father Healy," the friend replied, "I am getting too old for politics; I leave all that kind of thing to my curate."

"Quite right," Father Healy retorted,

"MY DEAR SIR, IF THE DEVIL WERE HALF SO WELL HATED MY OCCUPATION WOULD BE GONE."

"quite right. It would never suit you at your time of life to lie out at night in a wet ditch for a pot-shot at a landlord. You would get your death from rheumatism."

On the other hand, when Mr. Balfour on one occasion asked him if there was any truth in the statements in the Nationalist papers that he was generally disliked in Ireland, Father Healy promptly replied:—

"My dear sir, if the devil were half so well hated my occupation would be gone."

To attempt a selection of his good things is to attempt the impossible. They flowed from him as freely and carelessly as the jewels from the lips of the little girl in the fairy tale, and only a few have been picked up and treasured in the memory of his friends and admirers.

Nothing happier can be imagined than his reply to the dyspeptic priest whom he encountered fresh from his sea-water bath, and who, having assured him that he often derived much benefit from drinking a tumblerful of salt water, anxiously inquired:—

"Do you think I might venture on a second?"

Father Healy, after grave consideration, solemnly answered, "I think you might; I don't believe it would be missed."

On another occasion there was a discussion in company regarding an illiterate acquaintance who had suddenly taken to constant attendance in Kildare Street Library. Various opinions were advanced to account for this metamorphosis. One of the company at last suggested that he had heard their friend was about "to bring out a book." Father Healy interposed with a quiet objection:—

"I don't think he can; he is too well watched."

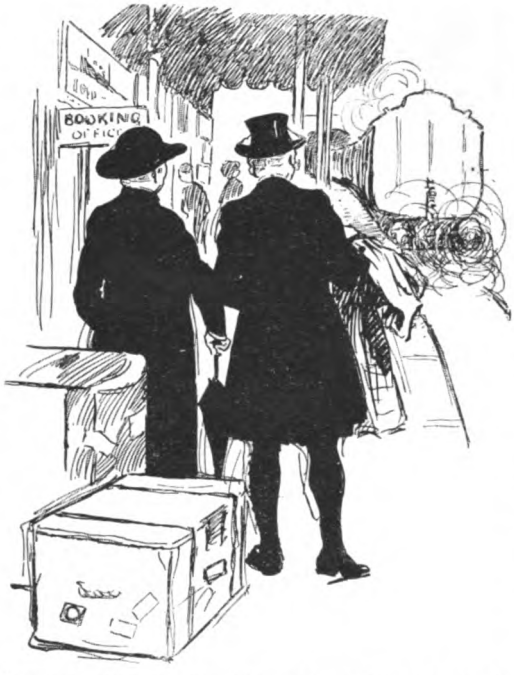
A familiar friend, introducing Father Healy to his new library and pointing to the books on the well-filled shelves, exclaimed:—

"You see around you my dearest friends!"

Father Healy took a volume from the shelf and examined it.

"I observe," he said, quietly, "that you don't cut your friends."

Not less felicitous was his retort to his friend the Protestant archbishop, whom he met as he was hurrying for a train. The archbishop showed him his watch and assured him that they had abundance of time. They arrived to see the train steaming out of the station.



"THEY ARRIVED TO SEE THE TRAIN STEAMING OUT OF THE STATION."

The archbishop was much distressed. "I cannot tell how it happened, Father Healy; it is a valuable presentation watch, and I had the utmost faith in it."

"Better have had good works in it," retorted Father Healy.

He had a discussion with a distinguished lady at a garden-party at the Viceregal Lodge as to the part favouritism played in Irish promotions. The lady stoutly maintained that success was the reward of ability and industry.

"Men get on," she said, "by sticking at their business."

Father Healy indicated a lawyer politician who had just risen to a very distinguished position. "How would you say he got on?" he asked, innocently.

"By sticking at his business," the lady stoutly replied.

"You surprise me," said Father Healy. "I always thought he got on by sticking at nothing."

Father Healy could take a joke as well as make one. There was no taint in his nature of that prudery that takes offence where none is intended.

It is told, with what truth I know not, that one Christmas night at a small gathering at the Viceregal Lodge the beautiful Countess Spencer (Spenser's "Faerie Queene," as she was called in Ireland) stood defiantly under a

"A POOR IRISH LANDLORD."

cluster of silver berries and sent a playful challenge to Father Healy.

"Now, *padre*, now is your chance under the mistletoe."

Like a flash came the smiling reply:—

"Oh, no, my lady; we only do that *sub rosa*."

I was walking with Father Healy through Westmorland Street when a ragged loafer came begging to him. Pointing after him as he slouched away, sixpence richer than he came, Father Healy said to me:—

"That's a nice condition for a poor Irish landlord."

"Why, in the name of wonder," I exclaimed, "do you say that fellow is an Irish landlord?"

"He has the universal and infallible hall-mark."

"And that is?"

"A rent in a rear."

On another occasion I met Father Healy hurrying along the platform in Westland Row Station. The fish for one of his little dinners had miscarried.

"I am looking for a lost sole," he explained.

"Well," said I, when the situation was made plain to me, "I hope it will be a good sole when you find it."

"If it is not," Father Healy promptly responded, "it will be damned."

Though Father Healy deservedly ranks as one of the brightest and most genial Irish humorists, and as a sayer of good things he holds his own with Swift, Moore, Curran, and O'Connell, yet amongst those who knew him best it is the unostentatious piety and kindly heart, "open as day to melting charity," of the Soggarth Aroon that are best remembered.

The following is one of the many stories told of his whimsical benevolence. Father Healy had in his parish and under his charge a schoolmistress whom he regarded with special favour. The girl was musical and anxious to cultivate her talent. With this object she resolved to buy a piano on the three years' system, and applied to Father Healy for the necessary certificate of character to be forwarded with her application. She was much distressed for two long days to receive no reply, and feared she had offended the priest, but on the third day Father Healy himself came to her cottage, and behind him a donkey-cart containing a piano.

"It's my own, my dear," he said. "I am getting too old for music, so instead of giving you a character which you don't require, I give you a piano which you do."

"FATHER HEALY HIMSELF CAME TO HER COTTAGE, AND BEHIND HIM A DONKEY-CART CONTAINING A PIANO."

BEANS IN THE NECK.

By

BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by Thomas Henry.

YOU excuse me? I have lived a long time in this country, and I speak English very well. But perhaps in writing I make some faults. The Editor say he shall correct the faults if I tell to you the history that I told to him. But perhaps he forget, or perhaps he go out to take something to drink. What can I do? Am I the master of him? No.

I came into this country to learn the language, to wait in a restaurant, to study, to save money, and then to start a place myself. I might have gone to my uncle's restaurant in Paris. It was what you call a toss-up. But my uncle said it was better to learn one more language and to go through some mills. He was a wise man. It needs to be wise to make money out of a *table d'hôte* at one franc fifty.

Behold me, then, engaged in the Restaurant Merveilleuse of Oxford Street. And did I go through some mills? As monsieur of New York says, I shall smile.

I shall tell you the truth. From the beginning, immediately as he see me, the proprietor of the Restaurant Merveilleuse hate me. I have the good will, the activity, the nice appearance, and still he hate me. He treat me as a dog and a pig. Also he was Italian and warm stuff. *Mon Dieu!* What insults! What bad food! What little money! What misery!

Suppose I make some errors, is not that a very natural thing in the world? Consider well that to me the English money is all new—the twelve pennies and twenty shillings, and the half-crown so much like the florin. Yet if I make a mistake I must pay, and the signor rage furiously besides. Again, for the breakages I pay at fixed price, so much a month. Yet if I drop some trays of glasses, again the signor rage furiously. Am I, then, to pay the fixed price and have nothing for it? What injustice!

"I DROP A PORTION OF ASPARAGUS 'BEURRE FONDU' ON THE BACK OF A CUSTOMER."

One day I drop a portion of asparagus *beurre fondu* on the back of a customer. No doubt it is not correct, but still, the butter is not much, and the asparagus can nearly all do again. It may be that I smile a little, for, after all, a waiter is a man and not a stone image. And for that I am treated as a criminal. In that one day the

signor call me forty-three different bad names. I write them all down that I may remember.

Also, there was a customer at lunch who was most particular. He ask me to give three special directions to the *chef* about his steak-and-fried. The English mustard will not do, and I am to get the other. I am to have the chill just taken off a small bottle of claret, such as in my country we would use for furniture-polish. Unless the Camembert is in perfect condition it will not suit the lordship. It is very well to give trouble if you pay. But this man gave a tip of two pennies. So I say a few words in French. Of course, I did not give his directions to the *chef*, and I did not warm a very cheap claret, but he does not know that, and I have a right to my feelings. Also the customer, as I well knew, understood no French, and so there was no impoliteness. But for that little thing the proprietor say he wish to throw me into the street, and insult me other ways. Very bad supper I have that night and not fit for pigs.

But what do you wish that I tell you? It is well known—if a man desire to find fault with another he can always do it. One day the signor blame me for lying, next day he blamed me again because I tell a customer that the difference between the three-penny cigar and the fourpenny was none at all except in the price, and this was perfectly true. Either way I am wrong. I can do nothing.

Why, then, does he not give me some sack? I tell you. First, I have the good will, the activity, and the nice appearance. Also, as I then speak very little English, I am most cheap. But more than all, he hate me too much to part from me. He wish always to have me in his power, so that he may give me always more insults, and harder work, and food that would poison the elephant. He is like that, the signor.

But why do not I myself give the signor the notice? I shall make the clean breast. It is that I have a heart. It is that, at the deep, I am more artist than waiter. It is that I have seen—that I have learned even to love—a English miss who lunch here with her papa almost every day. Beautiful? But yes. (It is of the miss, and not of the papa, that I speak.) Also, of very, very nice appearance. Do not mistake. I have no thought of alliance. I must not marry yet, and when I marry it must be for the business; and then I do not look at beauty but at capital for the business and knowledge of book-keeping. But all the same, I have eyes, I have a heart. She is truly adorable, this English miss.

What she think, I cannot say. Perhaps I am to her no more than a waiter. If so, why does she make papa choose always one of my tables for the lunch? Why does she ask me what I think of the Balkan crisis? Why does she laugh whenever I speak? (True, monsieur her father also laugh very much.) I am young. I am of nice appearance, and the hairs wave of themselves.

"IT IS THAT I HAVE SEEN — THAT I HAVE LEARNED EVEN TO LOVE—A ENGLISH MISS WHO LUNCH HERE ALMOST EVERY DAY."

Naturally, I say nothing. It is a secret of my heart, a poem, a romance. But when this lady and her papa lunch, then I wait on them first and most, and the customers at my other tables must have a little patience. No doubt the signor remark it, for if he wish to humiliate me and to wound my feeling he take care always that the young lady shall see and hear. He hates me? No doubt. But I hate him much more, a thousand times more. Even if he makes me to weep, he change not my fixed determination. "To-day," I say always, "the victory is to you. But one future day I shall give you some beans in the neck."

Quite suddenly my uncle in Paris die. He die at the post of duty, like a soldier. A client of the one franc fifty say the soup not good, and send for my uncle. "Not good?" my uncle say. "Attention. We shall see. Bring me of it." He eat a whole portion. Then he go out and drink a great deal *fine champagne* to correct. No use. Paf! All over. And that head-waiter that I wish for my partners. They are both of the best, and have saved money not badly; and the head-waiter has been some years in New York and knows ropes. Also, they wish very much to come with me. So we three talk it over and find the way out.

What we arrange is this: I sell the business,

"I ENTER THE RESTAURANT LIKE A FIRST-CLASS SWELL OF BOND STREET."

And he leave everything to me, Gustave, his nephew.

I tell the signor nothing of this. All I say is that I leave him, and he pretend to rejoice. Also, he ask if perhaps I go to be head-waiter at the Ritz. He treat me with contempt, and still I say nothing.

Now for some months I put the signor from my head. The affairs are the affairs. Business first. I go to Paris, but not to remain there. I have my plans all made. First I am to sell the restaurant business of my uncle. Then I find one partner, or perhaps two, suitable for my purpose. Then I am to go out to New York to start a very smart high-price French restaurant.

There arrives a little trouble in selling the business of my uncle. It is a good business and I can get a good price, but the purchaser make a condition—he will buy only if the *chef* and the head-waiter of my uncle remain and work for him. Now it is precisely that *chef* leaving the *chef* and head-waiter, and then in a little while the *chef* and head-waiter so behave that the new proprietor ask them to go. Then they go—and join me. It is surprising how easily three men can get over a difficulty if they have of the good will and intelligence.

At last the affairs terminate themselves. I come back to London for one week, before my partners and I sail for New York. And now I have a little time for the Restaurant Merveilleuse. "Make ready, signor," I say to me. "Once you ill-treat a poor young French-Swiss. Now he become somebody, and you get some beans."

In a few months I was much changed. I wear now the moustache and imperial, and the hairs part them otherwise. Because I eat very much good food, I fill me out. I have the best clothes of the first-class English tailor, much better than the signor's, and the tall hat of the most perfect. I have the mien

more dignified—but far more. I no longer speak with the small and supplicating voice of the little waiter; I speak like a man whose uncle has left him everything, very bold and sharp. No one would recognize me. Almost I would not recognize myself.

Behold, the commencement. I enter the restaurant like a first-class swell of Bond Street. One waiter takes my hat and gloves, all new and beautiful. Another pulls back the chair for me. I know them both, but they do not know me. The proprietor promenades slowly down the *salon* with the frock-coat buttoned over his large middle. He incline the shoulder very respectful, and ask if I receive proper attention. I say more quickness of the service is required, and he go to see for it. So also he do not recognize me. It is good. It goes well. It give me a pleasant warmth in the interior to see this proud and insolent man run about to serve me.

I have commanded very simply of the roast meat with a bottle of Chambertin, and afterwards a savoury omelette. When the meat arrive, I notice something. It is very slight, but I have the nose fine. At once I raise my plate with my hands and begin to smell at it loudly, so that people at other tables shall pay attention. Then I put down the plate and say to the waiter:—

"Send me the proprietor, or manager, or whatever he call himself."

"I RAISE MY PLATE WITH MY HANDS AND BEGIN TO SMELL AT IT LOUDLY."

The signor have noticed that there is trouble, and come all at once. He hope there is nothing wrong.

"Nothing wrong?" I say. I tap the edge of my plate with one finger. "This," I say, "is not fit for human food."

I am quiet and of a calm altogether aristocratic, but I make my voice to carry.

He say that as far as he can see it is quite good.

"As far as you can see—perhaps. It is not with the eyes that one smells. It may have been quite good six weeks ago. I come here to eat lunch—not to commit the suicide."

He thinks I am a French gentleman and begin to speak French. It is that he does not wish other clients to understand. So I stop him and say he must speak English, and that I do not understand French.

Then he say, whatever the reason, if I do not like it he change it at once. What would I prefer? The *poulet* is very good that day.

So I eat a chicken's bosom with no extra price. All through the luncheon he watch me very nervous lest I smell at something else. But I am content to keep him on some tenterhooks. The *omelette aux fines herbes* is excellent, and the Chambertin agrees well with me. When I go out, he himself opens the door for me. And some months back he call me, one day, forty-three different names of insult. It goes well for the commencement. For the evening I have yet something for him—something in a little box.

I do not wish to give away the trade-secret, but when you go to the hotel or restaurant it is good to raise some canes, as you say in your *argot*, in the first five minutes. If in those minutes you let some little error pass, then they know you are easy and they can do as they please. They do you in the eyes. But if you begin to complain almost as soon as you take your hat off, then they have more care of you.

That night, because I had complained at luncheon, I was well served. I think they cook something specially for me. But is that to save my enemy, the signor? No!

I play with him a little. When he come to ask me if I find everything satisfactory, I praise the dinner. I speak of the weather. I am all smiles and politeness. And then I raise my voice a little.

grumbling. And then I drop my serviette. I stoop to pick it up, and under the cover of it I open the box I have brought with me, and shake out the cockroaches. There are twenty of them. They are young and agile. They run all ways. At first they are not seen. Then I say to the lady at the next table to mine: "Excuse me, madam, but some beetle goes to climb over your shoe."

"SHE SAY THE WHOLE PLACE IS SWARMING WITH THE FILTHY THINGS."

"I understand," I say, "that you are much troubled with the cockroaches and other vermins in your kitchens here. Now, I have heard of a remedy——"

He give me no time to finish. His eyes swell out as if they shall go pop. His hands open and shut. He nearly choke with rage. If I will tell him who told me that abominable lie, he will take proceedings at once. It is most injurious. His kitchens are models of cleanliness. There is not one beetle or other insect in the place, and never has been.

I shrug my shoulders. I cannot remember just who told me. I had heard it from two or three people. I was glad to hear from him that it was not true. He go away still

She see it and jump up with a scream. Then she see two of the others. She say the whole place is swarming with the filthy things, and she will not stop—no. Others also find beetles, and make complaints. The signor run about distracted and apologizing. His face is wet and his shirt-front crumpled. He is full of fear and agony. And I smoke the ninepenny cigar calm and unperturbed. Who now has the victory?

But because I have still one little thing to do, I rise from my place. It needs the quickness, but the confusion all around of those who engage with some cockroaches give me the opportunity. I do something with the soup-tureen that has just been placed

before a purple-face gentleman—very good customer, as I remember well, but of short temper. He have left his place one moment to see why so much disturbance. Well, when he returns and help himself to the mulligatawny he find in it one small dead mouse! And I think he say some things to the signor. Very hot stuff!

Then I take the shining hat and the yellow gloves, give a very large tip to the waiter (since I pity one who has the signor for his master), and walk out. As I promenade down the *salon*, I see myself reflected in the mirrors. I have the air joyful and triumphant; I look at the signor, and he seem like a sorrowful balloon that lose much gas.

And as I draw near the door, there enter the English miss and her father. It is what I should have wished. She has seen me in the day of my misery, now she see me in the moment of veritable glory. It is clear that she have some trouble not to laugh. Perhaps she recognize me. Perhaps—but not matter. When I raise me the hat she take no notice, but what does that prove? All simply, that woman is coquette.

Then behind me come one loud roar. The monsieur of the purple face has found the little dead mouse. He demand to speak with the signor.

Go to him, signor. You are not afraid. You trample on the poor little French-Swiss waiter and make him much misery. You call him forty-three bad names, all different. Now you go and talk with the monsieur of the purple face. I think he also call you some things. This day I lose you about thirty customers. You spend all the time to explain and to apologize. Where is your swank now? Have you much appetite for the spaghetti this evening? And that little Gustave, whom you despised, he do it all of himself. And he laugh.

Bah! I give you some beans in the neck. What?

"THE MONSIEUR OF THE PURPLE FACE HAS FOUND THE LITTLE DEAD MOUSE."

THE THEATRE AND I.

By

GEORGE GROSSMITH.

OOKING back, I think the luckiest event of my life was being born a Grossmith. For this particular reason. The achievements and success of my father and my uncle, Weedon, in the profession we all so much loved, were such that both my brother Lawrence and I felt the spur of their example and desired nothing so much as to merit their praise and approval. I have always felt very proud of the fact that my father was, I believe, the only man who ever stepped straight on to the stage to play the title-*rôle* as he did in "The Sorcerer." In the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, from start to finish, he began at the top and ended there.

Certainly he did all he possibly could to help and encourage me in those days when I had everything to learn and nervously faced audiences for the first time. And it is with peculiar satisfaction that I feel I was able to realize some of his hopes.

I remember twenty years ago receiving the following letter:—

28, DORSET SQUARE, S.W.
May 11th, '95.
1.30 *a.m.*

Dear Old Boy,—

Many happy returns of the day. You are now your own master, and it is absolutely in your power to continue to return (as you always have done) the natural love which has been so freely and so willingly bestowed upon you by an incomparable mother and by an admiring and affectionate father. G. G. SENIOR.

And this cherished parental blessing on my twenty-first birthday was followed by a letter from an affectionate uncle in which he said: "You are now a man and responsible for your debts. My congratulations." I think I appreciated the splendid dressing-case which accompanied the letter a little more than this practical hint.

Whether, by the way, it is the diminutive stature of my uncle Weedon, or his perennial youth, I cannot say, but our relationship seems to be sometimes misunderstood. I heard Sir Herbert Tree telling a story not long ago, apropos of the fact that while on poster announcements his full name and title is given, on the programmes he figures as plain "Herbert Tree," to the effect that one admirer complimented him on his "son's" brilliant acting as Hamlet. It is but another illustration of the confusion which exists in some people's minds regarding actors, for I myself have been complimented on the cleverness of my "nephew" Weedon.

I had a third theatrical godfather—Mr. George Edwardes—who kept the lamp of musical comedy, which he founded, burning brightly for so many years, and whose death was such a sad blow to us all. I think one of the most pleasing traits in "the Guv'nor's" character was that he was just as eager to "buck" up an obscure junior as the foremost of his "stars." I well remember the pains he took to describe the first part he ever gave to me.

"It'll give you a wonderful chance," he said.

"What sort of a part is it, then, Mr. Edwardes?" I asked.

"Oh, he's a young man just down from Oxford, who has inherited from his father a million and a half of money. He has a yacht at Southampton, a palatial town house, a fine place in the country, a château in France, and everything else that mortal man can wish for. He goes through the South African War and rushes back to go to Monte Carlo, after which he returns to town for the season and then goes to Scotland for the shooting. He's engaged to a girl in India, but, at the same time, he's got himself mixed up with another one in London. He has a lot of trouble over this, and eventually he goes off on a sunken treasure expedition. When he comes back——"

"But excuse me one moment, Mr. Edwardes," I here interrupted. "Does he do all this in the play?"

"Well, not exactly," he replied, dubiously. "To tell you the truth, I haven't read the play properly yet, but I think he only comes on at the end of the first act!"

At rehearsals our chief was certainly somewhat of a martinet. And rightly so. The interests of everything and everybody were momentarily sacrificed while perfection, as he understood it, was attained.

If a luckless actor happened to displease Mr. Edwardes during the final stage of a rehearsal it sometimes went hard with him. "Take it off! Take it off!" I remember him calling angrily from the stalls, as he watched the exaggerated antics of a comedian who had been called from the provinces to fill a place in the Gaiety bill. "What, sir—this wig?" asked the recruit, pointing to a bright-red shock-head of hair with which he had adorned himself. "No, not the wig, but the man inside it," was the retort.

Of Gaiety stories, however, in which "the Guv'nor" figured, I think the following is one of the best. We were called suddenly for rehearsal one day. No one knew why, for the piece had been running for months. Said one of the Gaiety lads: "I suppose George is going to be in front to-night." He was rebuked by the stage manager for speaking so disrespectfully of Mr. Edwardes. "Who's talking about Mr. Edwardes?" was the retort. "I meant the King."

It was really Sir W. S. Gilbert, however, who gave me my first chance, at the age of eighteen. When I was about to go up to Sandhurst, for my parents had destined me for the Army, my father set to music a piece written by Gilbert, entitled, "Haste to the Wedding," and the famous librettist, knowing the direction in which my fancy had turned, said to my father, "How would you like your boy to make his start with us?" And I was accordingly sent for. The part offered, that of Cousin Foodle, was only a small one, and the salary a modest guinea a week. "You are now able to earn your own living; henceforward, earn it," said my father, with an effort of stern seriousness. Visions of the success of a Toole or an Irving floated through my mind, but I came down to earth with a bump, when "Haste to the Wedding" was taken off after a few weeks, and for two or three years I haunted every agent's office in London, getting a few parts of two or three lines, and for a short period understudying Charles Hawtrey at the Comedy.

Then I started to play Lord Percy Pimpleton in "Morocco Bound," the first play ever described as a musical comedy. Instead of limiting Lord Percy to the prescribed two or three lines, I determined off my own bat to give the nobleman a longer innings, and so one night I made an experiment in what one might call "gagging," or, as a dude, telling silly, pointless stories which might get some applause.

The effort, although probably ridiculous, was a success, and from that moment I rushed on the stage at every conceivable opportunity, and spoke forth impromptu gags, so that the small part gradually became one of the longest. And that is how I began to play the silly-ass parts with which I have since been so frequently associated.

In one sense these parts have been a great disappointment to me. For although I am not one of those individuals who spell Art with a big A, having always believed in the principle that it is the actor's business to take anything he can get, I have at times got so tired of playing "dude" parts that I have endeavoured to break away. I tried what I could do as Viscount Stornaway in "The Degenerates," with Mrs. Langtry, at the Haymarket; and as Sir Roland Wright in "A Message from Mars." But I cannot say that I was satisfied. I am sure the audiences were not. So I drifted back to the Gaiety, where "The Toreador," "The Orchid," "The Spring Chicken," "The Girls of Gottenburg," "Our Miss Gibbs," and other of Mr. Edwardes, productions were launched on their way and in which the incomparable Teddy Payne rollicked through. What a splendid fellow he was to work with! The best of comrades—a man with a heart.

A FAMILY GROUP, INCLUDING GEORGE AND LAWRENCE GROSSMITH.

Photo. Ellis & Walery.

GEORGE GROSSMITH WHEN EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD.

Photo. Ellis & Walery.

GEORGE GROSSMITH AS A SCHOOLBOY OF SIXTEEN.

Photo. Ellis & Walery.

I like to think of that story of a famous first night at the Gaiety, years before I troubled the public with my doings, which tells how two little enthusiastic gallerytes, a boy and a girl, fought for seats. As the curtain dropped on one of the final *tableaux*, to cheers and applause, the following dialogue took place between the two. "I say, Kitty," remarked the boy, "I wonderif you or I will ever have the luck to get on the stage?" "I don't know, Teddy," was the little lady's reply, as she joined in the well-earned applause. The one was Edmund Payne, the other Kitty Loftus.

The incident, I believe, actually happened, although Teddy was rather averse to talking about himself. He was also exceedingly sensitive regarding the lisp, which lent additional humour to his work on the stage. Teddy would not admit that he always talked with a lisp, which he regarded as peculiar to his work alone.

"People say I always speak with a lithp," he remarked to me one day, with an injured air. "I do not speak with a lithp. I say 'thertainly,' not 'thertainly.'"

I was intensely amused one night when Teddy and I played our parts in "Peggy" wearing beards in imitation of Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who grew one for his part of Henry VIII. at His Majesty's. To listen to Teddy spluttering through a beard was so exceedingly funny that at times I could scarcely speak my lines, while the house rocked.

I think one of the surprises of my life was when Teddy invited me to the Athenæum Club. It happened in this wise.

I had asked Teddy to have a drink with me at a hostelry adjacent to the Gaiety, but Teddy said instead, "Come along with me, old boy, and have a drink at the Athenæum."

I fairly gasped. Could it be possible that Teddy was a member of the dignified Athenæum? I said to him, "Do you mean the club, Teddy?" "Of course I do," he replied.

GEORGE GROSSMITH AND PEGGY KURTON IN THEIR NEW DANCE, THE PIGEON WALK, IN THE GAIETY SUCCESS, "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT."

[Photo.] [Foulsham & Banfield.

We went along, but I was still doubtful about it, and asked him, "Are you sure you can take me into the Athenæum, Teddy?" "Of course I can," he said.

When we got to the club the mystery was explained. Instead of going in at the front door Teddy went down the steps to the servants' quarters. "The wine steward here is an old pal of mine," he said, "and will give us a good drink."

My reference to Mrs. Langtry and "The Degenerates" reminds me that it was while touring with her company in America that I acted under the greatest difficulties I have ever experienced. It also illustrates the characteristic enterprise of that remarkably clever woman, and her capacity for doing things which would make other managers stand aghast.

At that time the South African War was in progress, and just as last year, when I was in the States, I found everybody pro-Ally, Cyril Maude, Forbes-Robertson, and Granville Barker playing to packed and enthusiastic houses, and every form of entertainment being given for the relief of Belgium, so in those days everybody seemed to be pro-Boer. When we reached Detroit City, Mrs. Langtry announced that she

would give a performance in aid of the American soldiers in the Philippines and our own in South Africa.

Now, in the United States all plays are under the jurisdiction of the local mayors, and the Mayor of Detroit, at that time a stiff-necked Irishman, with peculiar views on the war and the moral effect of plays, swore that he would clap the whole company in prison if we dared to produce the play, to which he had taken a great objection.

GEORGE GROSSMITH AND PHYLLIS DARE IN "PEGGY."

Photo. Foulsham & Banfield.

GEORGE GROSSMITH AND JULIA JAMES IN "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT."

Photo. Foulsham & Banfield.

At first Mrs. Langtry was in despair, but suddenly a bright idea occurred to her. Adjoining Detroit City there was a little strip of British territory. It possessed no theatre, but only a small hall in which dramatic performances had been hitherto unheard of. There was neither proscenium nor dressing-rooms, but Mrs. Langtry had it advertised far and wide that the prohibited play would take place after all. That night, of course, the little hall was packed to overflowing, for the Detroit people flocked to see the performance, and lustily cheered the plucky manageress.

I remember that we had to dress in a little

outhouse, a couple of small cellars being utilized by the ladies. The outhouse was large enough to hold one man comfortably, so that when six of us were in, it became a matter of difficulty to move; and the worst of it was that we were all in a hurry.

Then we discovered that we had no looking-glass. To "make-up" without the aid of a mirror is a physical impossibility, so someone went to look for one, and returned with a small bit of a broken mirror, before which we all tried to "make-up" at the same time. Somehow or other we managed to do so, though I felt every moment I was on the stage that some of my garments were coming off, a most uncomfortable sensation which I have no wish to experience again.

May I be allowed to digress for a moment to remark that I think the artiste, either on the legitimate stage or in musical comedy, should be cosmopolitan in his education, just like the singers in grand opera? One of the greatest Hamlets England ever saw was Fechter, a Frenchman. Then the Dutchman, Devries, at the Haymarket, some years ago, was wonderful. He played as many as seven parts in a night—astonishingly versatile—and he learned to speak English perfectly. One gets fresh ideas in travelling. It is necessary always to freshen up one's work if one is a comedian. I make a point, for instance, of playing for six months in America every three years or so.

I must confess, however, that when I first played in Paris, in a revue at the Folies Bergères in 1910, I was frightened—I never felt so scared—on the first night. It is an awful ordeal to play in another language. When I am on at home and anything slips—as happens to the best and worst of us at times—I can casually remark, "Well, as I was saying." You can't do that in French; it is not a language you can hum and haw in. I tried to give my masher drawl in the idiom, but, bless you, it cannot be done.

It seems to be a popular idea that we imported revue from Paris and America during the last few years, but, as a matter of fact, we ourselves were the originators. Several years ago a very admirable form of this entertainment, "Under the Clock," was done at the Court Theatre by Mr. Charles Brookfield and Mr. Seymour Hicks. It attracted a good deal of attention at the time, but nobody followed it up. Then I borrowed the idea and suggested to Mr. George Edwardes to cut an hour out of "The Toreador," then being done at the Gaiety, and to produce a revue of that theatre's old pieces under the title of "The Linkman; or, Gaiety Memories." It was an instant success, and it gave me an amazing object-lesson of the value of modernity and up-to-dateness in the presentation of the lighter form of stage entertainments. In "The Linkman" all the chief artistes who had been associated with the Gaiety appeared in the persons of their successors.

"The Linkman" was so great a success that Mr. Edwardes, who was also director of the Empire, saw what an attraction the review would be for that house, and kindly recommended me as the reviewer. The immediate result was the production of "Rogues and Vagabonds"; followed in due course by "Oh, Indeed," "Come Inside," "Hullo! London," and "By George," the forerunner of the hundred and one revues running to-day. These early Empire revues were so successful that I remember the manager saying to me gloomily one day, "We must change the programme." "Good heavens! What's the matter?" I asked, apprehensively. "It's too good. Nobody goes to the bars."

To my mind, however, we have not yet reached the real revue. I look forward to the day when we shall have in theatres real revues, consisting absolutely of travesties of topical events—social, political, and international matters—and not merely confined to imitations of rag-time scenes. I am perfectly certain that popular and prominent people, whom all the public know and like, whether it be a great lady, such as Lady Randolph Churchill, or a great sportsman like Lord Lonsdale, would not in the least mind being chaffed or even caricatured in, of course, a good-natured way. Mr. Lloyd George and his taxes have done turn enough.

This, of course, is only my view. Whether it will ever materialize or not, time alone will tell.

With regard to musical comedy, I predict that, as in the case of "The Only Girl," recently produced at the Apollo, and "To-Night's the Night," at the Gaiety, it is really going to develop into comedy—well-constructed comedy—with appropriate music falling into its natural place. We shall be spared the sudden introduction of some such character as "Idaho Daisy," whose lover is crazy, in order to drag into the piece, irrespective of nothing, an importation from America.

I hold the view, however, that there is always an element of luck in every theatrical venture. It has always been a difficult

thing to make sure of pleasing the theatrical audience, but on the whole I am inclined to think that it is harder to do so to-day than it was ten years ago.

When I first became associated with revues at the Empire and afterwards at the Alhambra, I remember that one of my greatest troubles was to deal with the letters with which I was inundated from people desiring "turns," and ninety-five per cent. of them seemed to be from acrobats. I never knew there were so many acrobats in the world. There is, however, much that is interesting and humorous, though at times sad, in the applications of those wanting a "shop."

GEORGE GROSSMITH IN THE UNIFORM OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT SERVICE.

Photo. Russell & Sons.

GEORGE GROSSMITH AND EDMUND PAYNE PLAYING IN BEARDS À LA BOURCHIER.

Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

Two years ago a man wrote to me asking me to give him an engagement. He went on by saying, "I must apologize for troubling you, but I have only had two engagements during the last twelve months—one was in the crowd at the Coronation performance of 'Julius Cæsar,' and the other at the Theatrical Garden Party at the Botanical Gardens. Neither carried any important money."

The number of people, however, who come to me expecting to be put straight into a part—people who are frequently totally unfitted for the work—is appalling.

The majority of them are absolutely unused to singing in a big place like the Gaiety, and many of them cannot sing at all! I remember one pathetic figure who turned up at a voice trial. He was a man of over fifty, draped in a funereal-looking black cape, and he also wore whiskers. Contrary to the rules, he insisted on playing his own accompaniment.

There were dozens of others waiting to have their voices tried, but he did not show any signs of hurrying. Slowly fixing his music on the piano, he proceeded to arrange the folds of his cape. After that he played, very solemnly, six chords, at intervals of about half a minute, and then quavered out a thin, falsetto note. And that was as far as he got, poor old chap! The examiner hurried him off, and got on with his work. How the man ever came to think he would do for the Gaiety will always be a mystery to me.

A short while ago a very amusing thing happened in this connection. The aspirant this time was a lady of very good family, with a good income also, and a great desire to shine on the stage. She was quite undaunted by the fact that she had had no training whatever. Said she:—

"Of course, anything will do to begin with! I should not mind *quite* a small part at first!"

This, mark you, before I had as much as hinted that there was any chance for her.

"And, of course, I know it's hard work, but I should not mind that. I might not be able to come *every* Saturday and Monday, as I often go down to my place in the country for week-ends, and, naturally, one cannot drop all one's social obligations!"

As soon as I could get in a word I said that the best thing would be for her to see the manager, who would have her voice tried, and give her a job in the chorus, perhaps. She gasped.

"Oh, but I could *never* go on at the Gaiety! It would never do! My people would never speak to me again, you know! It would be such a come down! I thought you might possibly give me an introduction to Sir George Alexander!"

When I could breathe again I pointed out that if I sent her to Sir George, he would probably imagine that I did so because she was not good enough for the Gaiety.

She would probably have been surprised to learn that we generally have a list of over a hundred men and women, who have passed all the necessary tests, waiting to fill any vacancies that occur.

There are some people who seem to think that all that matters in musical comedy is a voice. This, however, is not so. To put it quite bluntly, success in musical comedy lies in being able to "hawk" your personality to the best advantage. It is, therefore, necessary to possess at least one, and as many more as possible, of those qualities which go to make up a personality—humour, grace, charm, a distinctive manner, personal magnetism, a good figure, and so forth. These are what count.

Some years ago I was at a well-known seaside place, and one day found myself listening to a pierrot troupe. Among them was a man who sang one of the popular comic songs of the time. Thousands of people were singing it, whistling it, and listening to it all over the country, and one might have thought that nothing new could have been done with it.

But when this man came on and sang it he put so much originality, or personality, into it, that the song lost its hackneyed flavour and became fresh again.

I said to myself, "Here is a comedian!" And for years he has borne out the correctness of my judgment on that occasion, for he was no less a person than Mr. W. H. Berry.

My pet aversion is the stage aspirant with the so-called artistic temperament. When I meet such a person, I am always tempted to tell them of the wittiest definition of artistic temperament I ever saw. It is that of a racing man in a novel by Duncan Schwann. "You may take it from me," this sporting character says in effect, "the Artistic Temperament is a bad horse to back. It is by Swelled Head out of Tommy Rot, and it's no starter."

If an actor should put himself for a stray quarter of an hour on rather a high perch, some obliging person inevitably turns up to drag him off it. "'Ullo, George, how's business?" was the salute given to me by a nigger troupe in a boat at Henley.

At Goring Regatta, again, a friend of mine happened to overhear this little dialogue:—

First elderly gentleman, nodding his head ominously in my direction: "There's George Grossmith." Second elderly gentleman, apparently much astonished, after taking stock of me very carefully for a few seconds: "Well, well, you do surprise me! He's quite a gentlemanly-looking young fellow, considering what he is!"

Such little incidents, however, all add to the gaiety of one's profession.

"THE JUDGE."

From the French of CHARLES MONTCOURONNE.

Illustrated by G. Dutriac.

PUSHED from without, the door of the mayor's office swung back to the wall. A man's head appeared in the doorway.

"There they are, Monsieur Tailleux! They are coming down the hill!"

Then the speaker vanished; his wooden shoes clattered along the street at a pace which suggested flight.

M. Tailleux, the mayor of Thiélou-sur-Rû, braced himself to face the danger. He turned cold, he shivered. With fear? No—the man was brave—but with anxiety in the presence of an unknown danger. He knew the Huns' reputation for brutality. He had actually witnessed that brutality, and, although he had been but a child at the time, the cruel recollection dwelt, ever fresh, in his memory. In front of a wall, in the courtyard of the farmhouse which he still occupied, he saw the drunken Bavarians taking aim at his old grandfather. In his ear resounded the report of the murderous volley; he recalled the night-burial, and the silently weeping women standing around the grave.

The bravest of men could not think of that terrible time without a shudder. And now—to return to the present—two days ago, Consteau, an old soldier, had died suddenly upon hearing of the near approach of the Prussians.

M. Tailleux had barely time to put on his official scarf before he heard the tramp of iron heels outside. Almost immediately a German patrol entered, preceded by a clean-shaven young officer with prominent cheek-bones.

"The mayor?"

M. Tailleux stood up.

"*I* am the mayor," he replied.

The travel-stained soldier wiped his face.

"I am very thirsty," he said. "Order me some wine."

"With pleasure. Would you like to refresh your men also?"

"Thanks. I will let them drink later on."

When the officer had quenched his thirst his tone became milder. Taking a paper from his pocket, he read:—

"Thiélou-sur-Rû—three hundred and forty-nine inhabitants——"

"Since the day before yesterday, three hundred and forty-eight," interrupted the mayor, who remained outwardly calm, in spite of the enemy's irritating arrogance. "A former inhabitant is just about to be carried to his grave."

"Very well; we will say three hundred and forty-eight—agricultural labourers and their masters. Rich country. To-morrow his Excellency General von Restlow, in command of the army corps, will arrive here. I have orders to procure him a lodging at White House Farm. That is yours, I think? If he is well treated he will act with humanity. I shall requisition only fifteen cows, although, I believe, you own thirty-two. My information is precise."

"They have forgotten the Judge," said M. Tailleux. "Caution is necessary when entering the stable. He is dangerous, even with us. We have had to put a ring in his nose."

"I find nothing about that in my notes. Who or what is the Judge?"

"The bull. We gave him the name in fun, because he is dressed all in black, like a magistrate."

"Always disrespectful, these French!" said the officer, contemptuously. "After the conquest we will keep them in order."

The mayor was silent.

"I should warn you," resumed the Prussian, "that in your official capacity you are for the present responsible for the good behaviour of the commune. At the first hint of a threat against myself or any of my men, you will be shot."

"I know it," said the mayor; "it was the same in 1870."

The officer rapped out an order, turned on his heel, and departed, followed by his men.

"Well," thought M. Tailleux, "that has

"THE WOMAN FLUNG HERSELF DOWN UPON THE BODY, CLASPED IT IN HER ARMS, SPOKE TO IT IN SOFT, CARESSING TONES"

passed off better than I hoped. It is because he is secretly afraid that this fine fellow plays the bully. Thanks to that, he will take only fifteen cows. I can well afford to lodge his general. I shall gain by it yet."

He was just sitting down again when he heard the tolling of a bell. "Already?" he said to himself. "I had forgotten. I am sorry; they will have to bury poor Consteau without me."

Suddenly the Germans returned, surging into the office with threatening cries. The mayor, calm in front of their levelled guns, made signs that he wished to speak. He guessed the cause of the commotion. The Germans had mistaken the funeral-knell for an alarm-bell. The officer placed the barrel of his revolver against the Frenchman's temple.

"It is a trap!" he roared. "You have had the call to arms sounded."

He gave an order. Soldiers seized the mayor, who resisted as well as he could with his fists. There was a brief struggle, then a terrible blow. M. Tailleux fell heavily. From his ear a moving thread of blood crept in a red rivulet over the floor.

Excited by this murder, the Prussians rushed out of doors, gesticulating wildly. They fired upon the walls of the church, the steeple, and the village street. Their shouts rent the air, and in terror of this horde of ruffians the inhabitants hastened to slam their doors and barricade their dwellings.

But one woman passed along, heedless of threats and bullets. It was Mme. Tailleux —"la Tailleuse," as she was called. She

had heard the sound of shots, and hurried at once to the mayor's office.

"My husband!" she ejaculated. "If these brigands have done anything to him!"

Oppressed by a presentiment, she began to run. At the office the frightful reality confronted her.

Her husband lay with one leg doubled up under him. He seemed asleep, his eyes were half-closed; the red rivulet had swelled into a pool.

The woman flung herself down upon the body, clasped it in her arms, spoke to it in soft, caressing tones.

"My husband! You do not answer. Can you hear me no longer, my husband?"

She rained tears and kisses on the chilling cheeks. At last she seemed to understand what had happened. She lay there for hours, until nightfall. Then she rose, and bathed the dear, cold face and the wound through which life had fled. Dumbfounded, stupefied rather than sorrowful, she wept no more. A fierce flame had dried her eyes, bright now with the ardent desire to avenge the cowardly murder of her husband.

In a room on the ground floor of the farm the woman watched by her husband's body. She gazed earnestly at the dead face. Before she must part with them for ever, she would gather from the contemplation of those beloved features strength for the accomplishment of her revenge.

The wretches! Dearly should they pay for the murder of her man! With her eyes upon the tall clock, she awaited impatiently the arrival of the German officers. The general was to lunch at the farm. The servants had fled; upon her, therefore, devolved the preparation of the meal. Her bitter reflections during the long, sleepless night had brought her no inspiration. Should she poison these men? But, like a true Frenchwoman, she recoiled from the idea of killing in the dark. She wanted to *see* the brigands die. She desired for them a torture sufficiently prolonged for her to gloat over it. But what should it be?

The gun? In that way she alone could not kill six or seven men. Moreover, it was too easy a death. Should she burn them in the barn? That was impossible. Fearing ambushes, the general had ordered that his table should be laid in the courtyard, where, as he thought, he would be in no peril of surprise. Besides, she lacked the courage to burn down her own farm.

"But I shall think of some way," she said to herself. "Not one of these bandits shall leave this place alive."

A door opened behind her—an officer stood on the threshold. A thrill passed through him at the sight of this lonely woman keeping watch over her dead. He saluted as he said:—

"His Excellency the General has arrived."

"Very good," replied the woman, without deigning to turn her head. "I am coming."

She pressed her lips upon the dead man's forehead in a long, long kiss; then, tearless, and with the look of a person walking in her sleep, she went to the kitchen and busied herself in serving up the repast.

In the centre of the sun-scorched courtyard, General von Restlow and his staff were finishing their lunch. The widow was assisted in her duties by three orderlies. From her kitchen she kept a sharp eye on the men who, to her vision, were stained with her husband's blood. The hours were quickly passing; was she, after all, to be baulked of her revenge?

Excited by drink, the Germans shouted toasts to their victory and their anticipated triumphal march upon Paris.

A harsh bellowing came from the stable. It began with a blowing sound, which swelled out until it resembled that of a foghorn, then died away on a low note. Three times it rose and fell. Hearing it, the widow in the kitchen started as one in a dreadful dream.

"The Judge!" she exclaimed.

Her face lighted up. She went out, passed unnoticed in front of the Germans, closed the great gate of the farm, fastened it securely with a heavy wooden bar, removed a ladder which led to a hayloft, then made straight for the stable.

The Germans were too intent upon their drinking to observe what she was doing.

One of them had risen; ceremoniously he proposed a toast.

"Your Excellency, and gentlemen! Let us drink the health of our beloved Emperor!"

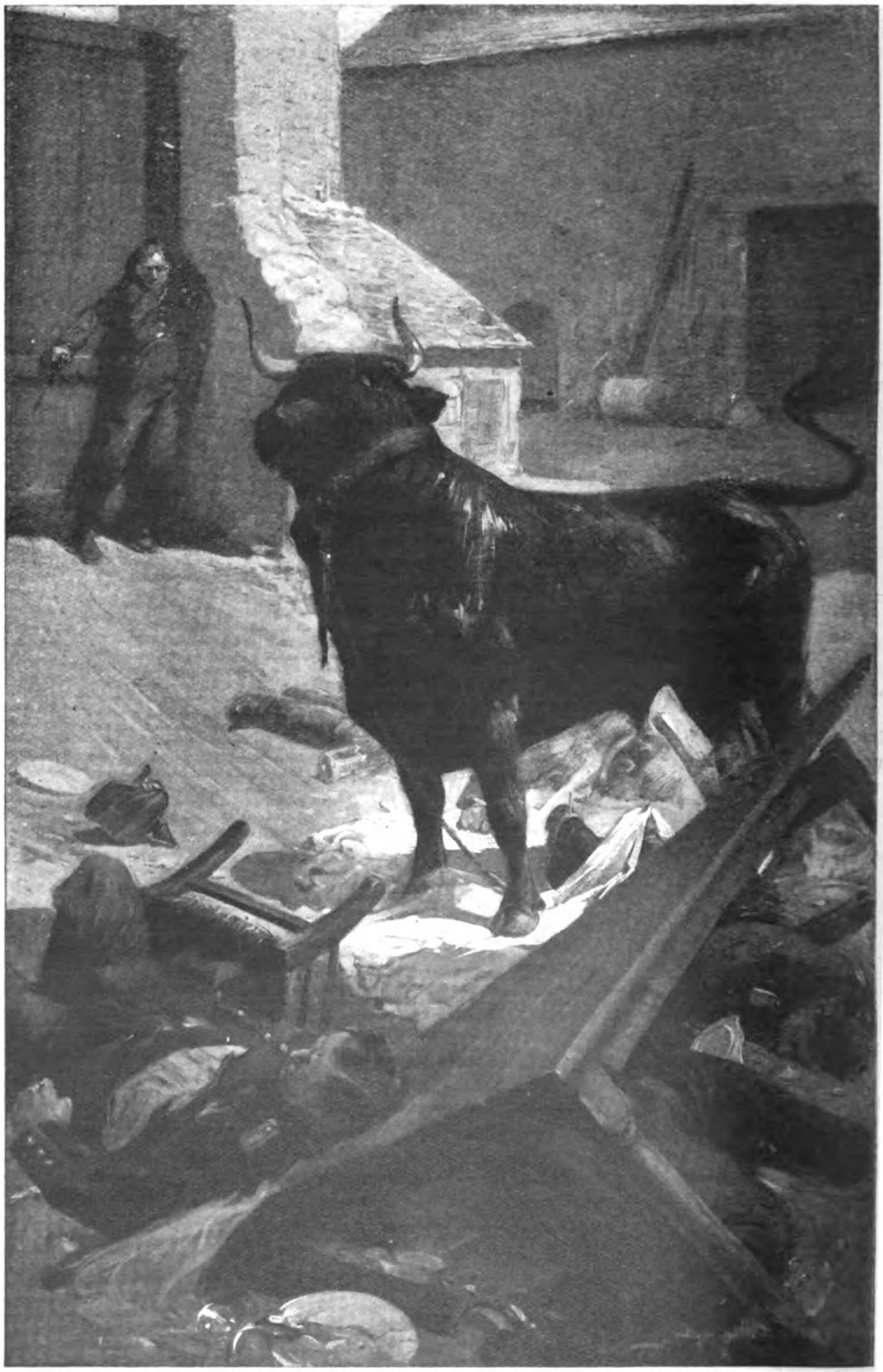
"Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" cried the officers, as they raised their glasses.

The orator's face took on a satirical expression as he continued:—

"To the superiority of the French *cuisine!* Permit me, Excellency, to give due credit to our enemy for this solitary but indisputable proof of his valour."

Drunken laughter greeted this sally.

"Yes," assented the general, "we will concede that much to this nation of weaklings, who are even weaker than I thought. These French do not even know how to hate! This



"ONLY SIEGERT, THE MURDERER OF TAILLEUX, HAD TIME TO FLY. HE REACHED THE GATE, AND THOUGHT HIMSELF SAFE."

farm woman, for instance, has provided us with a very excellent meal. Yet her husband, so I have been informed, was shot here yesterday. Is it not so, Siegert?"

The little lieutenant, the author of the crime, rose to his feet and bowed respectfully.

"It is true, Excellency. The man had planned an ambuscade, and our brave soldiers were forced to defend themselves. Such are the regrettable necessities of——"

He stopped short, as though suddenly petrified.

About ten paces from the revellers stood—the bull! Liberated by the widow, he had come forth silently, and now stood, motionless and blinking, apparently considering the officer. The sudden transition from the darkness of his stable to the blazing sunshine without had for the moment blinded him.

He was a splendid beast, a four-year-old, black, with bluish shades, without spot or blemish. From his damp muzzle hung an iron ring. With his heavy dewlap drooping between his short legs, he looked the impersonation of tremendous, irresistible strength.

Across Siegert's drink-dazed brain flashed the recollection of his victim's warning.

"The Judge—not to be trusted—dangerous, even with us."

A cold sweat broke out upon the man's body. He grasped his revolver, and, stretching out his arm, cried:—

"Look out! The bull!"

The startled Germans had scarcely grasped the situation before the bull, making a sudden decision, charged.

Crash went the table—there came an uproar of appalling sounds, the noise of broken glass, guttural oaths, the fierce stamping and trampling of the bull, the groans of dying men. A few minutes, and nothing was left but a quivering mass, a pool of blood, in which the terrible, goring beast waded and slipped. Intoxicated with fury, he returned again and again to toss those dislocated puppets, those mangled bodies, those broken bones.

Only Siegert, the murderer of Tailleux, had had time to fly. He reached the gate, and thought himself already safe. But he had not reckoned on the bar. Though he tugged at it so frantically that he tore his nails, it resisted all his efforts to move it. And there was no other way of escape.

And now the bull perceived him, and came upon him with a rush.

Literally driven into a corner, the wretched man emptied his revolver. A bullet, grazing the beast's shoulder, increased his fury. On he came. The gate shook and trembled with the concussion. There was a fall, a cry of anguish; the cruel, powerful horns had done their work.

Silence fell upon the sunlit courtyard. With a limping foot—which had been cut by the fragment of a bottle—the Judge returned to his stable. The door was shut. There for awhile he stood patiently, with the blood dripping from his neck. At last he uttered a long bellow. His call was answered. A wan face appeared behind a window of the kitchen, the door was opened, and the widow came down the steps into the courtyard.

She had witnessed the massacre with thrills of joy. Now she came towards the Judge, calling his name. Her hands were crossed upon her breast. The animal seemed surprised, scratched on the ground, and lowed.

The woman closed her eyes, and knelt as if to pray.

"I am coming to you, my husband," she said, in a low, fervid tone. "Now that you are avenged there is nothing to keep me here."

Some minutes passed. Death was slow in coming, and with all her courage she found this waiting for it a fearsome thing. She dared not open her eyes; doubtless the beast was preparing to charge. She heard him approaching. Then suddenly she felt upon her clasped hands a great, wet caress. The Judge was licking her hands! His fury had subsided; he recognized the friend who had brought him up. This brute, lately so ferocious, was now showing something very much like affection.

An unexpected solace had come to the widow's heart. Her over-strained strength forsook her. Sobbing, she laid her hands on the great head bent over her, and, all dabbled though it was with blood, she kissed it tenderly.

Then, rising from her knees, she passed her finger through the ring in the bull's nose, and led him into the stable.

That night the White House was pillaged and burned down. Such was the revenge of the "cultured" Germans. Vindictively, with awful threats, they sought the widow, but they sought her in vain.

Some time after their departure, when tongues were free to wag again, a neighbour affirmed that early in the evening of that tragic day he had met the widow on the high road to Paris. She was staring upwards into the sky, as one who sees a vision. In her arms she carried a bundle of clothes, and close behind his mistress, limping and lowing, followed the black bull.

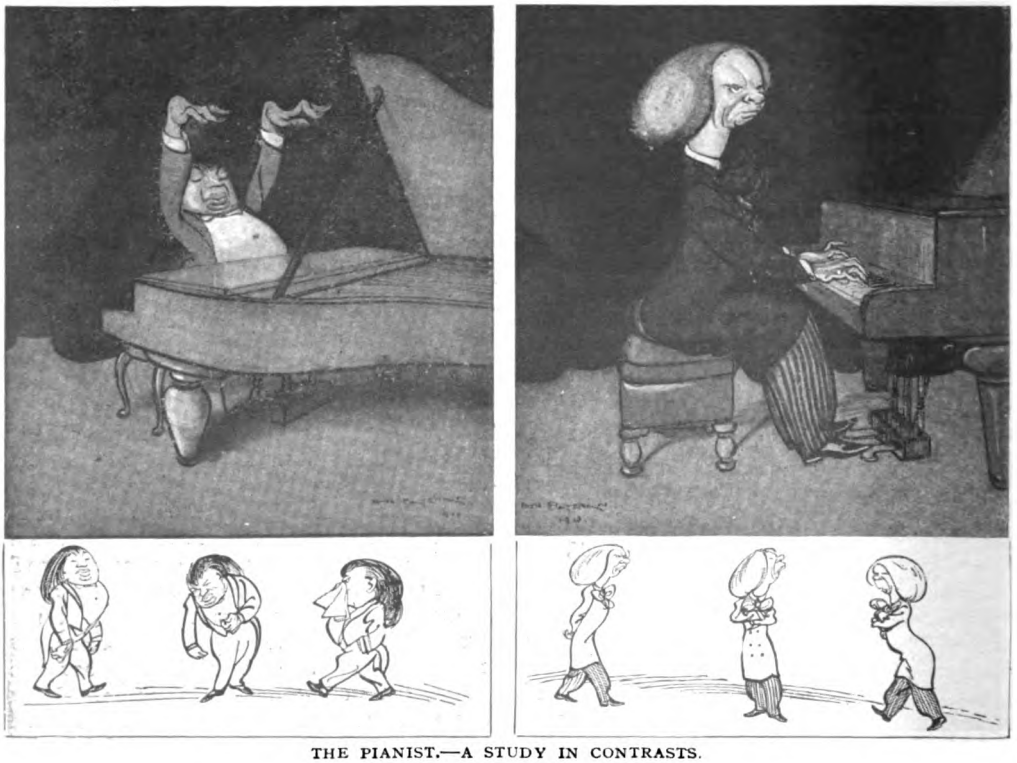
H. M. BATEMAN.
Photo. by B. Park.

THE HUMOUR OF H. M. BATEMAN.

MR. H. M. BATEMAN possesses in remarkable degree that rare gift, a real power of comic draughtsmanship. He is capable not only of comic vision, but of comic expression. His "line" is an instinctive expression of the comic; it reveals an innate feeling for the essentially humorous. To put it briefly, if somewhat vaguely, he "draws funnily." He is the terse and witty pictorial *raconteur*, a shrewd observer who can sum up a character, or conjure up a scene, with a few strokes of such penetrating insight that they carry instant conviction.

Mr. Bateman once received a letter from a stranger whose great ambition was apparently to become his personal attendant. After suggesting various capacities in which he could be employed, the unknown correspondent continued: "I am sure I should make you a good servant, and could be of great use as a model for your work, as I would twist my face and body into any possible shape you might require."

There is something very engaging about the naive supposition here conveyed that Mr.



THE PIANIST.—A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.
By permission of "The Sketch."

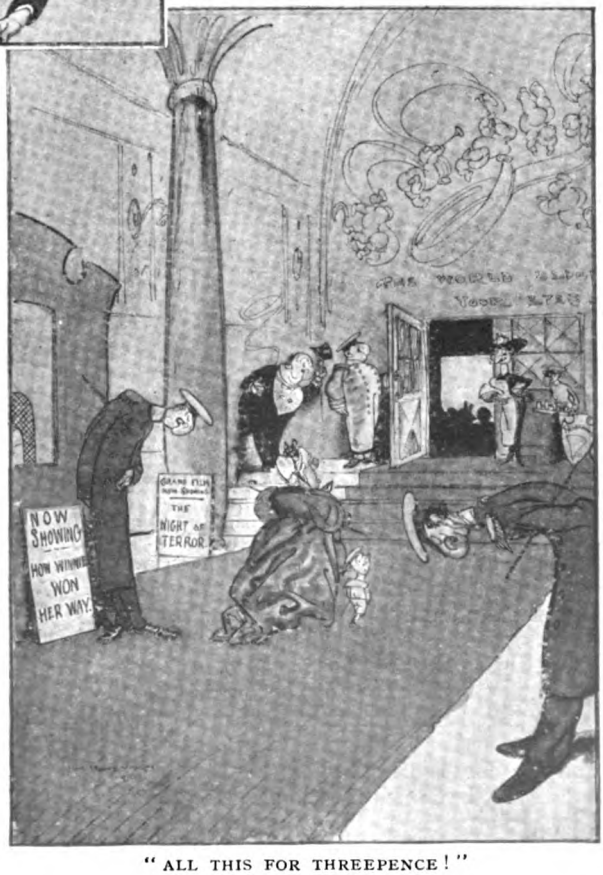
"THE ACCOMPANIST WHO DID HER BEST."
By permission of "The Sketch."

Bateman carefully and laboriously draws his humorous studies *from the model*. But apart from its absurdity, the notion is interesting for the complete misconception it evinces of the nature of the artist's work.

Anything more unlike Mr. Bateman's actual method than the academic process of working from a model it would be difficult to imagine—unless it were the opposite extreme of caricature. Possibly this sounds paradoxical, for Mr. Bateman is often described as a caricaturist, and sometimes does actually adopt that *rôle*. But the term is not properly applicable. Caricature is the art of inducing humour, by dint of satirical exaggeration, in a subject not necessarily humorous of itself. Mr. Bateman's function is to reveal humour, not to impose it.

Consider the studies of the two pianists reproduced in these pages. These are not caricatures in the ordinary sense of the word, though superficially they may seem to warrant that description. Exaggeration they certainly display, but it is so evenly and (in a sense) unobtrusively applied that the figures seem to have grown of themselves under some system of intensive culture. No one, least of all perhaps the artist, could analyse the stages by which these types were evolved. They do not exist in the flesh, yet there is not a musical reader of this magazine who has not heard them play at some concert or other. Their truth is undeniable. Merely to look at No. 1 is to hear the resounding chords of his commanding opening, while No. 2 is austerely and dispassionately fingering a fugue by Bach.

This is scarcely the art of a man who draws from the model! And as with character, so with action—whatever Mr. Bateman elects to make his puppets do, they do it with an intensity and vigour beyond all practical possibility, but not (and this is



"ALL THIS FOR THREEPENCE!"
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H. M. BATEMAN.
Photo. by B. Park.

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THE GREAT "LITTLE TICH" AS H. M. BATEMAN SEES HIM.
By permission of "The Sketch."

...has ...bject, ...gestion ...Scottish ... and his ...rpose. ... Mr. Bate-

"THE MAN WHO ONLY WANTED TWO HALFPENNIES FOR A PENNY."
By permission of "The Sketch."

the artist's secret) beyond the bounds of imagination and belief. When a man is seen running in a Bateman drawing he does not merely run—he super-runs; if he slumbers, one can veritably hear him snore! The intensity of the artist's imaginative effort visualizes for us that which cannot humanly be, but would be if it could.

In "The Accompanist Who Did Her Best" we have another study, less subtle but more vivid, of the musical temperament, which also illustrates admirably the comments already made upon the artist's imaginative method. Three things the artist sets out to portray—the ungovernable rage of the musician, the uncomprehending amazement and alarm of the lady who has volunteered to "do her best," and the consternation of the onlookers. It will hardly be denied that in all three objects he has succeeded! In many respects this drawing is typical of Mr. Bateman's peculiar qualities. It shows, for one thing, his clutch on the inherent humour of a *situation*. Compare the anatomical impossibility of the musician with the electrifying activity of his onset, and you get an insight into the artist's power of imaginative conception. Scrutinize the profile of the luckless accompanist, and you receive a lesson in what the artist's nervously-humorous "line" can accomplish. As for the blurred and hazy group of terrified spectators, they positively flinch before one's eyes, so intensely is the mere suggestion of them conveyed.

This faculty for seizing the humour of a situation is well exemplified in the drawing called "All This for Threepence." There is here no suspicion of a "joke"; even the title, though it adds point to the picture, is by no means indispensable. A better instance of "intrinsic" humour could scarcely be selected. The details are individually commonplace and innocent, yet they combine to form a quite ludicrous whole. The humour lies in the situation, and only a humorist of Mr. Bateman's peculiar bent could thus reveal it to us.

Or take the case of "The Man Who Only Wanted Two Halfpennies for a Penny." Perhaps the title is needed to explain precisely how justifiable is the busy barber's fit of homicidal mania, but even if

AN UNPUBLISHED CARICATURE OF HARRY LAUDER.

A CARICATURE OF GEORGE GROSSMITH.
By permission of "London Opinion."

we were left ignorant of the exact nature of the ill-timed request, the elements of the situation are all there and tell their own simple story. Once more it is the humour of the situation as a whole which moves us to laughter. Funny as are the individual figures in the row of impatient patients awaiting the razor, it is their cumulative effect that tickles us—the air of irascible inquiry and indignant protest against the interruption, which pervades the whole dozen. The arrested figure of the barber, with razor poised in the air, even the rolling eye of the customer under his thumb who dares not move his head for fear of accidents—every detail of the exact psychological moment has been seized. The moment is big with fate, and the swift retribution which the panel underneath reveals to us appears a just, inevitable sequel.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Bateman sometimes adopts the ordinary caricaturist's *rôle*, and turns his attention to persons instead of types. For a long time his caricatures of plays and players have been (or were, before the war gave the artist more absorbing occupation) a feature of the *Sketch*, and there are few notable theatrical folk who have not, in one impersonation or another, been subjected to his humorous analysis.

One or two examples of this vein are reproduced here. "Harry Lauder," a hitherto unpublished impression, is characteristic, and shows that even when dealing with an individual personality the artist pursues the same trend of observation. Where all is exaggerated, it is impossible to say that this or that feature has received special emphasis. The aim has been rather to distil the essence of the subject, and in so far as the sketch conveys a suggestion of the broad, unctuous humour of the Scottish comedian, of his gait, his carriage, and his manner of attire, it achieves its purpose.

Superficially, one has seen, from Mr. Bateman himself, caricatures of Harry Lauder which were closer *likenesses*. But in mere outward appearance the artist is much less interested than in underlying character. Mr. Bateman would hardly claim the caricature "George Grossmith" as a portrait, even of the exaggerated kind. But it conveys, reduced to simplest terms, a very definite impression of the actor's characteristics—the characteristics, let it be added, of Mr. Grossmith's stage presence, that familiar and uniquely entertaining thing.

The artist relates an amusing experience which befell him in the course of his theatrical work. He had occasion to make a study of a well-known actress, and, after watching her performance from the front of the house, went behind the scenes during an interval with the object of making a sketch at closer quarters. In the wings he was met by an odd little man who conducted him to the lady's dressing-room. Here the artist was invited to make a sketch, his self-appointed mentor being voluble in advice as to how to set about it, and "almost doing the drawing himself." On eventually

THE GREAT "LITTLE TICH" AS H. M. BATEMAN SEES HIM.
By permission of "The Sketch."

"THE FAITHFUL OLD DOG"—A FAMILIAR TYPE OF AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER.
By permission of "London Opinion."

But on the whole the artist is at his best, perhaps, in his studies of types. "The proper study of mankind is man"—not *men*, and consequently Mr. Bateman's generalizations are of universal appeal. No one who has attended a public dinner can fail to recognize instantly "The Faithful Old Dog." He is a type of after-dinner speaker inevitably encountered, and affectionately tolerated, at every club function. There is a wonderful subtlety in the artist's handling of this character study. It is not enough that he should make us hear the old fellow speaking; the very sentiments he is voicing, the genial witticisms in which those sentiments are phrased, and the tones in which they are uttered become audible as we study the drawing. Parenthetically one notes the perfectly-attuned expressions on the faces of the guests, and the waiter in the background.

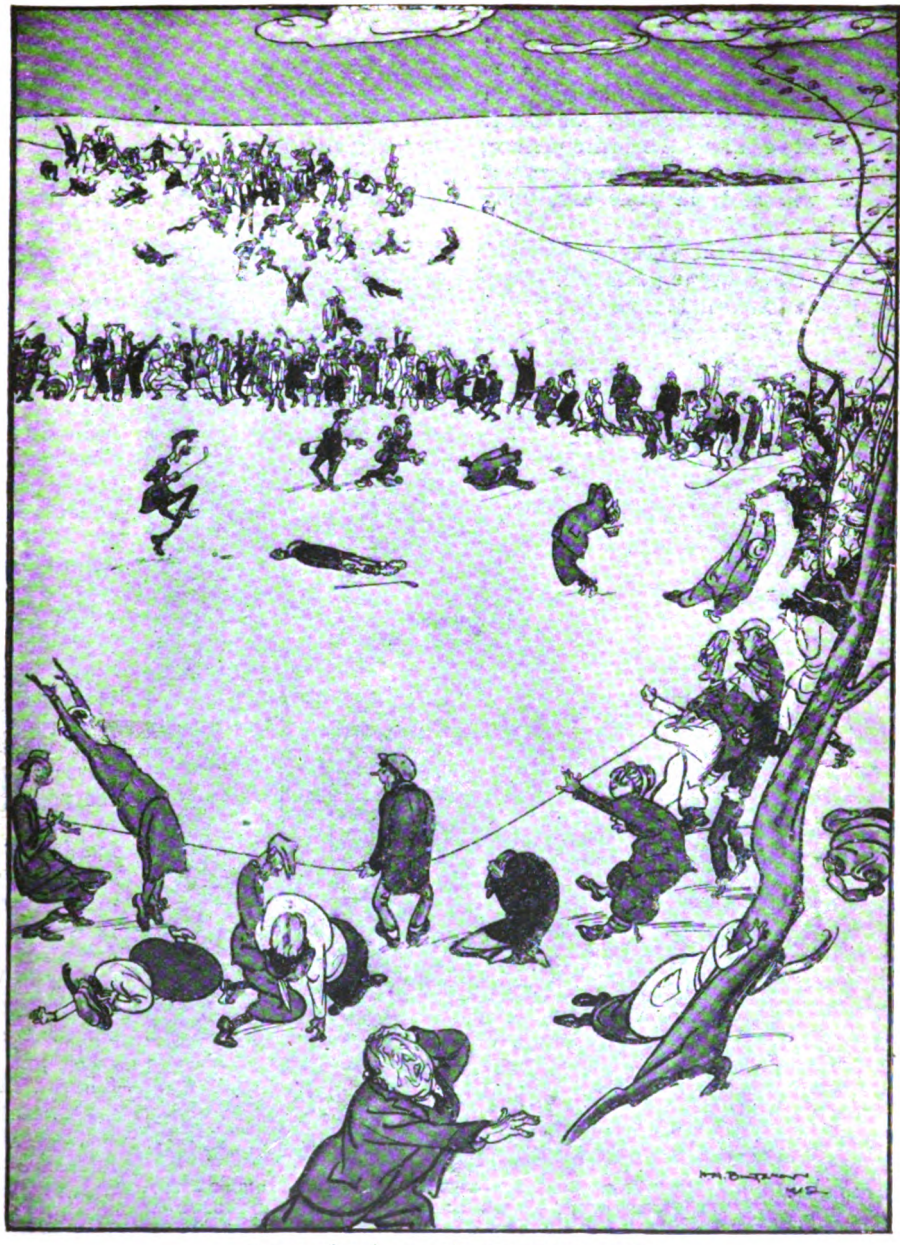
Character and situation combine to produce the drollery of "I Remember in 1870——," an imaginary picture of the scene in a London club during war-time. The waiting lines of

parting in the wings from his persistent guide, the artist could not restrain his curiosity any longer. "By the way," he asked, "what are you—the manager, or the call-boy, or what?"

"Oh, no," was the reply; "I'm the lady's husband!"

The sketches of "Little Tich" impress the present writer as a veritable *tour de force*. For the famous little droll, as he appears upon the stage, is himself a living caricature, and to caricature a caricature seems like gilding the lily and other works of supererogation. That the artist should be able to take the pranks and oddities of the acrobatic midget and extract from them a humour of his own divining appears an extraordinary feat. Thus to refine another man's humour, and make us laugh over that which itself makes us laugh, is surely to elevate the humorist's function into a fine art. Mr. Bateman's sketches of Little Tich draw a smile which is not merely reminiscent; they discover a humour in the antics of their subject which is distinct from, and added to, that of the latter's own making.

"I REMEMBER IN 1870——"—LONDON CLUBMEN IN TIME OF WAR WAITING THEIR TURN TO WRITE TO THE PAPERS.
By permission of "The Sketch."

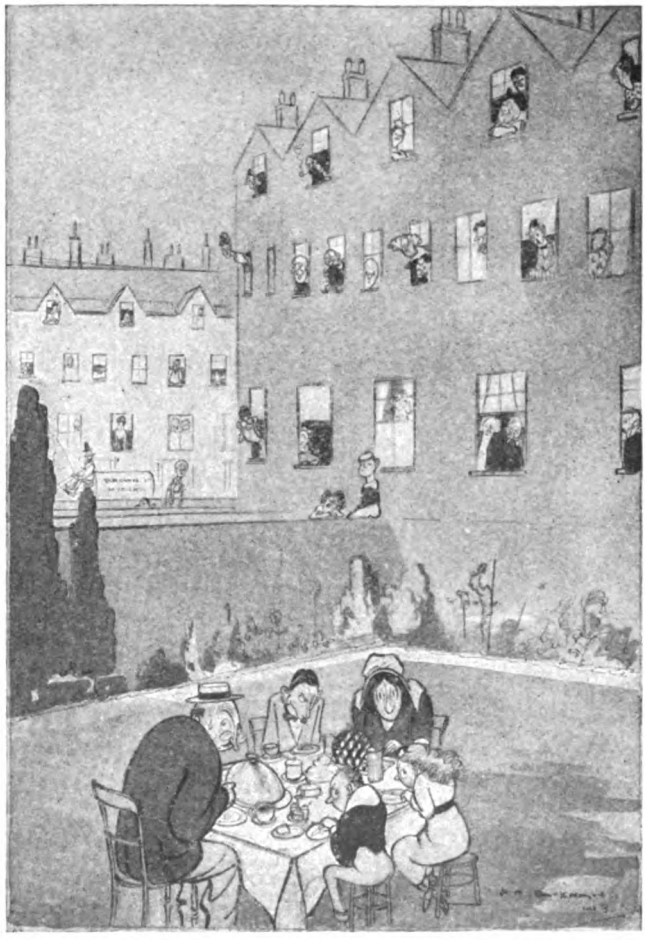


"THE MISSED PUTT."—A GOLF TRAGEDY.
By permission of "The Graphic."

members impatient to "write to the papers about it" form a situation obviously preposterous, but rendered plausible, nevertheless, by the nervous energy imparted to each little figure. Not a clubman of them all but is *bursting* with eagerness to seize a pen and tell 'em what he thinks about it. Read the letters in your morning paper, and you will feel convinced that the artist has merely depicted what must be of daily, almost hourly, occurrence in any London club!

The catholicity of Mr. Bateman's humorous observation and the resourcefulness of his humorous draughtsmanship have made possible a type of cartoon which is peculiarly the artist's own. This is the "crowd" drawing, in which not only is a large concourse of people represented with humorous regard for the

handling of them *en masse*, but each individual figure is the subject of separate and private humorous treatment. The reader of these pages will find in "The Missed Putt" a delightful example of this prodigal humour. Should it take him a week to survey the entire picture, and make acquaintance with every figure it contains, he will find the time amusingly spent, for the minor details are not less instinct with humour than the major. An extraordinary vitality is maintained throughout the drawing; and such intense emotion as is travestied by the utter collapse of the defeated player, or the respective exultation and consternation of the rival caddies, is repeated through the whole assembly.



DURING THE HOT WEATHER THE SMYTH-ROBINSONS OF TIDLINGTON TAKE THEIR MEALS IN A COOL AND SHADY SPOT OF THE GARDEN.

By permission of "London Opinion."

No article on Mr. Bateman's humour would be complete which omitted a reference to his feud with Suburbia. As a rule the artist's satire is genial, but when the manners and customs, philosophy and ideals, of "the suburbs" come under review he plies the lash mercilessly. Even so his drawings seldom give offence, for his satire, being mostly impersonal, does not wound—save when the cap fits and the owner chooses to wear it! In "The Smyth-Robinsons Decide to Take Their Meals in the Garden," the reader will find a comparatively mild example of Mr. Bateman's pictorial lampoons, but, gentle as its raillery is, the commentary it provides is obvious.

Mr. Bateman is a young man, and from such an original talent much may be expected in the future. It is not so very many years since the artist, calling anxiously at the office of a certain paper where he had left some drawings on approval, was told by the office-boy, "No, the editor ain't seen 'em yet. Call again next Monday, and you'll get 'em back all right!" The office-boy on that occasion proved to be a true prophet, but nowadays the case is somewhat different. Considering his vigour and resourcefulness, Mr. Bateman's output is comparatively small, but in assessing it one must reckon not only what he publishes but what he tears up! It is the penalty of so direct and incisive a technique that ultimate success must often (though not always) be achieved at the expense of many previous failures. This is perhaps as well, for, though more Bateman drawings would always be welcome, it would be lamentable to see so rich a vein of humour work itself out.

Fortunately, there seems little danger of that. The artist abhors a "chestnut," and is not likely to allow his humour to become stereotyped to an approved (and sealed) pattern. On the contrary, one expects to see him ever breaking new and fresh ground; and it will be disappointing if from a soil so vigorous and fertile a rich harvest in the future is not reaped.

WHAT THE SNAKE DID FOR JACOLINO.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. DYKE.

Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.

JACOLINO, the farmer's son, was a bright schoolboy, with many friends. Not far from the schoolhouse was the sea, and after school hours the children often went down to the shore to play and fish.

They did some funny fishing! One day a boy fished out a pretty living kitten — a "blue Persian," with the loveliest fur that ever cat possessed.

"Give it to me!" pleaded Jacolino.

"No," said the other boy; "I can't give it to you. It is such a darling little cat! and you have not the money to pay for it."

"I *have!*" exclaimed Jacolino. "See! here are two silver sixpences."

Then the boy took the money and gave the cat to Jacolino. When he took her home his father and mother were pleased, and gave him three silver sixpences as a reward.

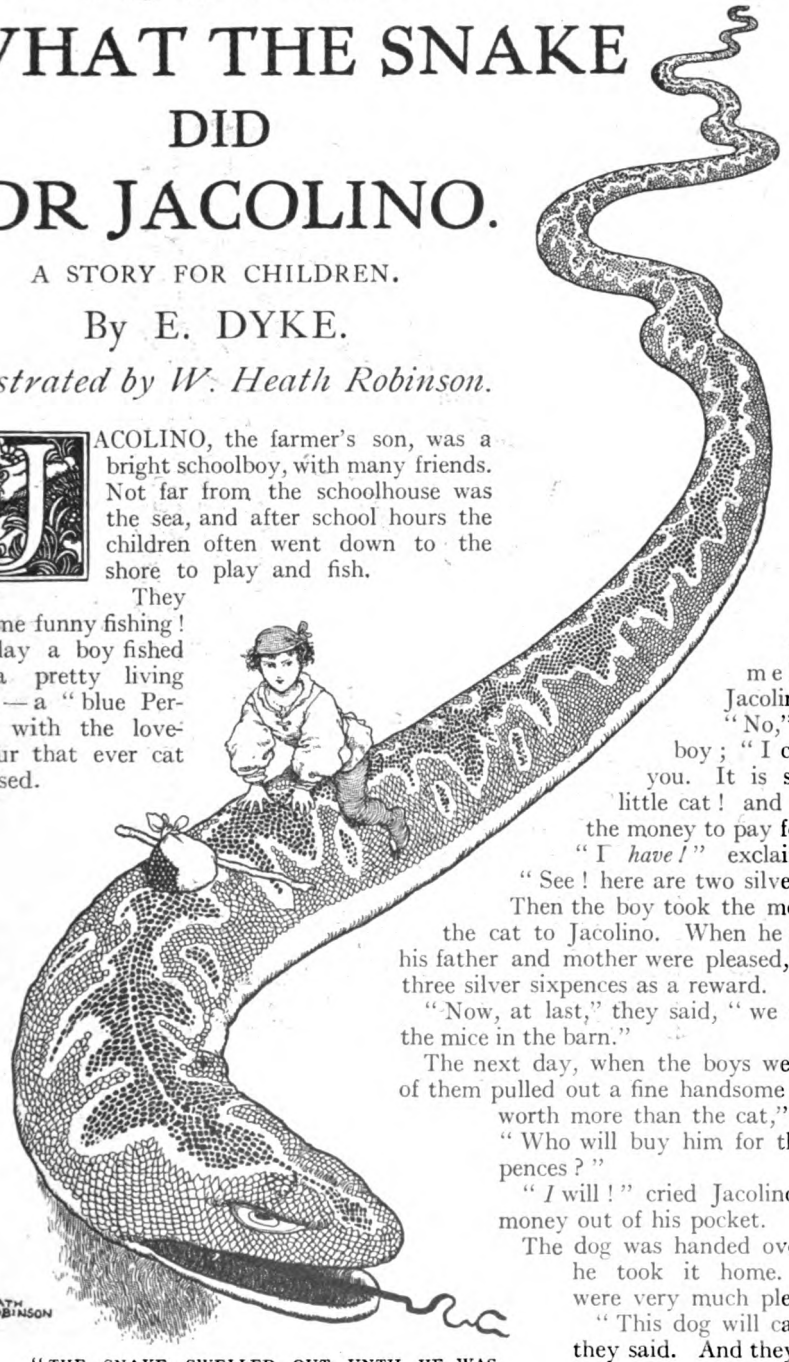
"Now, at last," they said, "we shall get rid of the mice in the barn."

The next day, when the boys were fishing, one of them pulled out a fine handsome dog. "This is worth more than the cat," said the boy. "Who will buy him for three silver sixpences?"

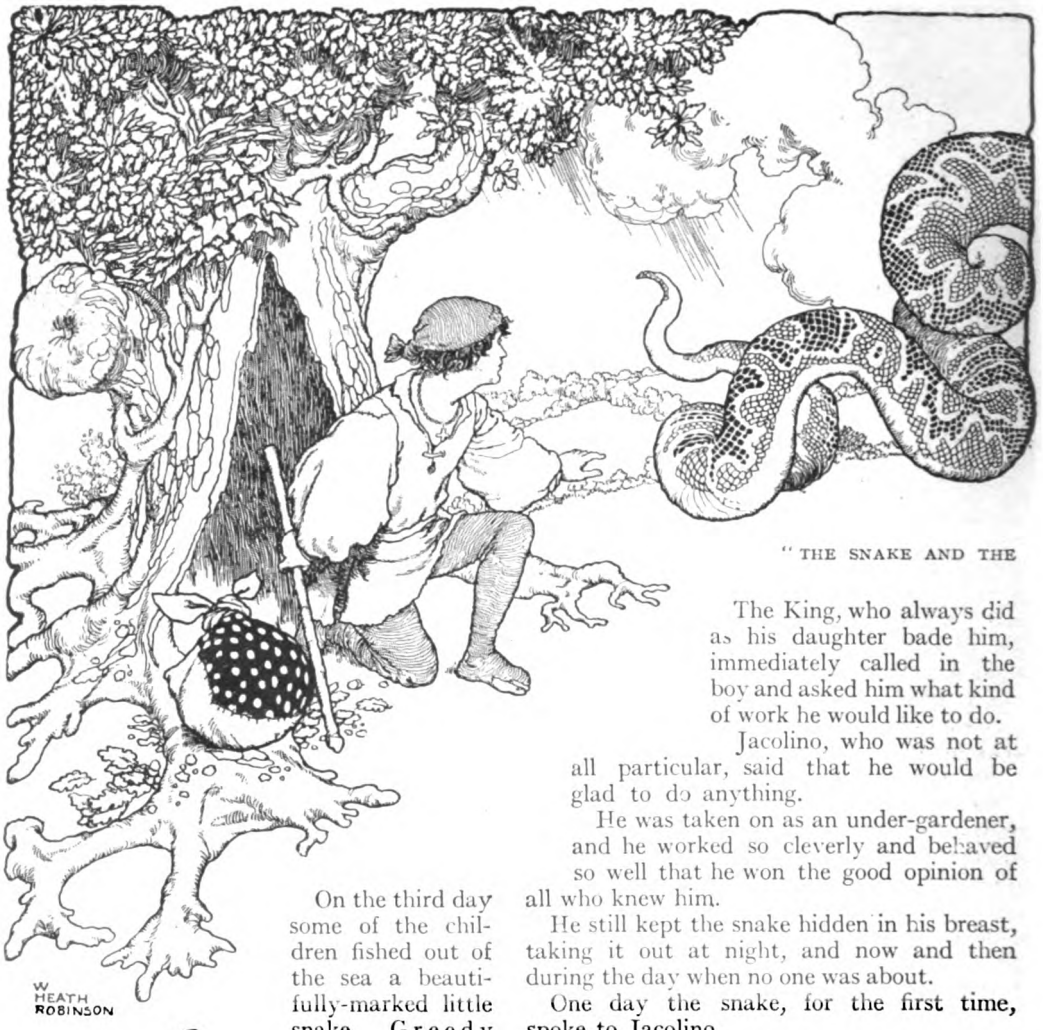
"*I* will!" cried Jacolino, bringing the money out of his pocket.

The dog was handed over to him, and he took it home. His parents were very much pleased.

"This dog will catch the rats," they said. And they gave Jacolino four silver sixpences as a reward for bringing home the dog.



"THE SNAKE SWELLED OUT UNTIL HE WAS IMMENSELY BIG AND STRONG, AND THE BOY'S FEET DID NOT TOUCH THE GROUND."



" THE SNAKE AND THE

The King, who always did as his daughter bade him, immediately called in the boy and asked him what kind of work he would like to do.

Jacolino, who was not at all particular, said that he would be glad to do anything.

He was taken on as an under-gardener, and he worked so cleverly and behaved so well that he won the good opinion of all who knew him.

He still kept the snake hidden in his breast, taking it out at night, and now and then during the day when no one was about.

One day the snake, for the first time, spoke to Jacolino.

" You work much too hard here, dear master," he said. " Go to the King, thank him for his kindness, and then let us leave this place."

At first Jacolino refused to do this, for he loved the good King and his charming daughter, and did not wish to leave them. But the snake would not let him rest, and so at last he gave in, and asked the King's permission to take a holiday.

" Take one by all means," said the King. " You well deserve it. But be sure you come back to us, for we can't spare you altogether."

Jacolino promised to return. Then he and his pet set off on their travels.

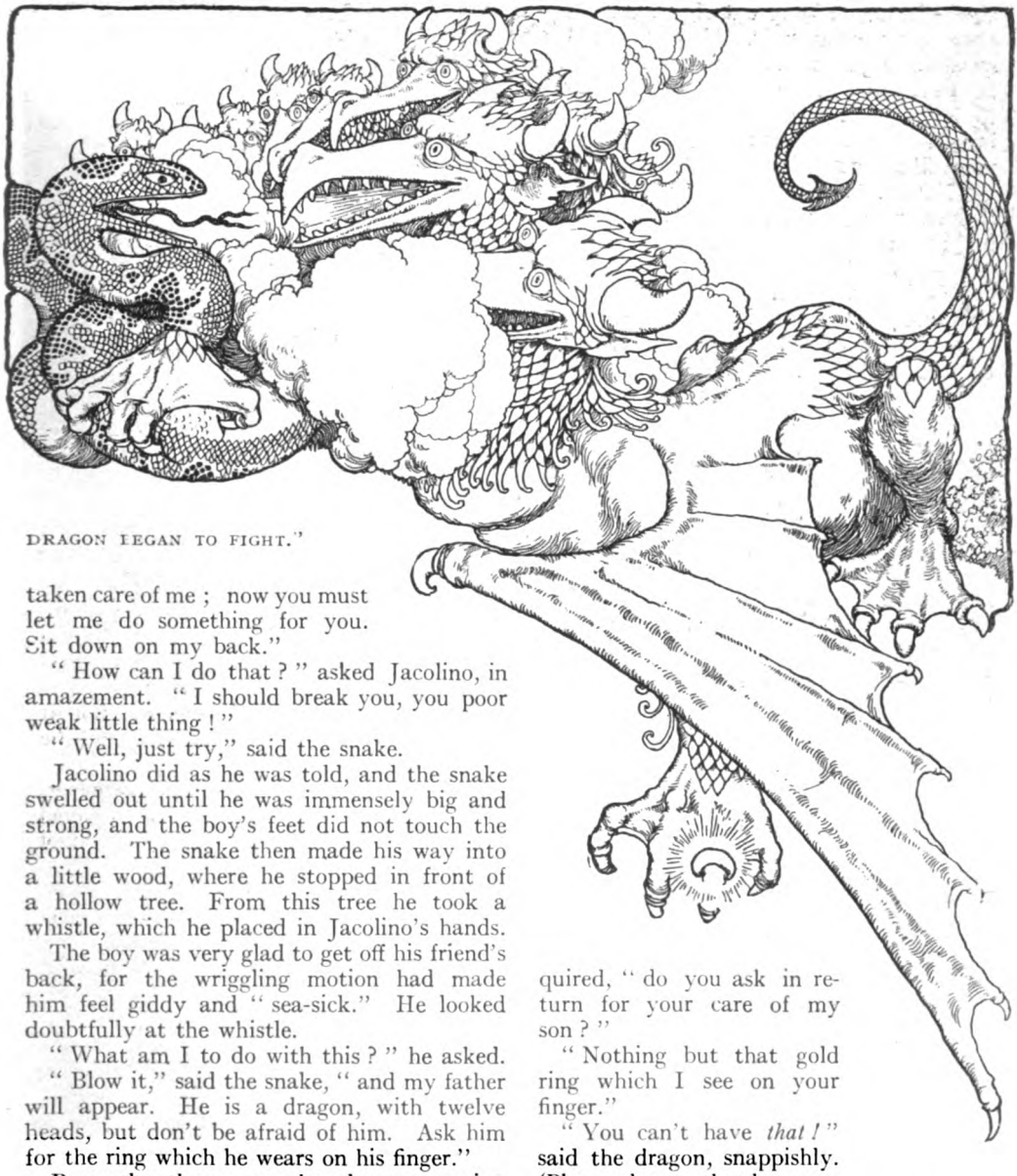
" My dear master and friend," said the snake, wriggling out of Jacolino's pocket when they had left palace and town far behind, " for a long time you have very kindly

On the third day some of the children fished out of the sea a beautifully-marked little snake. Greedy Jacolino wanted this also, and bought it from the others with his four silver sixpences. This time, however, his father and mother were not at all pleased, and they scolded him for bringing such a " horrid creature " into the house.

" Very well," said Jacolino, " as you do not like my pretty snake, I will take him away."

He put the snake into his breast-pocket and walked off to the town. As Jacolino passed the King's palace the Princess saw him from her window.

" Look, father ! " she said to the King, " see what a handsome boy is passing ! *Do* take him into our service ! "



DRAGON BEGAN TO FIGHT."

taken care of me ; now you must let me do something for you. Sit down on my back."

" How can I do that ? " asked Jacolino, in amazement. " I should break you, you poor weak little thing ! "

" Well, just try," said the snake.

Jacolino did as he was told, and the snake swelled out until he was immensely big and strong, and the boy's feet did not touch the ground. The snake then made his way into a little wood, where he stopped in front of a hollow tree. From this tree he took a whistle, which he placed in Jacolino's hands.

The boy was very glad to get off his friend's back, for the wriggling motion had made him feel giddy and " sea-sick." He looked doubtfully at the whistle.

" What am I to do with this ? " he asked.

" Blow it," said the snake, " and my father will appear. He is a dragon, with twelve heads, but don't be afraid of him. Ask him for the ring which he wears on his finger."

Presently they saw the dragon coming towards them. His twelve ugly heads gave him a very terrible appearance, but of course brave Jacolino was not in the least frightened.

" Well ! " said this monster to his son, " where have you been all this long time ? "

" An eagle flew away with me and dropped me into the sea," replied the snake. " Some children who were fishing drew me out, then this good, kind friend bought me for four silver sixpences."

" Oh, indeed ! " said the dragon, carelessly. He looked at Jacolino. " What," he inquired, " do you ask in return for your care of my son ? "

" Nothing but that gold ring which I see on your finger."

" You can't have *that !* " said the dragon, snappishly. (Please observe that he was a "snap-dragon.") " Ask me for something else."

" No, no, *no !* " cried the snake ; " give him the ring, father. He *shall* have the ring ! "

" He shall *not* have the ring ! " roared the dragon.

The snake and the dragon began to fight. Both were very strong, but the snake—though he did not look it—was the stronger, and the dragon had to give up the gold ring.

" Put this on your finger," said the snake to Jacolino. " Whenever you are in need of anything turn the ring three times ; then

three giants will jump out of it and hasten to obey your commands. If you use these servants of yours wisely, you will very soon be the richest man on earth. Now, I am sorry to say, I must remain here with my father, but I shall never forget you, and I hope that you will not quite forget *me*."

"Never!" said the boy. He felt very sad at having to part with his friend the snake, but as he walked on towards his home his spirits revived, and though he was not particularly in need of anything, he thought that he would just turn the ring and see what would happen. He turned it three times, and out of it jumped immediately the three giants.

"What does our master require?" they asked, eagerly, all speaking together.

"I wish two of you to go on before me and turn my father's house into a splendid castle. I wish the other one to remain with me and carry me home."

Jacolino's orders were instantly obeyed. Two of the giants went on, the other carried him home. There Jacolino found his father and mother, sitting in a grand castle without knowing in the least how they got there. The cat and dog were lying on a magnificent rug in front of the fire.

Jacolino related his adventures, and told his parents that the dearest wish of his heart was to marry the beautiful Princess. The very next day Jacolino's mother went to see the King, to whom she said that her son, the former gardener-boy, having become an exceedingly great and powerful person, desired to marry His Majesty's daughter.

"Well," said the King, "he may have her if he can do two things."

"What are they?" asked the woman.

"We will take one at a time," replied the King. "The first thing is this: that between my palace and your castle twelve regiments of soldiers shall be posted to-night, with all their bands playing, one as beautifully as another."

Home went the mother, and told Jacolino what the King had said.

"ALL THE BANDS WERE PLAYING

"All right!" said the young man, cheerfully. "I'll soon do that!"

At midnight he went outside the castle and turned his ring three times.

The three giants appeared.

"What are your orders, master?" they inquired.

"That to-night, between my castle and the King's palace, shall be posted twelve regiments of soldiers, with all their bands playing, one as beautifully as another."

"It shall be done, master," said the giants.

Very early in the morning the King was awakened by the sound of music. As soon as it was light he looked from his window and saw the twelve regiments of soldiers. All their bands were playing in perfect tune and time.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the King.

After this, he sent to tell Jacolino the second thing which he had to do before he could marry the Princess.

This was the message:—

"Near my palace there is a very bare mountain. By to-morrow turn it into a vineyard, and arrange that two quarts of wine from it shall stand on my breakfast-table."

Of course, the three giants easily managed this small matter, and the two quarts of wine duly appeared on the King's breakfast-table the next morning. Then Jacolino was allowed to marry the beautiful Princess, who loved him every bit as much as he loved her. Soon after the wedding the old King died, and the lady became "Queen Jacolina." Her husband, King Jacolino, often lent her his magic ring. One day she gave him a pleasant surprise, by sending the giants to fetch his old friend the snake. As the dragon was now dead the snake was easily persuaded to make the palace his home. A very happy home it was.

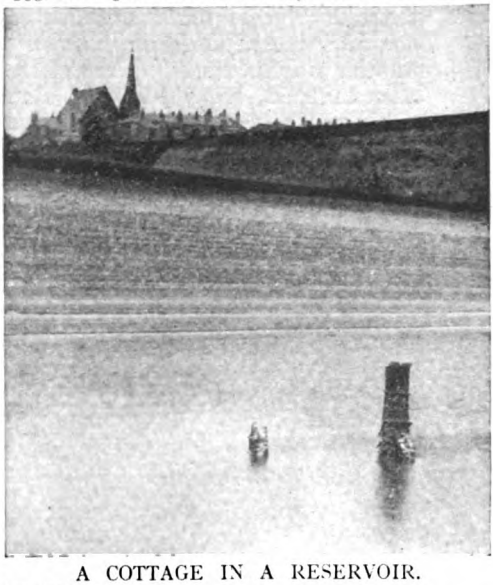
IN PERFECT TIME AND TUNE."

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

LINES THAT LEAD TO BARGAINS.

BROAD streaks of red paint cover the footpath in front of a shop in Los Angeles, California, converging upon the enterprising merchant's show-window. The pedestrian naturally follows the maze with his eyes, and perhaps with his steps. He is directed to the shop-front, where the lines of red paint are carried up the wall leading to the plate glass; inside the pane each line is followed up by a band of red ribbon which leads from that particular point on the glass to some object in the show-window, marked conspicuously with a bargain price. As an advertising idea it is unique and effective. It may be added that the footpath lines are of a water-mixed paint that washes off readily.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 1353, West 36th Place, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

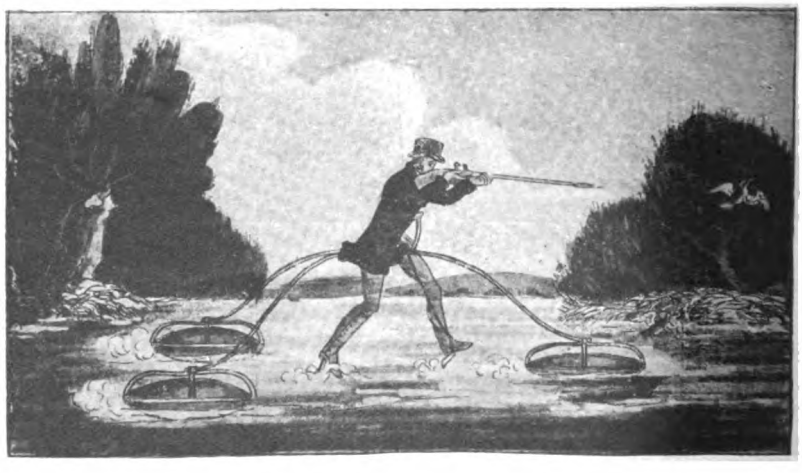


A COTTAGE IN A RESERVOIR.

THE photograph above shows the chimney-stack and portion of the gable-end of a cottage lying at the bottom of the Wayoh reservoir at Entwistle, near Bolton, Lancashire. During excessive droughts, similar to the one we last experienced, resulting in the lowering of reservoirs, this cottage shows itself. Only twice in thirty years has this been uncovered, the last time being about sixteen years ago. When the reservoir was in course of construction a few cottages stood on the low-lying ground and all but one were demolished. For some reason or other, however, the tenant of the remaining cottage refused to leave, and only when the water was actually turned on did he go, the result being that owing to the authorities not having time thoroughly to pull down the building, the remaining portion was eventually covered by the water of the new reservoir.—Mr. Robert E. Preston, 8, Shaftesbury Road, Darwen, Lancs.

AN EARLY WATER-WALKER.

THE wish to perform the seemingly-impossible has always been strongly implanted in the human breast, and among the feats which have particularly appealed to inventors at all times is that of walking or riding on water. One of the most practical of such inventions, here shown, is said to have been put in use in 1822. It was called the Aquatic Tripod or Tricipede, and consisted of three circular floats connected by a framework raised in such a way as to support a saddle for the aquatist or tricipedist. He also had an extra support breast high to keep him steady while bird-shooting, for which purpose the machine was intended, while it was propelled by paddles fastened to the feet.—Mr. C. Van Noorden, 35, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.



See Page 327 for **Important Announcemen**

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See Page 22.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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"My soldier boy was brought up largely on Nestlé's Milk. He is a fine specimen of a young soldier." (*Royal Warwick Regt.*)

Originals can be seen on application.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, SEE PAGES 2 AND 4.

"HE FOUND MISS RAVENHILL CONFRONTING HIM, A PISTOL IN HER HAND."

(*See page 235.*)

A Traveller in Hats.

By E. M. JAMESON.

Illustrated by J. E. Sutcliffe.

THE Chief came into the room where Miss Ravenhill sat, a bundle of letters in his hand. "Brown is abroad, Seagrave down with pneumonia. Our only confidential men! It leaves us in rather a quandary."

Miss Ravenhill ceased tapping her machine. She was not busy this morning, and only a moment before Mr. Helmesley's entrance she had mentally regretted the fact, as it made the monotony of existence more apparent. She leaned across for her notebook and pencil, then waited, her chin on her palm.

A slight, pale girl, well-bred in appearance, and very quiet in manner, the Chief, who usually dictated to a man, had only begun to notice her during the past few weeks, though she had been in the firm just over a year. Once noticed, she gripped the attention in some curiously subtle fashion. Whether it was due to her steady, sea-grey eyes, the firm set of her lips, or the square, determined chin with its hint of a cleft, it would be difficult to say. She was so quietly self-possessed that her calm reached towards Mr. Helmesley and convinced him of her possibilities.

"I — won - der," he said, slowly, as if to himself.

He could not be expected to know that, under her calm, Miss Ravenhill's heart beat at accelerated speed. She straightened herself and drew forward her notebook again, the pencil poised to take down the words at his bidding. But the Chief continued to look at her in perplexity, and she dropped her hand again to the table.

Miss Ravenhill saw that he had something in his mind, something that she hoped might prove to her advantage and distraction. For, truth to tell, after a life of freedom and good social standing, she abominated the secretarial round to which necessity had condemned her.

From the time she entered the doors of Rice, Helmesley, Drane, and Co. (Rice was dead, and no one had seen Co.) to the hour she emerged at the end of the business day, she went through her evolutions with perfect precision and aptitude. It was not the firm's fault that they had no need of her quick intelligence. The work she was engaged upon was, of necessity, more or less mechanical, and twelve precious months out of her total of twenty-three years of existence had gone in secretarial pursuits.

The Chief placed his bundle of correspondence on the table, and paced up and down the room, but his gaze always came back to Miss Ravenhill, and tormented her with its vague possibilities. At last he spoke again:—

"Ordinarily, you seem to keep your wits about you, Miss Ravenhill. I wonder if you would in an emergency?"

The girl's figure became a degree more erect, as she stiffened into attention.

"I am sure of it," she said, quietly.

"No one—man or woman—can be certain until the occasion arises."

Miss Ravenhill suddenly flamed into life.

"Won't you trust me, Mr. Helmesley? I assure you, I have plenty of initiative and common sense. Do try me."

The Chief smiled. Then he sat down near the bureau, folding his arms.

"I am half-inclined to. I feel you are to be relied upon."

"Thank you," said Miss Ravenhill, and there was real gratitude in her tone. "You may trust me to do my utmost."

Mr. Helmesley bowed. "I am convinced of that. The only doubt I have is my right to place you in a position of difficulty, and perhaps a little danger—yes, there might be danger."

Miss Ravenhill sat erect.

"*Danger!* Good!"

The Chief laughed outright.

"What it is to be young! Well, listen. As you know, we lawyers are often asked by clients to safeguard family valuables, in addition to papers. This morning I have had a letter from a client in the country, requesting that I would send down a trustworthy representative to receive a necklace of great value that must be put into safe custody with us at once. I have heard of the necklace before. It is the personal property of this lady, Mrs. Devenish. She is the second wife of Devenish of Clones—a magnate in a small way, a good deal older than his wife. I have seen her several times—she is a charming woman."

The Chief was busy sorting out the letter from the sheaf he had brought with him. He drew it out, and she saw that the large, square envelope was marked "Private and Urgent." Before detaching the letter itself, he scrutinized the postmark.

"I noticed at once that it was not posted in the village sub-office, but in a town some miles away. She tells me that the letter is being posted by her own hands. She seems extremely anxious to rid herself of the responsibility of the necklace."

"Is she afraid of burglars?" asked Miss Ravenhill, keenly interested.

"I do not know. She simply says that she is not feeling well, and that she is nervous lest anything should happen to the emeralds. She implies that Clones is not the safest place for the necklace, and that she prefers to leave it in my keeping, if I can arrange the matter for her without rousing undue comment on the reason for my representative's visit."

"Do you mind telling me of whom the family consists?"

"Herself, her husband—she is his second wife—the husband's son by his first marriage, and Mrs. Devenish's daughter—a girl quite young, about seventeen, I imagine, the only child of this marriage with Devenish of Clones."

Miss Ravenhill, drinking in every word, looked up.

"Then if I appear on the scene how am I to be accounted for?"

Mr. Helmesley looked slightly nonplussed.

"That is precisely what is troubling me."

"What does Mrs. Devenish suggest?"

"She suggests nothing. There is very little initiative about her, and I fancy her life is not an easy one. She simply says that any arrangements I choose to make she will fall in with."

"If you were sending a man," said Miss Ravenhill, "what——?"

"Let us get rid of suppositions," replied the Chief. "I am sending you."

She nodded, her head on her hand. Suddenly she looked round.

"Are Mrs. Devenish and her daughter plain or pretty?"

"They are both pretty."

"Do they dress well?"

"On the few occasions I have seen Mrs. Devenish she was admirably dressed."

Miss Ravenhill rose to her feet.

"Then I'll go as a young person from the milliner's—a traveller in hats. Why not? They often go down to country houses to show their wares."

"It seems a feasible idea," said the Chief, after a moment. "How are you going to get the hats and necessary equipment?"

"I have a friend who has started a little millinery business, and she will let me have samples willingly enough. After all, it will be good for her, too. Mrs. Devenish is bound to buy one or two hats, just to give credence to the traveller's presence in her house."

Towards noon of the next day a telegraphic message reached the office. It was to the effect that the person from the milliner's would be met at Clones Station by a dark maroon car. She was to travel on the morning following by a train reaching Clones at twelve-thirty.

Accompanied by a discreet number of flowered cardboard boxes marked "Betty—Modiste," Miss Ravenhill ensconced herself in the railway carriage, and looked out at the crowds hurrying by.

Suddenly her eye lighted upon a tall, thin, aristocratic young man, who sauntered on to the platform and, as the train gathered speed, swung himself on without apparent effort. His movements brought him just within reach of Miss Ravenhill's carriage.

He did not intrude upon her, but with a glance that swept concisely over her and her gaily beflowered hat-boxes he passed along the corridor out of sight. The slightly ironic twist of his mouth remained in Miss Ravenhill's memory. She had seen him before, on her way to and from the office, and in that momentary flash of glances there had seemed in his eyes to be a gleam of recognition.

Miss Ravenhill, despising herself very promptly for bestowing a heart-throb on a

stranger, returned to her study of the landscape. Her young, eager blood raced in her veins. From sheer joy she could have sung to the rushing noise of the train. She stood by the window, and laughed. She felt as if the world were made up of joy in one vast heap, leaving nothing in sky or land to wish for.

A movement caused her to look round. The tall, thin young man stood in the corridor, his satirical glance upon her. There was Celtic blood in Miss Ravenhill. Now it seemed for an instant to cease racing, warm and vigorous, in her veins and to become suddenly ice-chill.

"Curious that he should be on the same train," Miss Ravenhill told herself, "but, of course, it must be quite an ordinary coincidence. When I meet him anywhere he gives me a sense that he recognizes me; yet if we had ever met in the old days, socially, I should not have forgotten him."

Arrived at her own destination a few minutes later, she found the maroon car waiting for her. She and her boxes safely inside, the spare, elderly chauffeur mounted to his place. He had been a coachman from early manhood, and in every fibre of his being he resented the inroads made by machinery. He was a dour and disappointed man.

Miss Ravenhill found the journey all too short. The high iron gates swung open as if by magic to the sound of the motor-horn, and the car ran smoothly between the trees, and drew up before a long brown house covered with Virginia creeper.

She and her hat-boxes were ushered into a room at the left of the hall door. There were plenty of flowers about, with an open piano littered with music, and a guitar with streamers of rose-coloured ribbon. A large box of sweets, the contents tossed about as if favourites had been rifled, lay on the chintz couch.

She had hardly time to wonder if this gay room were the sanctum of Mrs. Devenish or her daughter, when the door opened to admit a young girl of such dazzling fairness that Miss Ravenhill involuntarily caught her breath. She was a slim, almost childish, figure in a short gown of Madonna blue, her small head "sunning over with curls," and large blue, dark-lashed eyes.

Carol Devenish came forward with a swift, soft rush, then hesitated, her glance going from Miss Ravenhill to the gay hat-boxes.

"You have come! I'm longing to see the hats. It's ages since I had a new one! Do let me see them! Quick! quick! If you haven't anything for me I'll never forgive you. Ah-h-h——!"

Smiling a little, Miss Ravenhill opened a box.

Carol Devenish gave a little cry, snatched its contents from her hand, and ran to the mirror, placing the hat on her golden curls.

"There!" she exclaimed, turning triumphantly. "It is the very hat I've been aching for."

"Just a degree more closely down on your head." Miss Ravenhill might have been to the millinery manner born as she readjusted the hat. "That is most becoming. You really could not improve upon it."

"Too bad of you to steal a march upon me, Carol," said a voice behind them.

Miss Ravenhill turned as Mrs. Devenish came into the room: a slight, graceful, pretty woman, delicate and a degree harassed-looking.

"I'll leave you the rest," said Carol, pirouetting before the mirror and tweaking a bow into place. "You may have them all. I see Quex coming up the garden—I'm going to show it to him."

"Quex!" exclaimed Mrs. Devenish. "Quex here to-day?"

But like a length of quicksilver Carol ran out at the open French window and disappeared. Mrs. Devenish, eager-eyed, all her languor gone, turned swiftly, and laid burning fingers on Miss Ravenhill's wrist.

"You come from——?"

"Mr. Helmesley, of Rice, Helmesley, Drane, and Co. Here is the telegram you sent him, to establish my identity."

Mrs. Devenish took it, gave it a hasty glance, then tearing it across tossed it into the fire of logs which burned in the grate.

"After luncheon—yours will be brought in to you here—I will give you the necklace. Show me a hat or two—quickly!"

The window was darkened suddenly.

"Quex loves my hat, and says he would like to pass an opinion on yours," said Carol, hanging on to her half-brother's arm.

For a fraction of time Mrs. Devenish hesitated, then she smiled.

"Of course. Come in, Quex. What brings you down to-day? And how did you come? In the car with Madame?"

The tall, thin, satirical young man sauntered into the room, bowing to Miss Ravenhill.

"If Madame—Betty—permits."

An ironic flash came to her from his eyes as he drawled the name. He altogether ignored the question of his arrival. Miss

"ADMIRABLE! SUITS YOU WONDERFULLY!"

Ravenhill experienced an uncomfortable sensation. It was as though he knew the name was an assumed one. She merely bowed in response, and went on with her occupation of opening the boxes and disposing of the tissue-paper wrappings.

"How did you come?" repeated Mrs. Devenish.

Some sharpness in her tone riveted Miss Ravenhill's attention.

"I got out at the station before Clones, and there I happened to meet Batley, who gave me a lift."

"Why——?" began Mrs. Devenish, when Miss Ravenhill, under lowered lids, managed to convey a warning glance to her, handing her, at the same time, a hat.

The young man made no comment as Mrs. Devenish tried on three in succession. He leaned supinely against the piano, following every movement made by Miss Ravenhill. She was annoyed with herself for becoming nervous under his scrutiny.

At the fourth hat he allowed himself an opinion.

"Admirable! Suits you wonderfully! Carol's won't have a glance bestowed upon it when you are around. That soft, feathery thing—an osprey, is it?—is delightful. Do you not agree, Madame—Betty?"

Miss Ravenhill stood back a little, her hands folded in the correct modistic manner, her head slightly on one side, considering her client. She wished this disturbing young man would take his departure.

Mrs. Devenish smiled. She grew suddenly younger as she glanced at her step-son.

"Then I will decide to keep this one, Madame; and after luncheon I will perhaps choose another. You must be tired. Please make yourself happy here with books or papers. We lunch at one-thirty."

Her glance ran with admiration over Miss Ravenhill. The latter might not be beautiful, but she had charm, and an inimitable style of her own. Good birth showed in every line of her as she gravely bowed her thanks and began to gather together the tissue-paper billows around her.

Quex Devenish made a movement as if to help her. His step-mother slipped her hand through his arm, and turned with him towards the door.

The door closed upon them. Miss Ravenhill, feeling suddenly released from espionage, sank upon the couch.

"Come upstairs and see my bedroom," said Carol the irrepressible, dancing back into the room, her new hat still upon her head. "Come along—we've got exactly ten minutes before lunch."

They went swiftly up the wide staircase, which would have allowed five or six persons to walk abreast. In an upper corridor they met a small, grey, elderly man hurrying along with a peculiar sidelong action of the body. His eyes, as he glanced at Miss Ravenhill, were furtive. He, too, appeared to be a bundle of nerves, and he darted away before Carol could detain him. He brought to mind a grey fox evading his pursuers. It was difficult to believe that he was the owner of such a beautiful old place as Clones, and of such a wife and daughter, and—yes—of such a son.

Quex Devenish might be satirical, but, at all events, he gave no impression of furtiveness. On the contrary, there was about him some hint of the daredevil.

Miss Ravenhill, at the clanging of the gong, was glad to get back to the chintz parlour, where she found a table spread for her. Carol threatened to bear her company, then just as quickly changed her mind. In her gay, irresponsible way she leaned up and kissed Miss Ravenhill lightly on the cheek. It was a butterfly touch.

"You don't mind? But I feel I could like you—*enormously!*"

She nodded, laughed, straightened the hat, which the caress had slightly dislodged, and flew from the room.

Miss Ravenhill had hardly finished her lunch when Mrs. Devenish entered.

"May I ask you to come to my room?" she said, in her tired, courteous way. "Here we are subject to interruptions by door and window. Let us take a hat-box each to give colour to our plans."

She lifted a hat-box in each hand, and Miss Ravenhill took the remaining two boxes. The others now were empty. Under her quiet manner Mrs. Devenish was stirred to excitement. It was visible in her eyes when, in her own sitting-room on the first floor, she turned to face Miss Ravenhill. She did not sit down or suggest that Miss Ravenhill should be seated. On the contrary, she walked into the bedroom beyond, looked about her, and came back again.

"Place the hats on the couch as if I were choosing another," she said, "and meantime tell me how you intend to carry the necklace."

"I have my bag——"

"No, no—the least thing might induce you to lay it down. You must wear it round your neck. Have you any conception of its value?" Her tone was a degree impatient.

"I know it is very great."

"Listen!" Mrs. Devenish's fingers, like fire, touched the other's wrist. "The emeralds are all I have to leave to my little girl should anything happen to me. All the rest of my possessions, money and jewels, have been sunk in Clones to keep it in good repair—for the only son. My child will have nothing from her father, and though Quex Devenish is good and devoted to her and to me, why should she be left to the caprice of any man? He is sure to marry. My husband's one passion is Clones, and to keep it intact he would reduce us all to beggary where ready money is concerned. I have yielded far too much for the sake of peace. The necklace, at least, shall be Carol's—to be sold when she is of age, to provide an income for her. I will give it to you now. I trust you—you have a good face, and John Helmesley is no fool."

She stooped, lifting the hem of her overskirt. The next moment a ripple of green light fell from her fingers.

Miss Ravenhill gave an involuntary exclamation.

"They can't be real!"

"Every one is flawless," said Mrs. Devenish, her hands shaking. "Stoop your head quickly—the clasp is double, and very strong. There! they hang low, and fortunately your bodice is very little transparent. Draw it up a degree higher. That's right—no one can see. When you leave, turn up the fur of your coat collar. Your train goes soon. I should have liked you to stay a little, but it is wiser to get back. The days are short, and I shall be on tension until to-morrow, when I will drive into the town for a letter—you can post one to-night. Even now I ask myself is it well to trust a mere girl with it. Yet it is safer to get it away from the house."

She raised her head to listen, then motioned towards the hats. Miss Ravenhill rustled the tissue-paper and held up a hat for inspection.

The door opened very softly, and the face of the master of Clones appeared in the aperture. His narrow eyes glanced from wife to milliner, and back again.

"My dear, have you yet decided to call upon the Wycherleys this afternoon?"

From his manner it was evident he expected some opposition. His face cleared when Mrs. Devenish said, quietly:—

"Yes, Carol and I are going—our new hats enable us to do so. We can have the maroon car when it comes back from taking Madame to the junction."

"I want the maroon car myself this afternoon," said her husband, suavely.

It seemed to Miss Ravenhill, occupied on the surface with the hats, that he cast a slightly malicious look at his wife. She did not appear to be ruffled.

"Then we must have the small car. You can spare Hindman, I conclude?"

"Of course. I shall drive myself in the maroon car—I have some distance to go."

"Then we will arrange it so," said Mrs. Devenish, tranquilly. But Miss Ravenhill noted that her hands shook a degree. "Please tell Hindman to be ready at three-thirty. Now, Madame, I decide to keep two hats and one for my daughter. I see you have the bills of each. Allow me to make out a cheque."

As she moved to the bureau her husband slipped from the room. Again the thought of a grey slinking fox came to Miss Ravenhill's mind. The atmosphere seemed pleasanter when he had gone. She put back the hats that were to be returned to town.

Mrs. Devenish came towards her swiftly, the cheque in her hand. There was a red spot of colour on both cheeks, and her eyes held, deep down, a kind of fear. She seemed on the verge of a torrent of words, then, instead, touched Miss Ravenhill's arm.

"You will take every precaution?"

Miss Ravenhill's fingers went to her breast, where the emeralds lay hidden.

"Of course! After all, no one knows."

"I am watched from morning to night. He has some devilish instinct about things. At least—no—I should not have said that to a stranger. Be careful and speedy, and don't travel alone."

"I will take every precaution," replied Miss Ravenhill, who, to tell the truth, thought her new client a subject of nerves. "Please do not be anxious."

"The moment I get Mr. Helmesley's note saying your mission is safely accomplished will mean peace of mind for me—nothing matters after that. I have been a fool long enough. Carol shall have at least all that is left. My step-son's appearance to-day was a great surprise to me, and even now I cannot fathom the reason for his coming. He is usually too busy."

"Busy!" exclaimed Miss Ravenhill, involuntarily. "He hardly looks as if he had ever accomplished a day's hard work in his life."

"He is one of the cleverest young lawyers

in the country, so a very astute legal light told me. That lazy air of his covers a multitude of things that few people guess to be there."

At that moment Carol came into the room in her quick, airy fashion. She carried a huge bouquet of flowers.

"For you—Betty—Modiste," she laughed. "And wouldn't you like to see the gardens?"

Miss Ravenhill spent a pleasant half-hour wandering through grounds laid out with skill, and regardless of cost. In a distant veranda she caught sight of the two Devenish men—Quex, with his length extended limply in a long chair; his father, pacing up and down with that swift, slinking glide of his, almost rubbing his shoulder against the vine-clad trellis. He and his son were talking together, and Quex was smoking a cigar. The scent of it came to Miss Ravenhill as she passed.

"I wonder if they are hatching plots?" she asked herself, with that quickening of the pulses which the sight of Quex Devenish invariably brought. "I shall be glad to get away, though to think of danger seems ridiculous. Perhaps Mrs. Devenish's fears have infected me. They cannot possibly guess."

A few moments later she was relieved to find herself, boxes and all, in the small automobile. It was shabby by comparison with the spick and span elegance of the maroon car. The chauffeur was not in his place, but soon he was visible hurrying round from the stable-yard. Only Carol was there to speed her on her way, and while waiting she sat in the car beside Miss Ravenhill laughing roguishly, like a child in possession of a secret. She was so exquisite that her words at parting did not dawn upon Miss Ravenhill until the car had started.

She leaned up to Miss Ravenhill, laughing all the time, with a touch of malice.

"Good-bye, dear Betty—Modiste. You'll have a surprise before long—I wish I could be there."

She ran back to the steps of the house, a light airy figure, her golden curls ablow in the breeze, her hand waving in farewell.

On the opposite cushions, tucked away among the hat-boxes, she saw a parcel addressed to her. It proved to be a large box of chocolates, tied up with rose-coloured ribbons.

This was the surprise. How good of the child! This was her secret. Madge Ravenhill smiled in relief, and putting up her hand touched the hardness of the emeralds.

In times of tension, every trifling word, however commonplace, is apt to take on a subtle meaning. She settled herself in her place as the car passed along the road. At all events, she had caught a brief glimpse of country scenes such as her soul loved, and would have the satisfaction of returning to the office in time to deliver the goods to Mr. Helmesley before going to bed that night, and so justifying his faith in her.

The car went unevenly, jolting over a piece of ground whose roughness she had not remarked on coming. She was obliged to grip the leather strap in order to keep herself from being thrown from side to side. Perhaps there were two ways to the station.

Quick to remember landmarks, she saw none that were familiar. The car was grinding its way at breakneck speed down an incline so steep as to be dangerous. Could the dour chauffeur, by any possibility, be intoxicated? At all events, he must have turned into the wrong road.

She leaned forward to attract his attention, speaking sharply. As he glanced round, the movement brought his profile in fuller view.

With a violent revulsion of feeling she realized that it was not the face of the chauffeur, but the thin, clear-cut features of Quex Devenish.

Her heart beat in hard jerks in unison with the jolting of the car. She huddled back in her corner, sick for a moment with apprehension, and—yes—disappointment. If it had been the master of Clones she would have felt less surprise.

The grinding noise of the car, as it slid down the steep and stony lane, deprived her of ready power of action. She saw now that they were no longer on the high road, but in a narrow offshoot that led—where?

She sat rigid in her corner, her brain beginning to clear. Her hand went to the pocket of her long coat, and the fingers settled on something there.

The car rocked its way down the slope, the brakes grinding noisily. As he gripped the wheel the outline of the young man's face and shoulder took a more determined line. Beneath the tension of her mind lay another feeling which even Madge Ravenhill herself hardly realized, an acute sense of disappointment.

The next moment they reached the level, but the car did not stop. It ran on for a short distance, and turned on through some open wooden gates into a kind of courtyard. There were half-ruined buildings around, and

"THE DOOR OPENED VERY SOFTLY, AND THE FACE OF THE MASTER OF CLONES APPEARED IN THE APERTURE."

a chimney-stack which had fallen in a heap of bricks. Evidently some factory now disused.

The car stopped suddenly. Before she could descend, Quex Devenish flung himself from his place, and, running to the gates pushed them to. They were rotten and covered with green mould, but he was able to get them closed. The bolts were rusty, and he did not attempt to shoot them into the still rustier sockets.

When he turned round he found Miss Ravenhill confronting him, a pistol in her hand—a toy thing, glittering, but deadly, as he knew.

The girl's grey eyes were dark and dilated, her face white, but her courage was not to be doubted.

He looked back at her coolly, standing motionless, eye to eye. And again that thrill passed through the girl.

"I beg you not to shoot," he said, quietly. "For more reasons than one it would be a ghastly blunder. When you understand——"

"Understand!" She gave him a look of contempt. "There is nothing to understand. Do not trouble to explain."

"There is a great deal to understand," he replied, in the same level voice. She noticed it had lost its drawl, and that there was a desperate earnestness in his closely-compressed mouth.

"I wonder you could stoop so low. If you come a step nearer, I will shoot."

"On the contrary, I mean to go farther away, and you may cover me all the time I am speaking to you. But I mean also to make you understand. We are here, miles from any person or place, and you have the emerald necklace in your possession."

"Why should you suppose that?"

The ghost of his satirical smile crossed his lips, then his expression changed instantly to something so near tragedy that, involuntarily, she lowered her weapon a degree.

"That's right! I am not going to touch you. I swear it. Or the emeralds, either. It will be as great a relief to me when they are in safe keeping as to you, Miss Ravenhill."

The girl started, but her grasp of the pistol was still firm. He waved aside the question in her eyes.

"That can all be explained later. Meantime, it rests with you and with me to safeguard the jewels."

An earnestness, almost a solemnity, in his voice impressed itself upon the listener's heart. She had to steel herself to disbelieve his honesty. His knowledge was uncanny.

"Then why bring me to this lonely spot?"

"Because up there, on the level, danger threatened."

"Danger! You expect me to believe that?"

"Believe it or not, as you please—it is the truth. If I tell you certain things that affect me, personally, very closely, I must exact from you a promise not to divulge them to a soul—not even to Mr. Helmesley."

For a moment Miss Ravenhill imagined he must be in urgent need of money, and, by touching her sympathies, thought he might induce her to condone his attempted theft of the emeralds. Her slender figure stiffened, and she closed her fingers more firmly on the revolver. His smile flashed out for an instant. Then she noticed how tired his face was, and how drawn.

"I may as well tell you that no confidences will induce me to part with what I hold in trust. I shall shoot you without compunction if you attempt to get the emeralds."

Quex Devenish shrugged his shoulders.

"Good heavens! How can I convince you that the safeguarding of the emeralds is more to me than to anyone?"

He pointed to a rough stool and table at a little distance, in what remained of the ruins of a room.

"Sit down there. You've naturally had a shock over my apparent cut-throat behaviour. Cover me all the time with your weapon, and when I've finished you'll lower it of your own accord. Meantime, let me remind you that the train is due at the junction in twenty minutes. Don't worry. I'm the honestest man 'ive over those emeralds."

There was a hint of pleading in his voice, which almost convinced her. But she leaned her elbow on the mildewed wooden table, and hardened her heart. Too much hung upon the issue for personal feelings to slip in. Through all her fear she felt his attractiveness, and it made her the more pitiless. He leaned against the whitewashed wall, but there was a tension now about his figure, rather than supineness. His eyes held hers steadily.

"I *must* catch that train back to town," said Miss Ravenhill, stooping to plead.

He bowed.

"Give me five minutes to explain, and we'll do it easily."

As she made no comment, he went on:—

"In order to drive the car this afternoon I had to lock Hindman into his own room,

after helping myself to his coat and cap. The other car left earlier."

"I wish—I *wish* I could believe you!" broke in the girl, impulsively. "But——"

He straightened himself, and faced her; and again she read in his eyes that hint of tragedy.

"You *shall* believe in me—later. At present, I am in the unenviable position of telling unpalatable truths about my own father. The only merciful construction to be placed upon his actions is insanity. Where Clones is concerned he is not normal. He would ruin himself body and soul for Clones. He married the present Mrs. Devenish for her money—and he has had it all, to fling away on making Clones more perfect. And, you see, I, being heir to Clones, am in an unfortunate position. Mrs. Devenish, who has loved and been good to me ever since I was a little chap of twelve, when she married my father, has shown her only firmness by holding on to the emeralds. She never dreamt he would touch them. Lately, I suppose, she has had her doubts—just as I have; but equally neither she nor I cared to reveal our suspicions—she of her husband, I of my father. She is afraid of him, I can see, while I——!" He gave a short laugh. "He has never shown me an instant's real affection since I can remember. I have known for some time that he was in debt, and desperately cornered for ready money. On the subject of Clones he is a maniac. He is determined to have those emeralds—and Mrs. Devenish is a poor actress."

He broke off, and looked at his watch.

"Unless you trust me soon we shall miss the train."

Miss Ravenhill rose slowly, her face quivering in a medley of emotions. Her heart said "Trust him." Her reason hesitated. It might be only a plausible tale.

He drew one step nearer.

"Look at me," he said.

Miss Ravenhill looked him straight in the eyes.

"Now do you trust me?"

"I don't know," said the girl, miserably. "I want to, but——"

"You may—I swear it. Are we to catch the train? Can't you trust me?"

In spite of her level head Madge Ravenhill sometimes allowed herself, very wisely, to be swayed by her heart.

For answer she laid down the pistol on the table between them, and put her hands behind her back. Then, under the look he gave her, she blushed vividly, and walked towards the car.

He made no movement to touch the pistol.

"Take it with you," he said.

Miss Ravenhill burned her boats still more completely. She glanced back at him over her shoulder:—

"Carry it for me, please."

He put it into his pocket, and with one stride overtook her, holding out his hand. It was a long, capable, sinewy hand, and as she put her own into it his grasp closed round her palm like steel. There is much virtue in touch. Some element in him seemed to vibrate to some quality in herself.

He pulled open the gates. "It's going to be a pretty close run," he said, as they started, "and if we had that hill to climb I doubt if we could catch the train. Fortunately there is another way."

Miss Ravenhill said nothing. He was attuned to do his utmost for her. Why urge him?

The train was actually in the station as they drew up. He helped her out, and leaving car and contents to Fate he took her by the arm and raced through the entrance and boarded the train, regardless of protesting officials. As it neared the end of the platform, he leaned out, shouting to a porter:—

"Just look after the car for me, Jenks. I'll be down again by an evening train."

Then he threw himself into the opposite seat, quick-breathed from his haste.

"The nearest thing, wasn't it? Why, what's the matter? I thought you'd be glad!"

"S-s-so I am," said Miss Ravenhill, jerkily, the tears falling down her cheeks. "Only—that is—don't look at me for a minute—I'm so glad—it's such a relief—and—and—I've been at tension all the time—and pretty badly frightened."

"Of course!" said the young man. And he looked steadily for a few minutes away from her quivering face, when all the time he wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her. Her tears hurt him intolerably.

But Miss Ravenhill very soon recovered her poise. She dried her eyes, and looked at him.

"It seems rather an absurd thing to say after my suspicions of you—which, after all, were not surprising——"

"On the contrary, most natural. What is the absurdity?"

"That you can't imagine how glad I am to have you here. I feel safer—even now, when there's nothing to fear."

She looked around her, shivering.

Twilight began to darken the land. He did not tell her that drawn up near the station entrance was a maroon car, and that on the platform he had caught a swift glimpse of his father watching the entrance.

"Why did you come with me?"

Quex Devenish laughed. "Well, there really wasn't time to do anything else. Besides——"

"Yes?"

He hesitated.

"I shall not be satisfied until I have seen you home, after delivering the goods to the firm's keeping."

Suddenly, as he looked at her, he leaned across, holding out both hands. After an instant's pause she put her own into them. Their eyes met, and she realized that with him all the jewels of Golconda would have been safe. It seemed incredible to have doubted him.

"I've known you for such ages," he said, almost boyishly. "It is the most natural thing in the world to talk to you, and yet so heavenly strange."

There was no mistaking his tone. Her heart stirred tumultuously. She drew her hands away.

"Known me for ages! I am quite sure I should not forget having met you. Even in my father's lifetime when we entertained and travelled so much."

"Don't you remember having seen me before to-day?"

The girl's beautiful eyes met his frankly.

"Sometimes, lately, going to the office, and to-day when, by a strange coincidence, we happened to travel by the same train."

He laughed softly, and she tried not to see the tenderness in his eyes.

"Listen! Three years ago I was staying at a seaside hotel, when a car drove up with luggage. You were in it with your father. You wore a dark blue coat and skirt—something like what you have on now, only made differently, I suppose. And I remember you wore a rose tucked in the breast of your coat. Does all this bother you?"

"Not at all." Madge gave a little embarrassed smile. "I am only astonished at the length of your memory."

"There are other things I could tell you if you cared to hear them—just exactly how your hair waved under your hat brim—the colour of your eyes—the way——"

"No, no, *please!*" She put her hands to her ears. "I will take your memory for granted. And what happened?"

"When you had gone up to your rooms I was consumed with fear that your father might be your husband. I inspected the visitors' book and found 'Mr. and Miss Ravenhill.' You dined in your own rooms that evening—he seemed something of an invalid."

"He was dying, really," said the girl, quietly. "And the next day he longed so to get home that we left the hotel. He was restless always."

"Ah! that accounts for it. I was wired for early next morning on urgent business, and was away a couple of days. When I got back you were gone. All my hopes to get to know you and your father vanished. But I am a believer in Fate, and I knew, in every fibre of me, that some day you and I would meet again. I saw you for the second time seven months ago turning into the offices of Rice, Helmesley, Drane, and Co. After that—often. When I could possibly manage it, nearly every day. I knew I must bide my time—you are not the kind to allow yourself to be known promiscuously."

Madge Ravenhill made no comment. He went on:—

"To-day the stars in their courses fought for me. I was coming out of the station after buying a paper at the bookstall when you drove up with your hat-boxes, and I heard you tell the porter to put them on the train for Clones. I booked a ticket there, too. It seemed such a gorgeous opportunity. I took my chances that your wares might be for my people. It is not unusual for goods to be sent down."

"But it would not necessarily imply that I was to carry off the emeralds!"

"Emeralds! They were the last things that occurred to me. It was *you* I wanted to meet—somehow—anyhow. Later—as, of course, I knew you to be masquerading—I guessed. I am pretty quick at deduction, and at reading faces. My stepmother is not a past-master in conspiracy. Now, is she?"

"No," agreed Miss Ravenhill.

"I knew my father was in money difficulties, due to his own extravagance over Clones. It seems he, also, drew deductions; and to save my father's honour I had to take a rapid hand in the game that was being played. We were all at cross-purposes. Mrs. Devenish thinks I do not know my father's weaknesses, and she has loyally hidden them from me. Frankness between us would have been far wiser. To-night, when the emeralds are safe, and I get back

again to Clones, I will tell her all about it, if I may."

"It will save her hours of anxiety. By the way, tell me—did your sister Carol guess?"

"Not about the emeralds, but, unfortunately, she saw me in Hindman's hat and coat. I told her it was a joke, and she was not to breathe a word, but just to unlock the door for Hindman when we were safely away. She is so infatuated with you herself——"

Miss Ravenhill coloured vividly, and turned the subject.

"The car will not be back in time for their afternoon call on the Wycherleys."

"They will not care."

"Your father, I remember, said he wanted the maroon car." A thought struck her as the words left her. "Was he—did he—go to the station, do you suppose?"

"The maroon car was waiting outside."

"And—he?"

"Was on the platform—waiting, too."

The girl shuddered.

"He might have travelled by my train."

Quex Devenish nodded.

She put out her hand, and touched his arm in silent sympathy.

He forced a smile.

"Well, thank Heaven, he didn't! He is not really sane on the subject of Clones. Let it rest mercifully at that."

The clocks were striking six as he left her at the offices of Rice, Helmesley, Drane, and Co. And it was precisely ten minutes past when she rejoined him at the corner of the street.

He watched her as she came swiftly towards him under the lighted lamps, fleet-footed and radiant, a degree triumphant, too, at Mr. Helmesley's approbation. She waved towards him a slip of paper.

"A receipt for the emeralds! Please take it to Mrs. Devenish, and tell her how glad I am. Mr. Helmesley is writing to her to-night."

In her excitement, as they walked along the quiet street together, she slipped her hand through his arm. The touch set his blood racing. He stopped, the lamplight full on his face. What she saw there held her motionless for a heart-beat or two. Beyond lay the noise and clamour of a great city; here they had the world to themselves.

"For three long years I've wanted to marry you," he said, quietly. "Will you marry me when you know me better?"

"How can I tell?"

There was the sound of tears in her voice. She was tired, happy, excited, and bewildered with the day's sensations, now the reaction had set in. She just wanted to put her head against his tweed sleeve and cry her heart out.

He waited. To him she had been so much a part of his thoughts all these years that he hardly realized the turmoil of her sensations.

"Let us be friends first," she said, in a moment. Out of the bewilderment came the knowledge that to wish to cry on a particular tweed shoulder was undoubtedly a promising sign. "And then—perhaps—who knows?"

He smiled down at her. There was no irony this time. He had rather a wonderful way of smiling, she thought, as if heart and soul he might devote himself to the woman he loved.

Now, in reply, he took her ungloved hand, and stooping, bareheaded, put his lips to the palm.

"For three weeks we will leave it at that. And I mean to hope."

"There will be difficulties," protested Miss Ravenhill.

"None—if you love me."

Later, when she awakened suddenly in the night, some of the difficulties occurred to her, and the main one concerned itself with a small man, furtive-eyed, who hated her for what she had done. He came back to memory now, slinking fox-like through her dreams.

Yet had she but known it, even as she awakened fully, down in the newspaper offices they were busy setting up in type the news of a serious accident to Mr. Devenish of Clones, through the skidding of his car, self-driven home in the gloaming. And the "Stop Press" news of the later editions conveyed to her, and to the world at large, the news of his death.

WHO IS THE WORST MAN WHO EVER LIVED?

The worst man in history, according to Macaulay, was Bertrand Barère, of the French Revolution. He expressed his opinion as follows:—

> Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; but this was a failing common to him with many great and amiable men. There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we never met with them or read of them. But when we put everything together, sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as caricature, and to which, we venture to say, no parallel can be found in history.

Was Macaulay right? With a view to obtaining an up-to-date opinion on this point we put the following question to several eminent writers: "Do you agree with this verdict, and, if not, what name would you substitute for that of Barère?" Their replies form a most interesting and valuable symposium.

PIERRE CLAUDE CHEVALLIER.

By H. B. IRVING.

The famous actor-manager has always been interested in the subject of criminology, and is the author of "French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century."

IT is now generally admitted that Macaulay's extravagant description of Barère is one of those rhetorical outbursts of denunciation with which, regardless of the strict laws of evidence, he was in the habit of overwhelming historical characters who incurred his displeasure. The Duke of Marlborough, William Penn, and in lesser degree Judge Jeffreys, were the victims of this habit. To find the really irredeemably bad man, without any trace of good or possibility of extenuation, is not easy. There is a book called "The Lives of Twelve Bad Men," but when one comes to look at it in the light of the present day, the twelve do not seem really so very bad after all. There are few of them, except perhaps Titus Oates, for whom a word cannot be said. Judged by the standard of Cæsar Borgia or Frederick the Great, two consummate rascals, James Maclaine and Ned Kelly seem harmless and honourable gentlemen, while the thief-taker, Jonathan Wild, merely applied to eighteenth-century crime the methods of Standard Oil. Charles Lamb had quite a feeling of affection for Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, the poisoner, and Judge Jeffreys received a warm letter from one of the Seven Bishops commending him for having condemned to death Algernon Sidney. But no word, it would seem, can be said and no apology uttered for Lelièvre, *alias* Chevallier, executed at Lyons in 1821. His case is hardly, if at all, known in England. If we are to look for "the worst man who ever lived," Lelièvre, *alias* Chevallier, deserves a hearing.

In 1820 Pierre Claude Chevallier had been for nine years employed in the office of the Prefect of the Rhône Department at Lyons. Of charming manners and distinguished appearance, pale, with regular features, gentle blue eyes, and a magnificent head of fair hair, always quietly regular and punctual in his work, Chevallier had risen to the highest position but one in the financial department of the Prefecture. In his domestic affairs the

BERTRAND BARÈRE.

OF THIS PORTRAIT MACAULAY SAID: "WE SHOULD JUDGE THAT HIS FEATURES MUST HAVE BEEN STRIKINGLY HANDSOME, THOUGH WE THINK WE CAN READ IN THEM COWARDICE AND MEANNESS VERY LEGIBLY WRITTEN BY THE HAND OF GOD."

same punctual regularity was apparent, but in a less happy fashion. In six years' time Chevallier had had the misfortune to lose, by the cruel hand of death, a mistress, three wives, and two children. This singular fatality, however, might have escaped observation but for a rough attempt on the part of Chevallier to replace one of his lost children. On June 17th, 1820, a man caught up the little son of a hatter in a village near Lyons and ran off with him as fast as he could. The parents pursued the despoiler, came up with him, and rescued the child, on whose little feet the unknown man had already found time to pull a pair of blue stockings. In his pockets he was carrying other articles of dress in which, no doubt, he intended later to reclothe the child. Great was the astonishment of Lyons when this would-be kidnapper proved to be M. Chevallier, the respectable official in the Prefecture of the Department. Before long, however, it was realized that it had only required an event of this kind to loose many tongues till then silent, and shed a fatal and surprising light on the private history of this blond gentleman of irreproachable manners.

A brief biographical sketch of his career will serve to justify Chevallier's claim to be a very complete villain, and explain his singular proceeding in kidnapping the hatter's child.

Pierre Lelièvre was born in Madrid, the child of well-to-do and highly respectable parents. Cold, deliberate, intelligent, through his father's influence he obtained a position in the Bank of France. In the year 1809, finding his salary and his father's allowance insufficient for his needs, he forged a cheque on the Bank of France for sixty thousand francs. He was arrested, but through his father's influence, instead of being prosecuted, was sent to join a colonial battalion in the army. As a military career seemed distasteful to him, he deserted the army, but, before leaving it, found and appropriated the papers of one Pierre Claude Chevallier, who had belonged to the same battalion. This Pierre

Claude Chevallier was a native of Lyons, and it was as Pierre Claude Chevallier that Lelièvre went to Lyons and, on the strength of the papers which he brought with him, obtained, as Chevallier, a place in the Prefecture of the Rhône.

In 1812 Chevallier, as we will now call him, was joined at Lyons by his mistress, a young and beautiful Dutch girl whom he had met previously in Belgium. Shortly after his mistress came to live with him she was seized with violent inflammation of the stomach, accompanied by extreme suffering. A doctor was called in. Finding that the remedies he prescribed did the patient no good, he asked Chevallier whether she was in the habit of eating or drinking something which aggravated her disease. Chevallier replied that she was in the habit of drinking brandy, and that he could not stop her because she got it while he was away from home. When the doctor expostulated with his patient on this unfortunate habit, she denied the charge and said that it was a very long time since she had drunk any brandy. She died.

Shortly after her death Chevallier married his first wife, a strong, healthy young woman. She gave birth to a child, but about that time both she and the child were attacked by a complaint very similar to that which had carried off Chevallier's mistress. The child died, and a few days later, in the presence of her relations, Mme. Chevallier died too. The final scene was distressing. She had just taken a glass of wine, when she was seized with the most violent convulsions, falling from her bed on to the floor. In this agony she expired. Chevallier, who was present, immediately threw away the remainder of the wine left in her glass, took off the rings and ear-rings of the dead woman, and then sat down and consoled himself by reading Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ."

In 1816 Chevallier married his second wife. A year later, after giving birth to a son, the second Mme. Chevallier died with the same distressing symptoms that had afflicted the two other ladies whom Chevallier had honoured with his affection. The little son was put out to nurse. A year later Chevallier took the child away from the good people in whose charge he had been left, and said that he was taking him to live with some aunts. At the time he took him away the little boy was wearing a pair of blue stockings. This was in the early days of August, 1819. About the same time a woman living in a village near Lyons, on the banks of the Rhone, took out of the water the body of a pretty little blond boy with blue eyes some two and a half to three years old. Its little shirt was marked with the letter C, and it was wearing a pair of blue stockings.

In June, 1818, Chevallier married his third wife. After giving birth to a child, this lady passed away in dreadful convulsions similar to those which had attacked Chevallier's other wives. Immediately before her death Chevallier had given her some coffee to drink. The nurse, who suspected that there was something wrong, tasted the coffee and found it peculiarly bitter. When she told Chevallier that he had given his wife something which had not been ordered for her by the doctor, he said that he was giving her a medicine that would bring on a crisis in her disease and either kill or cure her. In a very few moments it brought about the former of these results. A strong suspicion that Chevallier had poisoned his wife was aroused over this case, but the family of the dead woman, for the sake of the future of the child, refused to take any steps against him.

A doctor who had been called in by the family of the third Mme. Chevallier had not hesitated to accuse Chevallier of the murder of his wife. He was accosted one night by an unknown man, who said to him: "Don't dare to speak of the Chevallier case or you will have to answer to me." Two months later the doctor was roused one night by a man knocking at his door and asking him to go at once to see a patient of his who lived some distance from Lyons. Fortunately, the doctor had agreed with his patient that in the event of sudden illness during the night he should receive a letter from himself or his wife, asking him to come. The doctor asked the unknown for the letter, to which he replied that the family were so upset that they must have forgotten to write it. The doctor, who distrusted the ragged and untidy appearance of the messenger, refused to accompany him. Next day he found that his patient was perfectly well and had sent him no message of any kind.

In spite of these highly suspicious circumstances and the scandal to which they had given rise, Chevallier was successful in marrying a fourth wife. In the meantime, the relatives of the second wife had begun to take an awkward interest in the whereabouts of her little boy, who according to Chevallier was living with some aunts. It was becoming necessary for Chevallier to produce the child. This he was unable to do, as he had drowned it in the Rhone. It was his endeavour to find a substitute that drove

him to make the daring attempt to kidnap the little boy of the village hatter. The blue stockings which he had slipped on to his feet, and the other articles of clothing which he was carrying in his pockets, were all designed to deceive his late wife's relatives into the belief that the hatter's child was no other than her little son.

Chevallier was convicted of the murder of his son and his third wife, condemned to death, and executed. After his conviction he maintained, with pious unction, his complete innocence. He received his visitors Bible in hand, compared his sufferings with those of Christ, and expressed his confidence that should he die on the scaffold the angels would take him into their care.

The motives of this Tartuffe among criminals were reasonable enough. He got rid of his mistress that he might enter the married state; possibly, too, she was the repository of dangerous secrets. All Chevallier's contracts of marriage provided that, in the event of the death of husband or wife, his or her property went to the survivor. Add to this the desire for change, and the undoubted pleasure that some natures derive from secret poisoning, and we have explanation enough of Chevallier's strange career. The Avocat-Général said, with justice, of Chevallier: "It would seem as if he had been sent into this world in order to extend into the nineteenth century the full limits of human perversity."

SIGISMONDO OF THE MALATESTA and VLAD IV.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

I DO not know that I ever take Macaulay's diatribes at their face value. He was very often too much of a rhetorician and let his pen run away with him. Barère may be an infinite scoundrel, as he was certainly an unpleasant fellow, but I dare say he will presently be whitewashed. It must not be forgotten that the evidence against most of the actors in the Revolution comes from bitter enemies or rivals, and is probably in great part malicious rumour. I think it possible that Macaulay, when he wrote his "History of England," and let himself loose on Judge Jeffreys and Colonel Kirke, was quite capable of saying that his earlier example of depravity, Barère, was an angel of light, or at least one of the elect, compared with those repellent figures of Monmouth's rebellion. If he had said so I do not know that I should have disagreed with him, for to my mind there is no real sin but cruelty. All other crimes do not come under the heading of sin. The Spaniards, with a fine appreciation of the weakness of humanity, say, "*Peccado de carne non e peccado.*"

I have seen no great evidence of Barère's being peculiarly a monster of cruelty among the cruel, though Carlyle has no good word to say of him. The infamous hero of the Noyades must surely have surpassed him in that regard. The truth is that there is no such thing as one supremely bad man who should be ranked chief in the infernal hierarchy of history. There are too many possible candidates for any student of humanity to decide between them. We may certainly reject many of the examples always given us, such as Nero, for instance, whom I cannot help thinking has been much maligned by Suetonius and Tacitus. That Roman emperor was obviously an artistic madman who, in the strict seclusion of a narrow studio and our commercial system, might have done better sculpture, say, than most who receive honour at the Royal Academy. He might, indeed, have died of suffocation on the council of that body, saying, sadly, "*Qualis artifex pereo!*"

Rome and mediæval Italy have offered more examples of the only thing I deem peculiarly wicked than most other nations. One of the most interesting wicked figures in Italian history is Sigismondo of the Malatesta, who ruled in Rimini. Things are related of him that can barely be printed, and yet, for all that, he was a wonderful figure, a bright and shining light of the Renaissance, to whose genius the city of Rimini owed much. He was learned, a skilful soldier, and a great military engineer. He patronized art and letters and architecture. Indeed, he practically built the remarkable church of St. Francis at Rimini, for he seems to have been something of an architect, with a rare sense of decoration. To me he seems the more evil because he possessed these intellectual and artistic qualities. But he was of an absolute and remorseless dissoluteness, a poisoner and yet a poet, and a true and lifelong lover of Isotta degli Atti, a very remarkable woman,

who, of course, was not his wife. This passion lasted till his death, though his unregulated passions often led him to murder and to one great unexampled outrage, which cannot be told outside a medical book on mental diseases. Later, he strangled his wife, Polissena, who was the daughter of the great *condottiere*, Francesco Sforza. After a long and strange career he was driven to make submission to his old enemy the Pope. He was accused of every crime under the sun. It is said that after long years he even caught and tortured his old tutor for punishments that he had received as a boy. Besides Polissena, he killed two other wives.

VLAD IV.
CALLED "THE IMPALER."

In his absence he was condemned at Rome to be burnt alive as a heretic. The sentence was easier to pass than to execute. It is true that such a verdict is little or nothing against him, for these things were engineered by politicians, among whom the Pope and the College of Cardinals were chief. But there is other evidence than that of such religious witnesses. Luck went against him after his condemnation, and presently he had nothing left to him but his own city of Rimini. It is said that then he determined to assassinate the Pope, and went to the Vatican for that purpose with a dagger, but found his purpose impossible of achievement owing to the Pope's preparations. After that he actually entered the Pontiff's service, and soon afterwards died in his own city, leaving Isotta and her son to rule Rimini, till one of his illegitimate sons dispossessed them of power. Those who desire to know more of this evil genius, for such he seems to have been, may read Yriarte's book on the Malatesta and Rimini. But even now there is a chance for biographers to write on him in English.

Strange and evil as were the ways of those who tried to build stable foundations for power in the quicksands of mediæval Italy, they do not, however, come up to one dreadful and peculiar figure of horror who flourished during the same period in the even wilder country of Wallachia. This was Vlad IV., the son of a previous Voivode of Wallachia. He was set up in this position by the Sultan Murad, and, having lived a long time in Turkey, he seems to have improved there upon the native ferocity of his inherited disposition. In the region of Wallachia he is known to this day as "Dracul," or "the dragon," a figure to make children fear and those who love mankind even yet tremble. He was also called Vlad the Impaler, from the joy he took in watching the torments of those on whom he inflicted the favourite and lingering torture of impalement. He quarrelled, as might have been expected, with his former patron, the Sultan, and when Murad sent an envoy, who was the Pasha of Widdin, to depose him, Vlad impaled the pasha and defied the Sultan. It is said he impaled ten thousand people, men, women, and children, at one single time. There are hideous records of his having set up, in the midst of his moaning victims, banqueting tables at which he feasted with his favourites and vilest instruments. When the Sultan at last invaded Wallachia he is said to have had to march through a ghastly forest of pales, each of which pinned

its dead or dying victim to the earth. If there is in history a more monstrous figure I have yet to learn where his story can be found. Certainly, after him the deeds of Alva, or even those of Geronimo, the half-breed Apache, who only a few years ago committed unspeakable cruelties in Arizona, fade to nothingness. And as for the object of Macaulay's rhetorical venom, he becomes in comparison a light to follow.

THOMAS GRIFFITHS WAINEWRIGHT.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

In the days when Thomas Babington Macaulay shed the light of his intelligence upon the national wisdom assembled at Westminster, it is on record that a famous statesman remarked, "I wish I could be as cocksure about any one thing as Tom Macaulay is about everything."

Lord Macaulay, in his essay from which the passage with regard to Barère is taken, evidently feels cocksure that Barère was not only a villain of the deepest dye, but absolutely unparalleled in his villainy. The great historian contends that in variegated villainy Barère was, to use an up-to-date colloquialism, "the limit."

But was he? Is it possible to submit to a jury of experts a rascal whose record, beating that of Barère, would entitle him to the disgraceful distinction of being the worst man in the world?

I venture humbly to submit a candidate for that distinction.

Barère at least filled a place in history. His poltroonery, his baseness, his mendacity, and his barbarity had for their background a great national crisis, a vast social upheaval.

The scoundrel whose claims I would urge practised his poltroonery, his baseness, his mendacity, and his barbarity in a peaceful domestic interior. He was not cast upon the shores of crime by the bloody waves of revolution. No wild war of class upon class inspired his passion for power or gave him infinite opportunities of evildoing.

The villain whom I put forward to snatch the laurels from the brow of Barère was a fop, an oiled and scented voluptuary, an art critic, a collector of rare glass, old china, and old prints.

His literary friend was Lamb. His artist friends were Fuseli, Stothard, Westall, and Lawrence. Among the guests whom he gathered together at his delightful dinner parties were Sir Wentworth Dilke, the founder of the *Athenæum;* Mr. Serjeant Talfourd; Dr. Maginn; Mr. John Forster, the friend of Charles Dickens; and Macready, the actor.

He adorned the world of letters as Janus Weathercock, and his name was Thomas Griffiths Wainewright.

Wainewright was contemporary with Hazlitt, Barry Cornwall, Charles Lamb, and Thomas Hood, upon the *London Magazine*. Here is a revelation of the man in his work:—

"We immersed a well-seasoned prime pen into our silver inkstand three times, shaking off the loose ink again lingeringly, while, holding the print fast in our left hand, we perused it with half-shut eyes, dallying awhile with our delight. Fast and faster came the tingling impetus, and this running like quicksilver from our sensorium to our pen, we gave the latter one conclusive dip, after which we rapidly dashed off the following description *couleur de rose*."

Did Barère, the "Anacreon of the Guillotine," ever equal this?

This is the atmosphere in which Wainewright conceived and carried out a series of infamous crimes with a meanness, a baseness, and a barbarity that would have made five out of the six worst men in the world blush.

Wainewright's grandfather, Dr. Griffiths, the bookseller, who founded the *Monthly Review* and started an evening paper, accumulated a fortune and died at a ripe old age, leaving his grandson the income of a capital sum of five thousand pounds invested in the New Four per Cents. Janus promptly forged the signature of the four trustees in whose name the five thousand was invested, and the forgery authorized the Bank of England to pay the capital sum over to him. He rapidly got rid of the money in extravagant living and was sold up, and then a kind uncle invited Janus and his wife to stay with him at Linden House, Turnham Green.

Wainewright showed his appreciation of his uncle's generosity by poisoning him and inheriting his property.

When this second fortune was very nearly exhausted the dandy art critic invited Mrs. Abercrombie, the twice widowed mother of his wife, and his wife's two stepsisters, Helen and Madeleine Abercrombie, to stay with them. The gay man of fashion, whom

HELEN ABERCROMBIE.

THIS CRAYON PORTRAIT OF ONE OF HIS VICTIMS WAS DRAWN BY WAINEWRIGHT HIMSELF.

Charles Lamb called "kind, light-hearted Janus," promptly poisoned his mother-in-law. He had a ring in which he always carried strychnine. He pressed the contents of this ring into some coffee given to Mrs. Abercrombie. It was necessary that she should die in order that Janus should be left the guardian of the girls.

Within a very short time Janus "pressed the ring" for the benefit of the beautiful Helen, the girl whose picture he had executed in crayons—the very interesting portrait which is herewith reproduced.

After her death it was discovered that her life was insured for eighteen thousand pounds, and that her will left her property to her sister and appointed Janus the executor. But two of the policies were assigned to Janus himself.

The insurance companies were not happy over this new claim, and declined to pay. Janus threatened legal proceedings, but knowing that it would be a long time before the case could come on he put his wife and Madeleine into lodgings in Pimlico, and set out to travel in France.

In Boulogne he met a gentleman from Norfolk who had a pretty daughter with him. Janus in some way induced this gentleman to insure his life for three thousand pounds, and then one evening invited his new friend to take coffee with him. Again Janus pressed the ring. The gentleman drank the coffee and died in agony, and the insurance money was paid over to his daughter.

Janus promptly made love to the daughter and induced her to accompany him on his travels as his wife. In the meantime the forgery which had enabled him to get the five thousand pounds from the Bank of England was discovered, and the matter was communicated to the police. Janus, ignorant of this, came back to London, and in the false name he had assumed put up with the lady who accompanied him at an hotel in Covent Garden. Forester, the Bow Street runner, passing along Covent Garden, saw a gentleman looking out of one of the hotel windows, recognized Wainewright, and arrested him.

There was some difficulty about the insurance case and the death of Helen Abercrombie, so it was decided to proceed on the forgery case, and Janus was duly convicted

and sent out as a convict to Van Diemen's Land.

This mean, base, cowardly scoundrel had kept a diary of his crimes, and this diary had fallen into the hands of the authorities. It was a demoniacal document, and contained the details of his crimes set forth, as the best historian of his career has told us, "with a voluptuous cruelty and a loathsome exaltation which proclaimed him to be a masterpiece of evil."

He excused himself for the murder of Helen Abercrombie on the plea that her ankles were thick.

In Van Diemen's Land, after serving a certain portion of his sentence, he was sent to the hospital in Hobart Town.

Released from the hospital, he set up as a portrait-painter and led the life of a dissolute and degraded scoundrel. He behaved foully to everyone who befriended him, and in his revenge he was a malignant fiend.

When he was in the hospital a convict against whom he had a grudge lay dying in an adjacent bed. When the man was almost at his last gasp Janus went to the bedside and hissed in the dying man's ear, "You are a dying man. In four-and-twenty hours your soul will be in hell and my arms will be up to that"—touching his elbow—"in your body, dissecting you."

I agree with the writer who, when recording the villain's death, said that no blacker soul ever left a human body.

I doubt if a viler miscreant than Thomas Griffiths Wainewright ever lived. I cannot, with all deference to Macaulay, accept Barère even as his equal.

FERDINANDO ALVAREZ DE TOLEDO—DUKE OF ALVA.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

PERHAPS it is because of Carlyle's estimate that the iniquities of Barère do not move some of us as Macaulay would have had us moved. Mercier described him as the greatest liar in history, and assuredly in the matter of the *Vengeur* he gave Munchausen a start and a beating. But he was a laughing, plausible rogue, and we do not associate such qualities with the unredeemed ferocity of other monsters.

Many of the world's greatest criminals undoubtedly have been homicidal maniacs. Nero was one. The Kaiser is another, as the French have taught us since the beginning of the war. In private life here, a homicidal maniac kills his wife and children and is sent to Broadmoor. When he is on a throne he may kill millions and still find millions to bend the knee to him. His crimes are not subject to authority. He murders as he pleases.

I have always thought the worst man in history was Ferdinando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, though his master, Philip of Spain, ran him close in infamy. When Alva left the Netherlands in 1573, he boasted that he had condemned eighteen thousand six hundred people to be executed, while, as a writer says, "the number of those whom he had caused to perish by battle, starvation, siege, and massacre could not be estimated." The vices which he had were "few but colossal." He possessed no virtues. As a homicide he rivalled the most savage beast of the field. He was "tall, thin, erect, with a small head and a long face, a lean yellow cheek, twinkling eyes, a dust-coloured complexion, black bristling hair, and long sable silvered beard." This man taught his soldiers that for their pleasure they should roast the people of the Low Countries over slow fires, and after he had been in the Netherlands a few years it was said that there were hardly ropes left with which to strangle the thousands yet to be killed.

Though Alva's mission was fundamentally political, he had a doughty lieutenant in Peter Titelman, his inquisitor. Peter invented the punishment of the bee-sting. He would catch an heretical Netherlander and have him flayed to the waist. Then he would cover him with bees to be stung to death. A weaver of Tournay had his leg and hand twisted off with red-hot irons by Alva's order, and then, his arms and legs being bound behind him, he was hung over a slow fire in the market-place and roasted for hours.

There are prints extant of Alva's occupation of Brussels which are matchless in their suggestion of horror. I was looking at one of them but recently. It depicted a great market-place with gibbets everywhere. In one corner a company of soldiers was shown carrying off three Flemish girls. There were braziers of live coals under every gibbet, and all the tortured hung head downwards.

THE DUKE OF ALVA.

with their faces almost in the flames. The soldiers about them were breaking their limbs with flaming pincers or searing them with hot irons. This was a contemporary print, and every record bears witness to its accuracy. The glow of the fires in every market-place in the Netherlands hardly ceased during Alva's occupation. The man cried for blood as a beast roars for prey.

Of the monsters of history, few matched this ruffian. It is true that Tigellinus invented horrors for Nero, and that for sheer cruelty nothing could have matched the terrors of the amphitheatre when the lions had been loosed upon the Christians. Men wagered as to whether lions or tigers were the better at "tearing"—but Nero was a madman, and died as such. Titus Oates has been named, but that master liar achieved, after all, but little; and Caligula was another of the homicidal maniacs. Greater than these in human wickedness was the Borgia who mocked his great office and profaned the holy places. None of these, however, quite had the quality of Alva. For that man was sane, and yet he tore two nations to pieces. Some of the greatest cruelties undoubtedly have gone unsung. Consider the slave trade—the infamies of those voyages under closed hatches, the ceaseless lashings of bare backs, wives torn from husbands, lovers from mistresses! Humanity never cut so poor a figure, for avarice was the only impulse. Yet a nation was rent asunder, and brother shed the blood of brother before justice could be done.

And look now at Armenia and the slaughter of eight hundred thousand people. Was not Enver Bey responsible for this, and is it not the greatest crime in history? Read the accounts of what this people has suffered that Enver may continue to draw money from his German masters. Macaulay would seem to desire a general all-round record of misdoing for his worst man, but the worst man, surely, is he who has done the greatest mischief to the human race; and if that be the criterion, this twentieth century, with its Kaisers, its Ferdinands, its Envers, and kindred assassins, should be proud indeed.

(The opinions of other eminent writers will appear next month.)

The CASTAWAYS.

By

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by Will Owen.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST TWO CHAPTERS.

After some twenty-five years of routine life as a bank clerk, Carstairs finds himself, through the unexpected legacy of an uncle in Australia, the possessor of an income of about thirty thousand pounds a year. He breaks the news to his friend and fellow-clerk, William Pope, by making him his secretary, and the story opens with the two friends starting their new life of leisure. Naturally they make many fresh acquaintances, among whom are Jack Knight and Fred Peplow, the former of whom induces Carstairs to motor down into Hampshire to look over an Elizabethan house which he describes as an ideal home for a man of wealth.

CHAPTER III.

THE meal at the White Hart was so good that Carstairs had a shrewd suspicion that it had been ordered beforehand by the enterprising Knight. Mr. Pope rose from the table with a sigh, and, throwing the stub of his cigar into the grate, drew an arm-chair on to the hearth-rug and surveyed his friends with misty eyes. Then, to Knight's indignation, he drew a large silk handkerchief from his pocket and, placing it over his face, composed himself to slumber.

"Is he ill?" inquired Knight. "I don't like his breathing. There's a croupy sound about it that would make me uneasy if I were his mother!"

The lips below the handkerchief parted, and then, apparently thinking better of it, shut again with a snap.

"Give him half an hour," said Carstairs.

"I'd give him five years if I could," said Knight, fervently, "but, unfortunately, time won't wait. It's twenty past two now, and Hawker will be at the house at half-past."

"Hawker!" repeated Carstairs.

"The agent," explained Mr. Knight. "I didn't want you to have to come down twice over this affair, so I wired to him to meet you."

"Jack thinks of everything," said Mr. Peplow, turning to Carstairs.

"Did he think of your engagement?" said Pope, sitting up suddenly and turning to Mr. Peplow. "I mean, did he contrive it to suit his own ends in any way?"

"Certainly not," said Peplow, blushing. "It's—it's a case of mutual esteem. Besides, we are not engaged. We may be in time. It's only a hope with me at present. It's——"

"Don't tie yourself in knots, Freddie," said Knight, kindly. "He's not your father; and there'll be plenty of other people to explain to. Save yourself up for them. All this is sour grapes to Pope. The only time a girl ever smiled at him was when he slipped on a banana-skin. Are we all ready, Carstairs?"

A little over five minutes in the car brought them to the lodge-gates, where a man in a blue-baize apron, touching his cap as they turned in, followed them up the drive on foot. The road was a winding one, and when the house suddenly burst into view, Carstairs was unable to repress an exclamation.

"Ripping, isn't it?" said the gratified Knight. "Don't let him look so pleased, Pope; Hawker is a hard nut to crack."

Mr. Hawker, a wiry figure in a bowler hat and mustard-coloured gaiters, came forward to meet them as the car stopped. A pleasant-faced man, but with a glint in his eye that put all Mr. Pope's faculties on the alert.

"Good job Carstairs has got you to look after him," murmured Knight in his ear as they dismounted.

Mr. Pope grinned, and endeavoured, but in vain, to throw off the arm linked in his. He even went so far as to call the owner a serpent, but Mr. Knight, who was at the moment introducing Mr. Carstairs, paid no heed.

It was a beautiful house, and Carstairs, to his secretary's horror, promptly said so.

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In these circumstances there was nothing for Mr. Pope to do but to call attention to the time-worn brickwork. He also pointed out that one of the gables was a little bit out of plumb.

"Very nice to look at, of course," he said, shaking his head, as they passed slowly along the terrace. "I remember once being much impressed by the ruins of an old castle in Scotland."

"Ah, if you want ruins," said Mr. Hawker, "I'm afraid you will be disappointed here. The house is in a splendid state of preservation."

"Any ghosts?" inquired Pope.

Mr. Hawker hesitated; some people like ghosts, others have an insurmountable objection to them.

"It looks too comfortable for a ghost," he said, with a laugh. "Do you believe in them?"

"Certainly not," said Pope, disdainfully.

"There is no ghost here," said Hawker, promptly. "Shall we go inside now, while the light is good?"

He led the way in, and left the old, oak-panelled hall, with its huge, open fireplace, to speak for itself. A wood fire crackled and blazed on the hearth.

"I thought it would look comfortable," said Mr. Hawker.

Mr. Pope, with his back to the blaze, nodded benignly. Then he intercepted a faint grin passing from Mr. Knight to Mr. Peplow.

"You thought so too, Knight?" he said, loudly.

"I *think* so," corrected the young man in a surprised voice. "But, my dear Pope, think of this hall furnished! Old chests, old chairs—not too old to be comfortable—Persian rugs, drinks, cigars——"

"Draughts," interposed Mr. Pope.

"Fresh air," said Knight. "Come along, there's a lot to see. And after the house there is the glass, and the stables, *and* the lake."

They wandered through the house, Mr. Knight hastily furnishing each room in a few well-chosen words, as they inspected it. A suite of three rooms with a magnificent view he allotted to Mr. Pope. He laid stress on the fact that the principal one contained a fireplace big enough to roast an ox.

"It's a nice house," said Carstairs to him, as they all trooped downstairs again. "Yes, all right; I have admired the staircase once—and if you will give me your word of honour never to visit me or worry me with your matrimonial projects, I might think of taking it."

"I'll promise never to come unless I am asked," said the young man, stiffly.

"I'm afraid that's no good," said Carstairs, smiling. "You must promise not to come when you *are* asked."

Mr. Knight's face relaxed. "You're a good sort, Carstairs," he said, blithely. "Bit too fond of rotting; but we can't all be perfect. Pope must have got a soft spot in his heart for me too. He said the other day that he wished he had been my father."

The air struck chill and the light was fading as they got outside. It was damp underfoot, and the much-vaunted lake looked drear and cold. Effects on the water, pointed out by Messrs. Hawker and Knight, only elicited a shiver from Mr. Pope.

"Most depressing," he declared. "Let's get back and have some tea. We shall be frozen getting back to town."

He turned and led the way to the car, while the lodge-keeper, who had been hovering near the party, touched his cap to Carstairs, and asked permission to favour him with a few biographical details concerning the best man he ever knew. It was an inspiring theme, but the party waiting in the car began to murmur at the length of it. He turned away with a smile at last and moved off with a springy step.

"Want the job?" inquired Knight, as Carstairs took a seat beside him.

Carstairs nodded.

"What did you tell him?" inquired the other, as the car whirled down the drive.

"Told him 'Yes,' of course," said Carstairs. "Poor chap, he has been in a state of anxiety for nine months. He's been here seventeen years. What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing," said Knight. "It wasn't a laugh; it was a gratified smile at hearing you have decided to take the place."

"Subject to coming to terms, yes," said Carstairs. "But that is Pope's job. Pope *versus* Hawker. You were quite right, Knight; it's a beautiful place, and I'm glad I came to see it."

"Few men would admit themselves to have been in the wrong as freely as you do," said Knight, gravely. "Freddie!"

"Halloa!" said Mr. Peplow.

"He's hooked!"

Mr. Peplow started, and then turned to Mr. Carstairs with a glance of protest at his friend's rudeness.

"That's all right," said Knight. "You

needn't look like a dying duck in a thunderstorm. Remember what you said about him last night."

"I?" stammered the distressed Peplow. "I assure you, Mr. Carstairs——"

"He's always like that," said Knight, calmly; "he lets me fight his battles for him, and then tries to pass by on the other side. Fortunately, my character is strong enough for both. Here we are, and now for a cup of Pope-reviving tea. Hot and strong, with two lumps of sugar."

Mr. Pope subsided into his easy-chair with a sigh of relief and extended his hands to the blaze. Tea appeared on the table, but he refused to move, and taking cup after cup in his cosy corner gradually thawed into a heavy geniality. He even joined in the chorus of praise of the house, comparing it favourably with others of three inches by two that he had seen in advertisements. In reply to a challenge of Knight's he declared himself a match for Hawker any day.

"So long as you fix it up I don't mind who wins," said Knight. "Carstairs has got plenty of money. Have you finished, Freddie?" he inquired, with a significant glance; "because if so you had better come down and see the landlord about that dog you were talking about."

Mr. Peplow, exhibiting more confusion than the occasion seemed to warrant, arose, and, with a glance at Carstairs, followed his friend out of the room. Mr. Pope, declining another cup of tea, lit a cigarette and smoked on in silence.

"Nice boys," said Carstairs, breaking a long silence.

Pope grunted. "Might be worse," he said at last. "Pity Knight couldn't have had the advantages of a training at the bank. If he had gone in, say at eighteen, under me, he would have been a different man altogether."

Carstairs agreed, and drawing his chair up sat gazing at the fire. Pope finished his cigarette, and throwing the stub into the grate closed his eyes and fell into a light doze.

He awoke after some time, and, rubbing his eyes, sat up blinking at his friend. Then he looked at the clock.

"'THEY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING TO ME ABOUT A DOG,' SAID THE LANDLORD. 'THEY WENT OUT ABOUT HALF AN HOUR AGO, AND THEY SAID IF ANYBODY ASKED FOR THEM THEY HAD GONE OUT TO LOOK FOR THE MOON.'"

"Good gracious!" he said, with a start. "It's time we were off. Where are those boys?"

Carstairs shook his head. "Still discussing the dog, I suppose," he said.

"I'll go and hurry them up," said Pope.

He went heavily downstairs, to reappear in five minutes' time with the landlord.

"They didn't say anything to me about a dog," said the latter. "They went out about half an hour ago, and they said if anybody asked for them they had gone out to look for the moon."

"Moon!" repeated Mr. Pope, sharply. "But there is no moon."

"Just what I told 'em," said the landlord. "And Mr. Knight said no, he knew that, and they were going out to see what had become of it."

Carstairs coughed and looked at Pope. "It would serve 'em right——" he began, slowly.

"Eh?" said Pope.

Their eyes met, and the hard lines in Pope's face melted into a huge grin.

"Let me have my car as soon as possible," said Carstairs, turning to the landlord; "and when those two gentlemen come back tell them we couldn't wait."

"Tell 'em we have 'shot the moon,'" added Pope, with a noisy chuckle. "Hurry up!"

He clapped Carstairs on the shoulder as the landlord withdrew, and both gentlemen, in a state of glee somewhat unsuited to their years, proceeded to array themselves for the journey. Pope held his friend's coat for him and placed it almost tenderly about his shoulders. Mr. Carstairs, after Pope had wound a huge muffler about his throat, thoughtfully pulled up his coat-collar for him.

"I hope the landlord won't forget that bit about 'shooting the moon,'" said Pope, as they almost danced downstairs. "I should like to see Knight's face; but you can't have everything."

They stopped in front of the cosy bar, and at Pope's suggestion ordered a couple of glasses of cherry brandy to keep out the cold.

"Car ready?" he inquired, as the landlord came in from the back.

"Can't find the chauffeur, sir," said the landlord. "He's nowhere on the premises, but I've sent the ostler up the street to look for him."

Mr. Pope, with his glass midway to his mouth, turned pale and put it down on the counter again, while the landlord turned to renew the search—apparently in the coal-shed. Mr. Carstairs emptied his glass and both gentlemen, with lagging steps, ascended the stairs again.

"Youth must be served," quoted Carstairs, as he proceeded to unwrap himself.

"I wish I had the serving of him," grunted the other. "Of all the young jackanapes——"

He turned away as he saw Carstairs' lips twitch, and after a hopeless attempt to maintain his dignity began to laugh too. Restored to good-humour, he poked the fire and, putting his feet on the fender, sat down to wait.

Half an hour later a murmur of voices below announced the return of the truants. The landlord's voice was heard above the others, then a smothered laugh, apparently from Mr. Knight, and a startled "*H'sh!*" which the reddening Pope rightly attributed to Mr. Peplow.

"Landlord's given them your message," said Carstairs.

"Hope we haven't kept you waiting?" said Knight, politely, as he entered the room, followed by a shadowy Peplow.

"We have been waiting an hour and a half," said Carstairs.

"Sorry," said Knight. "Didn't seem more than five minutes to us, did it, Freddie?"

"I—I thought we had been about a quarter of an hour," said Mr. Peplow, "or perhaps twenty minutes."

Mr. Knight looked from Carstairs to Pope and from Pope to Carstairs.

"Sorry," he said again, with dignity, "but you know our object in coming down here, Carstairs, and, having missed the afternoon looking after your business, we thought we might take ten minutes for our own."

Carstairs looked helplessly at Pope. "My business?" he said at last.

"Helping you to choose a house," explained Knight.

"And what did you take Biggs away with you for?" demanded Carstairs.

"Out of deference to your prejudices," said Knight, promptly. "Freddie thought——"

"I didn't," interrupted Mr. Peplow, hastily.

"Freddie thought," repeated Mr. Knight, firmly, "that you and Pope, being mid-Victorians, would have old-fashioned notions about that sort of thing, so we took Biggs to chaperon us, and, in justice to him, I must say that we told him to come with us to take

something back to you. He has just asked me what it was."

"What was it?" inquired Carstairs, staring.

"A report of our immaculate behaviour," said Knight. "Lady Penrose's maid was with them, and he kept her company in her duties."

"Don't listen to him," said Pope, rising and picking up his overcoat.

"Besides, it was a precautionary measure," added Knight.

Pope stopped with one arm in a sleeve and stared at him.

"Neither of you being able to drive," explained Knight, with an abominable grin.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. HAWKER, in a moment of frankness caused by despondency, admitted that he had met his match in Mr. Pope; after which the negotiations for the tenancy of Berstead Place progressed with great smoothness. The lawyers on both sides raised various points, but nothing that consultations and letters could not adjust to the satisfaction of all concerned. In the exercise of his duties Pope paid frequent visits to Carstairs' lawyers, a remark of the junior partner, a somewhat excitable person, to the effect that it was a pity Pope had not been brought up to the law, giving him great satisfaction until, in an evil moment for his peace of mind, he repeated it to the evil-minded Knight.

The lease was signed at last, and the house put into the hands of a well-known firm of builders, decorations proceeding with the slowness characteristic of good work and the ideals of the British workman.

"Trying to hurry them is no good," announced Mr. Pope, coming out of the house with a somewhat flushed face, on a fine afternoon in February, "and sarcasm is simply thrown away on them. One little rat of a painter actually asked me whether I had ever been on the music-halls. Me!"

"I know the man you mean," said Carstairs. "I stood looking at him the other day for a quarter of an hour and he never moved a muscle. However, they will finish some time, in spite of their efforts. Suppose we walk back and meet the car!"

It was damp underfoot, but the air was soft and warm, and birds of an optimistic turn of mind were already beginning to sing

the praises of spring. The two friends tramped on pleasantly until they reached the village and, proceeding along the High Street, gazed with some curiosity at a little crowd at the other end of it.

"Looks like our car," said Pope, quickening his pace.

It was their car, and their chauffeur with a piece of borrowed string was taking painstaking measurements of the distance of his wheels from the footpath. His job finished, he proceeded quite unasked to perform the same offices for a damaged governess-car that stood near by on one wheel. A neatly-shaved young groom, standing at his horse's head, watched him with calm disdain.

"What is the matter?" inquired Carstairs, stepping forward.

"Young lad and a young horse, sir," said Biggs, respectfully, but loudly. "Come right acrost the road into my off mudguard. Look at it!"

Carstairs glanced at the crumpled metal, and then looked at the shattered wheel of the trap.

"Anybody hurt?" he inquired.

Mr. Biggs stood reflecting. "I don't think so," he observed, calmly. "It wasn't his fault if they weren't; he done 'is best. Come right acrost the road; I s'pose he pulled the wrong rein."

Carstairs looked round inquiringly. A handsome, smartly-dressed woman of about thirty-five stood on the footpath with a pretty girl. From a certain air of detached interest they manifested in the proceedings he came to the conclusion that the trap belonged to them.

"I hope you were not hurt?" he said, raising his cap.

"Fortunately—no," was the reply.

"Or shaken?"

A little colour appeared in the lady's cheek. "One can hardly be shot out of a cart without," she said, tartly.

Few men can gaze on beauty in distress unmoved. "You must have been driving very carelessly, Biggs!" exclaimed Carstairs.

"Yessir," said Biggs, respectfully.

"You might have killed these ladies."

Biggs twisted his features into an expression of concern. "Yessir," he said again. "I was only a foot from the kerb. I couldn't give 'em much more room."

"He put his hand up," said an old man standing by. "I see him do it. You ought to ha' stopped."

"You ought to be in bed," said Biggs, in a low voice, as he edged up to him. "You oughtn't to be out with eyes like them. It ain't safe."

"I'm afraid we are to blame," said Carstairs, "but I am delighted to see that nobody has been injured. May I give you my address?"

"'YOUNG LAD AND A YOUNG HORSE, SIR,' SAID BIGGS, RESPECTFULLY, BUT LOUDLY. 'COME RIGHT ACROST THE ROAD INTO MY OFF MUDGUARD. LOOK AT IT!'"

He took out his case and, extracting a card, handed it to the owner of the trap. The girl leaned forward to read it, and then looking up at Carstairs favoured him with a dazzling smile. Her companion, placing the card in her purse, bowed and turned away.

"And if you would permit me to send you home," said Carstairs, "my car is at your disposal. Please take it."

"He is really a good driver," said Pope, joining in the conversation. "You would be quite safe."

"Thanks very much, but we are quite able to walk," said the lady.

"I don't know," said the girl, gravely, with another glance at Carstairs. "I'd sooner ride, Isabel, if you don't mind. I feel just a wee bit tottery."

Her companion hesitated. Carstairs held the door open, and, after another moment's hesitation, she stepped in and seated herself.

"Very kind of you," she said, smiling. "It isn't far; you won't have to wait long."

Mr. Biggs, who was having a heart-to-heart talk with the groom, tore himself away with visible reluctance.

"Why don't you 'old 'im properly?" he said, alluding to the horse. "He's wiped 'is nose once on your sleeve already."

The wheelwright came up after the car had gone and took the trap away, and the horse and groom, a dejected couple, started on the walk home. Mr. Biggs, who met them on his return journey, was still smiling broadly when he rejoined his employer.

"I couldn't say much before a lady, sir," he said, as Carstairs got into the car, "but it was their fault; the horse danced about all over the road. I've drove a car for six years now and never touched anything yet. Other things 'ave touched me sometimes—and wished they 'adn't."

Knight, who looked in at the flat late that evening, espoused the cause of Biggs. "Far too nervous and careful to run into anything," he said, scornfully. "My fingers simply itch to take the wheel away from him sometimes."

"Let 'em itch," grunted Pope.

"He'll draw a bath-chair before he has finished," said the young man, "with a dear friend of mine in it. By the way, who were the ladies? What was the young one like?"

"Attractive," replied Pope.

Knight looked interested. "Very attractive?" he asked.

Pope started and hid a grin. "No," he replied.

"What was the old lady like?" inquired Knight, looking disappointed.

"There was no old lady there," retorted Carstairs, sharply. "Really, Knight——"

Mr. Knight whistled. "Sorry," he said, slowly, "but there's no disgrace in being old. I shall be old myself some day. Old age is beautiful. Isn't it, Pope? Well, what was she like, anyway? Attractive?"

Carstairs nodded. "A well-bred, handsome woman, a little over thirty, I should think," he replied.

Knight's eyes sparkled. "And rather a sour expression?" he inquired.

"Certainly not," said Carstairs and Pope together.

"If it is the one I am thinking of, I have seen it often enough," said Knight. "But what was the girl really like, Carstairs?"

"Oh, nice bright girl," said Carstairs. "Friendly smile, tallish. She called her friend Isabel."

"There you are," said Knight, jumping up. "My suspicions are confirmed. Isabel is Lady Penrose's name, and you begin an acquaintance I was looking forward to with great hopes by wrecking her cart. I wonder who the girl was?"

"Does it really matter?" inquired Carstairs, with a yawn.

"No," said Knight. "I was wondering whether it was Miss Seacombe, that is all, but your description is far too lukewarm to apply to her. However, we shall know when you call to inquire."

"Call to inquire?" repeated Carstairs. "I am not going to call. Why, I only know the lady's name by accident."

"Of course you will call," said Knight. "You knock a couple of ladies out of their trap with your beastly road-hog car, and then you think the affair is finished. You must display a little interest in the welfare of your victims. Ask Pope; he knows."

Mr. Pope, removing his cigar, pursed up his lips and frowned thoughtfully. "Wait till we get their bill for damages," he said at last, with a side glance at Carstairs. "Then, if it is too heavy, Carstairs can call and protest and inquire after her health at the same time."

"Funny," retorted Knight, "but that gives me an idea. I don't suppose it's at all likely Lady Penrose will make any claim. Carstairs can call on her if she doesn't and insist upon it. How will that do?"

"Anything to get rid of you," said Carstairs, with a glance at the clock.

"You will call?"

"Perhaps."

"I'll come with you next time you run down," said Knight, with an air of resignation. "Things are sure to go wrong if I'm not there; and you don't seem to realize how important this is. But don't forget one thing. Don't let Lady Penrose know that we are acquainted. Let it come as a little surprise to her, when it is too late."

"Any further instructions?" inquired Carstairs.

"I'll let you know on the way down," was the reply. "Providence seems to be fighting on my behalf, and I want to give it all the assistance I can. I shall give Biggs half a crown; he deserves it."

Biggs received the money next day, and, having placed it carefully in a leather purse before stowing it away in his pocket, made it quite clear to his benefactor that he had not earned it. He preferred to regard it as some slight consolation for a base attempt to injure an untarnished reputation.

No word having come from Lady Penrose, they went down to Berstead a week later, the inability of Carstairs to make up his mind as to the propriety of calling causing great concern to Knight on the way.

"If it had been a cottager you would have been round next evening," he said, severely. "Just because the unfortunate victim happens to be a lady you are treating her with studied neglect. She may have died from shock for all you know—expecting you up to the end."

"I thought I was to see her about the damage," observed Carstairs.

"Combine business with pleasure," said Knight; "but don't ask after the cart first, mind. While you are gone, Pope and I will hustle the workmen for you. She won't bite you; as a matter of fact, she is rather faddy about food."

Carstairs dropped them at the house, and after remarking that he would be back in ten minutes' time, and adjuring Pope not to let Knight annoy the workmen, gave Biggs his directions and drove away. Pope, staring after the receding car, turned to confront his smiling companion.

"He is doing this for you," he said, importantly. "Carstairs is a very shy man, a remarkably shy man where women are concerned."

"It is time he was cured, then," said the other, serenely. "A man has no business to be shy. I never was. Women don't like shy men; they are so difficult to encourage. Let's go inside and see how things are progressing."

Pope followed him in, and for some time they wandered through the empty rooms. Many of them were finished, but in some the workmen still lingered.

"Carstairs is taking a good ten minutes," said Knight, as they gained the hall again. "Got a cigarette about you, Pope? I left mine in my coat."

"So did I," said Pope. "Let's stroll as far as the lodge and meet him. I feel chilly standing about."

They reached the lodge and stood waiting, and, there being no sign of the car, walked slowly back again to the house and sat on the stairs. A gentle murmur sounded outside.

"Rain," said Knight.

He got up and walked about the house again. The men were putting their tools together, and, drifting downstairs, turned their coat-collars up at the door and departed in little groups. A foreman, waiting to lock up, coughed restlessly.

"I'll take the key," said Pope. "We'll leave it at the lodge."

He put it in his pocket and, walking to the door, stood gazing at the rain, which was now falling steadily.

"They must have had a breakdown," he said at last, crossly. "Pity we didn't ask them to give us some tea at the lodge."

"Let's make a run for it," suggested the other.

Pope shook his head. "Rheumatism," he said, tersely. "We should get wet through." He put his hands in his pockets and paced to and fro. Half an hour passed.

"Wonder what's happened?" said Knight. "I hope he's all right."

"I wish he'd come," snapped Pope. "This is what comes of listening to you."

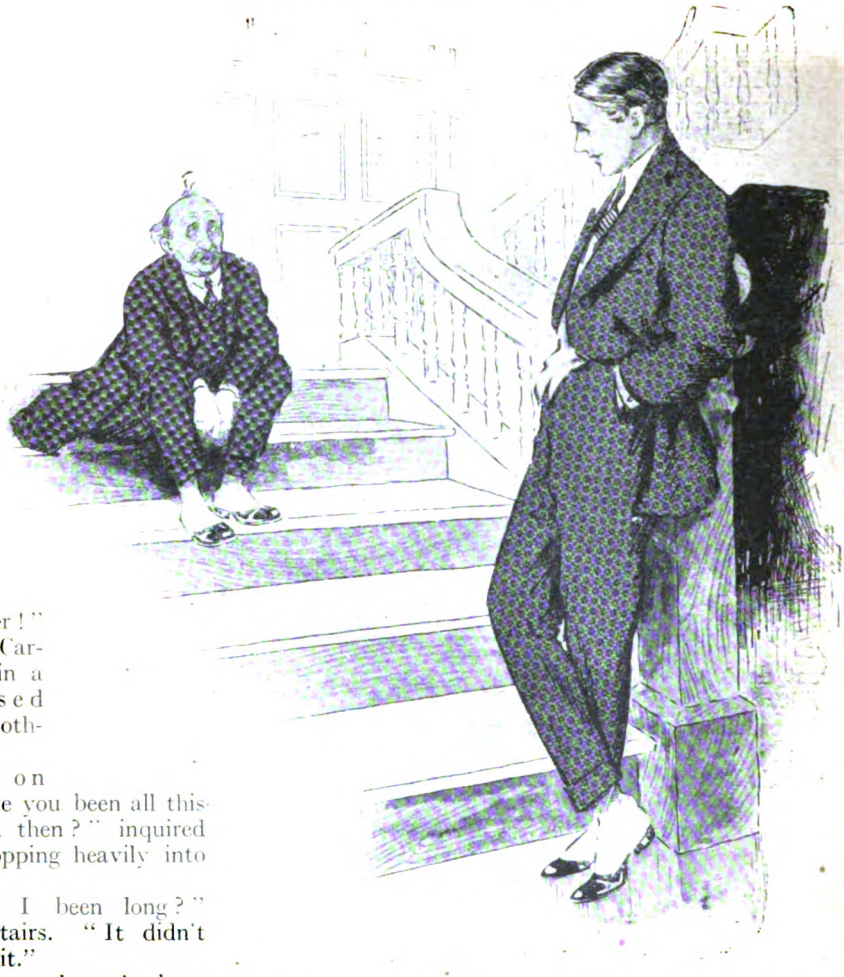
He went back to the stairs again and sat shivering. Outside, the rain was falling faster than ever, and darkness was coming on.

"I'm afraid you're right," he said, after a long silence. "Something must have happened to him. He'd never leave me here like this."

"Or me," asserted Knight. "Hark!"

He stepped to the door again, followed by Pope. The sound of an approaching car was distantly audible, and in a few seconds the head-lights swung round the corner. It drew up as Pope locked the door, and stood waiting with a rhythmically throbbing engine.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, as Biggs reached backwards and opened the door.



"'I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT,' POPE SAID, AFTER A LONG SILENCE. 'SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM. HE'D NEVER LEAVE ME HERE LIKE THIS.'"

"Matter!" repeated Carstairs, in a surprised voice. "Nothing."

"What on earth have you been all this time for, then?" inquired Pope, dropping heavily into his seat.

"Have I been long?" said Carstairs. "It didn't seem like it."

"But you haven't been all this time at Lady Penrose's?" said Knight.

"Why not?" said Carstairs, with some warmth. "By the way, Knight, it was Miss Seacombe who was in the trap with her that day."

Mr. Knight, who was struggling into his coat, grunted. "Your rapturous description could only fit her," he remarked, dryly. "Let me give you a hand with your coat, Pope."

Mr. Pope, accepting the proffered assistance, sank back into his seat again, and after peering vainly at Carstairs in the darkness subsided into an aggrieved silence. He broke it at last with a remark about tea.

"Tea!" repeated Carstairs, dreamily. "I've had some, thanks."

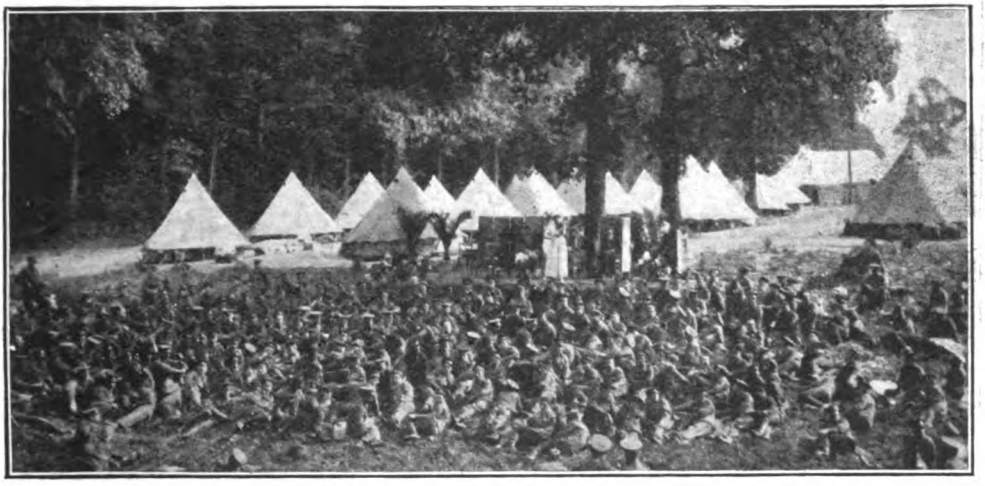
He pulled up his coat-collar and, nestling comfortably in his corner, closed his eyes. Mr. Pope, suffering from a sudden fortunate impediment in his speech, allowed Knight to speak for him.

"It isn't tea he wants," said that gentleman, sharply, "it's milk—a little of the milk of human kindness. There he sits—wrapped up in himself, and we can perish of cold and starvation for all he cares. Are you listening, Carstairs?"

"I forgot you," said Carstairs. "Stop at the first place you come to. Go on, Biggs."

"Forgot us!" repeated Knight, raising his voice as the car moved on. "That's his idea of an apology."

(To be continued.)



A YEAR'S MUSIC AT THE FRONT.

By LENA ASHWELL.

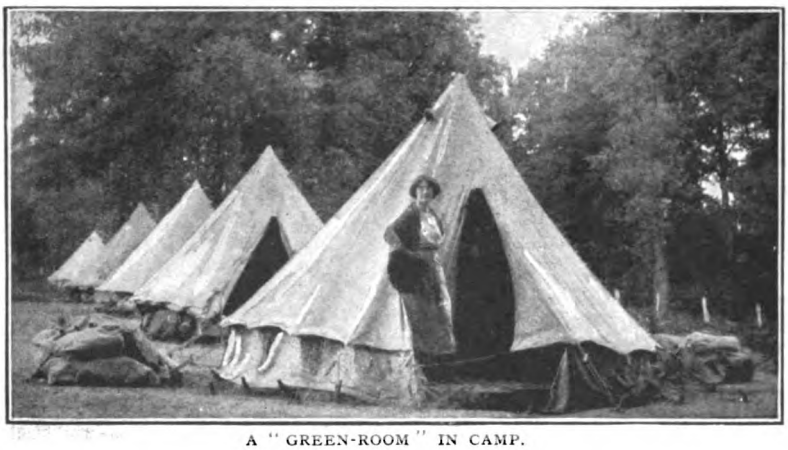
WE are not supposed to be a musical nation—not supposed to know anything about music, not to be able to make music, nor to like it much. In our speech a popular song is popularly supposed to be a song without any musical merit whatsoever. But the war has changed everything for those who realize what the war means, and one of the needs of our armies has been discovered to be music—the best music, and still more music.

It was February, 1915, that the "Concert for the Front" scheme was started through the Y.M.C.A. That splendid organization had followed the armies out to the Front and had been busy erecting the now famous "huts," where the men could assemble out of the rain and mud to write letters, and buy cigarettes and odds and ends to eat and drink. Some of these huts hold a thousand men, and the word will have to bear a new meaning in the dictionaries of the future.

But for men accustomed to the varied resources of civilization, so many of them from our great cities where civilization means opportunities for amusements, the recreation afforded by the huts was limited; and it was occurring to an unpleasantly-surprised Army that modern warfare was unexpectedly dull. The suggestion was made by the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of the Y.M.C.A.—which has Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein as chairman—that the huts might welcome the diversion of a concert.

It was not a very original idea except in so far as the circumstances made it novel; but the men were writing home asking for children's mouth-organs with which to make a cheerful noise in the trenches, and gramophones were the most popular item (from the patients' point of view) in the equipment of military hospitals. So at the request of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee a concert-party was organized—as anything would have been organized at the suspicion of a wish for it from the gallant armies in the battlefield.

The musical tastes of our armies in the making were apparently elementary. Yet we decided to send a real concert-party with a programme of really good music. Mr. Theodor Flint went out to France to clear away preliminary difficulties, and the first concert-party followed him a fortnight later.



A "GREEN-ROOM" IN CAMP.

That first concert-party was an experiment in every way. First of all, as the German submarines were just embarking on their inglorious career of piracy, there was the preliminary risk that the concert-party might never arrive. But the real anxiety to the performers themselves was whether the music would really please the audience or bore them. The anxiety lasted until the first item on the programme of the opening concert was given, and then the thunderous applause of the soldier-audience crammed into the hut at Havre swept away all doubts. From that moment to this the cry has been for "More!" Mr. Flint, who went for two weeks, has stayed out there a whole year organizing about three concerts a day, and in March a second party was sent to tour a different route.

Now there are two concert-parties at work at once—one on the longer route, Rouen and Havre, the other on the Dieppe and Boulogne route. The one stays a month, the other three weeks, and by giving three concerts a day the principal centres and hospitals get a concert once a month. This entails a considerable amount of hard work; a hospital concert every afternoon—two camp concerts every evening. Perhaps the camp to be visited is twenty-five miles away; and the performers are driven there in a Y.M.C.A. motor, to find that the second concert is twenty-five miles farther on still. That means a fifty-mile drive home in an open car, after having given three concerts, and if a tyre punctures or the road is missed, the weary concert-party may get back again at 3 a.m.

The original intention had been that each member of the concert-party should contribute two items to the programme, as there are always six performers (soprano, contralto, tenor, bass, violinist or 'cellist, and entertainer), and the concerts last for an hour and a half, but our first audiences altered that arrangement for us and simplified the time-table by encoring everybody and everything over and over again. So now every member of the party gives one song or solo with as

A CONCERT-PARTY, INCLUDING MISS LENA ASHWELL, AT THE INDIAN HUT—MISS ASHWELL IS THE SIXTH FIGURE FROM THE LEFT

many encores as the audience absolutely insist on having—two or three, or four or five sometimes.

In twelve months one thousand five hundred concerts have been given, and the fame of them has spread not only all over Flanders and Northern France, but to Malta and Egypt, where we have just sent out a party, at the request of those in authority, to cheer the troops quartered near the Mediterranean bases and the many hospitals there.

It is very difficult for people at home to realize the monotony of life when life consists of hard work, rigid military discipline, and nothing else, and when one's world is suddenly a town of bare huts in a sea of mud; or a casino, race-course, or railway-station transformed into a hospital—a veritable city of pain. Such worlds would be nightmare worlds if it were not for the patience and cheerfulness which are the victorious spirits of any army.

AN AUDIENCE OF CONVALESCENTS.

In these worlds the visit of a concert-party is an event looked forward to for weeks beforehand and talked of for weeks afterwards. The men welcome the music as if they were hungry and thirsty for the beauty and comfort of it, and if it was a touching surprise to find out how much the concerts were needed, it was even a greater surprise to find that it was the good music, true music, that they loved most. The men have different ways of expressing their appreciation. One lad will say, gratefully, "I've heard worse for ninepence at home," and another will write a long letter of thanks for himself and his comrades:—

"I have been wanting, on behalf of all the lads, to write a letter of thanks and appreciation for the splendid work you are doing for us. I was waiting at the base to return to the trenches, having been in hospital, wounded and suffering from frost-bite; in fact, I was returning to the trenches on the following day, and I wouldn't have missed that concert for anything; it did make such a difference. We all agreed that we would go back to the trenches and fight all the better for the happy remembrance of the concert-party. I was feeling rather lonely, not having anybody to write to while I was out there, and I began to feel I was fighting for no one until your cheery party came along."

Another treasured epistle in my possession begins:—

"Dear Lady Friend," and ends with the happy afterthought, "P.S.—I hope we soon beat those Germans."

The friendliness of the concerts appeals to the men immensely. They are in a foreign country among a people speaking a strange tongue, and the majority of them have never been out of England before; many of the men and lads are homesick, though they may not realize it or call their loneliness by that name. As a matter of fact, they call it "toothache," and the number of officers and men who suddenly develop "toothache" just before Christmas is as remarkable as their firm belief that a few days' leave at home would be the only infallible cure. The theory they wish to impress on incredulous authorities above them is that they want to visit their dentist. Anyway, their intense pleasure over a concert-party straight out from England—out especially to visit them and to sing them English songs—is pathetic in its very joyfulness. Indeed, it is the cheeriest scenes that are so

pathetic. The picture of a blinded boy laughing at and applauding every item on the programme, including the sleight-of-hand feats of a clever conjurer (explained to him by the wounded man on a stretcher at his side) is just one instance of the wonderful spirit of the convalescent audiences.

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"—AN OPEN-AIR

We continually get letters from busy doctors, colonels, chaplains, and nursing-sisters, who find time to write to tell us that the music does what nothing else can do. A chaplain tells us that the music is worth much physic and not a few sermons to *his* charges, and a R.A.M.C. doctor that "one concert-party out here is worth half-a-dozen nerve specialists at home" to *his*.

For, quite apart from the pleasure the music brings into the hospitals, it does more than give the patients a happy afternoon. It seems to break the spell that the horrors and the deafening noise of modern artillery warfare lay on the nerves of so many of the men. The good it does is permanent. There have been cases when the music has brought back memory to a man who had completely lost it, and speech to another struck dumb; and though such cases are, naturally, exceptional, the music not only seems to make the men forget their pain and weariness for the time being, it soothes and calms their tense-strained nerves and gives them happy memories instead of horrible ones.

But it isn't only the sick and wounded and combatant branches of the Army that need and enjoy the concerts. There are hundreds of thousands of A.S.C. and Army Ordnance men who have been out since the early days of the war working sixteen hours or more a day, officers and men, week-days and Sundays alike, without leave or recreation. And then there is the medical service and the nursing-sisters. It is one of the mysteries of the war, where so many thousands of splendidly-trained nurses have come from. The nurses live under as strict a military discipline as the troops—rather stricter, in fact, for they are never allowed out in the evenings at all except to come to the concert we give them once a month. Our "Officers' and Nurses'" concert is the only occasion when the nurses from the different hospitals meet each other, and we have pauses between the music, so that they can talk. It is their one opportunity. They are all fetched in from the different hospitals in motor-cars by the Y.M.C.A., and driven back again when it is over. It is a very pretty sight—the vast audience of nurses in their white coifs and uniforms, the blues and greys, with touches of military scarlet, and their happiness over the very simple pleasure is delightful.

During the summer months the concerts are usually given out of doors. A little platform is erected by the wayside or in a convenient field—a piano is conjured up from somewhere by means only known to the Y.M.C.A., and the concert-party, rather like a band of strolling gipsies "under the green-

CONCERT "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

wood tree," play and sing to an audience stretched at ease upon the grass just as far as it can hear; if the concert is at a camp hospital the wounded are wheeled or carried out in their beds; transport men passing by with lorries and wagons halt and join in, and in a cavalry camp one moonlight night the audience was surrounded by a circle of horses and their riders on their way back to camp from being watered.

On two occasions our concert-parties have included enterprising little dramatic companies who undertook to perform short plays—without scenery, with only such properties as could be carried or improvised on the spot, and with a tent for "green-room"! No difficulties baulked them. They played a "scene in a Mayfair drawing-room" with one chair, a table, and empty ginger-beer bottles for tea-cups, and in the twilight out-of-doors they discovered footlights in motor-lamps.

It is difficult to answer the question, "What songs and music do the men love most?" They like anything that is simple and beautiful. They love the songs they know, and they also love and adopt at once music that is new to them. The Scots' regiments never tire of "Loch Lomond," for instance, while "Annie Laurie," with the whole audience joining in the chorus, is an ever-green favourite. We have taken out some of the fine old English folk-songs, such as "The Keys of Heaven," and the men love and learn them instantly. They will get them word-perfect at once and march back to camp singing them. The love of our Tommies for a new tune is the amazement of enemies and of our Allies when they march out of battle shouting the "'Ymn of 'Ate" acquired from the Germans, more pópularly known as the "'Uns."

There is nothing strange or whimsical or modern in the craving of our armies for music. Music has always been one of the greatest healing and comforting elements in the world from the childhood of man, since before the days when David sang to Saul and vanquished the spirits of evil and sadness that possessed him. The desire for music is really as primitive as the desire for food and water, and as our indomitable troops have so far asked for nothing in vain, we hope to be able to give them the music and the comfort and happiness that it brings to them until the end of the war.

Perhaps in conclusion I may quote from a testimony to our work of which we are very proud. It is from the medical paper the *Hospital*, which wrote last August about the concerts: "Money for this purpose is just as usefully expended as if it were spent on splints and bandages, for diversion and amusement are valuable aids to recovery from bodily ills, whether they be fevers or bullet-wounds. It would probably be true to say that these concert-parties have actually saved lives. Unquestionably, they have brightened those of thousands of our soldiers just when they most needed diversion."

Irene's Great Adventure.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by F. Gillett, R.I.

I.

"RONALD, is it wise to ask him? Wouldn't it be better to——?"

"No, Irene, I'm sure it wouldn't; if anybody can give me a fair opinion, he can. I'll catch him as he comes out—and tell him I want to speak to him—and explain everything as I said."

The man spoke eagerly, and if not petulantly at least insistently; the girl stood hesitant as if still unconvinced.

"There's the last bus!" she cried. "I shall catch it at the corner if I run. Meet me in the village at half-past twelve to-morrow and tell me what he says!"

The man turned and stood resolutely watching by the low wall in front of a house of some pretensions which stood well back from the road. A blaze of light poured out of the open doorway; a throng of men and women were streaming into the roadway by one or other of the double wooden gates at each end of the gravel horns.

It was the Burnt Green Literary Society making homeward at the end of a highly successful evening: excellent and amiable citizens who for a brief season had diverted their minds from business and had sought recreation in æsthetics after long hours at their offices, immersed in material things.

They were discussing the paper of the evening—which had been upon the decadence of the modern novel—and were enthusiastically talking of the reader, by whom they seemed deeply impressed.

The final salutations were finished; the last couple had gone homewards; but the watcher continued to promenade the pavement, turning as he reached each gate like a sentry, keeping his eye always upon the now closed door of the house.

Suddenly a light streamed out again; the door was open, and two persons stood in full view. One was a man—the hero of the evening; the other was an elderly lady at whose house the society had met. The man bowed rather like an automaton as he shook hands with her, then raised his hat, set it on his head again, and once more lifted it as he ran down the steps.

As he did so, the man who had been doing sentry very hurriedly came up.

"Oh, Apperson," he said, "I should like to have a few words with you. May I come to your rooms?"

There was a pause. The man addressed was staring at his interlocutor in the darkness; then, with what seemed like considerable unwillingness, he gave assent. "Oh, yes," he answered, stiffly. "By all means, if you have anything special to say. But you mustn't stay very long. I have the greatest possible objection to being out of bed after eleven o'clock."

"Thank you very much. I won't keep you more than a few minutes. What an excellent paper you gave us! It is the best we have ever had!"

The two men passed on almost in silence for a couple of hundred yards. Then the road ended and they struck into another road which ran only to the right.

The man called Apperson led the way through the garden of a house which, though smaller, was in shape very similar to the one which he had left. He let himself in with a latchkey, took off his coat and hat, and hung his scarf up, gave no invitation to his guest to do likewise, and opened the door of a room on the left.

The visitor took the chair offered him with grateful alacrity, but it was easy to see that he was in a considerably nervous state. He was a man of about eight-and-twenty, with fair hair which hinted at presently becoming scanty, well-set but worried grey-blue eyes, a long nose, a short upper-lip, and that very full lower-lip which frequently accompanies great nervous energy and is so often a salient part of the physiognomy of those who are destined for the arts. He was slight, thin—though quite healthy-looking—apart from the suggestion of temporary nervous strain.

The host mixed a whisky-and-soda leisuredly

—it was characteristic that he did not invite his guest's opinion as to the strength of it—brought the glass across, set it on a side table, put down a silver cedar-lined box containing cigarettes, saw his guest take one, followed the example, and then walked over to and sat down in another chair. He crossed his legs—they were curiously short ones for his six feet of height and heavy torso—and then leaned back his head, which was composed, in front, of an unusually fine chin, a mouth whose thin lips were sensitive, a short, thin nose, bridged by straight-barred pince-nez, and an unexpectedly retreating forehead over which dark hair was consciously and carefully disposed. About forty, he was a reader to a publisher into whose firm he had gone after leaving Oxford, not because he had any special qualifications, but because he had literary aspirations and was able to put into the business several thousand pounds. Except for stray and invariably pedantic verses, he had never produced anything beyond certain unsaleable comic operas and two plays of incredible dullness, which were performed occasionally by local amateurs. He was a good, sound citizen who had never done any man an injury—though, on the other hand, he was without sufficient warm-heartedness, force, and imagination to do any man spontaneous good.

Having disposed himself comfortably, he set finger-tips to finger-tips judicially, and with condescension addressed his guest.

"Well, Lane," he began. "What is it that you want to say?"

The younger man leaned forward, clutched his knee nervously, and began. It was evident, from his deferential and deprecating manner, that he regarded his host as a highly important man. This was not surprising. Burnt Green—though famous—is Philistine; and Apperson was its literary lion, for the other members of the great Republic of Letters who had their homes there were either too bored or too busy to mix with the society of the place.

"It is about the school, to begin with. You know that Mr. Barton has sold it and that the new man comes next term."

"Yes?"

"Well, I'm going—I mean I've got notice to leave. And I wanted to come and consult you about getting something to do."

"Yes!"

Apperson's monosyllable, on the first occasion interrogative, now became apprehensive; this sounded like a personal appeal. Though strong and brave physically, he always shirked "situation," and, as his guest continued, there were signs of uneasiness in his face.

"You see, Barton took me in, at eighteen, after I left Wellington and couldn't afford the Army or Oxford—and I've been with him ever since. I've no degree—and it's no easy matter to get a mastership without one—at any decent school. And after a place like Barton's, it spoils one for a fifth-rate school."

"Quite so—quite so. But I am afraid I have no influence in matters scholastic. You should apply to an agent at once."

"I have done so. But I want to give up schoolmastering; there is, I repeat, no living in it for a man without a degree. I would very much prefer to take up a literary career."

Apperson smiled. He looked at his guest pityingly, and though his answer was civil there was contempt in it—underneath.

"You seem to think that in the world of letters a man can jump into a job at any moment: let me assure you that such is not the case. And you must not think that because you have written a few light verses you are qualified to make literature your career."

Lane blushed crimson. Ever since leaving school he had made rhymes in suburban secrecy; and two years ago he had ventured to show them to Apperson, who had read them, condemned them, and had handed them back with the politest of polite derision, and the question of "How much a yard?"

"Oh, I *know* those were bad," he answered, humbly. "I have put them aside, of course. But I've written a novel. I've given two years and immense labour to it—and I thought it might be some good. I wondered—in fact, I came to ask you if you would read it through."

Apperson raised his eyebrows. It was not his habit to do anything for nothing, and he was jealous of his leisure time. But in his business hours it was another matter; and he might as well have Lane's manuscript in front of him as the manuscript of anyone else. Besides, he had a not unnatural curiosity to see this young man's work.

"If you care to send it to John Julius Braithwaite and Company," he answered, "I will see that it reaches my hands. I will read it through and give it full consideration and report early to the firm."

"Thanks awfully, Apperson. It's jolly good of you. Schoolmastering is so utterly hopeless for me that I want to break out if

I can. Between ourselves, I want to get married, too."

Apperson started visibly; he had, on this occasion, extreme difficulty in hiding his contempt. Marriage! Did the young fool think of marrying on nothing when he, Apperson, could not see his way to matrimony on a clear eight hundred a year?

"Might I ask who is the lady?" he said, with polite irony. "Is it anyone I know?"

"Oh, yes, you know her. She's Miss Baird."

"What!"

"Yes; you see, she isn't too happy with her stepmother, and we're both rather ambitious and anxious to go ahead. She designs, you know—and we're both keen on pictures—and so we've a common bond."

Apperson did not smile now. He was frowning—not because he loved Irene Baird and was jealous, but because he detested her cordially as the solitary person in Burnt

"'MIGHT I ASK WHO IS THE LADY?' HE SAID, WITH POLITE IRONY, 'IS IT ANYONE I KNOW?'"

Green who treated him as an ordinary being and did not accept him as a very clever man. Indeed—and he knew it of instinct—she secretly questioned his ability, and he naturally disliked her. However, whatever his faults, he was not vulgar, and he did the becoming thing.

"Indeed!" he said, rising and holding out his hand, both as token of congratulation and as sign that the interview was ended. "I congratulate you, and I hope that you will be happy—very happy indeed. Good night. No trouble—a pleasure. Don't forget to send the manuscript to the firm."

II.

LANE came out of the gates of Huntingdon House School, which he was to leave so shortly, and walked with quick, impetuous strides along the road which leads to Burnt Green. He emerged upon the ancient common; as he did so a girl rose from a seat on the edge of it, came towards him, greeted him, set herself into step with him, and walked by his side towards Burnt Green Village, three parts of a mile away. The path—which ran along the edge of the Green on one side, and was close to a "Rotten Row" on the other—was alive with people passing either way. It was Saturday morning in October, mild and boon and sunny; and the old-fashioned village, as they reached it, was alive with chattering folk. They passed the station and went into a confectioner's opposite, and climbed to an upstairs room. Lane ordered coffee. They began to sip it; he talking, she listening to what he had to tell. She was charming to look at, utterly and intensely English; her face most exquisitely moulded, her hair rather neutral but with strong streaks of red. Her eyes were well set; her nose was almost a scimitar, her upper-lip was proud. She looked the picture of health, and looked, also, ardent and affectionate, full of impulse and heart.

"He was nice to you?" she was saying. "He really received you well?"

"Oh, quite well. He has promised to read it through. I sent it off this morning by parcel post."

"And if it comes back?"

"I shall put it away for a year or two and try something else."

The girl shot a glance at him. Then she half smiled.

"Then you believe in him so tremendously," she said.

"Why, yes. Doesn't he read for John Julius Braithwaite? And isn't he called by everybody 'the cleverest young man in Burnt Green'?"

"I know. But does Burnt Green know very much about it, after all? It can judge solicitors and doctors and architects, because it's made up of such professions; but he is the only literary man who lives here who has anything to do with it at all. Harry Cooper, the librettist, Sir Henry Cæsar, the actor, and Mr. Bunbury, the novelist, all keep themselves *to* themselves—and have their friends in Town."

Her *fiancé* looked at her rather shockedly. He had so long lived in his suburb that he thought it was the only place in the world.

"I don't know about the others," he conceded; "but as for Bunbury—my word! you should hear what Apperson thinks of him. He says he's the greatest pot-boiler unhanged. He turns out half-a-dozen serials annually, and a book every three months!"

"And he keeps a lovely car—and Mrs. Bunbury dresses beautifully—and his children are little dears. And if he *is* fat—and drinks more than is good for him—that isn't *our* affair. You should be more tolerant, Ronald—and take bigger views."

Ronald nodded penitently. Very intelligent, but still more sensitive, except as regards his immense belief in Apperson, he was intensely humble where his *fiancée* was concerned. For once—though not now—she had enjoyed experiences and advantages and opportunities of meeting people such as had never been his.

"I'm sorry," he answered. "I suppose I *am* narrow. So would *you* be if you'd been born and brought up in a place like Burnt Green. Well, we shall see what happens. I must be getting back to the school."

He rose; she imitated him. They parted almost at once. Ronald jumped on a bus. Irene remained behind. She had some shopping to do—but while she shopped she thought. She was worried—very worried—about Ronald's future—and not less about her own. She wanted, above all things, to escape from her stepmother's house.

She was the daughter of a painter of some standing who had married again a few months before he died, and up till then—till her seventeenth birthday—she had had chances of meeting many intelligent people who came to their Kensington home. But since then—her stepmother had married again speedily—she had been living down at Burnt Green, and—she was now four-and-twenty—she had been wretched and mentally starved. Her stepfather was against girls working, and her struggle even to be allowed to learn designing—which she had talent for—had been difficult and prolonged. Miserable, clever, ambitious,

and a fish out of water, she had inevitably attracted—and been attracted by—Ronald, who was in a very similar case. It was she who had urged him to write the novel, and he had responded to her encouragement like a flash. But the idea of offering it broadcast to publishers was absolute anathema to his sensitive and suburban mind. He preferred infinitely to have the private opinion of Apperson, in whom he so greatly believed.

Still thinking, still worrying about the future, Irene strolled up the hill towards her home on the terrace at the top of it, which looks out over Burnt Green; and on its crest —no unusual occurrence—she ran right into Apperson, who rarely went up to London on the sixth day of the week.

Usually he greeted her distantly. To-day he stopped and spoke.

"Good morning!" he said. He affected, towards women, the polysyllabic and the alliterative. "A monstrous beautiful morning; it beats the best and balmiest breezes of Bournemouth to bits. By the way, what an appropriate encounter! I am full of felicitations. I hear you are actually engaged."

Irene laughed and thanked him. He continued in the lordliest of tones.

"Lane let me know the news last night; he came to call after the literary club's delightful and delectable debate. He made mention of a modest manuscript. I am prepared to peruse it promptly when he forwards it to our firm. I am quite considerably curious. He showed me some positively passable poetry a couple of years ago."

Irene winced. She could have struck him. She knew that he had discouraged Ronald horribly years ago. However, for Ronald's sake, she kept her temper, and shook hands with him, and thanked him for his congratulations, and passed on to her stepfather's house. An hour later she had taken refuge in her own third-storey bedroom, which looked out upon the Green. The sun still shone, but the wind had changed and sharpened; and there was one of those combinations of climatic conditions which stir impulse in imaginative people and often give them ideas.

She had an idea now. It was so wild, desperate, daring, and chimerical that she wondered how she had ever thought of such a plan. And she stood long, fearful, adventurous, and hesitant, looking out of the window at the broad stretch of common with the roads criss-crossing it and the distant red-brick wall of the park in the distance, with the foliage of the chestnut trees bulging over like woolly green buttons on a baize curtain which is being held upside down.

She wanted to do something for Ronald; she wanted to do it desperately, with the passionate instinct of the warm-hearted to advantage those they love. But she, as he, was sensitive; and there was so much to overcome. Yet she overcame it with one of those immense efforts which give ultra-sensitive persons great forces when they have steeled themselves to action—great and often compelling *moral* forces which the thicker-skinned rarely possess.

She put on her hat, caught up her gloves, and took a parcel from a drawer—a bundle of manuscript—the under copy of Ronald's typed novel which he had given her to read. She made for the door. Then, with an impulse, she turned back. She opened the drawer again and took out an envelope of some size. It contained some typed sheets of foolscap—Ronald's poems of two years ago, of which Apperson had said, scoffingly, "How much a yard?"

Then she went downstairs, crossed the road, and hurried over the Green. She was making for a large house, three parts of a mile away, on a corner of the road which abutted on the common. She reached it, and rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Bunbury in?" she asked the maid.

The woman considered Irene, diagnosed her as a possible applicant for the post of secretary, asked her to enter, and inquired her name. Irene gave it, and was ushered into a luxurious room. It was such a room as Irene had never seen.

The walls were covered with prints and pictures of race-horses—Bunbury had once sold half a million copies of a sporting novel—and over the mantelpiece, and stuck about here, there, and everywhere, were signed photographs of celebrities whose names were household words. Great actors, jockeys and trainers, and titled owners looked down upon her, and she felt that she had left Burnt Green and its narrowness a million miles behind. Before she had time fully to realize her daring, or to think what she was to say to him, Bunbury entered the room. At the sight of him her heart was uplifted, for she was aware immediately that he was after the manner of some of the jolly, human, Bohemian, good-hearted men and women who had made much of her in her father's London studio when she had been a little child.

He bowed to her ceremoniously, as she had never been bowed to before—it was, indeed, his mannerism, for he had begun life as an

actor in a famous Shakespearean touring company after an all too brief university career. His bright eyes shone upon her like search-lights, and Irene had the feeling that all her past, present, and future had been discerned and docketed for future reference as if by the mysterious mechanism of some mental Rontgen rays.

"Miss Baird, I believe," he said. "What may I have the pleasure of doing for you? Won't you sit down?"

He waved his hand dramatically. Irene felt that his invitation was an imperative command. She sank weakly into the depths of an enormous armchair. All her courage ebbed from her. She tried to speak. But vainly. All that she could do was to turn over, nervously, the parcel of manuscript and the long white envelope, and to shift them from hand to hand. And she looked, speechless and imploringly, at Bunbury's search-light eyes.

The eyes lost something of their keenness, and kindness took its place. Perhaps he was remembering a fateful day, twenty years before, when, sent down from Oxford, cut adrift by his parents, he had gone, with an introduction from a sympathetic tutor, desperate and nearly starving, to call, not unsuccessfully, upon the world-known editor of a famous weekly review. Anyhow, he left the fireplace and sat down at a table, close to Irene's chair.

"What have you been doing?" he asked, gently. "Coquetting with the muse?"

"N-n-no; it isn't—I haven't——"

Irene stopped abruptly, the river of speech in her dried up by the bright warm glance of his eyes. His hand was outstretched for the manuscripts. Meekly she delivered parcel and envelope too. He glanced at the former, put it on the table beside him, and opened the envelope—which was not sealed down. He took out the manuscript, made as if to read it, then rose, walked to a side table, and mixed himself a drink. He returned to his table, took a long pull at his whisky-and-soda, and began to read the typed verses of Ronald Lane. They were all short. From the very beginning, Irene could see that he was pleased. More than once, as he turned over a flimsy page, having finished a poem, she heard him mutter "Deucedly good!" When he had finished—he went through the lot like a torpedo—he leaned back and set his search-light-like eyes upon her eager face. His voice had changed utterly. He spoke as equal to equal; with the homage of brains to brains.

"Did *you* do these?" he asked.

"No; they're not mine — they're my *fiancé's*."

"Oh-h! I see now." Bunbury's forehead relaxed perceptibly. "And did he tell you to bring them to me?"

"No; I didn't tell him I was coming here. I just did it on impulse. You see——"

She paused again. Bunbury looked so encouraging that almost at once she dashed ahead with her tale.

"He's a master at Huntingdon House—he's been there ten years now—ever since he left school, for he couldn't afford to go to Oxford—and the head master has sold the school and Ronald's got to leave. And as he's no degree—and can't afford to take one—he doesn't know what to do."

"But what about journalism?"

"I want him to go in for it. I think he's clever, but Mr. Apperson poured cold water on him two years ago. He took Mr. Apperson a copy—another copy—of the novel—the one you've got on the table—last night. Mr. Apperson is going to read it—and to say what he thinks. I wish he hadn't. Mr. Apperson always discourages him. When he took him those verses two years ago, he asked, 'How much a yard?'"

"These verses here?"

"Yes. Those."

Bunbury smiled—as Irene felt it, the kindest smile in the world.

"My dear," he said, "these things here on the table are not great poetry, but they are delightful minor verse; they are polished, thorough, and elegant; the very things that the *Westminster* and the *Pall Mall* want. Apperson is an ass and a pompous pedant who has probably cost John Julius Braithwaite many thousands of pounds. Only they can't very well get rid of him. He put money into the business, fifteen or sixteen years ago when they were shaky, and they can't afford to buy him out."

Irene beamed. She could have hugged Bunbury—first for his kindness, then for flattering her vanity by holding the identical opinions concerning Apperson that her woman's instinct had formed. And she knew, also instinctively, that he wished her and Ronald well.

"Then you *will* read the novel—and advise him what to do?"

Bunbury smiled again, got up, and stood astride of the hearthrug once more.

"You leave that to me," he said, smiling. "If the novel is anything like as thorough and as charming in sentiment as the verses,

your *fiancé* has no need to be alarmed. However, we can't talk business for ever. Come and be introduced to my wife."

He rose and walked to the door with quick, short, sharp little steps, held it open, and motioned to her to pass through. She obeyed in an ecstasy of happiness, which she had earned real right to enjoy. She felt a wave of love towards the whole universe—and in particular towards Bunbury—whom she had had for several minutes a huge desire to hug.

III.

THE offices of John Julius Braithwaite look out upon the river and are hard upon the premises of a famous literary club. Apperson's desk was in the window, so that the

"'DID YOU DO THESE?' HE ASKED. 'NO; THEY'RE NOT MINE—THEY'RE MY FIANCÉ'S.'"

light came over his left shoulder; and every now and then he raised his eyes from the typed manuscript which he was reading and stared out upon the view. But the magic of the water, the *va-et-vient* of the people on the Embankment, the sun fighting with, and slowly conquering, the fog of a November morning—all these things were lost on him; the strong jaws were closely pressed together; and the forehead, whose narrowness the carefully-brushed hair could not cover, was wrinkled and perturbed. In him—for, though an utter pedant, he was by no means heartless—generosity and meanness were at war. It was in his power at this moment to advantage greatly, or to discourage badly, the humble Ronald Lane.

The manuscript—he had finished reading it—was well written, though in sentiment ridiculously young. There was no money in it, but if published it would just pay its way. The question was whether he should advise the firm to take it up—in the hope that the author would presently be of value to them—or whether he should turn it down. From a business point of view there was not much to choose either way. It was largely a question of sympathy and generousness of heart.

And—despite his industry, his clean-living, and a general uprightness of character—generousness of heart and sympathy were two qualities which Apperson lacked. To begin with, Nature had not been over-lavish to him in these particulars; to go on with—well-to-do, leading a sheltered and narrow existence—he had not had the kind of life which develops a man's charity for people who are out of luck. Not consciously—but none the less certainly—his feeling was that those who are down are down because they deserve it, and should be kept precisely where they are. His outlook was perhaps more common than many might care to own.

Still, the two points of view were nicely balanced at this moment, and the scales might even now have gone down in Ronald's favour, but for a single thing. That thing was his own position, of which he was so proud and so jealous; the book was based upon life in Burnt Green, without pillorying anyone; and young Lane would be the lion of the neighbourhood were it to be brought out. This decided him. He would reject it—as was perfectly reasonable—and young Lane, remaining in scholastic employment, would shortly leave the place. Then, if the literary sense was sufficiently strong in him, the boy would write other novels, and if he cared to submit them to John Julius Braithwaite, or could find another publisher, very well and very good. But for the present the answer must be "No."

So deciding, Apperson took pen and paper, and, with the swiftness born of long habit, this is what he wrote:—

"I am sorry not to be able to report favourably of this novel, but, though it is sufficiently well written, it is outstandingly and ridiculously young, and, though perhaps its sentiments might be popular with schoolgirls, I am convinced that to the majority of novel readers it would make absolutely no appeal. Anthony Hope or the Baroness Orczy would have made a superb story out of the plot, but the present author has little or no sense of characterization; his people are mere labels, and, taking everything into consideration, it is a volume which I cannot honestly recommend."

Having scribbled this, Apperson rang the bell, delivered the draft to the typist, and went on with some other work. Presently he signed the report, instructed the typist to dispatch the manuscript, and strolled round to Simpson's for lunch. From there he went homewards. Before dusk—the golf club-house was close to the station—he would have time for nine holes.

At King's Cross he sustained a mild shock.

Lane was on the platform; he had had the morning off to interview a schoolmaster at Hampstead whose need of an assistant had been notified to him by a scholastic agent of fame. The interview had been unsatisfactory; the master, all kindness, had explained to him that though experience—ten years' experience—was of the utmost practical value, a degree was absolutely essential from the parents' point of view. "They insist upon it," he had said, "in this class of school, at any rate, and the kind of school which has degreeless masters is not much use to a man who seems as energetic as yourself. If it is impossible for you to get a degree, I should advise you to forsake schoolmastering and to go out to the Colonies or to enter a commercial calling before it is too late. You look as if you had a great deal of vitality, and—you are only eight-and-twenty—there is plenty of chance for you yet."

A commercial career for a man who had neither experience nor influence—or the Colonies—it was indeed a pleasant prospect for one who had just got engaged! Lane was walking miserably up and down, the reverse of energetic; his head was bowed, his

shoulders were bent, and he looked utterly hopeless and crushed.

Apperson—who was an abject moral coward—hurriedly turned away. But it was too late. As he caught hold of the handle of a first-class carriage, Lane, who had seen him, came up.

"Good morning," he said. And then—eagerness and anxiety overcoming his diffidence—he added, hurriedly, "Have you read my book?"

"I have read your *manuscript*."

"And is it worth anything?"

"I am afraid not. Indeed, I have just reported to that effect. It is not badly written, but it is absurdly romantic and lacks all knowledge of life; though I think you may still make something of it if you put it away for a couple of years. You are going third, I suppose? Well, we shall meet at Burnt Green Station. If you care to walk across the Green with me, I will tell you where the effort fails."

Apperson got into his carriage and settled himself comfortably with his feet upon the cushions, for few people travel first on suburban lines at that hour of the day. Lane walked a little farther up the platform and entered a third and sat down. The train crawled for forty minutes; to him it might have been forty seconds or forty hours. He only knew that in common decency to Irene he must break off his engagement and emigrate without delay. The novel? He blushed for it. Would to Heaven he had never delivered a bad piece of work into Apperson's critical hands!

Burnt Green Station. He got out—his carriage had stopped just opposite the exit—and he waited humbly till Apperson strolled up to him from lower down the train. Together they walked up the hollow, stone-slabbed corridor which emerges into Burnt Green Village beside the booking-hall and opposite the stationer's shop.

They strode up the hill in silence—Apperson, with his horror of situation, cursing his promise to discuss the novel; Lane too conscious of its defects to wish to hear another word. They reached the crest. The Green lay outstretched before them; and though the sight was too frequent a one for them to be conscious of its beauty, each of them—with the instinct to admire space and distance—looked directly ahead.

And each of them gave a start. Before them, twenty-five yards off, on the pathway, two people were coming along. One was a girl in a silken, biscuit-coloured, sports coat, and the other was an immensely fat man. He was quite small, and equally gargantuan, and he wore a large white bowler hat and excessively clamant tweeds. He was talking and gesticulating, and his plump white hands were waving in accompaniment to his words. The man was Bunbury and the girl was Irene Baird.

She saw Ronald from ten yards away. Her expression altered, and she fairly ran to his side.

"Congratulations!" she cried. "Congratulations! They are going to publish your book!"

"Oh, no; you mustn't deceive yourself. Mr. Apperson has just read it and says that it's no good."

Irene laughed aloud. Ronald stared at her uncomprehendingly. Apperson stood amazed. Indeed, so amazed was he that he forgot respectability, reputation, horror of Bunbury—and his instinct to be a snob. He stood listening, intent and open-mouthed.

Irene, knowing nothing of his side of it, knew at least that explanation was necessary. She gave it without delay.

"Mr. Bunbury has done it for you, Ronald! Mr. Bunbury, this is Mr. Lane. I expect you know Mr. Apperson already, do you not?"

Ronald Lane looked at Bunbury; was measured and approved of, niched and docketed for reference by the twinkling, searchlight eyes. Then the little man turned to Apperson; they stood regarding each other, two typical representatives of two utterly opposite types. And Bunbury's smile was wide.

"Yes; I used to know Mr. Apperson very well," he said. "We were at school together—long ago."

Then, still smiling, he turned back to Ronald Lane. His manner became pompous and theatrical. But it remained very generous and kind.

"I read your novel," he said, "and then I showed it to my old friend, Wilfred Beckingham, who reads for Titus and Brown. He agreed with me that it was ultra-young and hyper-sentimental, but that's a fault that will mend. His firm don't think there's much money in it—though one never knows with a novel—and they won't make you any advance. But they are prepared to publish it, and to pay you a royalty of one-and-six a copy after the book reaches the stage of profits—that's after the sale of four hundred and fifty to five hundred copies—and I advise you to leap at the chance. They are

first-class people, and their imprint on the cover will do you a power of good."

He paused, waved his hand to stop Ronald's gratitude, and then began again. But now those quick, keen eyes of his were resting not on Ronald but on Apperson's angry face.

"Meantime," he proceeded, "you cannot live on nothing, so I have taken the great liberty of finding you something to do. If you call on my old friend, Charley Rosenbusch, of the *Mockbird*, he is prepared to give you work as a reporter—if you are not too great a swell. Keep off the drink—I'm a fine one to preach, aren't I?—and keep your eyes open and work. Many a good novelist has begun as a reporter—it's the best way of learning life."

He paused, fumbled at his cigarette-case, and struck a match with plump white fingers. Lane began to blurt out thanks. Bunbury very quickly cut him short.

"Thank me by being a man and doing what a man ought to do—that is, snatching hold of your chance like greased lightning and following up your luck, and making yourself worthy of a very charming girl. Take him away, Miss Baird, and tell him everything, and what you dared because you loved. Come and see us, Lane, whenever you care to, and I'll help you all I can."

He waved them off with his big white bowler hat. Then he took Apperson by the arm. He took him tightly. The path was crowded.

Therefore the Suburban Blood—who died a fresh death every moment he was seen with Bunbury—did not dare to scuffle and drag his arm away.

And, as they crossed the Green slowly, Bunbury gave a final stab.

"We are all sentimentalists—if we only knew it, Apperson," he said, softly. "There is a chance for our sentiment here. Could there possibly be a happier augury for the success of any marriage than that feeling which must exist in the heart of young Lane, now he knows that the girl of his choice has made his chance for him—and adventured, to help her man?"

"'CONGRATULATIONS!' SHE CRIED. 'CONGRATULATIONS! THEY ARE GOING TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK!'"

SOME HUMOURS OF A PARSON'S LIFE.

By ONE OF THEM.

Illustrated by Thomas Henry.

IT is commonly supposed that a Christian minister's life is somewhat sad and sombre, seeing that his calling deals with the more solemn things of life. But this is far from being the case, as the following incidents will show. Truly blessed is he who has the happy knack of viewing matters from their humorous aspect. This gift (for truly gift it is) saves many an awkward situation. Carlyle described humour as "the finest perfection of poetic genius." It is more, it is a great saver of nerves, and at once puts a man right with his fellows.

I remember a distinguished preacher delivering an eloquent sermon just after the celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887. This divine held pronounced democratic views, and thought there had been an undue expenditure of money on these Jubilee celebrations. "Brethren," said he, in the course of a finely-delivered discourse, "I respect our beloved Queen; I yield to no one in my admiration for her noble qualities of mind and heart. Her true motherly excellencies have endeared her to all her subjects. She has proved herself a wise ruler and a judicious administrator; but, brethren, when all is said, she is only a woman, like myself." An audible titter went round the church, and the good man was so absorbed in his subject that he did not realize his "howler" until his wife drew his attention thereto on the way home from church.

On another occasion the preacher was a young student who had been at college only a few months. During his sermon he had occasion to refer to the deaf and dumb. I ought to explain that this young fellow was both nervous and shy. Instead, however, of saying "the deaf and the dumb," he said, "the duff and the dem." Unlike the gentleman to whom I have just referred, he realized his mistake, and sought at once to correct it. And this is how he did so: "My—dear—ah—friends, I have—ah—made—ah—a mistake. I did not—ah—mean to say—ah—'the duff and the dem.' What—ah—I really meant—ah—to say was 'the dem and the duff.'" He left the matter there, the congregation immensely enjoying his inextricable twist of the tongue.

Sometimes, however, the preacher has the presence of mind to liberate himself gracefully from an otherwise awkward situation. Special services were being held at a certain large church in one of our provincial towns. The interior of the building had been completely renovated at great cost. So, crowded congregations assembled on the occasion of the re-opening. Special hymn-sheets were being used, rather than the ordinary hymn-books. Judge of the surprise of the people when they heard the minister calmly announce: "Please leave the seats behind." Everybody smiled, and some laughed right out. The preacher, however, was not going to be caught napping. When the merriment had quite subsided, he added, "Yes, I mean what I say. Please leave the seats behind, for we shall require them next Sunday and afterwards." Then came another titter. "But this was not quite what I meant to say," went on the speaker. "What I really intended to announce was: Please leave the sheets behind, as we shall need them for this evening's service."

It is remarkable how easily a parson can become confused in his utterances without perceiving it himself. The members of the congregation, however, hardly ever fail to observe the error. Here, for example, are a few howlers for which I can vouch:—

"The choir will now be rendered by the anthem."

"Take off thy feet from off thy shoes."

"Forbid that I should ever become a cucumber of the ground" (meaning cumberer).

It should be explained in regard to this that the offender was an untutored lay-preacher who stumbled out of sheer ignorance.

But it would be hard to beat the following. A worthy layman was conducting special services at a small country town. He was an accountant by profession, and seemed unable, even when at church, to leave his figures behind, for in announcing the three hundred and twenty-sixth hymn, he calmly gave it out as "Hymn, three pounds two-and-six." It is difficult to imagine how, even with a sense of humour, he could extricate himself from this tangle.

"PLEASE, SIR, THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE!"

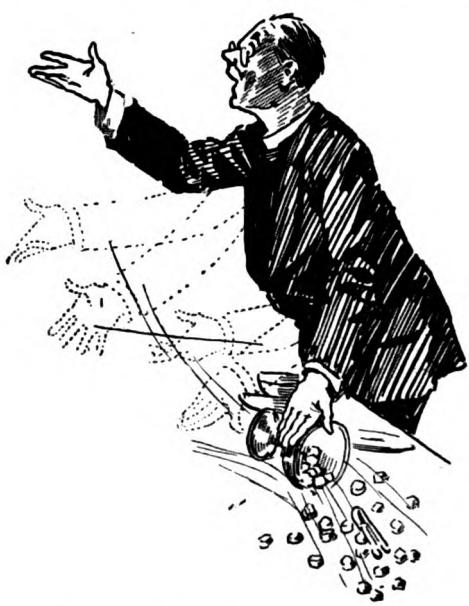
The necessity of people confining themselves to words which they can clearly understand was forcibly brought home to me one day when, during the course of a conversation with a poor, unlettered woman, I was informed that her son had become a soldier, and that he had joined the "Calvary." It was the same woman who did not quite appreciate the request of the borough surveyor to lessen the work of his men, for she did not see why she should be called upon to burn any "refuge."

At a certain church there were unpleasant differences between the members of the choir and the stewards. The choir therefore resolved that on the following Sunday they would not take any part in the musical portion of the services. The minister—a man with a keen sense of humour—heard of this and calmly fortified himself for the occasion. Imagine the surprise of the choristers when the parson announced as the opening hymn that one which runs: "Come we that love the Lord." "Kindly begin at verse three," said he:—

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Must speak their joys abroad.

This timely adaptation of hymn to circumstance completely justified itself, for the choir members saw the humour of the whole thing, and soon their rebellion was a thing of the past.

Not long ago a young and bashful student was conducting a Sunday-school class, which consisted of between forty and fifty little girls between three and five years of age. At the close he said, "Now, I want some of you to give me a short verse from the Bible." There was tense stillness. "Come along, please," said the student; "I don't mind how short the verse is." Again there was no response. Just, however, as he was dismissing



"I CANNOT HELP SCATTERING SWEETNESS WHEREVER I GO."

the class, one of the smallest girls timidly raised her hand and, in a quivering voice, exclaimed, "Please, sir, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife!"

It would be a good thing if everyone had the presence of mind of a Mr. C. Mr. C. was invited to deliver a brief address on the occasion of a church anniversary tea. The tables were laden with good things. During the course of the speech, the speaker, using his arms pretty freely, upset a sugar-basin, so that the "nobs" rolled all over the place. Naturally, the onlookers laughed heartily. Mr. C., however, was not in the least perturbed, and proceeded quietly to remark, "I cannot help scattering sweetness wherever I go." Further, for the next five minutes or so, he dwelt upon the necessity of Christian men and women everywhere avoiding every suspicion of sourness and acidity, so that a wholesome influence might be brought to bear upon others. Thus, what in the hands of an unhumorous person would have proved a disconcerting circumstance, gave him a valuable point in his address, which he used to fine advantage.

A friend of mine was conducting his mid-week service. It was in the South of England, where the singing is hardly as robust as in the North. This particular evening the hymns seemed to be drawled unusually. So the minister, wishing to instil more life and enthusiasm, spoke thus after the first verse had been sung, "I would be glad, dear friends, if you will please sing more heartily and rapidly." How he felt when he read the following verse I hardly know, but the people smiled a broad smile as they sang:—

Tell me the story slowly
That I may take it in.

"WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN FOR THREE YEARS OR FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR?"

It was in Norfolk that the following incident took place. A lady's gold watch had been lost and found. It had been taken to the vicar, with the request that he should make an announcement of the matter on the following Sunday. This he did, stating that upon application being made to him, accompanied by a description of the watch, it would be handed over. Then he immediately announced, "Let us sing hymn three hundred and sixty-two":—

Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping.

He must have been a born humorist.

"I KNOW OF AN EVANGELIST WHO HAS NO SENSE OF MUSIC OR HUMOUR — YET HE WILL SING."

What is wrong with the following, which was uttered by an excellent preacher?

"Our prayer is that Heaven will bless those whom we love and those who are loved by us."

The war is responsible for some "howlers." A parson with strong military views was recently conducting a wedding. And this is how he addressed the bridegroom: "Wilt thou have this woman for three years or for the duration of the war?"

I have known some strange things happen in regard to names. At a certain vacant church the names of four ministers who occupied the pulpit on successive Sundays were: Mr. Harper, Mr. Piper, Mr. Fidler, and Mr. Blow—truly a musical company.

Another remarkable coincidence (if it can be so called) can be related. A certain church had four different ministers—at different times, of course. Here are their names, in the order of their ministry: Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Parkin, Mr. Park, and Mr. Parr.

I know of an evangelist who, unfortunately for him, has no sense of either music or humour. Yet he *will* sing. Not long ago he was conducting an open-air service. By the way, he is an excellent preacher, and it would be a good thing both for him and for others if he stopped at this. On this particular evening he chose as the solo to be rendered the hymn, "Revive Thy work, O Lord." Everybody who knows this tune is aware that at the end of the first two lines of the refrain there are two notes which have to be sustained. This, however, is the way this musical evangelist rendered the chorus.

Revive Thy work, O Lord
—Lord—Lord,
While here to Thee we bow
—ow—ow.

Needless to say this was too much for the crowd. Soon, a number of boys came, imitating the barking of dogs. "Bow-ow-ow" was the order of the day.

That it is not always safe to ask questions of children while delivering the now customary address to boys and girls at the Sunday morning service is obvious from an experience which a friend of mine once had. He was speaking to them of the incident which relates how Joseph and Mary, having been warned, took the young child and fled into Egypt for fear of Herod.

"'I WONDER IF ANY OF YOU CAN TELL ME WHY JOSEPH AND MARY FLED INTO EGYPT?' 'BECAUSE THEY HADN'T PAID THEIR RENT!'"

"'SOME DAY WE'LL SAY,' SANG THE DUETTISTS. THEN A RAUCOUS VOICE BROKE IN WITH THE WORD 'WINKLES!'"

"I wonder," said the preacher, "if any of you boys or girls can tell me why Joseph and Mary fled into Egypt?"

"Because," said a thin, shrill voice, to the amazement of the minister and the amusement of the people, "because they hadn't paid their rent!"

It was at a church not a hundred miles from Portsmouth that the following happened. The occasion was a P.S.A. (Pleasant Sunday Afternoon), which is usually of a more or less free and easy character. It should be explained that each Sunday afternoon a fish-hawker was in the habit of passing along the street in which this church was situated. His touting had considerably disturbed the P. S. A.-ites, who in

consequence made representations to the police, and who in turn warned the hawker. This, however, angered the old man, who resolved to have his own back, which he accomplished more effectually than he knew. Two young women were rendering a duet on the afternoon in question, the refrain of which was "Some day we'll say," etc. At the word "say" there is a distinct and somewhat prolonged pause.

"Some day we'll say," rang out the soprano. "Some day we'll say," echoed the contralto. Then a big raucous voice broke in upon the silence with the word "Winkles!"

The old man had had his revenge after all.

Truly "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," as a somewhat conceited, self-made man discovered not long ago. He was a source of no little trouble to those around him, for in his own opinion he could do everything better than anyone else. So his minister thought he would give him an opportunity of displaying his genius. The day duly arrived. He was to address the boys and girls, and took as his text, "Simon called Peter." And this is how he began:—

"My dear boys and girls, I want you to observe what my text says. Simon called Peter. Now you know who Simon was, and you also know who Peter was. Well, it was Simon who called Peter. I do not know where he was when he called him, but he called him, and that is enough. How much would have been lost if Simon had not called Peter. And Peter, you see, answered at once," etc., etc. And so the poor man proceeded to illustrate the need of calling others, and the duty of responding. As may be imagined, the children kept up a continual grin. It was not until several months afterwards that this self-opinionated and self-made orator was disillusioned as to the real facts of "Simon called Peter."

"LOR, SIR, WHAT A PITY YOUR LEGS AIN'T A BIT SMALLER!"

A few years ago I gave an order to a tailor of the old school for a pair of gaiters. He measured my calves carefully, and went home to do his work with an assurance born of experience. Soon he brought the gaiters along with him. When I fitted them on, I found they would not meet. The old man looked at the gaiters, and then at my calves. Scratching his head, as though he were probing some intricate problem of mathematics, he exclaimed: "Lor, sir, what a pity your legs ain't a bit smaller!" Of course, it wasn't a pity that his gaiters were not a bit bigger.

"I know why God made Adam a man," exclaimed a precocious little girl of five, to her mother, one day just before I called.

"Why, my dear?" asked the mother.

"Because," came the answer, "if God had made Adam a baby, He would have had to nurse him."

We invite our readers to send us stories of this kind which may have come within their own knowledge or experience, and such as are considered suitable will be published and paid for. Stories should be addressed: "Anecdotes," THE STRAND MAGAZINE, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

THE LONELY SAILOR.

By "BARTIMEUS,"

Author of "Naval Occasions," "A Tall Ship," etc.

Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.

I.

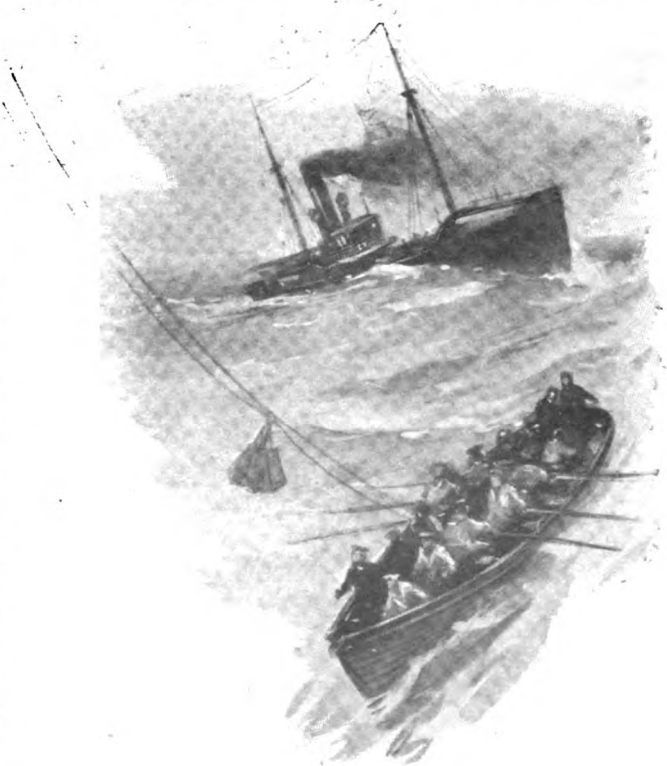
THE Sub was the officer of the forenoon watch. From the fore-bridge of the cruiser he had seen through his glasses the tendril of smoke above the ragged horizon develop into a mast and funnel and the hull of a fleet carrier wallowing towards them through the Atlantic swell.

"Thank the Lord," said the Navigator at his side, as the blunt bows grew near. "Now we shall get a mail. How long is it since the last?"

"Ten days," replied the Sub, and put his mouth to the voice-pipe. The cruiser hove to, and for a while the two ships talked, as ships talk, rolling steadily in the trough of the swell. And when apparently there was no more to be said, the flags fluttered down, the semaphore closed with a slap, and the seaboats were lowered.

To and fro they plied across the shifting grey hummocks, ferrying stores from the carrier to the cruiser. From the altitude of the fore-bridge they looked the merest cockle-shells, those open naval cutters with their complement of fifteen men and a boy apiece. The latter—the midshipman in charge—were perched beside their coxswains in the dicky of each boat, serene of countenance, competent and self-reliant, looking, perhaps on account of the huge lifebelts round them, smaller than they really were. At one moment the boats were climbing up the steep slope of a grey-back, anon sliding precipitously into the hollow, with their oars working like the legs of deliberate water-beetles.

They came alongside time after time, plunging in



showers of spray; the thin voices of the midshipmen shouting orders rose above the plash of water, the clatter of the oars on the thwarts, and the noises of the sea.

The forenoon had nearly passed when the second cutter finished her last trip and came alongside with the mail piled high in her stern sheets. The Sub, leaning over the bridge rails, contemplated the bloated sacks a little wistfully. He hoped very much that someone had remembered to write to him. No one had, last mail. There wasn't even a dun with his name on the envelope to rouse a flicker of interest when he scanned the letter-rack. He possessed few relatives, and his guardian was not of an epistolatory bent. He was a very lonely sailor indeed.

He hoisted the seaboats to the customary accompaniment of shrilling pipes, the plaint of the blocks, and the exhilarating "Stamp an' go with 'er, lads," from the boatswain's mate. The two ships concluded another brief conversation, and the carrier moved in a wide circle to the south. The Sub said something down the voice-pipe: the telegraph men sprang to their handles, far below in the engine-rooms the gongs rang, and the water under the stern broke into vortices and foam. The cruiser, one of the grey sentinels of the Atlantic, resumed her slow patrol.

His relief at one-bell greeted him with unusual lightheartedness. "What's the news?" asked the Sub as they exchanged the mantle of responsibility.

"There's a devil of a big mail," said the new-comer. "Stacks of it; and the port has come. . . . an' the Major's got another kid, so *he's* all right—course and speed on the slate? *Alla-litee*, can do! Oh, by the way, Timmins's brother's been scuppered at the Dardanelles, an' the Welsh miners are striking again like true Britons——" The speaker picked up the dividers and bent over the chart. "There's a lot of news of sorts. You'd better carry on and get your mail."

"Right," said the Sub, "I will." He descended the ladder with a light step, hurried aft along the upper deck, dived down a hatchway, and arrived eventually at the gunroom.

The mingled odour of pea-soup, cabbage, and tobacco smoke greeted him as he entered. The occupants had finished lunch and were all engrossed in their mail: a sort of subdued rustling was the only sound in the mess. As the ship rolled, a heavy swell raced frothing past the thick glass of the tightly-clamped scuttles, shrouding the apartment each time in a greenish gloom.

"OW, SIGNEU'! LONCH—TOM PEPPER POT —CORN' BEEF—BOIL' RICE AN' STOO' FIGS."

The Sub strode to the letter-rack and seized the contents of the compartment labelled by his visiting-card; he gave one glance at the writing on each of the three envelopes, and emitted a snort whose concentrated bitterness caused the nearest midshipman to start, even in the middle of an eight-page letter from the fairest of his cousins.

The Maltese steward (who claimed unfathomed descent from one of the Knights Templar and had a slight squint), rushed in where an angel might have been excused for awaiting the trend of events.

"Ow, Signeu'! Lonch—Tom Pepper Pot —Corn' beef—boil' rice an' stoo' figs."

"Rub 'em in your hair," retorted the Lord of Gunroom Destinies, and opened the first envelope. It was from his outfitter, and assured him that his esteemed order for thick vests was to hand and would receive every attention.

With a brow of thunder the Sub sat down at the table and opened the second letter. "Sir," it ran, "You may be wondering at this moment how to acquire a little cash with no security——" The Sub cast it from him and opened the third. This was from an insurance agency, offering recklessly to insure his life regardless of the grave risks involved by his profession, subject to his obtaining the signature of (*a*) an intimate friend; (*b*) a Justice of the Peace; and (*c*) a vicar, to a certificate that he was not hopelessly addicted

"'RUB 'EM IN YOUR HAIR,' RETORTED THE LORD OF GUNROOM DESTINIES."

to drink, or the victim of any malignant or incurable disease. Followed a list of diseases.

Gloomily the Sub devoured Tom Pepper Pot (a fierce form of *rechauffé* known only to cooks of Maltese extraction) and eke stewed figs, washing them down with a glass of beer. To make matters worse the Assistant Paymaster insisted on reading the *Punch* jokes aloud, thus taking the edge off his enjoyment of the paper when the opportunity came to collar it. The Midshipmen were all engrossed in their correspondence. The Assistant Clerk even had the temerity to giggle over something he was reading in a suppressed, fatuous manner. The Sub's cup of disgust ran over.

"Bring me a paper," he commanded. The Junior Midshipman brought one hastily.

For a while the Sub read in silence, then he grunted.

"Jove!" he said aloud and his brow cleared.

The A. P. had exhausted *Punch* and was casting about him for a fresh diversion, as an alternative to going to the office and writing up next quarter's ledger.

"What are you looking so bucked about?" he inquired. "Has someone died and left you a fortune?"

The Sub chuckled. "Read that," he said, and indicated a paragraph with his forefinger. The A. P. leaned over his shoulder and read aloud:—

> "*Lady, good letter-writer, cultured and witty, would like to correspond with lonely sailor.—Address N. R. E., Box* 177."

"Oh, that's nothing," he said; "I can find you lots more, if that's all you want to make you happy." He collected a pile of papers and scanned the agony columns. "Here you are: 'Sympathetic literary lady would write regularly to lonely sailor to help beguile tedium of his unceasing vigil.' What do you go on that?"

"Very nice," said the Sub. "Any more?"

"'Lady would like to write to lonely sailor. Prefers to exchange photographs as a preliminary.'"

"Would she?" observed the Sub. "Well, well!"

"They're all piffle," said the Senior Midshipman, growing interested and abandoning the despatches from Flanders in favour of something with a more human touch about it. "They're codes thieves use. But you can work out any code there is in time; my brother at the Admiralty told me."

"Thank you," said the A. P.; "I get all the decoding I want on the after-bridge. Fourteen months of it in three watches is good enough for me, without putting in a bit in the dinner-hour."

The Sub waved the cynics aside. "Rot! Thieves be blowed! Don't you realize what

"HERE YOU ARE: 'SYMPATHETIC LITERARY LADY WOULD WRITE REGULARLY TO LONELY SAILOR TO HELP BEGUILE TEDIUM OF HIS UNCEASING VIGIL.'"

this means? *I* am the lonely sailor of commerce. Nobody writes to me except outfitters and insurance touts. Why shouldn't *they* write to me?"

"They're probably old and ugly," hazarded the Senior Midshipman.

"You'd have to write to 'em all first," supplemented the A. P. Letter-writing, as he knew, was not the Sub's strong point. The Senior Midshipman had an inspiration. "Why not switch O'Hara on to the job? He used to write poetry for the *Dartmouth Magazine*—make him write to 'em."

"Not a bad idea," said the Sub, approvingly; "not bad for you at all. Where is the young devil?"

"In the school-place. We've got a make-and-mend* this afternoon."

The Sub gathered the papers in a bundle under his arm and proceeded to the school-place.

As the Senior Midshipman had said, it was a make-and-mend afternoon. Two young gentlemen lay upon the table in profound slumber. A third sat astride the form with a box of paints and a tumbler of water in front of him, engaged upon a highly-coloured representation of a naval action, destined to adorn his journal. Two more were rolling on the deck in an endeavour to prove to each other's satisfaction that you can never put a double-Nelson on a fellow as long as he has the free use of his arms. The sixth was cleaning the disintegrated parts of a telescope with a doubtful-coloured pocket-handkerchief.

The Sub came upon this idyllic scene like a shadow across a magic-lantern screen. When he departed a few minutes later the yoke of enforced literary composition lay upon the neck of the painter of battle-scenes. He was a red-headed youth, with eyes of a dangerous grey set wide apart in a freckled face.

"Who ever heard of such swish?" he demanded, rinsing his brushes and giving them a valedictory suck before returning them to the box. "I've a jolly good mind to see him blowed first."

The others eyed him contemplatively. Then the owner of the telescope, moved perhaps by memories, perchance the victim of a vivid imagination, stirred a little uncomfortably in his seat. "S'pose——" he began, and was silent.

The imperceptible movement was not lost on the red-headed one.

"Well——" he said; "Anyhow, it's about the pink limit"—and began groping in his locker for his pen and ink.

The Sub was crossing the aft-deck on the way to his cabin when he met a wardroom servant carrying a letter. "This 'ere was put in the wardroom by mistake, sir. It's for you."

The Sub took the missive, gave one swift glance at the handwriting, and put it in his pocket. "Thank you," he said, quietly, and made off to his cabin. He drew the curtain and flung himself into the depths of a battered wicker arm-chair. Then with a hand that

"'I'VE BROUGHT YOU DOWN THOSE LETTERS,' SAID THE

* The naval equivalent to a half-holiday.

was somehow not quite at its normal steadiness he filled and lit a blackened meerschaum. Finally he drew the letter from his pocket and sat turning it over and over, with an expression in his eyes not one of his shipmates had ever surprised there. After a while he slowly opened the envelope and read the contents four times in succession before returning it to his pocket and composing himself for an afternoon's slumber.

It was an hour later when there came a light tap at the cabin door. The curtain was drawn back and a head and shoulders thrust into the interior. The Sub opened one eye and cocked it at the intruder.

"I've brought you down those letters," said the Red-headed Midshipman. He held out the fruits of an hour's literary ardours.

"What letters?" asked the Sub, drowsily.

"About you being lonely," replied the Red-headed Midshipman, "an' wanting people to write to you."

"Take 'em away," commanded the Sub; "and don't come boring me. I'm busy!" He closed his eye again and resumed his slumbers. The Red-headed Midshipman withdrew and pulled the curtain across the door. For a moment he stood looking at the masterpieces in his hand. It was bad enough to have been compelled to waste a make-and-mend afternoon in the abhorred exercise of letter-writing, but to realize after all that the labour was in vain—that it had merely been a senseless whim of the Sub's—filled him with a wrathful sense of injustice. Slowly he retraced his steps to the school-place, his eyes hard as flint and his mouth set.

"Well?" inquired his brethren. "Did he sign 'em?"

The red-headed one shook his head. "No," he replied, shortly. He walked to his locker and put the masterpieces carefully away. "It's my first dog watch, too, an' I've wasted all the blooming afternoon for nothing."

Somewhere on deck a bell rang sharply seven times.

"It's tea-time, anyway," said a friend, soothingly; "come an' split a tin of bangers.* We'll fry 'em on the stove."

RED-HEADED MIDSHIPMAN.

II.

THE occupant of the hammock nearest the wardroom door had just turned in, and lay on his back with his feet against the transverse beam overhead, swaying his hammock backwards and forwards. The throb of the engines far below and the monotonous footfall of the sentry combined to make a sort of lullaby. Through the ventilator at the top of the wardroom bulkhead came the drone of voices and an occasional burst of laughter. The Red-headed Midshipman grew sleepy, and lowered his feet as a preliminary to wriggling between the blankets. He had a night-in, and was going to make the most of it.

Then someone came out of the wardroom, leaving the door ajar. Conversation, hitherto a desultory murmur, became distinct and intelligible. The Red-headed Midshipman lay listening drowsily.

They were rotting the Major about something. For a while the trend of the chaff remained a little obscure. The Padre was being very sly, and the Major appeared to be standing drinks under protest. The Red-headed Midshipman grew interested.

The Major of Marines was no doubt all that could be desired as husband and father. But as a messmate it is to be feared that he was a trifle heavy. Domesticity, as he unwearyingly painted it, almost assumed the proportions of a vice; and once a year or thereabouts he used to puff out his chest and talk grandiloquently about being a Bulwark of the State, what time his bored messmates took it out of him in whiskies and sodas.

He was puffing out his chest on this particular evening. The Red-headed Midshipman

* Sausages

lay listening for a long time; then, as if acting on a sudden impulse, he lowered himself out of his hammock, a smile hovering about the corners of his mouth. Bending low beneath the hammocks of his sleeping brethren he pattered forward to the school-place. There he took down from his locker the six unsigned letters, his bottle of ink, and the mightiest of all weapons in the hand of the oppressed.

Five minutes later he had slipped the letters, stamped and addressed, into the post-box on the aft-deck, hoisted himself into his hammock again, and fallen straightway into guileless sleep.

"'I SWEAR,' SAID THE MAJOR, AGHAST. 'MY DEAR FELLOWS, I SWEAR—ON MY HONOUR—I'VE NEVER SEEN THE WOMAN IN MY LIFE.'"

III.

THE mail had come and the corporal of the wardroom servants entered the wardroom with the letters. The members gathered round the table to assist in sorting operations.

Those present seized theirs and arranged the remainder in piles according to name. "Halloa, Major!" exclaimed the First Lieutenant, "have you got a birthday? Many happy returns of the day."

The Major snorted proudly. "Ha," he puffed, approaching the table complacently. "Most devoted correspondent, the wife. My dear fellow, I assure you——"

"Jolly having a wife who writes five or six different handwritings," commented the Navigator, handing him the pile. "I should start with that pink one on top, Major."

"And bags I the envelope to put under my pillow afterwards," added the Young Doctor, sniffing appreciatively. "Reminds me of Covent Garden, somehow 'r another."

The Major, looking bewildered, scanned the sheaf of correspondence in his hand.

"The wife," he began, feebly, like a fakir reiterating a charm, and opened the pinkest of the missives. A photograph fell out on to the deck. The astonished Major picked it up and held it at an arm's length. "Good Lord!" he gasped, and then again in a voice husky with emotion, "Good Lord!"

The mess eyed him with solemn reproach that threatened every instant to explode into unrestrained laughter. "I swear," said the Major, aghast. "My dear fellows, I *swear*—on my honour—I've never seen the woman in my life." His eyeglass fell with a tinkle against the buttons of his rotund tunic.

It was some moments before the mess, grovelling on settees, gasping for breath in the arm-chairs and rocking on each other's necks, were capable of speech. Then the Navigator with difficulty found the means of expression.

"Oh, Major, Major," he spluttered. "If you'd *only* do that again—you'd make us forget there was a war."

SOME REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS OF A DANCER.

By

ADELINE GENÉE.

ADELINE GENÉE IN HOLIDAY MOOD.

IT seems such a long time since I took my first dancing lesson, and I began so young that to-day I almost feel as if my whole life had been one perpetual dance. But I could scarcely wish for a more pleasant fate, as, to those who love their art, the hard work necessary to enable them to give of their best does not really seem work at all. It is a real pleasure, to be enjoyed step by step as one becomes more skilful in mastering its intricacies.

If I may claim to have attained some success as a dancer I attribute it, first, to the fact that I started very young, and, secondly, to my temperament, which has enabled me to "stick to my dancing-shoes" and work with the thoroughness which dancing demands from its devotees.

I am not sure whether details of my early training are likely to prove of particular interest to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, but, in view of the growing popularity of dancing, I would mention that I took my first lesson at the age of eight from my uncle, Alexandre Genée, who was a famous dancer and, at one time, a theatrical manager in Denmark.

At the age of nine I made my first appearance on the stage in Norway at Christiania, and although before I went on I was fearfully nervous, when once I had faced the footlights I had lost every trace of nervousness—and for the time being, at any rate, I felt quite at home.

But, alas! youthful confidence, especially very youthful confidence, almost invariably passes away in an unpleasantly short time—more often than not to be replaced by nervousness amounting almost to fear. In my case this was so, at any rate, for at the age of fourteen I remember lying awake throughout the whole of one night firmly determined to give up dancing altogether, simply and solely because I felt I should never prove able to master the art of pantomime.

"What chance has a dancer of proving a success if she cannot mime?" I asked myself time after time through the long hours of that never-to-be-forgotten night—and at night every hour one lies awake seems almost a lifetime. "None at all—but I don't myself mind giving up my career," I thought, "if only it were not for the terrible disappointment it will cause my uncle."

A few days later, after working harder than ever to improve my "miming," tired and dispirited at the end of my long morning's work, I broke down altogether and, resting against my unsympathetic practice-bar, I burst into tears; and so, sobbing her heart out, my uncle found an almost heartbroken niece a little later.

To this day I shall never forget his wonderful sympathy, nor can I ever feel grateful enough

for his tenderness, almost womanly in its gentle understanding. Taking me in his arms, he told me little by little, as he pressed me close, of the long, weary weeks, months, and years of training he had gone through before his master had passed him as even worthy of appearing in public. "At Christiania, little girl," he said, "you did well, wonderfully well, at the age of nine; at the age of nineteen, if you go on working as you have been working, you will have built the foundation of a name which will be a household word in every corner of the world where the art of dancing is understood."

Of course, this encouraging prophecy put new heart into me and cheered me up more than mere words can express, and from that moment I started to work harder and harder, gradually getting every muscle well trained and in perfect condition, until I was told I might "try again in public," with the result that I am proud to say that I appeared with some considerable success as *prima ballerina* at Copenhagen.

That first real success proved the turning-point in my career, for afterwards engagements flowed in freely, and as time went on I appeared in opera at almost every leading Continental city, in many famous ballets, including "Faust," "Les Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," and many other operas, including "Coppelia," by Delibes, which, I would mention, is quite one of my favourite ballets.

I suppose each and every one of us suffers from some sort of vanity. Personally, until I received the following note from an admirer I thought I was free from this besetting fault, but as I have carefully kept the note, and as it still remains one of my most treasured possessions, my conscience has convinced me that I am not.

As you may possibly know, although my name is French, I am a pure Dane—hence, probably, my appreciation of this charmingly-expressed *billet-doux*. "Mademoiselle," it runs, "I am proud to salute so distinguished a Dane. Your country has indeed much to be proud of—she has sent England a great queen, honoured and beloved by all; she has also sent us a great dancer."

But I mention this merely by the way and to lead up to a most memorable incident—namely, that it was as Coppelia that I had the honour of dancing before our beloved Dowager Queen Alexandra, her Royal father, the King of Denmark, and a very distinguished company at Copenhagen a short time before I made my first appearance in England, now "my home from home."

That most wonderful evening I could not forget if I would, for carefully hidden away among the treasures I love and really prize in life is a wreath of laurels—some people have told me that to-day the leaves look somewhat faded, but to me they will always look as fresh and green as ever—a gift from Queen Alexandra. Can you wonder at the care and solicitude I still take to keep fresh the youth of a gift which, maybe, is growing old in years, but to me will be ever young?

When first I came to England to appear at the Empire, the engagement was made for six weeks. Exactly how long it lasted I could not tell you, but I remember that on the tenth anniversary of my appearance at that famous home of ballet I received a reception which proved to me beyond all manner of doubt that I could pride myself on having, in some small degree, proved of assistance in popularizing the art of dancing.

To a certain extent, however, in this there should be no cause for surprise, for in England—or perhaps I should say in London—there is by no means so favourable an opportunity of "making good" in ballet as there is on the Continent, where in Petrograd and other leading cities there is a special school where the art of dancing is taught and where children are initiated into its mysteries at a very early age, with the result that, provided they show promise, they are in due course almost certain to find suitable openings in opera.

These classes are held at the Opera House itself, and deportment, music, and physical training are given to each and every pupil, to enable them to master the art of gesture. It therefore naturally goes without saying that the result of so thorough a training is reflected in the Continental ballet, which may be compared, perhaps not inaptly, to a perfectly-drilled and well-disciplined regiment. In England, when a dancer leaves the ballet, she leaves her salary behind her. But on the Continent all who have been employed at a Royal Opera House for a certain time are entitled to a pension.

My first appearance before Queen Alexandra in my beloved Denmark naturally stands out most clearly in my memory, but since those far-away days I have appeared before almost every member of the Royal Family, including the late King Edward, King George, and Queen Mary, and many other crowned heads at charity and other performances.

After a lengthy sojourn in London, I received a number of offers to appear abroad, and, at one time and another, I may claim to have travelled far and near sometimes for

pleasure, but, as a general rule, for pleasure combined with work. Thus, quite recently I have been touring in the United States and in Australia. This meant work, and also spelt long days of travel in Pullman cars—and from the interior of the Pullman car one does not get a very keen insight into the manners and customs of a country.

During my Australian tour I experienced a somewhat exciting adventure. Being compelled by force of engagements to travel a long way from town to town necessarily means that on occasions one may also have to cut things rather fine. This time I had arrived at Melbourne the same afternoon that I was due to appear there at night. The moment I arrived at the theatre the manager, with genial countenance, informed me that the house was sold out and that the company was waiting to rehearse.

So far so good. When I went on the stage, however, I found the orchestra and conductor waiting for me—but without a single band part. Messengers were dispatched post-haste here and there to try to trace the missing parts, but, despite the almost Sherlock Holmes sense of all, the two trunks in which they had been packed were not forthcoming, and finally it was decided that no performance could be given either that evening or on Monday afternoon.

But even missing trunks cannot hide themselves for ever, and, mercifully, the precious music did put in an appearance a few hours before the evening performance on Monday. I need scarcely say, however, that I was somewhat nervous as to the reception I should receive after having proved the indirect, if innocent, means of disappointing the public on two occasions.

And I felt all the more nervous because the management had told me that they had received a whole batch of letters from intended Saturday evening visitors expressing their disappointment, sometimes politely, but more than once somewhat forcibly.

Thus, one man wrote that "he had only paid a

ADELINE GENÉE IN PRIVATE LIFE AND IN "A DANCER'S ADVENTURE."

Photos Weather & Buys and Hugh Cecil

guinea for two stalls, which sum however, is a trifle." His letter ended up, "and I am not worrying about that a little bit. I do protest, however, that the return of the price of the seats is poor compensation to a man who has paid twenty guineas for a new evening dress for his wife so that she may not disgrace the stalls!"

Happily, however, my fears proved unfounded, for the moment I appeared on the stage I received a tumultuous welcome, and at the fall of the curtain in Melbourne I was accorded no fewer than fifteen "calls," which might almost have been extended indefinitely had not the management rung down the fire-curtain—that relentless, inexorable token that "all is over."

I have often been asked, by the way, whether I think that a national school of ballet-dancing would prove an influence for good in furthering the art. It is possible, of course, that this might be so, but I scarcely think it likely, for, although there is a popular idea that the Russian schools and others have developed from the national dances of the people, I am inclined to think that this point of view is somewhat wide of the truth. Why? Simply because it seems to me that the character of the nation exercises an almost predominating influence on its dances.

The Slavs as dancers undoubtedly differ from Northern people, difficult though it may be to the uncultured eye to say where the difference comes in. But be that as it may, were one to bring all the ballet-dancers of the world together it would almost inevitably be found that each and every one had had the same rigorous conventional training, and that all dance in the same way with the same steps. It is only after a grounding which gives perfect mastery that a dancer can show real individuality.

IN "A DANCER'S ADVENTURE."
Photo. Hugh Cecil.

Touching on the future of English dancers, it is surely to be regretted that so many promising exponents of the art not only want to appear in public too soon, but practically insist on it. This, I think, is in no small measure due to the fact that many parents seem to show a keen wish for their children to earn money after they have been practising only a few months.

Proud fathers and mothers fondly imagine that these promising girls—for the art of male

A DANCE À LA TAGLIONI.
Photo. Moffett Studios.

ADELINE GENÉE AS TAGLIONI.
Photo. Moffett Studios.

dancing in England is but little known—can become perfect if they commence to take a few lessons at the age of fourteen or fifteen, whereas, if they are really to obtain thorough mastery over the art, they should start at eight or nine.

Ballet-dancing, properly understood, is almost the most exacting of high arts, demanding the utmost devotion from the artiste, and the sooner the public realizes this the better it will be for them, for the artiste, and her work. There is no other art which requires such constant association between the artiste and the teacher. All we dancers who take our art seriously return at intervals to have those faults corrected which unconsciously we contract; and, in my own case, for years and years I used to look forward to practising with my uncle and aunt, who were my only real teachers.

There are a thousand and one little faults which beginners will invariably make. Toes are pointed wrong, likewise the heels, while the body is poised awkwardly, and the head—well, I could almost fill a quire of foolscap paper were I to enumerate the various pitfalls into which the ignorant are liable to fall.

A rather amusing incident occurred at a school of dancing some time ago. A tall, graceful lady called one day and in languid tones expressed a desire to take some lessons. "I suppose," she said, "one can learn all there is to learn in—well, three months; that is, by taking two lessons of an hour a week?"

She was politely informed that to attain excellence at the art it would be necessary to practise considerably longer than that. However, after expressing surprise and disbelief, she took twelve lessons, at the end of which time she departed perfectly happy in the belief that she was a perfect mistress of the art, and her last words were: "Well, if the worst comes to the worst, I can now be sure of getting a berth as *première danseuse*." I sincerely hope that "the worst will not come to the worst," for the lady's sake, if she is still relying on her ability to witch the world with her dancing.

AS LA CAMARGO, THE CELEBRATED COURT DANCER OF LOUIS XV.'s REIGN.
Photo. Dover St. Studios.

Which reminds me that I am frequently asked whether I think that the dancers of to-day are equal in merit to the famous

ADELINE GENÉE IN A HUNGARIAN DANCE.
Photo. Moffett Studios.

Taglioni, Elssler, Cerito, Lucille Grahn, Carlotta Grisi, and others of the famous fashionable era of Italian opera-ballet.

Why not? We have schools of the same kind as they and can do more difficult steps—we can do three pirouettes to their one. Years ago I learnt how to do an *entrechat* of six crossings—indeed, in one dance shortly after I appeared at the Empire I did sixteen *entrechats* of six crossings each.

This reminds me that since the time of Taglioni some inches of skirt and fluffy petticoats have gone. Why? Who desires this change? The dancer is responsible, and the fact that she takes the responsibility surely suggests that her art is on the up-grade.

Technique improves, and the technically skilled do not like to hide their lights—or, to be accurate anatomically, their legs—under a bushel of muslin or so. Argue as you may, you cannot convince the really trained dancer that her lines are more graceful when her skirt is comparatively long and lies close than when it suggests a bird-cage.

I could write a solid book on my favourite pastime. Perhaps one day I may. I sincerely trust, however, that these few rambling reminiscences of a real enthusiast may not have proved without interest.

Some little time ago I had decided to bid farewell to the great-hearted British public. But of a sudden, the greatest crisis in the world's history happened upon us all, and, as one of the Governors of Charing Cross Hospital, I have returned to the stage until the time shall arrive when I may give a fitting farewell performance in aid of the funds of a great institution which I pray may be the means of conjuring back to health and strength many a hero now fighting our battles.

AS JEANETTE IN "ROSES AND BUTTERFLIES."
Photo. Dover St. Studios.

If health, age, or other drawbacks have debarred you from doing your bit in this great crisis, I know I can rely upon you to do it then. You will—won't you?

ON THE FILM.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by Charles Pears.

I DO not wish to say how far a man who is fond of his joke should go, but I do say this—that there is a limit; and when it comes between you and the young lady for whom you are beginning to have feelings of a certain kind then it ceases to be a joke, and the time has come to put your foot down and let them know it.

Look at what happened to Nora and me. I had been making up my mind for the better part of three months, and we had as good as agreed that it could be managed on thirty-five shillings a week, with the early prospect of another five, when, just at that moment, as we were, so to put it, almost within the sound of wedding bells, the blow fell.

It was at a picture-show that the bomb exploded. It costs something to take a young lady about to entertainments of that class, with chocolates to go on with, and maybe an ice to follow, but when the hidden spark in a man's breast bursts into a flame he looks upon sixpence, or even a shilling, practically as if it were nothing at all.

We were in the sixth row—fourpenny seats. We had just seen about a baby what fell over a cliff, and would have been drowned had it not been for what I should describe as a series of miraculous events. We were waiting for the next, and the screen was dark.

"What's coming?" asked Nora, in what you might call half a whisper, as she put another chocolate into her mouth. It's wonderful how a girl can eat chocolates. I had nearly made up my mind that one day, if I could afford it, I would find out how much Nora really could eat—try it once, if never again. I am of an inquiring turn of mind, I am. I told her what I thought was coming.

"A comic," I said. "You wait and you'll see."

Then Nora did see. "The Kiss that Failed—being the Comical History of the Mistake which Bobby Made."

Of course, Nora fastened on the name immediately—she naturally would.

"Bobby! Your name! Do you see it?"

"Being able to read, and the print large size, I do not see how I can help it, though I'd have you know that my name's not Bobby."

As Miss Dickinson well knew, I was christened Robert. I can put up with Bob, but Bobby is softish, and when it comes to that I draw the line.

"But why?" she asked. "I never can understand. Bobby's as good as Bob; I'm not sure I don't like it better."

Before I could so much as open my lips to reply the picture began. There was thrown upon the screen a man's head, and I felt as if something must have happened to me. A little disturbed I suppose I was by what I will describe as Miss Dickinson's manner, which was perhaps why, directly I saw that head upon the screen, I felt as if someone had knocked the stuffing out of me.

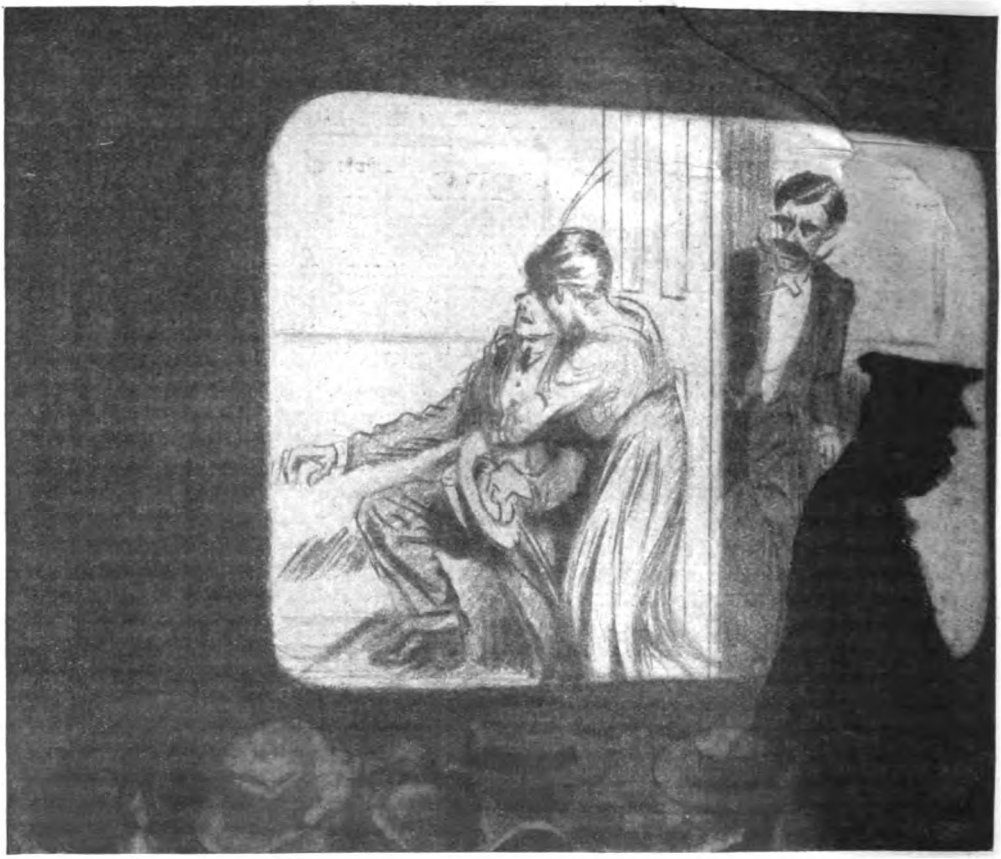
Looking at me was my own face on the screen!

No larks, no humbug, no lies, no nothing—just the truth! There was me sitting in the sixth row of the fourpenny seats, and there was my face staring at me from the screen. No one knows what emotion can be like till a thing happens to him like that.

"Bob!" said Nora, with a gulp which I knew was caused by having swallowed a chocolate whole.

I said nothing. There was nothing to say. If there had been I couldn't have said it. There was a big, round face staring at me from the screen, and though it wasn't by any means a flattering likeness there was no mistaking who it was. I had on a bowler hat, worn a little on one side, as is the latest West-end fashion. I took it off, I tipped the audience a wink, I opened my mouth—widish—I put out my tongue——

I was shocked. I really was positively shocked — I might almost say horrified. I certainly thought Nora Dickinson would



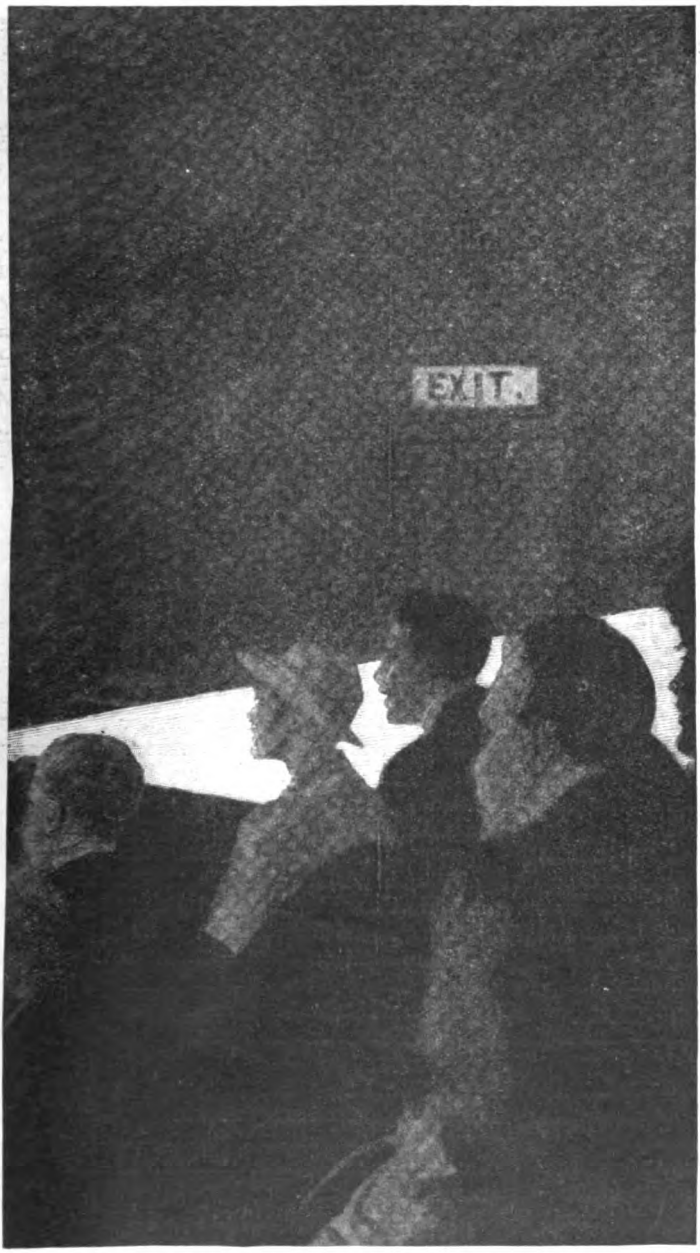
have been; instead of which, while I felt that I should have to get up and leave the hall because the manners of that face were so disgusting, she began to snigger, then to titter, then to laugh, and then to roar. But, mind you, so did everybody else. And just because, so far as I could judge, a great head on the screen was pulling the most disgusting faces I have ever seen. Suddenly the head disappeared.

"Oh, Bob!" gasped Nora—she seemed to be in trouble with her breathing. "Did you ever see anything so funny? Isn't it like you?"

The idea of her suggesting that she had ever known me behave as that head had done, especially considering the extra careful way I always had behaved in her presence, was a little too much. But before I could so much as tell her so the real picture began.

There was a sitting-room on the screen. I had a sort of horrid idea that I had seen it somewhere before. Into this sitting-room I came, my hat on my head again, and looking as if I was wondering where I was. Presently a young lady came into the room. She tip-toed to where I was, coming on me from behind. She put her arms round my neck, drew my head backwards, twisted my face round, and she kissed me.

No one who knows me can deny that delicacy is one of my strongest features. Therefore it will be understood how far it is from my wish to brag about the way in which that young lady kissed me. I will merely mention that her lips were still glued to mine when the door at the back of the room was opened again, and a male person entered. I write "male person" because, as will presently be seen, no one who witnessed his behaviour could describe him as coming within a hundred and fifty miles—and I may say farther—of being a gentleman. He was taller than I was, and broader. I may add that generally he was built on coarser lines. His conduct showed it. Instead of pausing, as a sensible person would have done, and asking for an explanation of what was taking place, he came striding forward, right to the front, and without speaking so much as a



"THE DOOR AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM WAS OPENED, AND A MALE PERSON ENTERED."

single word he raised his hand and struck me full in the face. Once, and then again, and then a third time; at the third blow I went down like an ox that is felled. I never attempted to defend myself, not even by moving so much as a single muscle. That girl, she took her arms away and moved aside, and allowed that ruffian to take pot-shots at me as if I were a mechanical figure. Of course, I went down; anyone would have gone down with a scoundrel hammering at his face like that. It was a horrible sight. I expected that Miss Dickinson's blood would have turned cold. The people screamed—with laughter, mind you, as if there was anything funny in seeing a man knocked down as if he were a ninepin—and she screamed with them.

Directly I was down I raised my head and looked round, as if I was wondering where I was, and the people, including Miss Dickinson, screamed again, as if it were the funniest sight they ever had beheld. The young lady spoke to me as if she would offer me sympathy. So soon as she did that the brawny villain took me by the collar of my coat and lifted me on to my feet, and as soon as he had got me on my feet he picked me up with both hands and used me as if I were a football, kicking me through the air right from one side of the room to the other. And just as I got there the door opened a second time, and I came right in the face of another ruffian who thought proper to enter at a moment which was most inconvenient for me. He never stopped to ask me if I had done it on purpose, or how I happened to be there just then; he just let fly at me, first with one fist and then with the other. And he hit me back to the fellow who had kicked me there. That was a pretty game. They kept kicking me back from one to the other as if I were just a plaything. Then a third person entered, and I was thrown against him.

He didn't stop to hit me—nothing of the kind. He just caught me up somehow, dashed with me to the window, and dropped

me into the street. I came down on a coster's barrow which happened to be passing, face foremost, sending his stock of goods all over the place. He picked me up and threw me at a bus, landing me on the top, bang against a passenger just as he was getting up. He caught me and threw me on the top of a house which was just handy. Some workmen on the roof of the house, not seeming to care for my being there, threw me from one to the other—there seemed to be about a mile of them—till, in their excitement, they brought down the scaffolding on which they were supposed to be working with a crash, with me underneath and all the rest of the traffic—there was a tremendous lot of traffic, pantechnicons, and motor-cars, and steam lorries—as well. On the top of the pile there seemed to be about two thousand people. They began to fight with each other, and to hunt for what was underneath. And by degrees they got me out. You never saw such a spectacle as I presented. Then after a second or two the people in the hall, including Miss Dickinson, began to see that it really was me. There I was, all mud and bruises and blacking, with my clothes all anyhow. And there was the young lady who had kissed me laughing fit to split, as if I had been the cause of the trouble. Then the picture vanished, and just as it was vanishing she stooped forward and kissed me again.

I thought that was the funniest part of it all. When the film had come to an end the people clapped, but not Miss Dickinson. The lights went up and she sat silent. Then she turned to me, and she said, in her very iciest voice—she could be icy, could Nora Dickinson:—

"I think, Mr. Parker, if you don't mind, I'll say good night."

She got up from her seat, and before I could stop her she walked down the row of seats in the other direction and left me sitting there. She went so quick that she was almost at the other end before I had a chance to move—and, between ourselves, for about two seconds I had half a mind not to try to move. A young lady who behaved like that was too much for me altogether. I had got to that stage when a man's feelings are too much for his common sense. I could not let her go like that. So up I jumped, and a gentleman beside me wanted to know whose foot I thought I was treading on, and an old lady behind made some remark about my having put my stick almost in her eye.

When I reached the street there was no Miss Dickinson in sight, at least not till I had looked about me for quite a while. Then I saw her about a hundred yards off, looking round as if she might be wondering what had become of me. Then she caught sight of me as soon as I had started after her. She was walking about as hard as ever she could. She gave me a chase. She jumped on a bus, and I got on another just behind her; but her bus went faster than mine, and by the time I reached her house she had gone in and all the lights were out.

I am, I hope, as good at taking a hint as anyone. I had no wish to force myself into a house in which the lights had been put out on purpose. I stood for some seconds at the bottom of the steps, and I what I should have described as glared with what I meant to be something more than scorn and contempt. I walked six times up and down in front of the house and then I went home. By the time I got there I had made up my mind that all was over between us and what was past was gone for ever.

All the next day I never had a word from her—not so much as half a line. When I got home, as I was having supper, my sister, who has not got a grain of what I call tact, must butt in with her silly remarks, and wanted to know what I had been doing to poor dear Nora Dickinson.

"Doing to Nora Dickinson!" I simply echoed her words. I shouldn't wonder if my glance went right through her when I stood up. "I've done with Nora Dickinson for ever. Don't let her name be mentioned in my presence in this house again."

Out into the street I went, full of that sort of scorn which turns a man's whole life sour. As soon as I set foot on the pavement a young lady came towards me from the other side of the way.

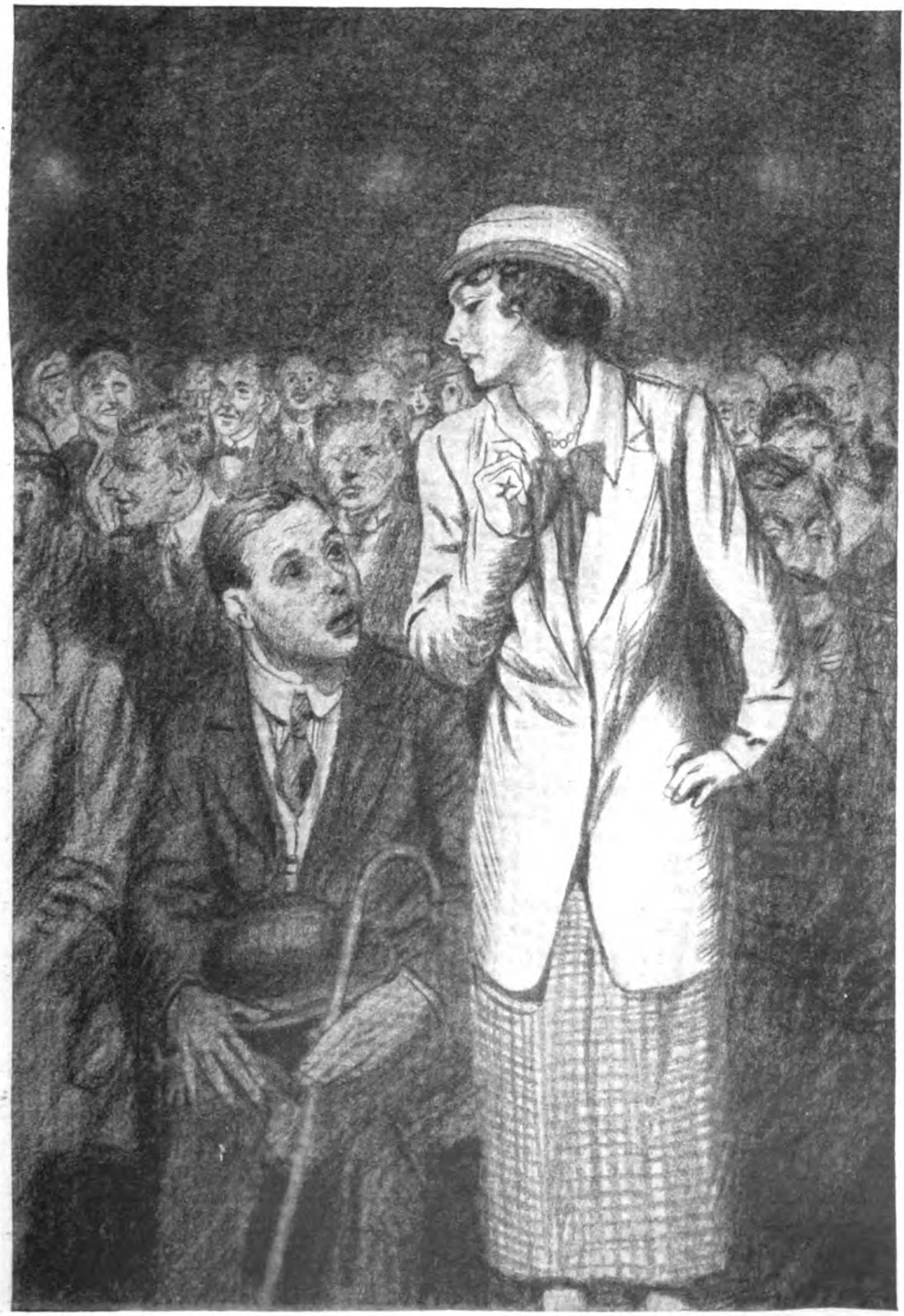
"Mr. Parker?" she said, and, mark you, though a perfect stranger to me, she smiled.

"Mr. Parker, junior," I told her, and I raised my hat, I dare say, a little more coldly than I quite meant.

"I have been requested to give you this letter." And she gave me a letter, in a pale blue envelope with a monogram at the back. I knew who it was from the moment I saw it. My impulse was to put it in my pocket, and without so much as a word stride off and leave her standing there. But she wasn't taking any.

"Won't you open that letter, Mr. Parker?" she inquired, when she saw what I was up to. "There may be an answer."

"Do you know who this letter is from?" I demanded.



"I THINK, MR. PARKER, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL SAY GOOD NIGHT."

"I do," she said, with her chin held up—she was not a bad-looking girl. "It's from a friend of mine."

"Then in that case you can tell her——" I was on the point of observing that she could tell her that all was over between us, but I changed my mind—something in that young lady's attitude made me. I opened the envelope and I read what was in it. "If Mr. Parker has anything to say to Miss Dickinson he will find her waiting for him by the third lamp-post on the right." There wasn't much in it—that was every word there was inside that envelope—but what there was touched me to the heart. I knew Nora Dickinson, and I knew that every time she put pen to paper it cost her an effort to keep from filling the entire sheet. What it must have cost her to content herself with two lines! That was the first time I had ever had a communication from her for which she could find room on a single sheet of paper. I stood and I stared at those two lines, I dare say, longer than I thought, because presently the young lady asked:—

"Well, Mr. Parker, is there any answer?"

I looked at her eye to eye—so far as I could see hers through a thick veil and in the gas-light—and I briefly replied:—

"I will be there."

I turned on my heel as if to leave the girl once again, but she wouldn't let me. She put her gloved hand upon my sleeve.

"One moment, Mr. Parker," she said. "I will convey your message to my friend. You can follow in a quarter of an hour. I trust to your honour as a gentleman not to thrust yourself upon her until the appointed time. Remember, I—we—trust you."

I don't remember a quarter of an hour in which the fifteen minutes seemed longer. It was rather awkward her asking me to stay where I was. I looked at my watch perhaps a dozen times, and walked off three minutes before the appointed time, going extra slow to make up for it. It was our habit to meet each other in Palmerston Road, at the third lamp-post on the right, and, sure enough, when I got in sight of it I saw her standing there. I perceived that she was not alone, but that another young lady was with her.

"What is the meaning of this?" I asked myself. "Who can the stranger be?"

I strolled slowly forward, and at the proper distance I removed my hat. Miss Dickinson bowed, as did the stranger, but not a word was spoken on either side. It is all very well to stand upon your dignity, but I had soon had enough of that. I held out the note I had received.

"I believe," I remarked, "that you sent me this?"

"I may have done," Miss Dickinson replied, still an iceberg for coolness.

"However, I do not wish to act on what I have no doubt are your feelings of remorse. I have asked you to come here because I wished to introduce to you Miss Anderson."

She referred to the young lady at her side, who I now perceived was the one who had brought me her letter. Miss Anderson? Until she lifted her veil I could have declared that I had never seen her in my life before, but when she did that I had a shock—a frightful shock. It was a thick veil, and hung so that it quite hid her face from me. When she lifted it with the fingers of both hands I was amazed.

"Don't say," she remarked, as her veil was going up, "that you have never seen me before. That would be a little too much, Mr. Parker, after all that has passed between us."

The girl's impudence! 'Pon my word, I hardly knew if I was standing on my head or on my heels. The way in which girls do behave nowadays! When I saw who she was it was all I could do to look her in the face. She just smiled at me as if she thought I was a kind of a joke, and she held out her hand. But I didn't take it; I only took off my hat.

"Good evening, Mr. Parker," she said, still all smiles. "I hope you're feeling very well. When I saw you last you were so full of fun."

"Was I?" I told her. "That isn't my recollection. I may have been full of something, but I'll swear it wasn't fun."

"Where," asked Miss Dickinson, in an acid tone, even for her, "did you meet Miss Anderson before? I was not aware that you knew her."

As I looked at one of those young ladies, and then at the other, it came upon me with a sort of flash that there was something up between them. What it was I could not guess. But I had had more than enough of being made the victim of a conspiracy, so I got some of my feelings off my mind then and there.

"Miss Dickinson," I said, "I expect you know as much about this young lady as I do, and perhaps more, since I as good as know nothing about her at all."

"Oh, Mr. Parker!" chipped in Miss Anderson. "After our most romantic meeting,

how can you speak like that? After such a chain of interesting adventures!"

"Interesting adventures, you call them!" I exclaimed. "That beats the band! Almost murdered I was, and now you're making fun of me."

"Mr. Parker," asked Miss Dickinson, speaking as if something had turned her sour, "what is there between you and this young lady?"

A question like that—from her!—was too much. I did let myself go.

"There is nothing between us—less than nothing, as she knows—and I believe you know too. I only saw her once in my life, and then only for a few seconds—and I don't want to see her again. Yes, Miss Anderson, you must pardon me if I say so to your face What took place between us two was not of a kind to cause me to desire to continue your acquaintance. I'm sorry, but there it is." Then I turned to Nora and let her have it. "As for you, Miss Dickinson, I can't help feeling that there is a conspiracy against me. Good evening, Miss Dickinson—and good-bye."

I swung round on my heels and off I started. Just as I was starting I heard Miss Dickinson's voice.

"Bobby!" Then "Bob!" But I paid not the slightest attention either to one name or the other. Then Miss Anderson said, as if she were trying not to speak too loud:—

"Mr. Parker! Oh, how can you?"

But I still paid no attention, and off I went. Then there came Miss Dickinson's voice again:—

"Bob! Oh, Bob, I do want to speak to you!"

She nearly shouted, and it sounded to me as if she wasn't far off crying. That did go through me, the idea that she wasn't far from that. I went so far as to turn and put to her a question.

"Did you speak to me, Miss Dickinson?"

There was nothing sour about the way in which she answered, and nothing could have been milder.

"Yes, Bob, I did. If you wouldn't mind, there are a few words I'd rather like to say to you."

For a moment—for one harrowing moment—I as it were swung in the balance. Then I caught sight of Miss Anderson's face and I saw the grin which was on it, and that settled the question. I was not going to stop there. After what she had done already I wasn't going to let her take another rise out of me, so I lifted my hat, I stood up straighter, and I crushed Miss Dickinson.

"If, as you say, there are a few words which you wish to say to me, I shall be obliged if you'll put them into writing and let me have them in the form of a letter, which shall have my due consideration."

That was a stinger. I realized as I walked away that it was perhaps more of a stinger than I had meant it to be—that is, as far as Miss Dickinson was concerned, though I should have liked to have had it twice as much of a stinger for Miss Anderson. Every time I thought of her, as they say in the books, I saw red. And that Miss Dickinson should have got herself into a conspiracy with her—that was too much—it really was.

That was a troubled night, that one, for me—the second troubled night. And it was worse than the first. I thought of Nora Dickinson left there standing beneath the lamp-post, calling out to me as if she were very nearly crying, and me marching off like a statue of scorn, with my head in the air, as hard as the nether millstone. She was in my head a good part of the next day, and her presence there didn't seem to make my temper sweeter.

Just as I was thinking of going out to lunch, who should come in but Nora's brother Fred. He was all right—I am bound to admit that Fred Dickinson always is—talking as if, so far as he knew, there was nothing the least bit wrong with anything in the world.

"Halloa, Bobby! Whoa, old war-horse! Who goes a-hunting to-day? About time for the grub stakes, isn't it? Suppose you enter for them along o' me? I don't know where you take your little bit of corn, but I know one which leaves it at the post. I'll have a tanner on it, and leave it to you to say whether I win or lose."

A regular sportsman, Fred is. That's the way he goes on talking all the time. The sound of his voice does me good. We went out together. We both had boiled beef with dumplings. A better bit of meat, tender and juicy, I never want to put my teeth to. We were having some cheese when Fred came, in the way of conversation, to what I knew he had been getting to all the while.

"Bob," he began—he put both elbows on the table, with a piece of cheese in one hand and a crust in the other—"what's up between you and Nora? Mind you, I don't wish to interfere in your affairs or anyone's, but I have been hearing stories which made me think that you haven't been so well treated as you might have been."

"No, Fred," I said, "I have not. You can take that from me."

"What's this I'm told about Tommy Bashford?"

"Can't say, Fred. Couldn't say positively what you've heard. But I can tell you this—that one day, before the world is very much older, Mr. T. Bashford will get his nose pulled."

"Got more than your nose pulled, didn't you, Bobby?"

When Fred Dickinson said that I could have got up out of my chair and, having paid the bill—one-and-eightpence my share came to—more than I usually spend—walked out of the restaurant and left him there.

"Don't be shirty, Bob; don't let yourself be put out by little things, but play the man. It isn't everyone who has the same ideas as you have." Then he leaned forward, and he looked at me. "I went to the Walham Green movies last night—you know what I mean."

I did know what he meant. It was at the Walham Green picture palace that I had seen that ridiculous picture, "The Kiss That Failed." I said to Dickinson—I spoke earnestly, as it were from the bottom of my heart:—

"Tell me what you think of it; that's what I ask you to do. Speaking as one man to another, what did you think of it?"

I wasn't altogether pleased to see the way Fred Dickinson took my question. A grin spread all over his face.

"Funniest thing I ever saw," he said.

That took me a little aback. It wasn't at all the sort of thing I expected from him, considering that there was something like tragedy in my very voice, to say nothing of my manner. I leaned back and I looked at him—steady.

"Funny, is it? And that's your idea of funny!"

"Think what you looked like. Think of some of those faces you pulled. And, mind you, it was you to the life. Bob, I thought I should have died; I never thought you had it in you. Every time I think of it, it starts me off again."

He proved his words by nearly choking himself with a mouthful of bread and cheese. Everyone looking at him must have thought there was something wrong. He hadn't properly got his breath back when he started off again.

"And when you come into that sitting-room, looking as if you had no more sense than a rabbit, and that girl comes in and kisses you, your face—the look which is on it—to one like me who knows you—my boy, it's a screamer!"

He made that plain by "screaming"—I suppose he would have called it "screaming"—right then and there. I called it disgusting behaviour in a public restaurant, that's what I called it. One gentleman in a black frock-coat, who I take it was the proprietor, came towards us. I thought he was going to put us out—straight, I did; I shouldn't have been a bit surprised either. But I had expected something better of Fred Dickinson.

"Oh, Bob!" he went on, as it were between his gasps. "The way the girl kissed you, and you not expecting it, and not knowing what to do—oh, lor, oh, lor! I shall have a pain in the side every time I think of it. And then when Bill Mulholland turned up——"

"Who's Bill Mulholland?" It was I who put that question.

"That's the bloke that came into the room while the girl was kissing you. Didn't you know him?"

"No, I did not know him. And I didn't want to know him. Is it likely?"

"Why, I thought from the style in which he treated you that he was an old pal of yours. When, without asking any questions, he started by knocking you down, and treated you as if you were a football, and the other chap threw you out of the window——"

I stopped Fred Dickinson, and I made one point clear to him before the misunderstanding went any farther.

"One moment, Fred, before you go any farther, if you please. Do you suppose that was me he threw out of the window?"

"I don't suppose it can have been, but it was jolly well done."

"Well done! Do you imagine I would have allowed anyone to throw me out of a window? The whole thing was a fake, a common bare-faced fake."

"Maybe, but it's a jolly funny fake all the same."

"That's a question of opinion. Some people have their own ideas of what is funny, and there's no discussing them. But don't you sit there and imagine for a single moment that it really was me who was handled as I seemed to be handled in that rotten film. I was never knocked down in my life, either by Bill Mulholland or anyone else. You know me, Fred Dickinson. Do you think I'm the sort of man who would let himself be treated like that?"

"Well, it did seem to be a bit of a staggerer, I admit; but if it wasn't you——"

"If! There's no 'if' about it. That's

where the fake began. No one laid so much as a finger on me. How it was done I can't tell you, but I'm going to find out before I've finished. I never saw your Bill Mulholland in all the days of my life."

I leaned right over the table so that he could hear my words quite clearly without my having to raise my voice.

"Fred, I admit to you, as between man and man, that that young lady kissed me; before I had a chance to ask what the deuce she meant by it she ran for her life, and I've never seen her again till last night, when—goodness knows how it came about—she was with your sister. They must have had a dummy to take my place. I don't know what kind of a dummy, but they must have had some kind of a one. It was a dummy they threw out of the window. It was a dummy which came down on the coster's barrow. I suppose it was a dummy they picked up and threw on the top of a bus. Was it likely to be me? If it wasn't a dummy I don't know what it was that was on the roof of the house. And what do you imagine it was that the workmen threw from one to the other till they brought down the scaffolding, and it got buried in a whole streetful of traffic? Do you mean to sit there and tell me you thought it was me? I look as if I'd been at the bottom of a 'pile' like you saw on the film, don't I?"

"I don't know what you look like. I know what I saw with my own eyes, or what I thought I saw."

"What you thought you saw!" I rose from that table, walked out of the restaurant, and left him still sitting. At the door, just as I was going out, I met Jack Hammond. I suppose what had happened between Fred and me had put my back up enough already, because the sight of him was the finishing touch. He addressed me as if we were on terms of the greatest intimacy. Considering all things, that was about the top brick.

"Halloa, Bob, my squire of dames! What's the time of day in your part of the world?"

I made no reply; I opened the door of the restaurant; he went in and I went after him.

"You'll find Fred Dickinson sitting over there," I told him, "and I expect he'll be pleased to see you." Fred Dickinson hailed me as I reached his table with Hammond.

"Halloa, Bob Parker, you're back again! Have you asked Hammond what he thinks of that picture?"

"It was because of Hammond that that picture was taken. I'm going to give him something which will help him not to forget it."

I up with my fists and I gave Jack Hammond first the left and then the right on the tip of his nose. If anyone had told me, only that morning, that I should have behaved like that in any circumstances whatever I should have told him that he did not know Bob Parker. I didn't know him myself, and I'm sure it was a surprise to Hammond. He stepped backwards against a gentleman who was having his sweets. He got mixed up with him, and he came down backwards with his head in his rice-pudding. Then there was a pretty to-do. Hammond sang out something, Dickinson jumped up—pretty nearly everyone jumped up.

"Bob," cried Fred, "whatever do you mean by doing a thing like that?"

"Hammond knows what I mean. Jack Hammond pretends to be a friend of mine. It was through him that I went to that picture studio, where they take the films they are going to exhibit. It was just an ordinary room, with nothing in it, only some cameras about. 'You stand up there, Bob,' said Jack to me, 'and take your hat off; we'll get some pictures of you.' So I stood up, and then he said, 'Pull faces; it will make it funnier.' I didn't know what he meant, but I did as he said. 'That'll do,' he presently remarked. 'Now stand still and keep your eyes front.' I had no idea what the game was, and I had no idea that he was playing a low-down dirty trick on me. So I stood up and I stared. I was still at it when someone came up behind, and—I can only say to my amazement—a lady's arm was put round my neck, and before I knew what was going to happen a lady started kissing me. She had got her arm so tight round my neck that I couldn't get away. When I did wrench myself loose I looked round and caught my first glimpse of her; and when she saw me look at her she turned tail and ran away. That, Fred Dickinson, you can tell your sister, was the beginning and the end of that picture, and I personally had nothing to do with whatever happened afterwards. For further particulars apply to Mr. Jack Hammond. Perhaps when he has recovered from his little accident he may be able to explain to you how it came to be developed into the 'Giant Comic' which you saw last night. If Mr. Hammond has anything which he wishes to say to me, he knows where I am to be found, either to-day or at any other time he chooses."

I tell you I made a bit of a sensation—

what do you think? As for Hammond, he seemed too surprised to do anything, even to speak. And the same with Fred Dickinson. He was just helping Hammond to pick himself up when I took myself off—that time for good.

That was one of the days of my life, I don't mind admitting it. The story got about how I had knocked Jack Hammond's head into a gentleman's rice-pudding. I fancy Dickinson said something to him, and he said something to Dickinson. I did hear that the gentleman made him pay fourpence for the rice-pudding—and that's how it began. I am told that before the day was through the whole air was full of tales which were being told about me—all because I had knocked

"I GAVE JACK HAMMOND FIRST THE LEFT AND THEN THE RIGHT ON THE TIP OF HIS NOSE."

Hammond's head into that gentleman's rice-pudding.

How things like that get about so quickly I don't know. They knew at the office; the people there treated me with a civility which did them credit. But the thing must have got farther than the office, because, when I got home, the first thing after I'd set my nose inside the door Louisa gave me an envelope, with what I should describe as very nearly a wink.

"She brought it herself this afternoon, and she asked me to give it you the very first moment you came in. So you've been knocking people's heads into other people's rice-pudding. Nice goings-on, I must say; you're a pretty sort, Bob Parker."

I took the envelope up to my bedroom, where I could count on being alone, and I opened it. This is what I found inside:—

"My Dear Bob,—Do, do forgive me, please. I can't tell you how ashamed I am of treating you so badly—I am a wretch. But I'm so glad you knocked Jack Hammond into the rice-pudding. I don't deserve that you should ever speak to me again, but if you would try to meet me to-night, as usual, just for five minutes, I would beg your pardon. I know what a generous heart you have, and I will try to show you that I have been more sinned against than sinning. May I sign myself, once more, if for the last time, my dear Bob, yours, N. D."

That was what was inside the envelope. I call that a letter which would move any man who was a man to the very depths of his being. If I ever moved more quickly towards that third lamp-post on the right, I don't remember when.

She was there, though I was in advance of the usual time. I scarcely like to say more. There have been little gives and takes since then, I own it, but that was of the nature of a sacred meeting, and, as such, it lingers in my mind. We settled everything that night—every blessed thing. In six months it was to be, that we finally arranged. Thirty shillings, or thirty-five shillings, whichever it might be, that made no difference—the actual date was practically fixed.

To show what a practical nature she has, in the midst of our most romantic moments, I may mention that just after there had been passages between us of what I might describe as an unusually private nature she switched off without the least apparent effort to what was quite a different theme.

"Do you know, Bob," she said, "I've been wondering if you couldn't get anything out of those picture people—damages, I mean."

"It's an extraordinary fact," I told her, "but I've been wondering the same thing myself. It shows how minds, when they're in true sympathy, move in unison."

"Oh, Bob!" she whispered. It happened that she had her hand in mine, and—well, there was a passage. Then the conversation went on, she, as it were, picking up the ball which she had started.

"I've been thinking things over. Jack Hammond owns that when you went to that studio you never went meaning to be taken."

"Of course I didn't. I had no more idea of it than a babe unborn. Jack said to me, 'I know a place where they take pictures. A pal of mine is one of the operators. Come in and have a look at it.' So in I went, innocent as a child."

"So when he asked you to stand up and pull faces you had no idea he meant to make a picture of you?"

"Of course I hadn't; is it likely? Am I the sort of person who might be expected to make a fool of myself for a lot of silly idiots to look at? What was I going to get out of it, do you think?"

"That's it—what were you going to get out of it? And then that girl came in—Miss Anderson—bold-faced thing!"

"She did, and she kissed me. There's no blinking the fact."

"I say it was assault. You didn't ask her to kiss you, did you?"

"Nora! Am I the sort of person who would be likely to do a thing like that?"

"Then I say it was an outrage. I believe she could be punished. I remember reading about a gentleman who kissed a lady in the street, a perfect stranger to him, and got three months' hard labour."

"I don't know about three months' hard labour," I said. Nora's tone was more positive than mine was.

"I dare say you don't, but I do. Hussy! She deserves to smart. Anyhow, the film people could be made to pay damages, I feel sure of it, for turning the disgusting exhibition into a picture, without asking your permission. I expect they made heaps of money out of it themselves. I do think you ought to get some."

"That's what I can't help thinking myself."

"Bringing you into contempt, being kissed in a place of public entertainment, and making you look like a fool."

"What followed was what I object to most." I was warming up to the thing like

she was. "Making out that I allowed myself to be knocked down as if I were a ninepin, as if I didn't dare to try and defend myself."

"As if you were a coward." Again Nora pressed my hand. "The way you knocked Jack Hammond's head into that man's rice-pudding proves how much truth there is in any suggestion that you're wanting in proper spirit."

"And then the idea of me being thrown out of a window!"

"I call that nothing else than libellous."

"And being knocked about in a public thoroughfare as if I were something less than a bag of straw—me, whose sense of dignity is as strong as any man's! These film gentlemen have tried their hands on me, so I'll try mine on them, and we'll see what we shall see."

Nora stood still facing me; she put both her hands upon my shoulders—there didn't happen to be much light there—and she said:—

"I do believe there's more in you than anyone ever dreamt. Look at the way you treated Jack Hammond. If only you could make those picture people smart, wouldn't it be splendid?"

That was on the Thursday evening. On the Tuesday evening following, when I met Nora as usual, the first remark I made to her was—or very nearly the first remark, after, of course, the usual preliminaries:—

"Nora, I've had an offer from the British Cinematographic Polyscopic Company."

She turned to me, and she stared.

"Bob, whatever are you talking about? The British—what did you call the company? Whatever is that?"

"That's the film people, that's who that is. This afternoon, just as I was back from dinner, a friendly young fellow came into the office. He said, 'Mr. Parker?' and before I could stop him he was shaking my hand as though he'd like to shake it off. 'Pleased to have the pleasure of meeting you,' he said. 'I'm Godfrey King. I represent the British Polyscopic Company. That picture of yours is the finest stroke of humour I ever met. It made me laugh, Mr. Parker.' 'Glad to hear it, Mr. King,' I told him. 'Have you brought damages as requested?' 'Damages!' he sniggered. 'You really are too funny, Mr. Parker. Because your own friend had a little joke with you.' 'Everyone has their own ideas of joking,' I told him. 'I'll see the fun of this joke when I see the colour of your money.' I went on to explain that it was my business time, and I'd be obliged if he'd take himself off if he wasn't going to talk business. 'But,' he wanted to know, 'what damages can you possibly claim?' 'For one thing,' I told him, 'I nearly lost my young lady.'"

"Oh, Bob, did you really tell him that? What a dear you are!"

"I did tell him that, straight out, and that brought him to the point. That showed him I was in earnest. The long and the short of it was that before he went he made me a firm offer for five-and-twenty pounds."

"Five-and-twenty pounds? Bob! Have you got the money?"

"No, I have not got the money, and that for the simple reason that I wouldn't accept his offer. I told him that I wouldn't accept a farthing less than fifty, andthat before twelve o'clock to-morrow morning. And, mind you, I shall get it, or he'll be sorry. Raymond Wilson, the chap who sits at the next desk to me, was once in a solicitor's office himself. He told me that the firm he was with would take my case up on spec, and he felt sure they'd guarantee me a hundred pounds. I gave Mr. Godfrey King a hint of what Wilson had told me, and you should have seen his face. I shall be surprised if that fifty pounds isn't in my hands before the time I mentioned."

"Fifty pounds! Do you really and truly mean it? Why, that will very nearly buy us a home."

"It will buy us enough of a home to start with. I'll get some catalogues from the furniture people. I saw only the other day something about a home being fully furnished for fifty pounds."

"It's too good to dream of. I sha'n't dare to think of it before everything's settled."

"That's the proper way to look at it, Nora. I can only say I hope to let you have the news in the morning."

In the morning Miss Dickinson had a telegram:—

"Fifty pounds paid. Have got three catalogues.—BOB PARKER."

1 Christmas morning in hospital.

2 Mr. Winston Churchill.

3 A Derbyshire farm.

4 Waiting for the judge.

5 Dignity and impudence.

6 A likely recruit.

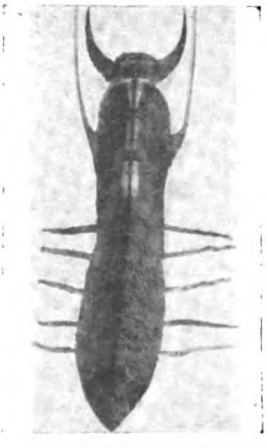
MR. H. W. DOUGHTY, 23, Sutton Road, Heaton Norris, Stockport.

1 At play.

2 The spirit of summer.

3 Half a gale on the Devon coast.

4 Portrait of a foreign gentleman.



5 A gigantic beetle—really a "reflection" picture of a canal bank.

6 The reaper at work.

MR. HENRY WARNER, 74, Richford Street, Hammersmith, W.

1 Two rough-heads.

2 An old engine-driver.

3 A Dutch canal.

4 The flock.

5 "The little pig who wou'd not go to market."

6 The midday meal.

MR. T. F. BROGDEN, 92, North Marine Road, Scarborough.

Schmitt's Pigeons.

By HAROLD STEEVENS.

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

THE recent suicide of Hans Kultur Schmitt in the public jail of a famous northern city excited keen but baffled and, therefore, fleeting interest. That Schmitt was thus deprived of his due meed of notoriety—if he cared about it, which is doubtful—was certainly not the fault either of the newspapers or of the public. The public, we may believe, was hungry for the "ghastly details," and the news editors of the English-speaking world were panting to minister to its appetite and eminently capable of doing so. For, needless to say, the sleuth-hounds of the Press (wonderful fellows, models of efficiency) had the whole story at their finger-tips within an hour of the occurrence. But the Censor forbade, and all that the public got was the bare, unsatisfying fact of the suicide.

Briefly, "the facts" were these.

Hans Kultur Schmitt was arrested at Ramcaster railway station at eleven in the morning. At twelve, after a brief examination, in which he took no active part, he was safely lodged in the most commodious cell (being a Hun) which the jail afforded. At twelve forty-five, when the warder went in with a plate of meat and some apple tart, specially fetched from the confectioner's over the way, he was shocked to see Schmitt lying huddled up on the floor against the wall. His head, twisted at a horrible angle and gruesomely misshapen, lay in a small patch of blood, and his face was hideously contorted.

The medical officer, hastily summoned, discovered a compound fracture of a very severe nature. The upper portion of the frontal bone and portions of the parietals were badly crushed in.

It was obvious that great force had been used, for the skull was unusually thick. Yet no weapon of any kind was found in the cell, nor any object capable of being used as a weapon. It was also sufficiently certain that nobody could have entered the cell between the warder's first and second visits. Thus, at first sight, the thing was a mystery. However, a more detailed examination of the circumstances disclosed a curious mark on the wall about four feet from the ground.

The mark aforesaid consisted of blood and hair—Schmitt's hair. Interpreted in conjunction with the damage to the skull, and also with certain boot-marks on the floor of the cell, it indicated that Schmitt, a heavily-built man, had had the savage hardihood to put his head down and run full-tilt against the wall, so dashing out his brains.

Many who attentively followed the incidents of those stern and anxious days may recollect that the swift obliteration of the Schmitt sensation was largely attributable to the spreading rumours of a far greater event, namely, the collapse of the titanic air armada. The relief and gladness created by this news shut out all other thought.

Yet I suppose that, outside the close official ring, not half-a-dozen persons associated the pitiful self-destruction of Hans Kultur Schmitt with a menace and a deliverance such as have seldom come to our nation in all its strenuous history.

To this day it is a mystery how the enemy succeeded in collecting so vast a fleet of air craft with such consummate secrecy. Nor is the mystery likely to be revealed for many a day to come. The fact remains that in those halcyon days of Christmas week, when the mind could scarce realize save with conscious effort that the passage of each tranquil hour was marked by hecatombs of slaughtered men, a hundred air-ships, attended by an unnumbered cloud of battle-aeroplanes, were rushing towards this land, pregnant with slaughter and destruction.

The mere assembling of such an armada from the far-scattered hangars where alone its units could have been constructed was a notable piece of organization. The Press Bureau, which does not lie (except by refraining from the truth), told us on the authority

of a report prepared by our Minister for the Air, that the armada sailed up in twos and threes from a full quadrant of the compass, struck the chosen coast-point to the very minute, fell into line of ten abreast, and with hardly a check sailed away westward at intervals of three minutes between the successive lines. Thus, within half an hour the whole mass of a hundred vessels and their hundreds of satellites, with scarcely a whisper of easterly wind behind it, was wending its dread, swift way high over the North Sea towards Britain.

The testimony of some fishermen was adduced to explain how, when barely half the distance was covered, a sudden squall from the south-west struck the armada and threw it into confusion, while the furious gale which followed bent it in an instant from its course and swept it up towards the Arctic.

It appears that the trawler herself, with the gale hammering on her beam, made the port of Grimsby by the skin of her teeth with hardly a shovelful of coal left in her bunkers. Long before that the terrifying apparition had vanished from the sky, driving helplessly, colliding and scattering, plunging and writhing, towards the frozen bourne whence neither man nor ship nor plane was destined to return. When Skevigsen comes home from the Arctic in 1917 we may possibly hear something of their ultimate fate; if not, then nothing till the Judgment Day.

Early in the forenoon of that day of great deliverance, Mrs. Gondula Egerton was travelling north to see her husband, a naval officer whose ship—which may not be named—was temporarily stationed at—well, best not mention that either. The train was overflowing with Jocks as to the greater part of its length, but the first-class carriages were only sparsely occupied at that early hour. Mrs. Egerton selected a compartment and, after the aloof manner of the British traveller, proceeded to distribute her traps as far as possible over the whole of the seating space in order to discourage others from entering.

Her little plot was brought to naught by a gentleman with a picnic basket in his hand, whose taste for solitude seemed equal to her own. After tramping up and down the platform, scrutinizing every compartment, and finding all occupied, he provokingly pitched on Mrs. Egerton's, which he entered.

He dropped into a window-seat with his back to the engine. Mrs. Egerton thereupon collected her things and retired to a seat next the corridor with her face to the engine, as far as possible from the intruding man.

It was a wondrous morning, clear, fresh, and tranquil, with the lightest south-easterly breeze to sway the leafless twigs and flutter the dead grasses beside the line.

The ancient Greeks, enthusiastic liars themselves, were happily able to invent and likewise believe all sorts of charming figments. One was that the kingfisher at the breeding season made unto itself a floating nest upon the sea, and, sitting therein, charmed wind and waves to quietude until the hatching was done. The careful mariner, being aware of this natural historical phenomenon, was wont to put to sea without a qualm during the period of the halcyon's nesting, confident that his voyage would be untroubled by stormy winds and seas.

Halcyon day indeed it was for Mrs. Egerton. She was more than content. A sailor's wife, her heart for ever on the sea, she had learned to notice wind and weather, and good sea-weather was good enough for her and always made her glad. This morning, moreover, she was full of joy in the prospect of reunion with her husband after the anxiety and periodic alarms of perilous months.

To divert the current of her thoughts, she took up a magazine which she had had the foresight to buy, and dived desperately into its stirring pages.

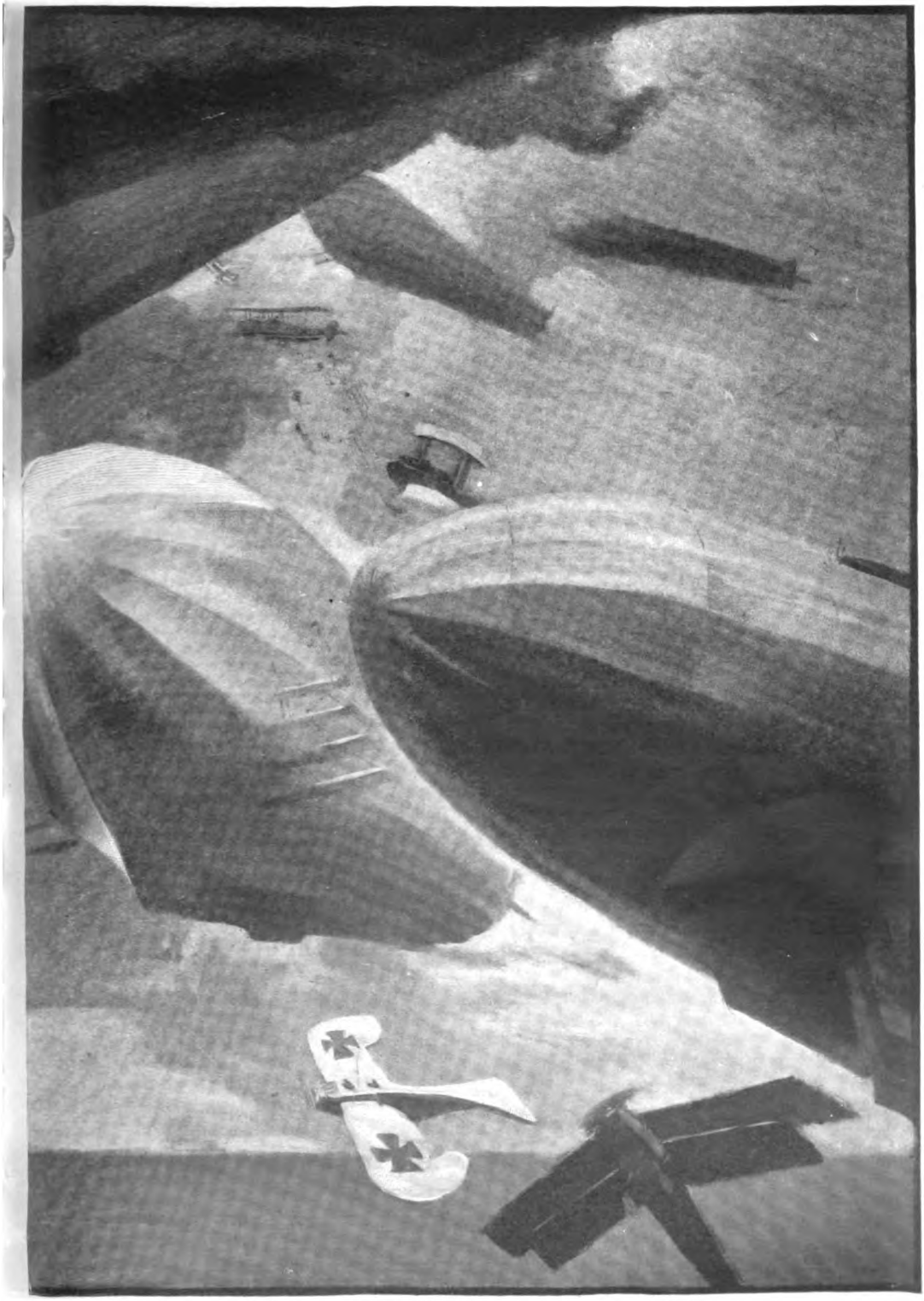
Several miles had satisfactorily disappeared behind her when a creaking sound made her look across towards the fellow-traveller whose unobtrusive presence she had forgotten. He had stowed his basket on the seat between himself and the window, and was now complacently munching a sandwich, one of a pile which lay on a white napkin methodically spread over the open basket, presumably to catch the crumbs.

"Curious time to be eating sandwiches," thought Mrs. Egerton: it was still short of nine. And, indeed, the man seemed to consider it more a duty than a pleasure. His attention was absorbed by the friendly English landscape and the skyscape—wintry pale, but bright and cloudless.

He looked like a man of thirty-five, as she idly scanned him. His well-knit frame was garbed in decently-cut tweeds of a quietly sporting pattern—nothing checky—and possessing that clean, pervasive, peaty smell which seems as inexhaustible as the emanations of radium.

Next time she was moved to look up the

WHEN BARELY HALF THE DISTANCE WAS COVERED A SUDDEN SQUALL FROM



THE SOUTH-WEST STRUCK THE ARMADA AND THREW IT INTO CONFUSION.

man had finished munching, and he now bunched his napkin together with the greatest nicety, stood up, and carefully shook it out of the carriage window.

"Tidy but fussy," commented Mrs. Egerton. "His poor wife—if he's got a wife!" And once more she returned to her magazine.

Now the train was racing through the level shires of central England, where the towns and villages were so few, so circumscribed, so swiftly passed, the green stretches between so long and spacious, that Mrs. Egerton wondered why people were content to huddle and choke in the cities when there were such miles of room in the country. She looked at the time-table, then at her watch. "Blackington in half an hour, thank goodness!" she mused, "and that will be half-way. Bless us, he's eating again!"

And so he was. It seemed incredible. Not much over an hour had passed since last he stayed the pangs, and here he was staying them again! Was it the same old packet of sandwiches or a fresh one? How could the man do it—in war-time, too! She watched the phenomenon covertly.

The same ritual was again observed. There was the basket open beside him, and the napkin carefully spread over it. Self-consciousness was certainly not his weakness. Once only did he glance in her direction, and that was when the munching part of the ceremony was drawing to a close and the shaking of the crumbs was about to take place. His glance was quick, but she, not wishing to appear inquisitive, managed to anticipate him by the fraction of a second; all he saw of her was a languid lady feasting her artistic eye on a highly-coloured representation of one of the company's hotels, in a glass frame above the opposite seat.

He turned away, let down the carriage window, and carefully gathered up his napkin as before. Just then the train thundered on to the girder bridge which crosses the canal half a mile from Blackington station, and he stood up to shake.

As he did so, the draught from the window lifted a corner of the napkin, and Mrs. Egerton, watching amusedly, saw something exceedingly interesting, if far from amusing. Under that napkin was a bunch of grey feathers—the tail feathers of a bird. That bird, she could have sworn it, was a pigeon, and a live one.

The man thrust his head and the upper part of his body through the window frame, dropped his hands below the sash, and let the napkin fly with a curious little jerk of the arms. He shook it ostentatiously for a moment or two, then got himself back into the carriage and dropped into his seat again, popped the napkin into the basket, and fastened the lid carefully.

Mrs. Egerton was perturbed. She had good command of her features and did not show that she had seen anything; all the same, she was thinking pretty hard. She did not want to make a fool of herself by interfering with a harmless traveller. But suppose he was not harmless? Anyhow, he ought not to be flying pigeons from a railway carriage—if he *was* flying pigeons.

While she debated, the train ran into the big station at Blackington, where there is always a wait of a few minutes while the north-bound train takes on the portion from the west country. The man got up, glanced at his basket, then, raising his hat, stepped past Mrs. Egerton into the corridor, made his way to the carriage door, and got out. The topography of the station seemed familiar to him, for without hesitating or looking about him he walked up the platform to the telegraph-office some distance off, and went into it.

Mrs. Egerton watched him. When she saw him vanish, a bold idea came into her head. Why not examine the basket for herself and make sure? It was not a nice thing to do, of course; it might turn out very awkwardly for her if she were caught in the act, especially if the basket had nothing incriminating in it after all. Braver thoughts came to her aid, however, and she brushed her fears aside.

If the man was really flying pigeons, as she believed, then he was almost certainly a spy, and it was her duty to checkmate him, if she could, at whatever risk to herself. She had heard a good deal about the machinations of these gentry, thanks to whom several of her husband's comrades had perished in the North Sea in the early days of the war—and his turn might come, might even follow from the nefarious activities of this very man.

She sprang up, glanced hastily into the corridor and along the platform, then stepped across the compartment to where the basket lay on the seat. Her hands trembled as she snatched at the fastenings. It seemed an age before she could get the thing undone. Then she cautiously lifted the lid and peeped inside.

There was the napkin he had last thrust in, and another one spread out over whatever else the basket might contain. What was underneath? Nothing moving, so far as she could see. So she pushed the lid back

against the cushions, keeping one hand on it ready to clap it down if anything happened, and cautiously drew back the napkin.

They were a pair of beauties—homers of an uncommonly fine class, so far as she could judge from a passing acquaintance with pigeon-shows. Each glossy head with its squat beak and beady, watchful eyes, was thrust up from the folds of a white napkin tucked over the wings and back. The birds sat cosily in separate partitions; two other partitions were empty, except for a little packet which she guessed to be more sandwiches.

The discovery excited her tremendously. Forgetting that her time was measured by seconds, she thrust in her hand to feel if the tell-tale quill of the messenger pigeon was under the wing. The bird she touched, resenting the unaccustomed hand, or tired of his imprisonment, fluttered up and shook off the restraining napkin. His movement naturally disturbed the other. Before Mrs. Egerton could prevent it, both birds had their strong wings free and beating wildly.

She was petrified with fright. In a moment the man would be back, he would see that he was found out, and would very likely make a bolt for it and escape. Possibly, he might relieve his feelings with an automatic pistol. In desperation she grabbed the birds as best she could and tried to stuff them back into the basket. That made them positively frantic; it was all she could do to keep a hold on them at all, clutching at anything—wings, tail, body, feet, feathers. In the midst of it, she cast a scared glance towards the platform. Alas! the man was returning already; he was not a dozen yards from the carriage, and coming towards it. In his hand he had a brown telegram envelope, and his manner was preoccupied. This and the luckiest chance saved her.

At her wit's end what to do, she felt a wild impulse to drop the birds and run away. Exerting all her will-power, she pulled herself together; she could not, would not, give up like that; rather would she meet him face to face, tax him with espionage, and trust to her mother-wit and good fortune to get him collared.

At this critical instant the train began to creep backwards, preparatory to joining on with the new portion. The man stepped forward to jump in, but a stentorian chorus of "Stand away, there! Coming back!" deterred him, and he was slowly left behind.

Mrs. Egerton, blessing the opportune devices of Providence, clasped the unfortunate birds to her bosom, bent over and crammed them in somehow, crushed them down with her hands, threw the napkin over them, and slammed the lid.

The pressure of anxiety being removed, her sense of humour returned.

"I am very sorry, birds," she said. "I hate to incommode you, but you see how it is." She sank back on her seat with a sigh of relief and had just time to put up her feet, fling a rug over them, and assume a face of unconcern before the train stopped with a jolt, and the man re-entered.

His eyes sought the basket, but he noticed nothing wrong. The train was steaming off finally when a portly gentleman came puffing along the corridor and took the seat opposite Mrs. Egerton.

"She's punctual to-day, for a wonder," he said, breathing heavily and smiling benignly. The spy, as she now believed him to be, looked searchingly at the new-comer, but said nothing.

Mrs. Egerton sternly set herself to compose her feelings and collect her thoughts. Her spirits were exalted by the success of her manœuvre. It was imperative that the man should suspect nothing; nor did he, for he did not once look in her direction. Instead, he anxiously examined the heavens while tearing his telegram into little bits and scattering them out of the window in driblets. All the cheerful satisfaction had gone out of his face. Yet the day was still bright and beautiful; a smudge of cloud had formed on the western horizon, but otherwise the vault of heaven was as clear as ever, from earth to zenith.

Meanwhile, what was her best plan of action? The man should be arrested, of course, but how was it to be done? Also, he should be prevented from loosing the other birds, if such was his intention. What his idea might be in sending them away successively she could not imagine, nor did she waste time in wondering about it. The thing to do was to stop the birds and catch the man. For this she must have help.

He had obviously based his plans on the sandwich trick, as she reasoned it out. Therefore, seeing that his previous effort occurred just on the other side of Blackington, less than twenty minutes ago, he could hardly invite comment by eating again so soon. By the same token, he was unlikely to attempt another toss for, say, another hour, at all events. She resolved to consult the guard. The presence of the stout gentleman was opportune, because, although

"THE MAN STEPPED FORWARD TO JUMP IN, BUT A STENTORIAN CHORUS OF 'STAND AWAY, THERE!' DETERRED HIM."

it was impracticable for several reasons to explain the position to him, he would yet act as sentry without knowing it.

Assuming her calmest manner, she stood up, looked in the glass, patted her hair, straightened her hat, and went forth on her errand.

It was an arduous, even a perilous journey.

She ricochetted along the corridors, bumped into sharp corners, crossed draughty bridges with oscillating floors, fought with spring-doors, and finally reached the ill-smelling den called the van. At the farther end she descried the guard, entrenched behind regular *chevaux de frise* of motor-bicycles, bundles of rose trees, Christmas hampers, and trunks of fish.

The guard was an elderly man with grey beard and waxen cheeks, the product of heavy responsibility and years of night travelling. He was cumbered with much sorting of parcels in a fearful racket, insufficient light, and a general atmosphere of clammy discomfort. Yet he listened courteously while Mrs. Egerton, by dint of shouting continuously for several minutes, explained the situation to him. It would not be right to suggest that he was enthusiastic; on the contrary, he would plainly much have preferred to think she had found a mare's-nest.

He bellowed in her ear:—

"There's plenty think a passenger guard has nothing to do but sit comfortable in his van, jump out when she stops, and blow the whistle when it's time for her to go on again. I've got a good half-hour's work here before I'm straight. But I'll come and have a look at him."

With some persuasion and the adroit administration of tangible encouragement, she got him to promise to throw out a message at the next wayside station, requesting the railway people to warn the military guard at Ramcaster. It was a chance whether it would reach, but it was worth trying.

Then she struggled back. Bruised, deafened, and with all her joints starting from their sockets, she regained the carriage. When she got up to her compartment, she was startled to hear laughter and loud talking. She paused to listen.

"No railway sandwiches for me—I don't want to die just yet," cried a vigorous voice.

"You are right, sir; quite right. I remember once——" It was the high, thin voice of the stout gentleman.

The enemy and the sentry on terms of pleasantry! She had not considered that possibility. The subject of their conversation made her heart sink. She slipped in quickly.

The pigeon-basket was open. Just as she came in its owner stuffed a half-eaten sandwich into his mouth, picked up his napkin and thrust it through the open window. She was within an ace of starting forward to stop him, but she saw that she was too late; also, by showing that she knew, she would only add another point to those he had already scored. So she mastered her vexation and sat down. As for him, she read in his bearing the exultant bravado of one who may have been found out, but does not care, because his scheme has succeeded and cannot now be foiled.

The hour that followed was a bitter one for Mrs. Egerton. She felt that she had failed, that she ought to have frustrated him, even if she had had to struggle with him hand to hand. Oh, that she had wrung the dear birds' necks while she had them in her hand! A woman's chances of striking directly at the enemy are few; she had had her chance—and lost it. She felt in her heart that the spy had done his work, and did not care what happened now. What was his work? What harm to her country did it portend? What disaster to her country's brave defenders would it bring? In a vague but miserable way she felt that she had failed her husband, too; for a few grisly moments she suffered the torturing remorse of a lost soul.

But youth and a brave heart will rise above calamity. Presently she took courage again: the game was not finished, and she meant to play it out. She flattered herself that he had no real reason to think she had detected him. The man should not escape. She would not fail again, if it cost her her life.

The guard came in on the pretext of examining tickets, and gave special attention to the spy, who met his scrutiny with a challenging stare and answered his casual remarks with confident geniality. The guard gone, the stout gentleman dropped into a doze. The spy also closed his eyes, but the flicker of a smile which played occasionally over his face suggested that, whether asleep or awake, he was gloating over the probable results of his handiwork. Anyhow, he was free from care for the moment, though rising clouds had shut out the sun, and the rattling of windows on the left side of the carriage showed that the wind had veered to an unfavourable quarter.

At last the train began to slow down once more. Her pulse quickened. What would happen? Had the warning arrived, or would she have to raise a hue and cry? She steeled herself for action.

But now the guard, good man, came wandering down the corridor, passed on, and stepped into the next compartment. Doubtless he was signalling to the soldiers for, just as the train stopped, a sergeant and half-a-dozen men with fixed bayonets came up at

the double and grouped themselves round the door.

The spy was startled, but he kept his presence of mind and, springing up, stepped quickly back from the window towards the corridor. This time the luck was against him. The stout gentleman, sleepy still, stood fumbling with his neck-muffler. He quite blocked the way, was slow to comprehend the spy's desire to pass, and, when he did, resented it and would not budge. The guard had already posted himself behind. Escape in that direction was hopeless.

"Here, sergeant, please!" called Mrs. Egerton's clear voice.

The door was flung open and the sergeant himself sprang in.

"This 'im, ma'am?" he asked.

"That's the man—and that's his basket."

"This way," said the sergeant, grabbing the man's coat. "Bring that basket, one of yer."

The man had good nerves. After his first surprise he pulled himself together quickly and resumed his "doesn't matter" air. He saw he was cornered, and made no trouble.

The soldiers fell in round about him—two in front, two in rear, and one on either side. The sergeant gave "Quick—march!" and the little party stepped off at a smart pace.

Mrs. Egerton followed. She noticed, and so you may be sure did the sergeant (who on parade was frequently heard to claim that he had "eyes in the back of his head"), that the man in the middle stiffened his body and stepped off as smartly as any of them.

"Prooshian—or I'm a Rooshian!" muttered the sergeant.

The whole thing was done in such a quick, matter-of-fact way that they were gone before the onlookers had finished gasping. The stationmaster permitted his office to be used as guardroom for this occasion. Mrs. Egerton went in too.

"Put that basket on the table!" commanded the sergeant.

"Be careful! There's a live pigeon in it!" Mrs. Egerton warned him.

The spy started and looked sharply at her. There was no trace of malice in his gaze; just the glimmer of a smile—that was all.

He must have seen death beckoning to him at that moment; he must have known that the pigeon and its message, and the things the lady had seen, must seal his fate. Yet he held his head high; his face was calm and a rapt, half-ecstatic look came into his eyes.

The sergeant unfastened the lid and looked in.

"Come along, my beauty!" he said, putting a large hand over the bird and lifting it out. The soldiers, observant and steady, gazed fascinated at the pretty thing, so innocent yet so potent of bane. The spy, wrapped up in other thoughts, was the least interested of all; he did not even look in that direction until the sergeant, drawing the wing aside, disclosed a small length of quill, less than a couple of inches, bound with silk thread along the upper surface of one of the tail feathers.

"No doubt about that, sir," he said, addressing the stationmaster.

Telling the story in the sergeants' mess that night, he said: "I tell ye, mates, it was like as if I had touched off a mine."

A very appropriate simile, for, with explosive suddenness, the spy gave vent to a sound which was neither roar nor bark, but both in one, combining as it did the volume of the former with the piercing sharpness of the other. At the same instant he sprang for the pigeon, knocking his astonished guards to right and left.

The wild-beast ejaculation must momentarily have paralyzed the sergeant's motor nerve centres; he lost hold of the pigeon—the spy had it. The sergeant recovered himself in a jiffy, spun round as the man plunged past him, and flung his arms round his waist. It was too late. The spy's arms were still free; dropping his right hand, he swung it forward, and, before anybody could stop him, launched the bird straight towards the open window.

The sergeant shouted, but that did not stop the pigeon.

Mrs. Egerton alone had kept her eyes fixed on the spy's face; she knew already what was in the basket, and the psychology of the man fascinated her. Thus, she alone had seen his face change when he caught sight of the pigeon; saw the ecstatic calm give place in the twinkling of an eye to terror and desperation; and she, with a woman's lightning wit, divined his intention when he sprang.

Without waiting for anything else that might happen, she ran to the window and slammed it shut—none too soon, for as the sash closed the magnificent bird, speeding like an arrow for its element, dashed against the glass and fell to the floor.

Now the spy was like a madman. His face was black with fury; his arms moved like flails, now pommelling the sergeant's ribs with his elbows, now thrashing the sergeant's arms, which held his waist like iron bands. The sergeant was no featherweight, but the

"SHE RAN TO THE WINDOW AND SLAMMED IT SHUT."

Prussian, with the strength of unbounded rage, dragged him about the room like a child.

The soldiers, encumbered by their rifles, could do nothing at the first onset; but a couple of them put down their arms at once and rushed in to secure the maniac.

"Stand off, men!" cried the sergeant, breathing hard. "I'll—manage him. You won't—shift—Alec Alexander, my man—I can tell you—that much—if it'll save you—any *trouble!*" At the word he contrived to crook his leg inside the Prussian's, threw his own weight forward, and flung him face downward on the ground. Then he sat on him.

The man gave in; he was done. The fury and the venom were gone out of his face, leaving an expression of despair so hopeless, so unutterable, that Mrs. Egerton was touched in spite of herself.

But what could be the meaning of his outburst? Surely he knew that there was a pigeon left in the basket; why this sudden desire to liberate it, this frenzy when he failed? The enigma was not much clearer when they cut the quill from the bird's tail and took from it a strip of film bearing the single English word "Unfavourable." It was not illuminating nor, for that matter, very compromising.

The man's suicide, which quickly followed in Ramcaster jail, finally abolished any chance of getting elucidation from him.

About the man himself there was little mystery; a very few hours sufficed to establish his identity. A telegram to a certain place in the metropolis brought up an emissary from the people whose business it is to concern themselves with these things, and who, it transpired, knew him well and had stacks of information about him in their files, though they had never been able to lay hands on him *in flagrante delicto*.

In the land of his birth his name was Hans Kultur Schmitt; in this country, of which he was, of course, a naturalized subject, he used the name of Andrew Graham Malcolmson; and so he appeared on the roll of membership of a leading Midland pigeon-flying club, of which for some years he had been an enthusiastic and esteemed supporter.

Furthermore, as to his more recent activities, he was known to be operating in conjunction with the enemy's air-service, and his duty, ever since the discontinuance of weather forecasts and the prohibition of wireless telegraphy, had been to keep his principals apprised of the meteorological conditions prevailing in this country and the near Atlantic. For this purpose he had special agents of his own on the Irish seaboard; indeed, reference to the official duplicate showed that it was an innocently-worded telegram from this quarter which had reached him at Blackington station. Among other means of transmitting his information across the North Sea, he made use of highly-trained homing pigeons of a very fine and powerful strain, the birds working to lofts established at a lonely spot on the Dutch coast.

Thanks to the notable part she had taken in his capture, as well as to her husband's position, Mrs. Egerton was permitted to know all these things. Consequently, when late on the following day news of the abortive air-invasion began to trickle through, she was quick to trace a connection between the two events.

It seemed more than likely that the pigeon which Schmitt had just failed to liberate from the stationmaster's office at Ramcaster was one which, with characteristic forethought, he had prepared for just such an emergency as had presented itself—a sudden break in the weather. Then the pigeon which he dispatched soon after leaving Blackington must have been the wrong one!

How could he have made such a blunder? Not through carelessness or want of method; that was inconceivable of such a man.

Going over the whole episode with her husband for about the twentieth time, Mrs. Egerton suddenly lit upon an explanation which was no doubt the key to the mystery.

When she took the two birds into her hands at Blackington station, almost let them escape, and only by a desperate effort got them back into the basket at all, *she must have changed the birds*.

The spy, sure of himself, confident of the precision of his preparations and manipulation, not suspecting for a moment that the basket had been tampered with, simply drew out the bird from the proper partition and let it go. His outburst in the stationmaster's office, when he saw and recognized the bird which was left, and realized the terrible mistake he had made, was therefore easy to understand.

Though ready and willing to suffer death as his country's martyr, his failure and the disastrous consequences which he knew must follow upon it robbed that prospect of any comfort. Life was no longer bearable to him.

As we know, no warning crossed the North Sea, and the great armada set out, never to return.

In recognition of her services in this matter, Mrs. Egerton received the D.C.M.—a most unusual honour for a woman.

A Great Humorist of the Trenches.

THE WAR DRAWINGS *of* CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

Photo. CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER. [*Hoppé.*

The Illustrations in this article are reproduced by courtesy of "The Bystander."

SOME day, perhaps, after the close of that rather vague and indefinite period known as "the duration of the war," we shall be given a treatise on the psychological factors in the great European struggle. It is just the sort of book we may expect from a German professor out of a job—in which case some delicious pronouncements may be anticipated. But whoever the author, he will be bound to devote considerable space to the humorous spirit of the troops engaged, and most of the chapter, one fancies, will be devoted to the sayings and doings of that incomparable band of humorists, the British Army in the Field.

A good many confident prognostications, not only of events, but of psychological tendencies, have been stultified in the course of the war. No other nation has suffered such disappointment and disillusion as the German, but none has escaped surprise. And perhaps the biggest surprise of all, to the French, if not to our other Allies, has been the revelation of the supposedly glum and stolid British as brimful of invincible gaiety. So aggressive has this gaiety proved that it has given rise now and then to an uneasy doubt of our *bona fides*. It requires a subtle and philosophic mind, informed by long acquaintance with the British temperament, to reconcile our incorrigible surface levity with that tenacity of purpose which lies beneath.

It is hardly a matter for wonder that the French have been mystified by this gaiety, since we never expected it ourselves. Eighteen months ago, as any candid reader will admit who recalls his own impressions at that time, humour was about the last thing we expected to emerge, even as a by-product, from the Armageddon then confronting us. A phenomenon we certainly did not expect to see was the rise of a new humorist.

He is here, however, and his name is Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, whose pictorial comments upon life at the Western Front, as observed by himself while on active service, express to a nicety that terse and pungent wit which the peculiar environment of the trenches seems to foster. Captain Bairnsfather is "really and truly" a war humorist, for not only does he illustrate for us things which he has himself heard, and situations

"THERE GOES OUR LINKIN' PARAPET AGAIN."

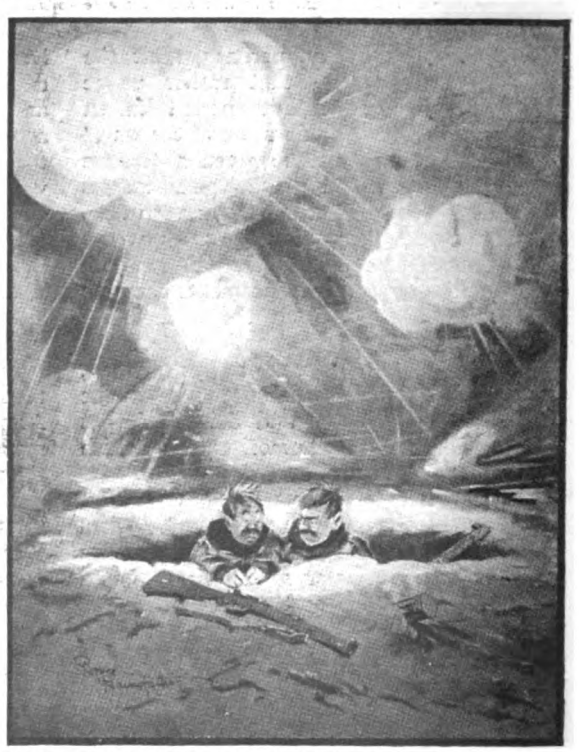
we pay the artist the high compliment of thinking that to foreign eyes his drawings must appear almost meaningless. As for the Germans, they would undoubtedly discover in them conclusive support of those strange misconceptions of the British character and temperament which they notoriously cherish. The artist's humour is so racy, so *native*, that only the British mind, and more particularly the English (though Captain Bairnsfather is a Scot!), can relish it to the full.

In general, the comic artist depends for his effect either upon the inherent humour of the situation which he depicts, or upon the wit of the verbal commentary attached to the picture. But Captain Bairnsfather, while fully alive to both these factors, gives us something more. There emanates from his drawings a subtle something—an atmosphere, a spirit—which the work of more accomplished draughtsmen, and more practised humorists, fails to convey. His drawings breathe the very spirit of Tommy in the trenches, and by just so much as they appeal to us for this reason with peculiar force, to a foreigner they are unintelligible. To embody a racial characteristic so completely which he has personally observed, but it is reasonably likely that but for the war his unique capacity for humour would have remained unknown and unexploited.

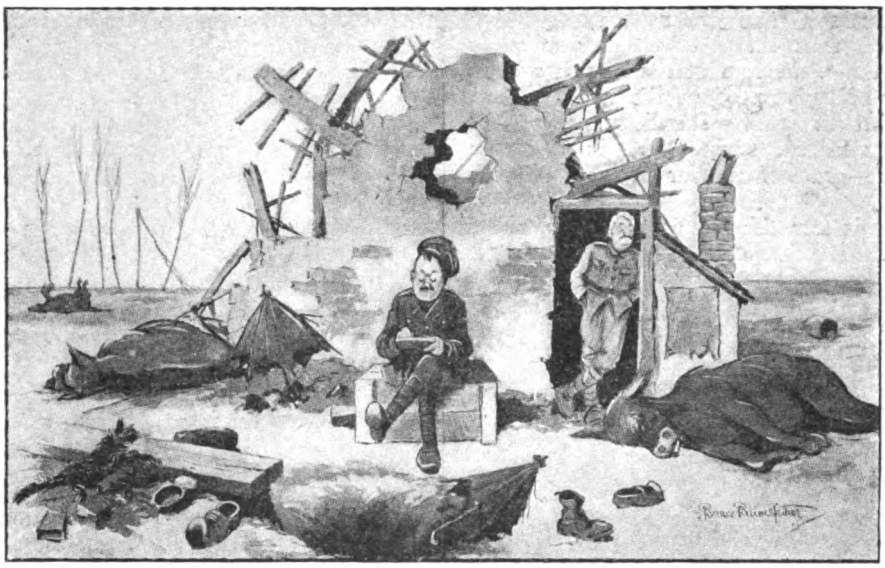
Captain Bairnsfather has been acting as a sort of artistic war correspondent for *The Bystander*, in which paper alone his work has hitherto appeared, and the reader will see by these pictures that our title, "A Creat Humorist of the Trenches," is no exaggeration.

The humour of Thomas Atkins is as elusive as it is pungent, and its fleeting savour is a thing which many artists have attempted to capture, with but poor results. Where many have failed, Captain Bairnsfather succeeds—and with an absence of effort which indicates conclusively how easily in his case success is achieved. The artist is so closely in sympathy with his subject, the spirit which he sets out to convey is so closely allied to his own, that he cannot help choosing the right means to the right end. In a word, he is spontaneous.

Captain Bairnsfather's humour is redolent of the British trenches. We say "British" trenches advisedly, for



"WELL, IF YOU KNOWS OF A BETTER 'OLE, GO TO IT."



"WE ARE AT PRESENT STAYING AT A FARM."

and exclusively is a very remarkable achievement.

In the drawing which bears the brief comment, "There goes our blinkin' parapet again," there is nothing superlatively funny in the mere situation depicted. The humour is of that elementary type which belongs to the harlequinade. But when situation is coupled with comment, and the two illuminated by the imperturbable figure in the doorway of the dug-out, a glimpse of *character* is revealed which draws an instant smile of friendly recognition. So, too, with the picture of two Tommies seeking temporary refuge in a "Jack Johnson" hole. The pointed injunction of one to the other, "If you knows of a better 'ole, go to it," read in the light of the lurid surroundings and the respective expressions on the pair of faces, acquaints us in a flash with the whole story. We know the men, we know what each has said—and we recognize the whole thing as true to type. A foreigner could not be expected to appreciate these niceties, and the delicate savour of the thing would be lost.

OBVIOUSLY!

THE YOUNG AND TALKATIVE ONE: "WHAT MADE THAT 'OLE?"

THE FED-UP ONE: "MICE!"

We do not know what psychological powers in other directions Captain Bairnsfather may possess, but there can be only one opinion as to his knowledge of Private Thomas Atkins. He reads him like a book. His phlegm and his high spirits, his imperturbable good humour and divine discontent, his discipline and his mutinous individualism, the whole bundle of seeming

contradictions and inconsistencies which make up that complex yet fundamentally simple thing, the soul of the British soldier, they are all portrayed in the artist's drawings with a revealing simplicity so forceful that but for the saving—and in this case essential—grace of humour it would be almost brutal.

There is something almost grimly farcical about the sketch entitled, "We are at present staying at a farm . . . . ." The burlesque is so extravagant, the details of the scene, including the tragi-comic corpse of the cow, are so ludicrous a travesty of reality, that only the fundamental truth of the picture saves it from absurdity. But that truth is undeniable. The complacent composure of the industrious letter-writer, the ineffable sang-froid of his companion in the doorway, the whole atmosphere of "all in the day's work," all these things belong to the everyday realities of life in the war zone, and the exaggeration to which they have been subjected is mere artistic licence.

It may be remarked that the artist is apt to depict one facial type with somewhat frequent iteration. This is certainly true, but the criticism loses much force upon reflecting how brilliantly the "Tommy" of Captain Bairnsfather's creation sums up and embodies the characteristic traits of the man in khaki. There is a superlative "fed-upness" in the bearing of the Bairnsfather soldier which is the quintessence of that chronic condition in which Thomas Atkins generally professes to find himself. If only boredom and lassitude were suggested, the result would be merely libellous, and could awaken no responsive smile in the observer; but the artist goes deeper than that. "Fed-upness" is a state of the soul rather than of the mind, a sort of spiritual *nirvana* into which the British soldier has the peculiar faculty of plunging when the stress and strain of life's little everyday

COLONEL FITZ-SHRAPNEL RECEIVES THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE: "PLEASE LET US KNOW AS SOON AS POSSIBLE THE NUMBER OF TINS OF RASPBERRY JAM ISSUED TO YOU LAST FRIDAY."

"THEY'VE EVIDENTLY SEEN ME!"

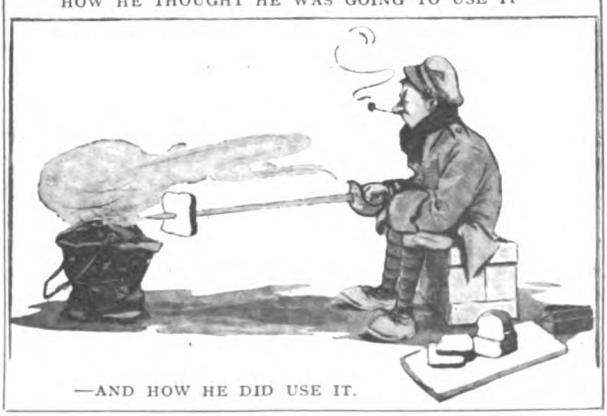
worries become too much for him, and in which he has the further power of remaining, with a kind of perverse satisfaction, just as long as he pleases, or the cussedness of things in general seems to warrant. This is a very different thing from mere *ennui* or discontent, and it is the subtle suggestion of character underlying the queer philosophy of the trenches which the type evolved by the artist conveys that makes the Bairnsfather soldier so convincingly human and real.

Perhaps the happiest sketch of character among the drawings here reproduced is the one which shows a young and talkative tyro questioning a fed-up veteran as to the origin of some damage caused by shell-fire. "What made that 'ole?" queries the novice. "Mice!" replies the other, with the terse irony of Cockney wit. Quite possibly Captain Bairnsfather overheard the question and answer in actual fact, but one suspects that a colloquy so artistically perfect more probably emanated from the artist's brain. At all events, it has furnished the occasion for a richly humorous study of character which exactly illustrates the joke.

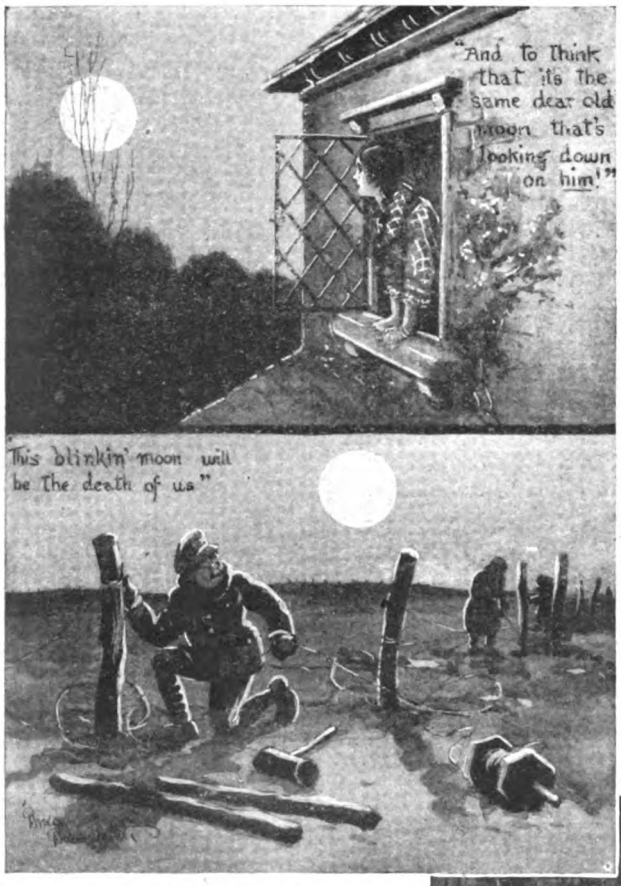
One secret of the effectiveness with which the artist makes his point each time lies in the fact that every sketch is a pictorial *instance*. Captain Bairnsfather is something more than merely anecdotal; every incident which he depicts not only draws a smile by its own particular absurdity, but suggestively hints the general humour of the situation at large. One laughs at the incongruity between the precise and meticulous request being made to Colonel Fitz-Shrapnel over the field telephone and the somewhat disintegrated state of his surroundings, but what really gives the sketch its grip upon our fancy is the perception which it forces on the mind of that complete incongruity which we call civilized warfare. Similarly, though even more fantastically and ludicrously, the observing officer in the chimney-top who remarks naïvely as a shell knocks half his perch away, "They've evidently seen me!" typifies for us that nonchalance, born not so much of indifference

"THAT SWORD."

HOW HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO USE IT—



—AND HOW HE DID USE IT.



"A WINTER'S TALE."

as of adaptability to environment, which is one of the most surprising, albeit commonplace, phenomena of life at the Front.

Captain Bairnsfather has a very pretty gift of irony, and since the wit of man never devised anything to equal the irony of warfare, perhaps that is why he succeeds so well as a war humorist. The pair of sketches entitled "That Sword" is a genial example of good-natured satire, in which the contrast is not confined to the ideal and real uses respectively of the officer's weapon. The comparison gently forced between the attire, demeanour, and general situation of the owner of the sword under the conditions anticipated and the conditions realized is very engaging. "A Winter's Tale" is more cynical, but an equally pointed example of the irony of war. The moonstruck and sentimental will hardly thank Captain Bairnsfather for a somewhat rude shock to their over-tender susceptibilities.

It is significant of the peculiarly *native* quality of Captain Bairnsfather's humour that he finds his subjects almost exclusively within the British lines. He has requisitioned humour but seldom from the enemy trenches (perhaps because there is notoriously *so* little to be found there!), and so far as we are aware he has not levied so much as a single joke from our Allies. Politeness has no doubt prompted reticence in the latter case, but apart from the question of courtesy, it is by a sound instinct that the artist confines himself to his own countrymen. He could not possibly extract for us the humour of the French *poilu* in a manner comparable with his vignettes of Tommy Atkins. A parallel to these drawings could only be found in a series of studies of

"NEVER AGAIN!"
"IN FUTURE I SNIPE FROM THE GROUND."

KEEPING HIS HAND IN.
"PRIVATE SMITH, THE COMPANY BOMBER (FORMERLY 'SHINIO,' THE POPULAR JUGGLER), FREQUENTLY CAUSES CONSIDERABLE ANXIETY TO HIS PLATOON."

the French soldier drawn by a French artist for French people—the humour of which would probably seem as thin to us as that of Captain Bairnsfather's sketches almost certainly appears to the French.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that when the artist turns his attention to the enemy, his humour lacks subtlety of characterization. He can be funny enough at the expense of the Hun—witness the sketch of the egregious little sniper who has come to the conclusion that arboreal tactics should be abandoned—but farce replaces comedy, and the humour is manufactured rather than spontaneous. Unless, indeed, Captain Bairnsfather were able to draw the essential Fritz as perfectly as he draws the essential Tommy, such a result is inevitable.

A similar criticism might be mildly applied to such a drawing as "What time shall I call you in the morning, sir?" Amusing as it is, one feels the incident to be a thing not seen, but invented. It lacks the artistic truth of the other drawings, and no matter how much more "possible" it may seem to the literal-minded, it does not carry the same ultimate conviction.

In its way there is more realism in the sketch of the ex-juggler "keeping his hand in" with a bagful of grenades, for all its frank absurdity. That is to say, it is more subtly observed as a study of character, and one feels in consequence that the scene might very easily have occurred, even if it never did! The figure of "Shinio," the ex-juggler, is quite a brilliant piece of comic characterization. The soldier and the music-hall artiste

THOROUGHNESS.
"WHAT TIME SHALL I CALL YOU IN THE MORNING, SIR?" (COLONEL CHUTNEY, V.C., HOME ON SHORT LEAVE, DECIDES TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH DUG-OUT LIFE.)

A.D. 19** (?).

"I SEE THE WAR BABIES BATTALION IS A-COMIN' OUT."

are so cleverly blended in his serene personality that it is difficult to say which predominates.

A still wilder flight of humorous fancy is the peep into the future which reveals two Methuselahs of the trenches solemnly discussing the expected arrival of the War Babies Battalion, while a grotesque covey of shells flies hurtling (and ignored) overhead. Once again the artist scores his point by the fundamental truth of his purely imaginary vision. The Bairnsfather soldier has here grown old in the service of the trenches, and the chronic "fed-upness" of former days has developed into a kind of settled resignation. But we recognize him at once as the same engaging individual, and feel that if such a scene as the artist has so exuberantly anticipated could really come to pass it would have just the appearance which he has given it.

Indeed, the sketch is so menacingly convincing that probably our pessimists will have no difficulty in swallowing it whole and acclaiming the artist's prophetic insight! The rest of us will be content, without proceeding to such complimentary extremes, to hail Captain Bairnsfather as a prince (or perhaps one should say a commander-in-chief) of humorists, and his drawings as one boon at least to the credit of the war.

Cinema Chess.

By T. B. ROWLAND.

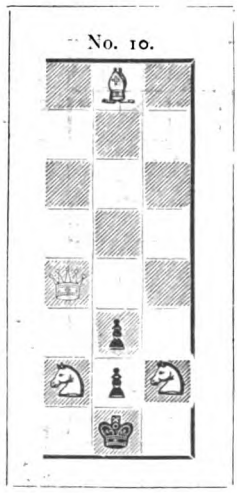
A MOVING chess problem is no novelty to the readers of THE STRAND, but one that can make a continuous tour of the board will be a surprise to most. Such is now about to be given. The performance consists of setting up a mating position, moving it one square at a time until it has traversed every square, then, by a slight alteration in the construction, change the theme, repeat the tour, and so on *ad libitum*. Further, a position, such as the one to be given, can be so made as to be capable of being solved from any side of the board after each transfer. In this way it is possible to construct a problem that can be placed on the board in as many as one hundred and forty-four ways. Yet even a greater surprise awaits the solver, but this must be deferred to a future issue.

No. 1.

Set up the position as shown on diagram No. 1, place the W K at K B 7, and we have a three-move problem. Move it, one square at a time, across to the other side of the board (2, 3, 4, 5, 6), where, by exchanging the colour of the B, a transformation takes place in the theme. When the W K disappears on the third move over, replace it at Q R 7. This change and the one preceding it produce four-movers, but all the others are three-movers, so the conditions need not be further repeated. Remove the Black B to its Q B 6, and bring the position downwards to the foot of the board (7, 8, 9, 10), where, minus the B, it becomes more difficult to solve. Having mastered it, place the W B at the opposite side of the board as before, the W K at Q Kt 8, Black B at its K 8, and we have another transformation (10). Recross the board with this (11, 12, 13, 14, 15). When the W K disappears, reinstate it at K R 8 on the second move over, then a W P is required at K 5. On the third move over change the Black B to K B 8. On reaching the side we again change the theme, and obtain another difficult problem, by taking off the W B and placing the Black B at Q B 1—the W K being now at K 8 (15). Take off W K and B B, move the position up a square, then replace W K at K B 1, and add a W P at Q R 2 (16). On moving this up a square, dispense with the W P, and place W B at K B 3 (17). This, on being moved up, is to have W K at K B 5 (18). The Black K now occupies Q Kt 5 square, which indicates where the position is. On bringing it a square to the right, add a Black R at Q R 8 (19). The solver will note that the transfers cause the position to change from a problem to an end game, and *vice versâ*. The various changes in the solutions, however, make them none the less interesting. Now take off R and B, move the position again to the right, keep the W K at K Kt 5, and add a W P at Q Kt 2 (20). This, again, goes to the right (21). A further move to the right requires replacing W K at Q Kt 6, W B at K 2, and the removal of W P to K 6 (22). Move this down a square (23). This, again, to be moved down, then the B becomes *non est*, and the W K is to

No. 6.

No. 10.



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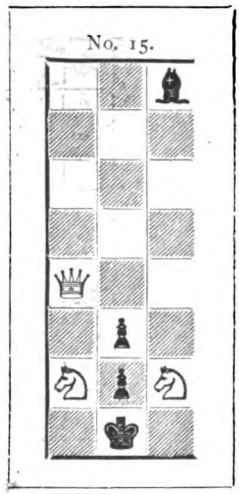

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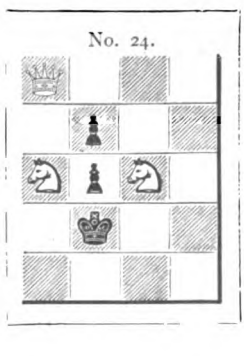

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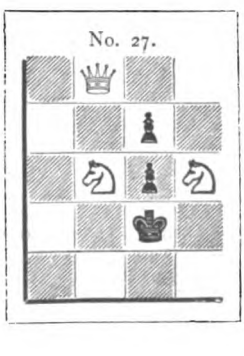
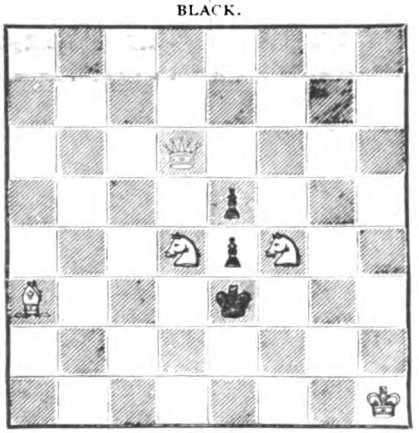


be at Q Kt 1 (24). On moving this leftwards, replace W B at K Kt 4 (25) On the next move W K is to reappear at K R 1, and the B at Q R 1 (26). The next move shows B off again, and W K at K Kt 1 (27). We now go one square up, then W K is to be at K Kt 4, and W B at K Kt 3 (28). On going to the right with this, remove W K to Q R 1 (29). Now take off W K and B, give the position a final move to the right, then replace K at K R 1, B at Q R 3, and the circuit is completed with :—

No. 30.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White mates in three moves.

In this we have the theme which runs throughout most of the positions. It would be improved by adding a W P at K B 5.

Enough has been given to show that the problem could be placed anywhere on the board, and then started on a continuous tour. Such is Cinema Chess, which is now introduced for the first time.

N.B.—Some of the problems require slight alterations, as follows, before solving them from any other side of the board.

6.—Remove B B to K R 1, to be relatively placed in 7 and 8.

9.—Remove W K to Q B 1 for first and second turns of the board leftwards, and to Q B 2 for third turn.

10 (Before transformation). —Add a Black P at Q 4.

15 (After transformation).—Replace W B at Q Kt 8, and put W K at Q 8.

16.—Take off W P. Move W K up one square for first turn leftwards. This also applies to 26 and 27; also to 24 and 25 for first turn rightwards.

18.—Add a W P at K B 6 for first turn.

20.—Remove W P, and put W B at K 1. This and No. 21 become two-movers on the first and second turns.

21.—Remove W P, and put W B at Q R 6.

22.—Remove W B to Q B 5.

23.—Remove W B to Q B 4.

(Solutions will be given next month.)

ACROSTICS.

RULES.

1. THE STRAND MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of ten guineas to the most successful solvers of the acrostics published during the quarter.
2. Two acrostics will be published each month. The two answers should be written on separate pieces of paper, but enclosed in the same envelope.
3. Every solver must adopt a short pseudonym, which he must not change unless requested by the Acrostic Editor to do so. With his first answer he should also forward his real name and address.
4. Each light correctly answered will score one point.
5. Solvers may send in two answers to each and every light. If more than two are sent for any light, that light must be considered incorrect.
6. On all points that may arise the Acrostic Editor's decision must be accepted as final.
7. About eight days will be allowed for the solution of the acrostics, and answers must arrive not later than the date stated when the acrostics are published.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 1.

Awaiting you, here is
The first of the series.

1. A Scotchman ; the place is
   Suggestive of races.
2. A carriage will suit, or
   It may be a tutor.
3. In France, in a city,
   A plant—'tis a pity.
4. A pedagogue noted,
   To flogging devoted.
5. Fresh men are arriving—
   It needs some contriving.
6. A catch—when you pull it,
   Look out for the bullet.
7. A title it may be,
   Or more than a baby.
8. A biped divine, a
   Near neighbour to China.
9. Take less than a minute,
   With company in it.

PAX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 2.

Oh, ne'er let First be Last, though own we must,
If First be in the Last, it wins indeed :
For Last is First, and true the poet's rede,
"Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just."

1. Where many may be hospitably fed,
   To entertain an angel might be said.
2. It fills the second place as all may see,
   And yet I vow 'tis also number three.
3. The cry resoundeth once and once again,
   And when 'tis gone all further effort's vain.
4. A covering for your home you wish to see ?
   Here is an opening suits you to a T.
5. He lives for tips and likewise tips to live,
   And must be all abroad, one tip to give.

QUÆSTOR.

Answers to Acrostics 1 *and* 2 *should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor,* THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., and must arrive not later than by the first post on March* 6*th.*

HINTS TO SOLVERS.

1. Solvers should read through their answers before posting them, and should also keep a copy of the answers sent.
2. When pleas for other answers are sent, they should be forwarded at once.
3. When the answer to a light is an incomplete word, it is unnecessary to give the part of the word beyond the uprights.
4. Solvers who wish to correct an answer already sent should forward a complete amended solution, and not merely the corrected light.

IMPORTANT.

The Proprietors of the STRAND MAGAZINE are able to announce that they have completed arrangements with

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

for the exclusive right to publish in serial form his

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE

Without doubt this history forms the most important and engrossing record of actual happenings at the Front, and of the battles that have been fought. Written in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's graphic, inimitable style, this narrative brings home to us as no other account has done the wondrous heroism of British soldiers. It will be read with intense interest.

In his introduction to the articles Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says: "It will be my privilege to tell for the first time the story of these great deeds with exact reference to the regiments concerned. The accounts of the various actions are based upon very numerous documents, and have in the more important instances been submitted to and endorsed by some of those who took a prominent part in them."

The first instalment will appear in the April Strand Magazine.

COPIES SHOULD BE ORDERED IN ADVANCE. THE DEMAND WILL BE ENORMOUS.

"HE BECAME AWARE THAT THE WITH MONKEYS OF ALL

PRINCE ROSHUN.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By RANI GOSS.

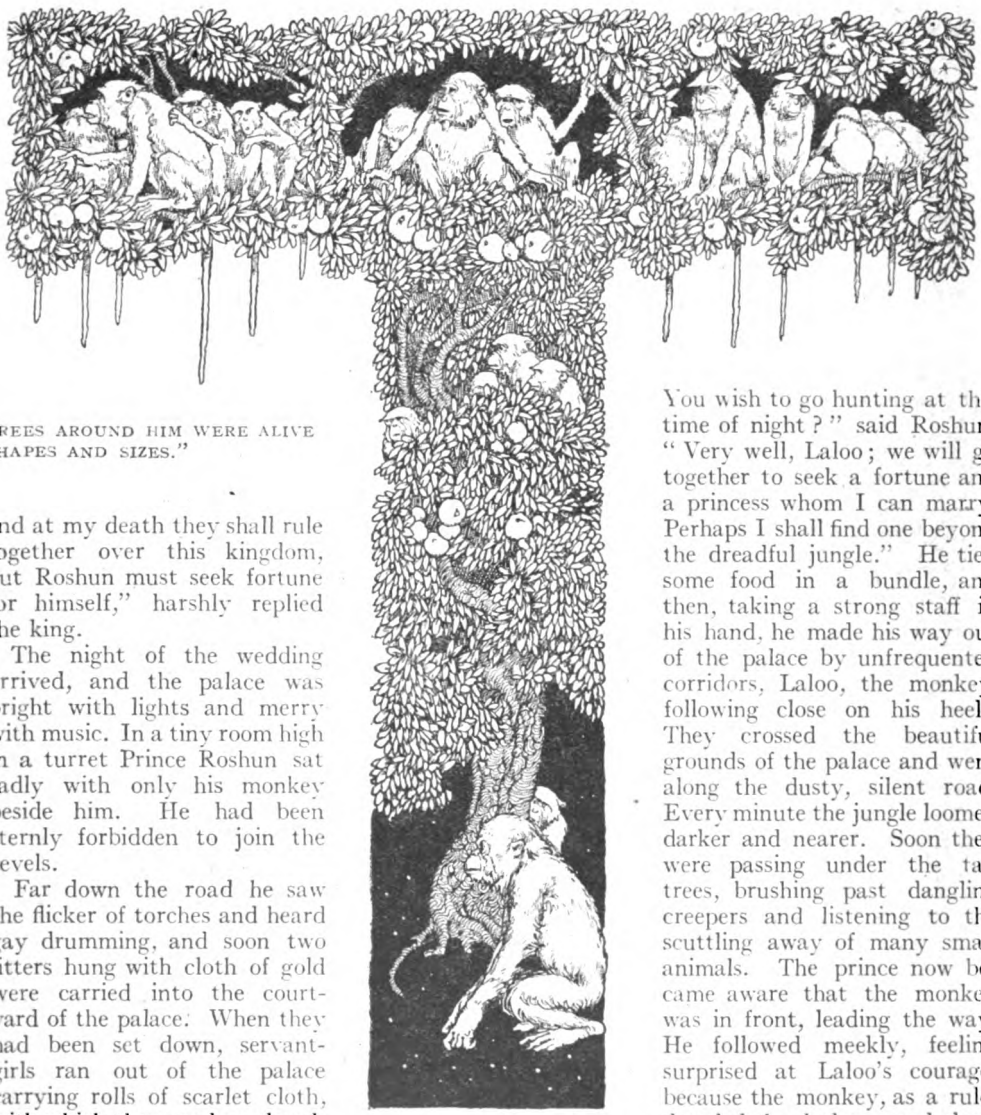
Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.

LONG ago, by the banks of Mai Gunga, Holy Mother Ganges, extended a great kingdom, bounded on its northern side by the dense jungle called the Terai. The king of this land had three sons, all of whom were sturdy and beautiful to look upon. The youngest, however, was by far the best looking and had the sweetest nature. He was called Prince Roshun (Brightness), and was a favourite with everybody. The king, his father, seemed to treat the little prince very unkindly. While his elder brothers had beautiful garments, and turbans of soft silk set off by sparkling diamond aigrettes, Prince Roshun wore the simplest clothes and possessed no jewels. They had horses and attendants, but he went on foot, followed only by a pet monkey. In spite of this the three princes were devoted to each other, and the elder brothers always tried to share their toys and amusements with "Chotoo," as they affectionately called their little brother.

The day came when the two elder princes were thought to be of the right age for marriage, and messengers were sent to the kings of neighbouring lands to ask if they had daughters beautiful and wealthy enough to marry the princes.

At last two princesses were chosen, and preparations for the weddings began. Elephants laden with gifts from the princes—golden anklets hung with tiny bells that jingled as the wearer moved, bracelets, rings set with tiny mirrors, muslins so delicately woven that they looked as fine as a spider's web, silken veils embroidered with the wings of dragon-flies, and slippers sewn with pearls—were dispatched to the future brides, and from them came in return swords of wonderfully wrought steel in gem-studded scabbards, and pictures of themselves in carved ivory cases.

"Where is the bride of Prince Roshun? Why is he not to be married at the same time as his brothers?" the people asked each other, and at last a high official repeated their words to the king. "I have enough wealth to provide for two sons during my lifetime,



TREES AROUND HIM WERE ALIVE SHAPES AND SIZES."

and at my death they shall rule together over this kingdom, but Roshun must seek fortune for himself," harshly replied the king.

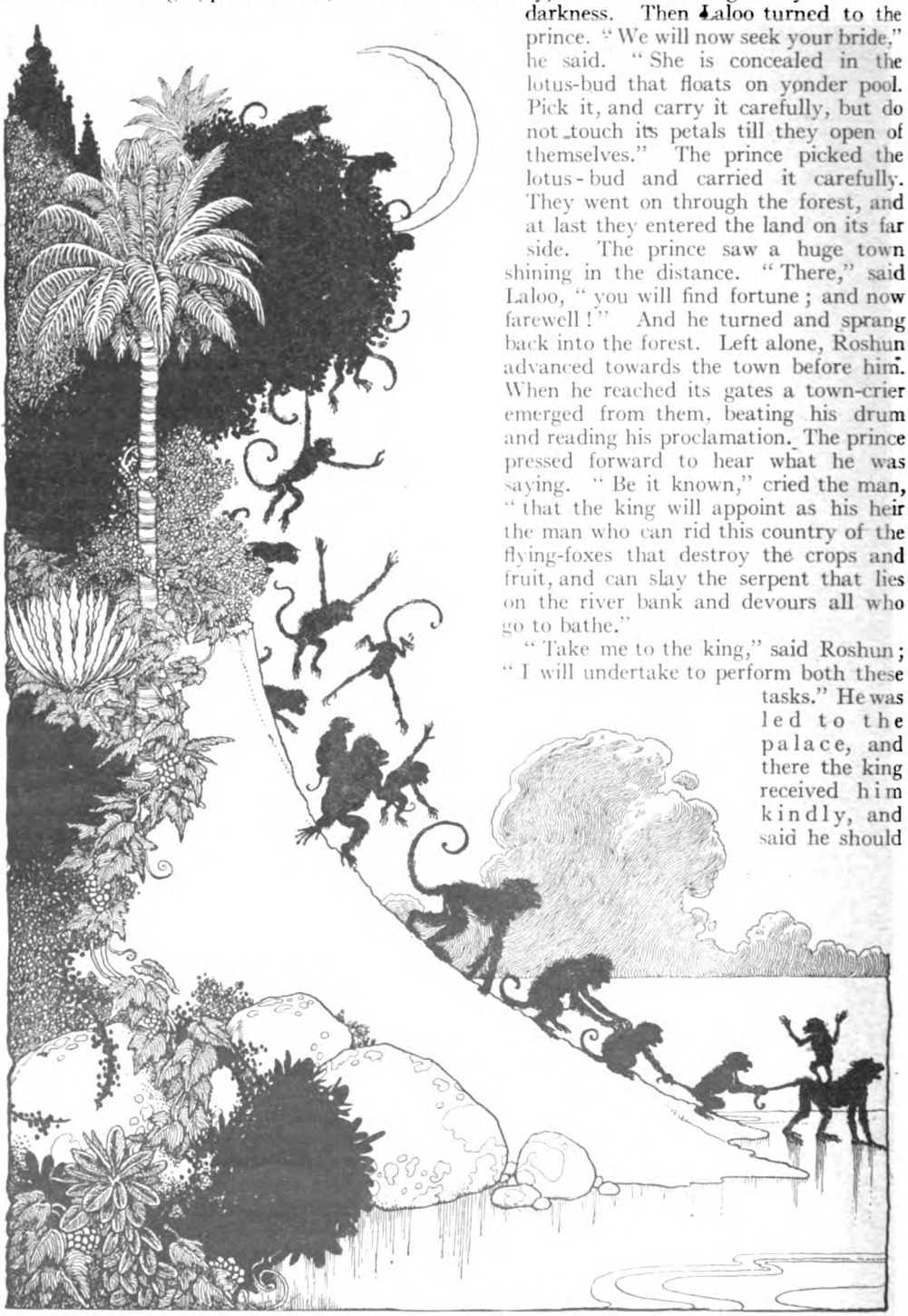
The night of the wedding arrived, and the palace was bright with lights and merry with music. In a tiny room high in a turret Prince Roshun sat sadly with only his monkey beside him. He had been sternly forbidden to join the revels.

Far down the road he saw the flicker of torches and heard gay drumming, and soon two litters hung with cloth of gold were carried into the courtyard of the palace. When they had been set down, servant-girls ran out of the palace carrying rolls of scarlet cloth, with which they made a closed-in pathway for the brides to pass along without being seen by curious eyes. Roshun caught a glimpse of two slim, veiled figures glittering with jewels, but the next instant the princesses had entered the palace and the scarlet cloth was being re-rolled.

"Alas!" said the prince, aloud, "would that I, too, could find a fair young bride!" At that moment he felt a skinny hand placed on his knee, and, looking down, he saw the wizened face of his monkey. It looked at him, and then out of the window to where, dark and silent, the edge of the jungle appeared beyond the palace grounds. "What! You wish to go hunting at this time of night?" said Roshun. "Very well, Laloo; we will go together to seek a fortune and a princess whom I can marry. Perhaps I shall find one beyond the dreadful jungle." He tied some food in a bundle, and then, taking a strong staff in his hand, he made his way out of the palace by unfrequented corridors, Laloo, the monkey, following close on his heels. They crossed the beautiful grounds of the palace and went along the dusty, silent road. Every minute the jungle loomed darker and nearer. Soon they were passing under the tall trees, brushing past dangling creepers and listening to the scuttling away of many small animals. The prince now became aware that the monkey was in front, leading the way. He followed meekly, feeling surprised at Laloo's courage, because the monkey, as a rule, dreaded the darkness and clung to his master. On, on they went, till at last the monkey halted in a clearing near a pool of water and gave a low, wailing call. The next instant the prince heard the patter of small feet and the crashing of branches and twigs, and became aware that the trees around him were alive with monkeys of all shapes and sizes: great gorilla-like animals that stood up like human beings, black-faced baboons, monkeys with a fringe of white hair round their faces, little shivering brown monkeys, and hideous orang-outangs. His surprise was doubled when he heard Laloo speaking authoritatively to them. "My people," said he, "I have summoned

you that you may see and know this prince. If ever he is in danger, protect him; if ever in need, help him." The monkeys chattered excitedly, and then swung away into the darkness. Then Laloo turned to the prince. "We will now seek your bride," he said. "She is concealed in the lotus-bud that floats on yonder pool. Pick it, and carry it carefully, but do not touch its petals till they open of themselves." The prince picked the lotus-bud and carried it carefully. They went on through the forest, and at last they entered the land on its far side. The prince saw a huge town shining in the distance. "There," said Laloo, "you will find fortune; and now farewell!" And he turned and sprang back into the forest. Left alone, Roshun advanced towards the town before him. When he reached its gates a town-crier emerged from them, beating his drum and reading his proclamation. The prince pressed forward to hear what he was saying. "Be it known," cried the man, "that the king will appoint as his heir the man who can rid this country of the flying-foxes that destroy the crops and fruit, and can slay the serpent that lies on the river bank and devours all who go to bathe."

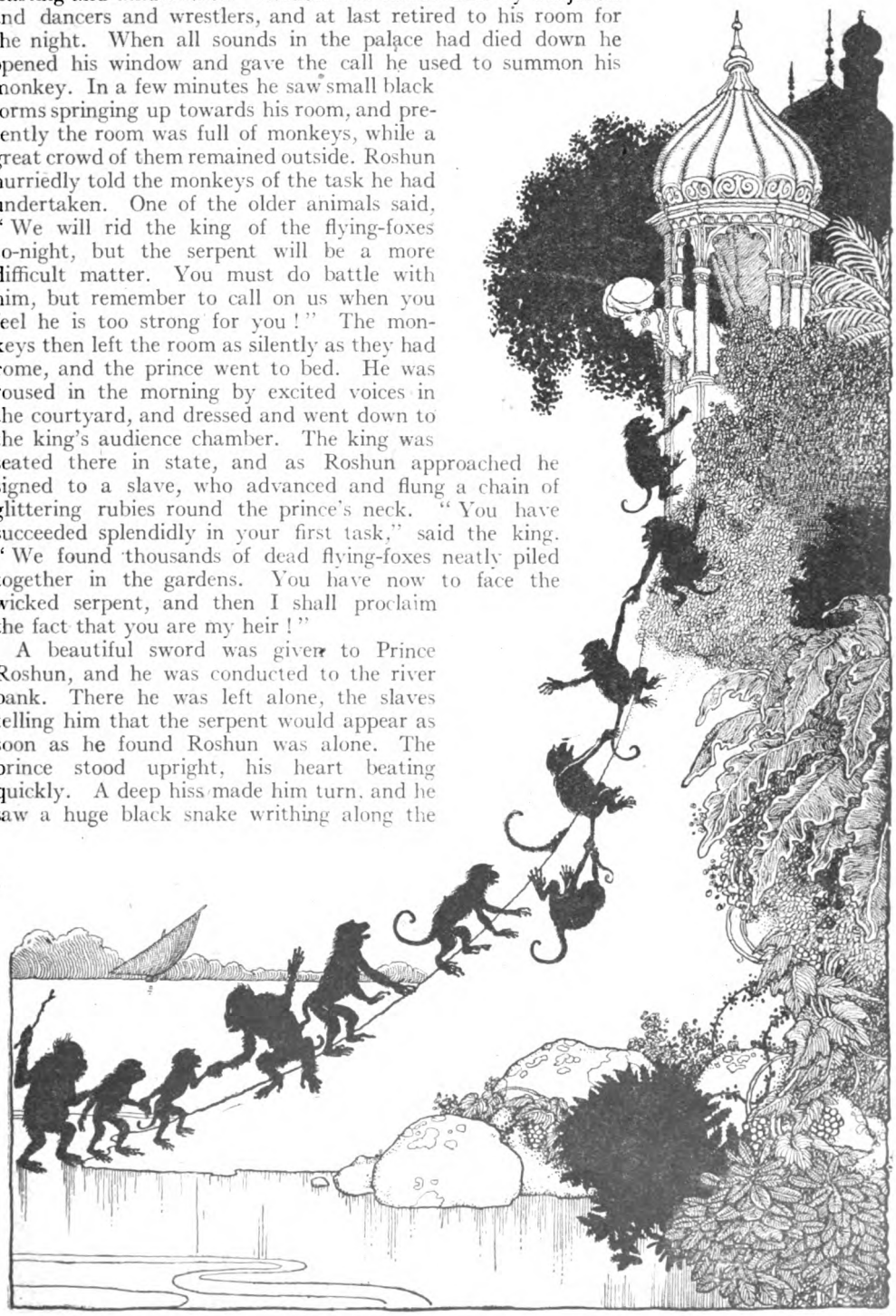
"Take me to the king," said Roshun; "I will undertake to perform both these tasks." He was led to the palace, and there the king received him kindly, and said he should



"IN A FEW MINUTES HE SAW SMALL BLACK

begin his task next day, but this day must be given up to feasting and amusement. Roshun was entertained by conjurers and dancers and wrestlers, and at last retired to his room for the night. When all sounds in the palace had died down he opened his window and gave the call he used to summon his monkey. In a few minutes he saw small black forms springing up towards his room, and presently the room was full of monkeys, while a great crowd of them remained outside. Roshun hurriedly told the monkeys of the task he had undertaken. One of the older animals said, "We will rid the king of the flying-foxes to-night, but the serpent will be a more difficult matter. You must do battle with him, but remember to call on us when you feel he is too strong for you!" The monkeys then left the room as silently as they had come, and the prince went to bed. He was roused in the morning by excited voices in the courtyard, and dressed and went down to the king's audience chamber. The king was seated there in state, and as Roshun approached he signed to a slave, who advanced and flung a chain of glittering rubies round the prince's neck. "You have succeeded splendidly in your first task," said the king. "We found thousands of dead flying-foxes neatly piled together in the gardens. You have now to face the wicked serpent, and then I shall proclaim the fact that you are my heir!"

A beautiful sword was given to Prince Roshun, and he was conducted to the river bank. There he was left alone, the slaves telling him that the serpent would appear as soon as he found Roshun was alone. The prince stood upright, his heart beating quickly. A deep hiss made him turn, and he saw a huge black snake writhing along the



FORMS SPRINGING UP TOWARDS HIS ROOM."

ground towards him. He attacked the creature with his sword, and a fierce battle began. The snake managed to get its coils round the prince's body, and he felt himself being squeezed dreadfully. He faintly gave Laloo's call, and, to his joy, it was immediately answered by hundreds of monkeys, armed with the huge dagger-like thorns of the wild plum-tree. They attacked the serpent, stabbing him in hundreds of places until he writhed in agony. His coils loosened, and Roshun was able to smite off his head at a blow. The prince then sank fainting to the earth, while the monkeys chattered and sprinkled his face with water from the river. When the king's slaves appeared they found the prince standing by the coils of the dead snake, a troop of monkeys surrounding them. The prince insisted on the monkeys returning to the palace with him. There he told the king how they had helped him, and as a reward they were allowed to carry back to the forest with them as much fruit and sweetstuff as they required.

The prince was then arrayed in splendid robes and was hailed as the king's heir by everyone.

Now the king set himself to find a worthy bride for Prince Roshun, but when he mentioned this to the prince, the latter remembered his lotus-bud and went in search of it. He found it, still fresh, in the pocket of his old coat, and brought it down to the king. He placed it at the foot of the throne, and told his story to the king, who listened attentively. When he had finished he glanced at the bud, and to his amazement saw that it was expanding. It grew till it was a yard across, and then its petals opened gently, and out stepped a radiantly beautiful princess, dressed in a gown of tissue woven with gold and silver, and wearing a light veil, sewn with diamond drops, over her face.

The king summoned his court, and the prince and princess were married with great pomp and lived happily at the palace, where Roshun later ruled as king, and received his elder brothers and their wives.

How did the princess come to be hidden in the lotus-bud, you say? Ah, that is quite another story. You shall hear it by and by.

"THE MONKEYS ATTACKED THE SERPENT, STABBING HIM IN HUNDREDS OF PLACES UNTIL HE WRITHED IN AGONY."

"BY OUR READERS."

Animal Intelligence.

Here is a selection of stories by our readers on the question of the intelligence of animals—a subject which evidently has a very wide appeal. It will be observed that the writers have not forgotten our injunction that the stories should be more strange than true, like the story of Mr. Jingle's dog which we gave as an example.

THIS incident of animal intelligence occurred within my own family circle and so I was able to see the whole thing from the first.

We have a dog, a very intelligent one, born in Ireland, which we call Pat, and we have educated him so well that he knows his proper mealtimes and does not go in for an irregular manner of feeding like so many other dogs, and, curiously enough, even if he is temporarily neglected, unlike most dogs, he never barks or whines within the house.

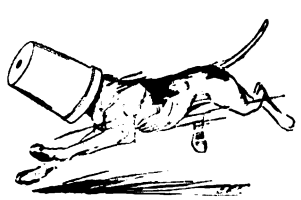
Well, it was during the late Christmas season, on the day preceding Christmas, that, what with the excitement and happiness common on such occasions, poor Pat was shamefully forgotten.

A little while after lunch my youngest daughter was cutting up an old atlas for amusement, and dividing the various countries with the aid of scissors.

I was sitting down watching, and noticed that she was dividing Austria-Hungary into four parts, and then a sudden gush of air caused the part called Hungary to blow down upon the floor, and before she could get it back Pat had got hold of it and had laid it at my feet, Hungary upwards, with such a wistful look that suddenly I realized that yet another injustice had been done to Ireland!

Mr. N. S. M. Stanton, 16, High Street, Manchester Square, W.

A LADY had a dog who was accustomed to accompany her on her cycle rides. On one occasion, after the muzzling order came into force, the dog, as usual, prepared to follow his mistress. She sent him back, however, telling him she could not take him as he had



no muzzle on, and started on her ride. Soon she heard a pattering of feet behind her, and, looking round, saw the dog, who had evidently been into the garden for the purpose, with a flower-pot over his nose, joyfully following.

Mrs. Clarke, Woodcroft, Palmerston Road, Coventry.

SOME time ago, a farmer, for the protection of his pigs' food from wood-pigeons, scattered Indian corn in his yard, hoping that it would choke some of the pillagers, as they could hardly swallow it whole in its hard state. To his surprise he saw a flock settle on the corn and take away one grain per bird. He followed the pigeons to the adjacent railway line, where he saw them lay the grain on the rails and wait patiently until a passing train had ground it for them. Thereafter the birds scraped the ground corn together, and made it into a nice rich soup by the addition of a little pigeon's milk.

Mr. Charles Taylor, Burnside House, Cumnock, Ayrshire.

TONY, the once American millionaire, had been ruined by Monte Carlo.

A small revolver loaded with a single cartridge and a little white rat were his only possessions in the world.

He now trudged along a deserted country lane; his mind was set for one purpose only—to end his life, and with it his misery.

Suddenly he stopped. His mind was determined: he put his hand into his outside coat-pocket, where he always kept his revolver. He started, and drew from out the pocket the lifeless body of his pet.

How could it have got into his outside pocket? he asked himself; he knew he had always kept it in his inside coat-pocket. Frantic with rage he pulled out his revolver, pressed it to his head, and pulled the trigger—nothing happened. He searched his pocket for the missing cartridge; then gradually the truth dawned upon him—his pet had eaten away the coat between the two pockets, had dropped into the outside pocket, and, to save his master's life, had swallowed the cartridge.

Tony's love for his pet was too great to allow him to mutilate it to regain the cartridge. He picked up a sharp stone which lay near and began to dig a grave for his heroic pet. Suddenly the stone struck something hard; Tony leaned over the hole and found that he had discovered a gold-mine!

Mr. W. A. Pearson, Trist's, Rossall School, Fleetwood, Lancs.

A CERTAIN friend of mine owned a very sagacious spaniel which he was in the habit of sending every week to a small newsagent's shop for a copy of *Tit-Bits*. The method of procedure was for the dog to take a penny between his teeth, deposit it on the shop floor, and return with the "Green 'Un" in his mouth.

One day the animal returned with the copper instead of the paper, much to his owner's surprise. The error was soon rectified, however, by the dog returning to the shop with his master and leading him to a board standing outside the window, bearing the announcement, "*Tit-Bits* Double Number, price Twopence"!

An old friend of mine had a remarkably intelligent setter, whose faculties were almost human. Walking down a quiet country lane with him one day, the dog made a dead set at a man standing on the other side of the road, and nothing would induce the animal to move. The explanation of his remarkable conduct lay in the fact that the man's name, upon inquiry, turned out to be Partridge!

Mr. Jas. A. Parker, 60, Musters Road, West Bridgford, Notts.

MY friend Brown has a perfect mania for removing. He does say himself that he has stayed in a house for three months, but none of his friends believe him, and, anyway, if he did it was certainly before I knew him. He was out in his garden the other day, and he had a bit of a shock when he saw his hens suddenly turn on their backs and stick their legs in the air. The situation was explained, however, when he noticed a furniture van coming down the road. The knowing birds, too, had seen the furniture van, and, of course, had jumped to the conclusion that it was time for them to have their legs tied up again.

Miss May Lambert, 35, Grosvenor Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

MAC, the clever collie, usually sought repose on the eiderdown quilt in the best bedroom. Whenever thus discovered condign chastisement followed, but without avail. The evil practice was continued, although the animal became more wary and alert. Eventually he could only be punished on circumstantial evidence, viz., that a portion of the bedspread was warm to the hand.

One afternoon Mac was missing downstairs, and the opportunity was seized to discover him, if possible, *in flagrante delicto*. His master ascended the stairs as noiselessly as possible, but when near the top there was one of those awkward creaks which always occur when you particularly want to go up the staircase quietly.

Silently entering the bedroom, the master found his wily dog standing on the quilt, blowing the place where he had been lying to cool it!

Nurse Robinson, 41, Newman Road, Erdington.

ONE day my cat fought with another and got a nasty scratch on its nose. The nose irritated it, and it kept bathing it by licking its paw and washing the sore place. The dog watched it for some time, then went upstairs into the bedroom, got on a chair, dipped its foot into the cold cream pot, and, coming downstairs on three legs, applied the ointment carefully with its paw to the cat's sore nose.

Mr. William R. Power, 157, Stamford Hill, N.

THERE is an annual competition at B——, in which a prize is offered for the most intelligent sheep-dog. A sheep-fold is erected, with a very narrow entrance, and each dog is given three sheep, which he must get into the fold.

One dog won the prize year after year, but at a recent competition he was so badly handicapped by the obstinate nature of the three sheep that his prize seemed lost. He managed two of them very well, but the third set him at defiance, and even turned upon him and tried to butt him. Then the intelligence of the dog showed itself.

He placed himself between the sheep and the pen, and at every rush of the sheep he backed nearer to the pen, so drawing the sheep nearer, until at last the dog allowed himself to be butted into the pen. The sheep followed, and when inside the dog sprang over his back and stood triumphantly at the entrance to prevent his exit!

Private A. Doran, 55, Cregoe Street, Birmingham.

NEXT MONTH

WILL APPEAR

AN IMPORTANT ARTICLE

BY

MRS. ASQUITH.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

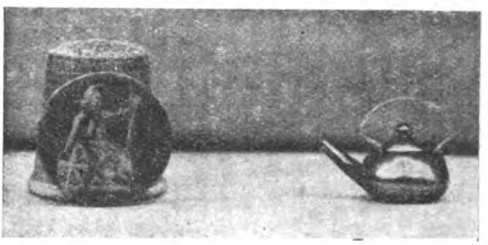
AN EXTRAORDINARY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

WHAT, I think, must be an event unique in the annals of railway accidents is here illustrated. It took place recently "somewhere in France," on a line much used for taking supplies to both French

and English fronts. A munition train was passing through when, owing to defective "lashing," the muzzle of a gun became considerably elevated, and caught the parapet of an iron bridge, with the result shown in the picture. A second gun on the same railway truck was thrown by the shock into another truck behind. Owing to the accident taking place at night, the driver did not discover what had occurred until he had proceeded some considerable distance with the first part of the train, the couplings having, of course, snapped at the time of impact. It will be noticed that the breakdown gang has "jacked" up the gun with sleepers preparatory to lifting it down on to the line.—Mr. W. H. Moore, India-Rubber and Telegraph Works, Persan, Seine et Oise, France.

KETTLE MADE FROM A FARTHING.

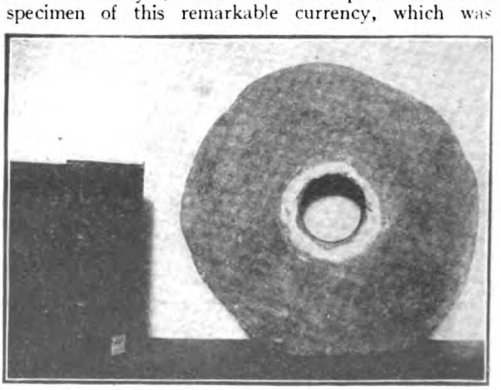
AS an example of skill and ingenuity, I think you will consider this photograph of a miniature kettle well worthy of a place among your "Curiosities." It shows the exact size of the kettle compared with an ordinary thimble, which easily covers it, and also when compared with a farthing, from which coin the kettle was made—some metal even being left over. The feat was accomplished by one of our mechanics—Mr. T. A. Vickery—in his spare time. The kettle is



perfect in every way and complete in every detail. Water can be poured through the spout, and the lid is removable. To prove that this kettle, though a veritable "mite," is not flimsy, water has been boiled in it.—Mr. G. Herbert Vickery, The Bantry Motor Garage Company, Bantry, Co. Cork, Ireland.

HARD CASH.

THE phrase "hard cash" is more literally applied to the currency of Uap than to any other money in the world, for in that city of the Caroline Islands the natives go shopping with round stones, something like those used for grinding axes. They are valuable according to their size and weight; hence, as the highest-priced delicacy in the islands is pig, it requires a piece of stone money weighing five hundred pounds to buy pork on the hoof. Ornaments for the person come high also, and when a swain of Uap wishes to present his dark-skinned sweetheart with a necklace of shells he must hand the jeweller a grindstone of one or two hundredweight. For the lesser requirements, the mere necessities of life, such as food and clothes, the small change will do. Clam shells are ground in a more or less circular shape and a hole is bored in the centre, and a few of these suffice for the family marketing. The University Museum of Philadelphia contains a specimen of this remarkable currency, which was



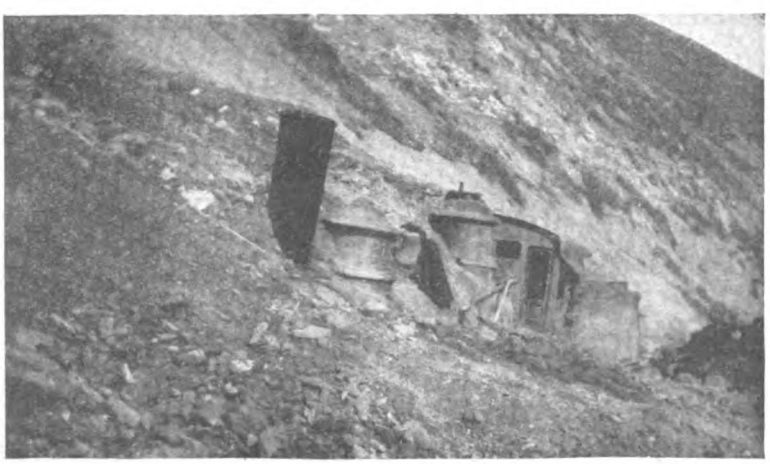
brought home by Dr. Furness, on his return from a visit to the islands. He stated that the larger the money, the safer it is from thieves. A poor man with a mere handful of clam shells might have to bury his hoard, but the owner of a lot of five-hundred-pound stones could leave them in his dooryard with perfect assurance of their safety. No thief could run very fast with a quarter of a ton of loot on his back; moreover, it is doubtful whether the natives of Uap care sufficiently for money to make the attempt.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 1353, West 36th Place, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

AN INSECT ARMY ON THE MARCH.

THE thin black line that zigzags across the picture is an army of black ants on the march in British Central Africa. A double row of warriors guard the route, linking themselves together so as almost to form an arch in places, while the main body pours along between in an apparently never-ending stream. The photograph was taken a month before the war, and, curiously enough, the army was heading at the double quick for the frontier of German East Africa, ten miles to the north. A clear proof, for Schmidt the spy, of England's guilt!—Mr. J. H. Morrison, M.F. Manse, Falkland, Fife.

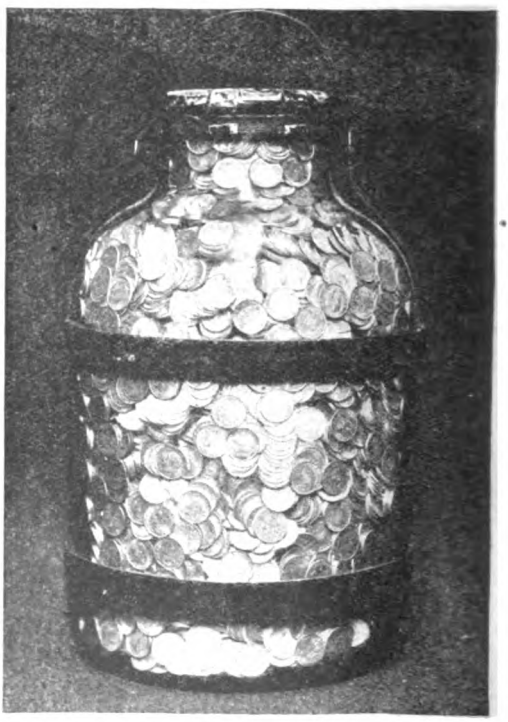
ENGINE CAUGHT BY SLIDING EARTH.

PASSING under a high bluff, a locomotive was caught by a downpour of earth and small stones that left it standing on the tracks, but almost hid it from sight. The sliding soil of that section of a California railway has resulted in traffic blockades before, but never with such curious results. The engine was recovered intact, though, as may be imagined from the photograph, its extrication was no easy matter.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 1,353, West 36th Place, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.



HOW MANY COINS DOES THIS BOTTLE CONTAIN?

A FRIEND of mine has made the collecting of threepenny-pieces a hobby, and I am sending you a photograph of a large bottle which he has completely filled with them. The hobby is a decidedly useful one, as the bottle, when filled, contains quite a little nest-egg.—Mrs. C. M. Northam, 170, Sidwell Street, Exeter.



[Readers of an inquiring turn of mind may like to work out as nearly as possible the number, weight, and value of the threepenny-pieces the bottle contains, taking as a guide the size of the coins as shown in the illustration when compared with the actual size of a threepenny-bit. The answer will be given next month.—ED.[

Strand for May not received C.N.P.

onan Doyle's Detailed Account of What Happened at Mons.

"TRUTH" ON Fry's Cocoa:
Like everything else, cocoa is not always the best quality; Fry's Pure Breakfast Cocoa is."
See Page 22.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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"THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE"

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I.

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See Page 36.

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"LIEUTENANT MAURICE DEASE, FIVE TIMES WOUNDED BEFORE HE WAS KILLED, WORKED HIS MACHINE-GUN TO THE END, AND EVERY MAN OF HIS DETACHMENT WAS HIT."

(*See page* 350.)

The BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

FOREWORD.

The time has now come when, owing to the long period which has elapsed, and the changes which have been made in the Army units, the particulars of the doings of the regiments of the British Army in France and in Flanders can be given with some approach to accurate detail. From the first days of the war the author has devoted his time to the accumulation of evidence from first-hand sources as to the various happenings of these great days. He has built up his narrative from letters, diaries, and interviews, from the hand or lips of men who have been leaders in our glorious armies, whose deeds it was his ambition to understand and to chronicle. In many cases he has been privileged to submit his descriptions of the principal incidents to prominent actors in them and to receive their corrections or endorsement. It is not to be supposed that all is here set down, for it will be many years before so great a story is unfolded, but the chronicler would wish to impress one fact upon the public, which is that he has nowhere found need of suppression, that there are no facts to conceal, and that the record of heroic endeavours has never, so far as his researches go, sunk below the very highest which the nation could demand. In this record our temporary set-backs have been treated as frankly as our successes, and there has been no attempt to flinch from the truth.

How great the scope is for such a history may readily be judged by the reader who asks himself what does the public really know of the Battle of Mons, the first occasion in history in which the German and the Briton stood face to face as enemies? What does it know of the tragic but glorious Battle of Le Cateau, where three divisions of the British Army stood during the greater part of a long August day against seven divisions of Germans, and withdrew unbroken? What does it know of the details of the famous retreat, one of the most remarkable withdrawals, in

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the face of a valiant and energetic enemy, that has ever been known in military history? What does it know of the first Battle of Ypres, when the immortal Regular Army was so worn that some famous regiments were no greater than platoons, though they still barred the German passage to the coast? The true record of these and of every subsequent event will be found in the succeeding pages, so far as it is now possible to collect and arrange them.

The first chapters, dealing with the events which led up to the war, are here omitted, and the narrative begins with the actual campaign.

CHAPTER I.

THE BATTLE OF MONS.

The Landing of the British in France—The British Leaders—The Advance to Mons—The Defence of the Bridges of Nimy—The Holding of the Canal—The Fateful Telegram.

THE LANDING OF THE BRITISH IN FRANCE.

THE bulk of the British Expeditionary Force passed over to France under the cover of darkness on the nights of August 12th and 13th. The movement, which included the greater part of three army corps and a cavalry division, necessitated the transportation of approximately one hundred thousand men, fifteen thousand horses, and four hundred guns. It is doubtful if so large a host has ever been moved by water in so short a time in all the annals of military history. There was drama in the secrecy and celerity of the affair. Two canvas walls converging into a funnel screened the approaches to Southampton Dock. All beyond was darkness and mystery. Down this fatal funnel passed the flower of the youth of Britain, and their folk saw them no more. They had embarked upon the great adventure of the German War. The crowds in the streets saw the last serried files vanish into the darkness of the docks, heard the measured tramp upon the stone quays dying farther away in the silence of the night, until at last all was still and the great steamers were pushing out into the darkness.

No finer force for technical efficiency, and no body of men more hot-hearted in their keen desire to serve their country, have ever left the shores of Britain. It is a conservative estimate to say that within four months a half of their number were either dead or in the hospitals. They were destined for great glory, and for that great loss which is the measure of their glory.

Belated pedestrians upon the beach of the southern towns have recorded their impression of that amazing spectacle. In the clear summer night the wall of transports seemed to stretch from horizon to horizon. Guardian warships flanked the mighty column, while swift lights shooting across the surface of the sea showed where the torpedo boats and submarines were nosing and ferreting for any possible enemy. But far away, hundreds of miles to the north, lay the real protection of the flotilla, where the smooth waters of the Heligoland Bight were broken by the sudden rise and dip of the blockading periscopes.

It is well to state, once for all, the composition of this force, so that in the succeeding pages, when a brigade or division is under discussion, the diligent reader may ascertain its composition. This, then, is the First Army which set forth to France. Others will be chronicled as they appeared upon the scene of action, so far as discretion will allow. It may be remarked that the formation of units has been now greatly altered from the earlier days of the campaign.

THE FIRST ARMY CORPS.—GENERAL HAIG.

DIVISION I.—Gen. Lomax.

1st Infantry Brigade—Gen. Maxse.
1st Coldstream.
1st Scots Guards.
1st Black Watch.
2nd Munster Fusiliers.

2nd Infantry Brigade—Gen. Bulfin.
2nd Sussex.
1st N. Lancs.
1st Northampton.
2nd K.R. Rifles.

3rd Infantry Brigade—Gen. Landon.
1st West Surrey (Queen's).
1st S. Wales Borderers.
1st Gloucester.
2nd Welsh.

Artillery—Col. Findlay.
XXV. Brig. R.F.A. 113, 114, 115.
XXVI. Brig. R.F.A. 116, 117, 118.
XXXIX. Brig. R.F.A. 46, 51, 54.
XLIII. (How.) Brig. R.F.A. 30, 40, 57.

Engineers—Col. Schreiber.
23 F. Co.
26 F. Co.
1 Signal Co.

1st Cavalry Brigade—Gen. Briggs.
2nd and 5th Dragoon Guards.
11th Hussars.
1 Signal Troop R.E.
I. L. Batteries R.H.A.

DIVISION II.—Gen. Murray.

4th Infantry Brigade—Gen. Scott-Kerr.
2nd Grenadier Guards.
2nd Coldstream.
3rd Coldstream.
1st Irish.

5th Infantry Brigade—Gen. Haking.
2nd Worcester.
2nd Ox. and Bucks L.I.
2nd Highland L.I.
2nd Connaught Rangers.

6th Infantry Brigade—Gen. Davies.
1st Liverpool (King's).
2nd S. Stafford.
1st Berks.
1st K.R. Rifles.

Artillery—Gen. Perceval.
XXXIV. Brig. R.F.A. 22, 50, 70.
XXXVI. do. 15, 48, 71.
XLI. do. 9, 16, 17.
How. Brig. R.F.A. 47, 56, 60.
35th Batt. R.G.A.

4th Cavalry Brigade—Gen. Bingham.
3rd Hussars.
6th Dragoon Guards.
Composite Guards' Regiment.
J. & K. Batteries R.H.A.

THE SECOND ARMY CORPS.—GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN.

DIVISION III.—Gen. Hamilton.

7th Infantry Brigade—Gen. McCracken.
3rd Worcester.
2nd S. Lancs.
1st Wilts.
2nd Irish Rifles.

8th Infantry Brigade—Gen. B. Doran.
2nd Royal Scots.
2nd Royal Irish.
4th Middlesex.
1st Gordon Highlanders.

9th Infantry Brigade—Gen. Shaw.
1st North. Fusiliers.
4th Royal Fusiliers.
1st Lincoln.
1st Scots Fusiliers.

Artillery—Gen. Wing.
XXIII. Brigade 107, 108, 109.
XXX. Brigade (How.) 128, 129, 130.
XL. Brigade 6, 23, 49.
XLII. Brigade 29, 41, 45.
48th Batt. R.G.A.

2nd Cavalry Brigade—Gen. De Lisle.
4 D.G. 9 Lancs. 18 Hus.
2 Sig. Troop R.E.

R. E.—Col. Wilson.
56, 57 F. Corps.
3 Signal Co.

DIVISION V.—Gen. Ferguson.

13th Infantry Brigade—Gen. Cuthbert.
2nd K.O. Scot. Bord.
2nd West Riding.
1st West Kent.
2nd Yorks. Light Infantry.

14th Infantry Brigade—Gen. Rolt.
2nd Suffolk.
1st East Surrey.
1st D. of Cornwall's L.I.
2nd Manchester.

15th Infantry Brigade—Gen. Gleichen.
1st Norfolk.
1st Bedford.
1st Cheshire.
1st Dorset.

Artillery—Gen. Headlam.
R.F.A. XV. Brig. 37, 61, 65.
XXVII. Brig. 119, 120, 121.
XXVIII. Brig. 122, 123, 124.
How. Brig. 37, 61, 65.
Heavy G.A. 108 Battery.

3rd Cavalry Brigade—Gen. Gough.
16th Lancs. 4th Hus. 5th Lancs.
D. E. R.H.A.

R.E.—Col. Tulloch.
17th and 59th Corps.
5 Signal Co.

Such was the Army which set forth to measure itself against the soldiers of Germany. Prussian bravery, capacity, and organizing power had a high reputation among us, and yet we awaited the result with every confidence, if the odds of numbers were not overwhelming. It was generally known that during the period of Sir John French's command the training of the troops had greatly progressed, and many of the men, with nearly all the senior officers, had had experience in the arduous campaign of South

GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.
Photo. by Russell & Sons.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.
Photo. by R. Haines.

GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN.
Photo. by J. T. Newman.

Africa. They could also claim those advantages which volunteer troops may hope to have over conscripts. At the same time there was no tendency to underrate the earnest patriotism of our opponents, and we were well aware that even the numerous Socialists who filled their ranks were persuaded, incredible as it ma seem, that the Fatherland was really attacked, and were whole-hearted in its defence.

The crossing was safely effected. It has always been the traditional privilege of the British public to grumble at their public servants and to speak of "muddling through" to victory. No doubt the criticism has often been deserved. But on this occasion the supervising General in command, the British War Office, and the Naval Transport Department all rose to a supreme degree of excellence in their arrangements. The details were meticulously correct. Without the loss of man, horse, or gun, the soldiers who had seen the sun set in Hampshire saw it rise in Picardy or in Normandy. Boulogne and Havre were the chief ports of disembarkation, but many, including the cavalry, went up the Seine and came ashore at Rouen. The soldiers everywhere received a rapturous welcome from the populace, which they returned by a cheerful sobriety of behaviour. The admirable precepts as to wine and women set forth in Lord Kitchener's parting orders to the Army seem to have been most scrupulously observed. It is no slight upon the gallantry of France—the very home of gallantry—if it be said that she profited greatly at this strained, over-anxious time by the arrival of these boisterous over-sea Allies. The tradition of British solemnity has been for ever killed by these jovial invaders. The dusty, poplar-lined roads resounded with their songs, and the quiet Picardy villages re-echoed their thunderous and superfluous assurances as to the state of their hearts. All France broke into a smile at the sight of them, and it was at a moment when a smile meant much to France.

THE BRITISH LEADERS.

Whilst the various brigades were with some deliberation preparing for an advance up country, there arrived at the Gare du Nord in Paris a single traveller who may be said to have been the most welcome British visitor who ever set foot in the city. He was a short, thick man, tanned by an outdoor life, a solid, impassive personality with a strong, good-humoured face, the forehead of a thinker above it, and the jaw of an obstinate fighter below. Overhung brows shaded a pair of keen grey eyes, while the strong, set mouth was partly concealed by a grizzled moustache. Such was John French, leader of cavalry in Africa and now Field-Marshal commanding the Expeditionary Forces of Britain. His defence of Colesberg at a critical period when he bluffed the superior Boer forces, his dashing relief of Kimberley, and the gallant way in

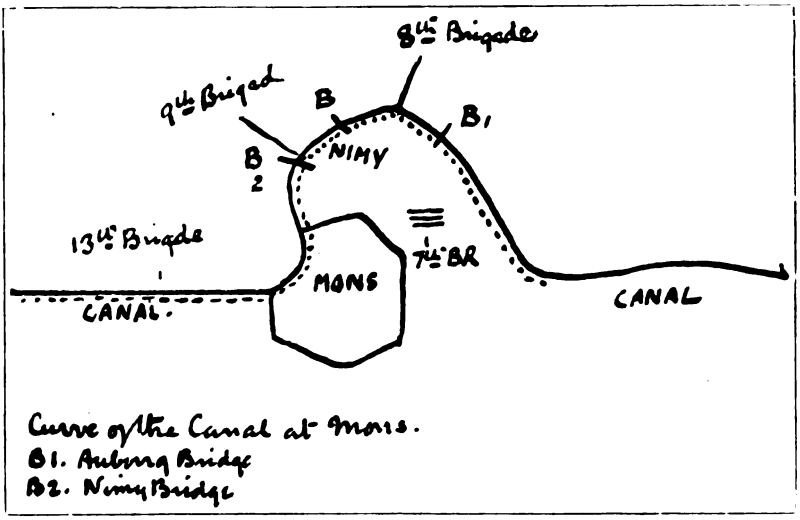
which he had thrown his exhausted cavalry across the path of Cronjé's army in order to hold it while Roberts pinned it down at Paardeburg, were all exploits which were fresh in the public mind, and gave the soldiers confidence in their leader.

French might well appreciate the qualities of his immediate subordinates. Both of his army corps and his cavalry division were in good hands. Haig, like his leader, was a cavalry man by education, though now entrusted with the command of the First Army Corps. Fifty-four years of age, he still preserved all his natural energies, whilst he had behind him long years of varied military experience, including both the Soudanese and the South African campaigns, in both of which he had gained high distinction. He had the advantage of thoroughly understanding the mind of his commander, as he had worked under him as Chief of the Staff in his remarkable operations round Colesberg in those gloomy days which opened the Boer War.

The Second Army Corps sustained a severe loss before ever it reached the field of action, for its commander, General Grierson, died suddenly of heart failure in the train between Havre and Rouen upon August 18th. Grierson had been for many years Military Attaché in Berlin, and one can well imagine how often he had longed to measure British soldiers against the self-sufficient critics around him. At the last moment the ambition of his lifetime was denied him. His place, however, was worthily filled by General Smith-Dorrien, another South African veteran, whose brigade in that difficult campaign had been recognized as one of the very best. Smith-Dorrien was a typical Imperial soldier in the world-wide character of his service, for he had followed the flag, and occasionally preceded it, in Zululand, Egypt, the Soudan, Chitral, and the Tirah before the campaign against the Boers. A sportsman as well as a soldier, he had very particularly won the affections of the Aldershot division by his system of trusting to their honour rather than to compulsion in matters of discipline. It was seldom indeed that his confidence was abused.

Haig and Smith-Dorrien were the two generals upon whom the immediate operations were to devolve, for the Third Army Corps was late, through no fault of its own, in coming into line. There remained the Cavalry Division commanded by General Allenby, who was a column leader in that great class for mounted tactics held in South Africa a dozen years before. It is remarkable that of the four leaders in the initial operations of the German War—French, Smith-Dorrien, Haig, and Allenby—three belonged to the cavalry, an arm which has usually been regarded as active and ornamental rather than intellectual. Pulteney, the commander of the Third Army Corps, was a product of the Guards, a veteran of much service and a well-known heavy-game shot. Thus, neither of the more learned corps were represented among the higher commanders upon the actual field of battle, but brooding over the whole operations was the steadfast, untiring brain of Joffre, whilst across the water the silent Kitchener, remorseless as Destiny, moved the forces of the Empire to the front.

The general plan of campaign was naturally in the hands of General Joffre, since he was in command of far the greater portion of the Allied Force. It has been admitted in France that the original dispositions might be open to criticism, since a number of the French troops had engaged themselves in Alsace and Lorraine to the weakening of the line of battle in the north, where the fate of Paris was to be decided. It is small profit to a nation to injure its rival ever so grievously in the toe when it is itself in imminent danger of being stabbed to the heart. A further change in plan had been caused by the intense sympathy felt both by the French and the British for the gallant Belgians, who had done so much and gained so many valuable days for the Allies. It was felt that it would be unchivalrous not to advance and do what was possible to relieve the intolerable pressure which was crushing them. It was resolved, therefore, to abandon the plan which had been formed, by which the Germans should be led as far as possible from their base, and to attack them at once. For this purpose the French army changed its whole dispositions, which had been formed on the idea of an attack from the east, and advanced over the Belgian frontier, getting into touch with the enemy at Namur and Charleroi, so as to secure the passages of the Sambre. It was in fulfilling its part as the left of the Allied line that on August 18th and 19th the British troops began to move northwards into Belgium. The First Army Corps advanced through Le Nouvion, St. Remy, and Maubeuge to Rouveroy, which is a village upon the Mons-Chimay road. There it linked on to the Second Corps, which had moved up to the line of the Condé-Mons Canal. On the morning of Sunday, August 23rd, all these troops were in position. The



THE CURVE OF THE CANAL AT MONS.

Fifth Brigade of Cavalry (Chetwode's) lay out upon the right front at Binche, but the remainder of the cavalry was brought to a point about five miles behind the centre of the line, so as to be able to reinforce either flank. The first blood of the land campaign had been drawn upon August 22nd outside Soignies, when a reconnoitring squadron of the 4th Dragoon Guards under Captain Hornby charged and overthrew a body of the 4th German Cuirassiers, bringing back some prisoners. The 20th Hussars had enjoyed a similar experience. It was a small but happy omen.

THE ADVANCE TO MONS.

The forces which now awaited the German attack numbered about eighty-six thousand men, who may be roughly divided into seventy-six thousand infantry, ten thousand cavalry, and three hundred and twelve guns. The general alignment was as follows: The First Army Corps held the space between Mons and Binche, which was soon contracted to Bray as the eastward limit. Close to Mons, where the attack was expected to break, since the town is a point of considerable strategic importance, there was a thickening of the line of defence. From that point the Third Division and the Fifth, in the order named, carried on the British formation down the length of the Mons-Condé Canal. The front of the Army covered nearly twenty miles, an excessive strain upon so small a force in the presence of a compact enemy.

If one looks at the general dispositions, it becomes clear that Sir John French was preparing for an attack upon his right flank. From all his information the enemy was to the north and to the east of him, so that if they set about turning his position it must be from the Charleroi direction. Hence, his right wing was laid back at an angle to the rest of his line, and the only cavalry which he kept in advance was thrown out to Binche in front of this flank. The rest of the cavalry was on the day of battle drawn in behind the centre of the Army, but as danger began to develop upon the left flank it was sent across in that direction, so that on the morning of the 24th it was at Thulin, at the westward end of the line.

The line of the canal was a most tempting position to defend from Condé to Mons, for it ran as straight as a Roman road across the path of an invader. But it was very different at Mons itself. Here it formed a most awkward loop. A glance at the diagram will show this formation. It was impossible to leave it undefended, and yet troops who held it were evidently subjected to a flanking artillery fire from each side. The canal here was also crossed by at least three substantial road bridges and one railway bridge. This section of the defence was under the immediate direction of General Smith-Dorrien, who at once took steps to prepare a second line of defence, thrown back to the right rear of the town, so that if the canal were forced the British array would remain unbroken. The immediate care of this weak point in the position was committed to General Beauchamp Doran's 8th Brigade, consisting of the 2nd Royal Scots, 2nd Royal Irish, 4th Middlesex, and 1st Gordon Highlanders. On their left, occupying the village of Nimy and the western side of the peninsula, as well as the immediate front of Mons itself, was the 9th Brigade (Shaw's), containing the 4th Royal Fusiliers, the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, and the 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers, together with the 1st Lincolns. To the left of this brigade, occupying the eastern end of the

Mons-Condé line of canal, was Cuthbert's 13th Brigade, containing the 2nd Scottish Borderers, 2nd West Ridings, 1st West Kents, and 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry. It was on these three brigades, and especially on the 8th and 9th, that the impact of the German army was destined to fall. Beyond them, scattered somewhat thinly along the line of the Mons-Condé Canal from the railway bridge west of St. Ghislain, were the two remaining brigades of the Fifth Division, the 14th (Rolt's) and the 15th (Gleichen's), the latter being in divisional reserve. Still farther to the west the head of the newly-arrived 19th Brigade just touched the canal, and was itself in touch with the French cavalry at Condé. Sundry units of artillery and field hospitals had not yet come up, but otherwise the two corps were complete.

Having reached their ground, the troops, with no realization of immediate danger, proceeded to make shallow trenches. Their bands had not been brought to the front, but the universal singing from one end of the line to the other showed that the men were in excellent spirits. Cheering news had come in from the cavalry, detachments of which, as already stated, had ridden out as far as Soignies, meeting advance patrols of the enemy and coming back with prisoners and trophies. The guns were drawn up in concealed positions within half a mile of the line of battle. All was now ready, and officers could be seen on every elevation peering northwards through their glasses for the first sign of the enemy. It was a broken country, with large patches of woodland and green spaces between. There were numerous slag heaps from old mines, with here and there a factory and here and there a private dwelling, but the sappers had endeavoured in the short time to clear a field of fire for the infantry. In order to get this field of fire in so closely built a neighbourhood, several of the regiments, such as the West Kents of the 13th and the Cornwalls of the 14th Brigades, had to take their positions across the canal with bridges in their rear. Thrilling with anticipation, the men waited for their own first entrance upon the stupendous drama. They were already weary and footsore, for they had all done at least two days of forced marching, and the burden of the pack, the rifle, and the hundred and fifty rounds per man was no light one. They lay snugly in their trenches under the warm August sun and waited. It was a Sunday, and more than one have recorded in their letters how in that hour of tension their thoughts turned to the old home church and the mellow call of the village bells.

A hovering aeroplane had just slid down with the news that the roads from the north were alive with the advancing Germans, but the estimate of the aviator placed them at two corps and a division of cavalry. This coincided roughly with the accounts brought in by the scouts and, what was more important, with the forecast of General Joffre. Secure in the belief that he was flanked upon one side by the 5th French Army, and on the other by a screen of French cavalry, whilst his front was approached by a force not appreciably larger than his own, General French had no cause for uneasiness. Had his airmen taken a wider sweep to the north and west,* or had the French commander among his many pressing preoccupations been able to give an earlier warning to his British colleague, the trenches would, no doubt, have been abandoned before a grey coat had appeared, and the whole Army brought swiftly to a position of strategical safety. Even now, as they waited expectantly for the enemy, a vast steel trap was closing up for their destruction.

Let us take a glance at what was going on over that northern horizon. A day or two earlier, the American Powell had seen something of the mighty right swing which was to end the combat. Invited to a conference with a German general who was pursuing the national policy of soothing the United States until her own turn should come round, Mr. Powell left Brussels and chanced to meet Von Kluck's legions upon their western and southerly trek. He describes with great force the effect upon his mind of those endless grey columns, all flowing in the same direction, double files of infantry on either side of the road, and endless guns, motor-cars, cavalry, and transport between. The men, as he describes them, were all in the prime of life, and equipped with everything which years of forethought could devise. He was dazed and awed by the tremendous procession, its majesty and its self-evident efficiency. It is no wonder, for he was looking at the chosen legions of the most wonderful army that the world had ever seen—an army which represented the last possible word on the material and mechanical side of war. High in the van a Taube aeroplane, like an embodiment of that black eagle which is the fitting emblem of a warlike and rapacious race, pointed the path for the German hordes.

A day or two before, two American

* An American correspondent, Mr. Harding Davis, actually saw a shattered British aeroplane upon the ground in this region. Its destruction may have been of great strategic importance. This aviator was probably the first British victim in the war.

BRITISH FIELD ARTILLERY GALLOPING INTO

correspondents, Mr. Irvin Cobb and Mr. Harding Davis, had seen the same great army as it streamed westwards through Louvain and Brussels. They graphically describe how for three consecutive days and the greater part of three nights they poured past, giving the impression of unconquerable energy and efficiency, young, enthusiastic, wonderfully equipped. "Either we shall go forward or we die. We do not expect to fall back ever. If the generals would let them, the men would run to Paris instead of walking there." So spoke one of the leaders of that huge invading host, the main part of which was now heading straight for the British line. A second part, unseen and unsuspected, were working round by Tournai to the west, hurrying hard to strike in upon the British flank and rear. The German is a great marcher as well as a great fighter, and the average rate of progress was not less than thirty miles a day.

It was after ten o'clock when scouting cavalry were observed falling back. Then the distant sound of a gun was heard, and a few seconds later a shell burst some hundreds of yards behind the British lines. The British guns one by one roared into action. A cloud of smoke rose along the line of the woods in front from the bursting shrapnel, but nothing could be seen of the German gunners. The defending guns were also well concealed. Here and there, from observation points upon buildings and slag-heaps, the controllers of the batteries were able to indicate targets and register hits unseen by the gunners themselves. The fire grew warmer and warmer as fresh batteries dashed up and unlimbered on either side. The noise was horrible, but no enemy had been seen by the infantry and little damage done.

But now an ill-omened bird flew over the British lines. Far aloft across the deep blue sky skimmed the dark Taube, curved, turned, and sailed northwards again. It had marked the shells bursting beyond the trenches. In an instant, by some devilish cantrip of signal or wireless, it had set the range right. A rain of shells roared and crashed along the lines of the shallow trenches. The injuries were not yet numerous, but they were inexpressibly ghastly. Men who had hardly seen worse than a cut finger in their lives gazed with horror at the gross mutilations around them. "One dared not look sideways," said one of them. Stretcher-bearers bent and heaved while wet, limp forms were hoisted upwards by their comrades. Officers gave short, sharp words of encouragement or advice. The minutes seemed very long, and still the shells came raining down. The men shoved the five-fold clips down into their

ACTION ALONG THE ROAD TO MONS.

magazines and waited with weary patience. A senior officer peering over the end of a trench leaned tensely forward and rested his glasses upon the grassy edge. "They're coming!" he whispered to his neighbour. It ran from lip to lip along the line of crouching men. Heads were poked up here and there above the line of broken earth. Soon, in spite of the crashing shells overhead, there was a fringe of peering faces. And there at last in front of them was the German enemy. After all these centuries, Briton and Teuton faced each other at last for the test of battle.

A stylist among letter-writers has described that oncoming swarm as grey clouds drifting over green fields. They had deployed under cover whilst the batteries were preparing their path, and now over an extended front to the north-west of Mons they were breaking out from the woods and coming rapidly onwards. The men fidgeted with their triggers, but no order came to fire. The officers were gazing with professional interest and surprise at the German formations. Were these the tactics of the army which had claimed to be the most scientific in Europe? British observers had seen it in peace-time and had conjectured that it was a screen for some elaborate tactics held up for the day of battle. Yet here they were, advancing in what in old Soudan days used to be described as the twenty-acre formation, against the best riflemen in Europe. It was not even a shoulder to shoulder column, but a mere crowd, shredding out in the front and dense to the rear. There was nothing of the swiftly-weaving lines, the rushes of alternate companies, the twinkle and flicker of a modern attack. It was mediæval, and yet it was impressive also in its immediate display of numbers and the ponderous insistence of its onward flow.

The men, still fingering their triggers, gazed expectantly at their officers, who measured intently the distance of the approaching swarms. The Germans had already begun to fire in a desultory fashion. Shrapnel was bursting thickly along the head of their column, but they were coming steadily onwards. Suddenly a rolling wave of independent firing broke out from the British position. At some portions of the line the enemy were at eight hundred, at others at one thousand yards. The men, happy in having something definite to do, snuggled down earnestly to their work and fired swiftly but deliberately into the approaching mass. Rifles, machine-guns, and field-pieces were all roaring together, while the incessant crash of the shells overhead added to the infernal uproar. Men lost all sense of time as they thrust clip after clip

into their rifles. The German swarms staggered on bravely under that leaden sleet. Then they halted, vacillated, and finally thinned, shredded out, and drifted backwards like a grey fog torn by a gale. The woods absorbed them once again, whilst the rain of shells upon the British trenches became thicker and more deadly.

There was a lull in the infantry attack, and the British peering from their shelters surveyed with a grim satisfaction the patches and smudges of grey which showed the effect of their fire. But the rest was not a long one. With fine courage the German battalions reformed under the shelter of the trees, while fresh troops from the rear pushed forward to stiffen the shaken lines. "Hold your fire!" was the order that ran down the ranks. With the confidence bred of experience, the men waited and still waited, till the very features of the Germans could be distinguished. Then once more the deadly fire rippled down the line, the masses shredded and dissolved, and the fugitives hurried to the woods. Then came the pause under shell fire, and then once again the emergence of the infantry, the attack, the check, and the recoil. Such were the general characteristics of the action at Mons over a large portion of the British line—that portion which extended along the actual course of the canal.

"THE GERMAN SWARMS STAGGERED ON BRAVELY UNDER DRIFTED

It is not to be supposed, however, that there was a monotony of attack and defence over the whole of the British position. A large part of the force, including the whole of the First Army Corps, was threatened rather than seriously engaged, while the opposite end of the line was also out of the main track of the storm. It beat most dangerously, as had been foreseen, upon the troops to the immediate west and north of Mons, and especially upon those which defended the impossible peninsula formed by the loop of the canal.

THE DEFENCE OF THE BRIDGES OF NIMY.

There is a road which runs from Mons due north through the village of Nimy to Jurbise. The defences to the west of this road were in the hands of the 9th Brigade. The 4th Royal Fusiliers, with half the Northumberland Fusiliers, was the particular regiment which held the trenches skirting this part of the peninsula, while the Scots Fusiliers were on the straight canal to the westward. To the east of Nimy are three road bridges—those

THAT LEADEN SHEET. THEN THEY HALTED, VACILLATED, AND FINALLY BACKWARDS."

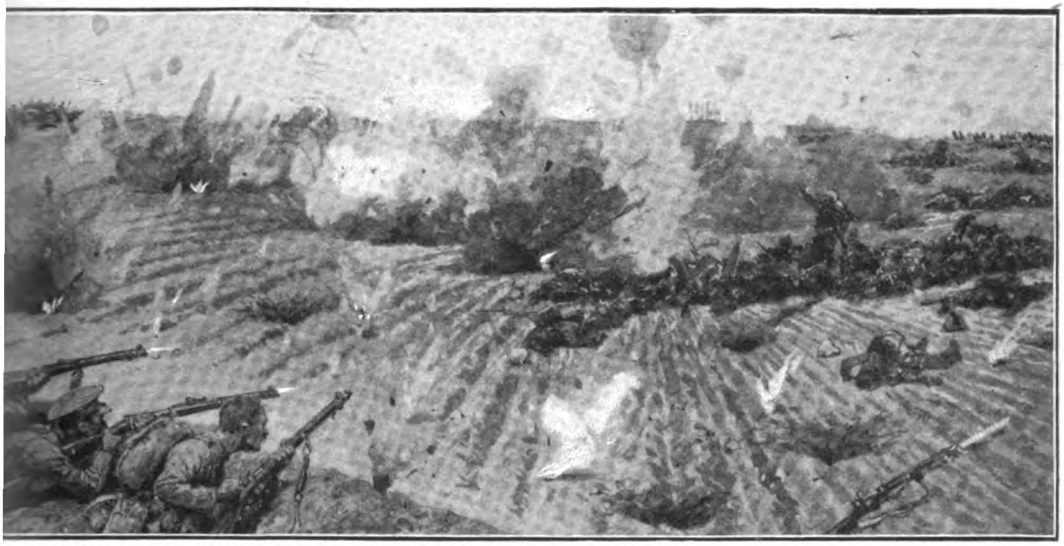
of Nimy itself, Lock No. 5, and Aubourg Station. All these three bridges were defended by the 4th Middlesex, who had made shallow trenches which commanded them. The Royal Irish were on their immediate right. The field of fire was much interfered with by the mines and buildings which faced them, so that at this point the Germans could get up unobserved to the very front. It has also been already explained that the German artillery could enfilade the peninsula from each side, making the defence most difficult. The first rush of German troops came between eleven and twelve o'clock across the Aubourg Station Bridge (B1 in diagram). It was so screened up to the moment of the advance that neither the rifles nor the machine-guns of the Middlesex could stop it. It is an undoubted fact that this rush was preceded by a great crowd of women and children, through which the leading files of the Germans could hardly be seen. At the same time, or very shortly afterwards, the other two bridges were forced in a similar manner, but the Germans in all three cases as they reached the farther side were unable to make any rapid headway against the British fire, though they made the position untenable for the troops in trenches between the bridges. The whole of the 8th Brigade, supported by the 2nd Irish Rifles from McCracken's 7th Brigade, which had been held in reserve, were now fully engaged,

THE BRITISH AND GERMANS FACING EACH OTHER

covering the retirement of the Middlesex and of the Royal Irish. At some points the firing between the two lines of infantry was across the breadth of a road. Two batteries of the 40th Artillery Brigade, which were facing the German attack at this point, were badly mauled, one of them, the 23rd R.F.A., losing its gun teams. Major Ingham succeeded in reconstituting his equipment and getting his guns away.

It is well to accentuate the fact that though this was the point of the most severe pressure there was never any disorderly retirement, and strong reserves were available had they been needed. The 8th Brigade, at the time of the general strategical withdrawal of the Army, made its arrangements in a methodical fashion, and General Doran kept his hold until after nightfall upon Bois la Haut, which was an elevation to the east of Mons from which the German artillery might have harassed the British retreat, since it commanded all the country to the south. The losses of the brigade had, however, been considerable, amounting to not less than two hundred and fifty each in the case of the 4th Middlesex and of the Royal Irish, many being killed or wounded in the defence, and some cut off in the trenches between the various bridge-heads.

It has already been said that the line of the 4th Royal Fusiliers extended along the western perimeter up to Nimy Road Bridge, where Colonel MacMahon's section ended and that of Colonel Hull, of the Middlesex Regiment, began. To the west of this point was the Nimy Railway Bridge (B2 in diagram), defended also by the 4th Royal Fusiliers. This was held for nearly five hours against an attack of several German battalions. The British artillery was unable to help the defence, as the town of Mons in the rear offered no positions for guns. The Germans were therefore able to push up their guns and knock the trenches to pieces. The defence was continued until the Germans who had crossed to the east were advancing on the flank. Lieutenant Maurice Dease, five times wounded before he was killed, worked his machine-gun to the end, and every man of his detachment was hit. Lieutenant Dease and Private Godley of his party both received the Victoria Cross. The occupants of one trench, including Lieutenant Smith, who was wounded, were cut off by the rush. Captain Carey commanded the covering company and the retirement was conducted in good order, though Captain Bowden Smith, Lieutenant Mead, and a number of men fell in the movement. Altogether, the Royal Fusiliers lost five officers and about two hundred men in the defence of the bridge, Lieutenant Tower having seven survivors in his platoon of sixty. As the infantry retired a small party of engineers under Captain Theodore Wright endeavoured to destroy this and other bridges. Lieutenant Day was twice wounded upon the main Nimy Bridge. Lieutenant P. K. Boulnois succeeded in blowing a smaller one up. Corporal Jarvis received the V.C. for his exertions in preparing the Jemappes bridge for destruction to the west of Nimy. Captain Wright, with Sergeant Smith, made an heroic endeavour under terrific fire to detonate the charge, but was wounded and fell into the



FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE BATTLE OF MONS.

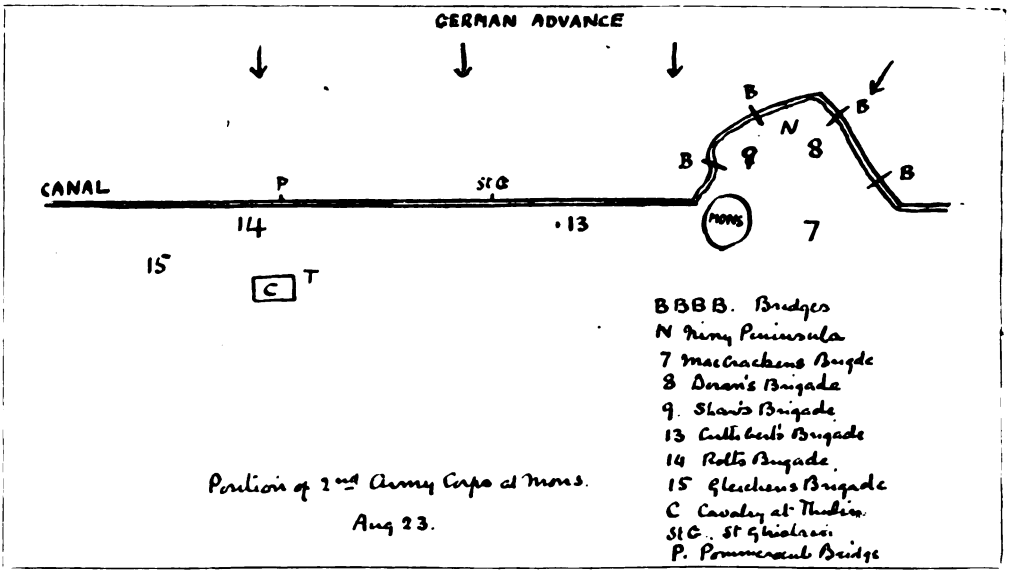
canal. Lieutenant Holt, a brave young officer of reserve engineers, also lost his life in these operations.

Having held on as long as was possible, the front line of the 9th Brigade fell back upon the prepared position on high ground between Mons and Frameries, where the 107th R.F.A. was entrenched. The 4th Royal Fusiliers passed through Mons and reached the new line in good order and without further loss. The 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers, however, falling back to the same point on a different route (through Flenu), came under heavy machine-gun fire from a high soil heap, losing Captain Rose and a hundred men.

THE HOLDING OF THE CANAL.

The falling back of the 8th and 9th Brigades from the Nimy Peninsula had an immediate effect upon Cuthbert's 13th Brigade, which was on their left holding the line up to the railway bridge just east of St. Ghislain. Of this brigade two battalions, the 1st West Kent on the right and the 2nd Scottish Borderers on the left, were in the trenches with the 2nd West Riding and the 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry in support, having their centre at Boussu. The day began by some losses to the West Kent Regiment, who were probably, apart from cavalry patrols, the first troops to suffer in the great war. A company of the regiment under Captain Lister was sent across the canal early as a support to some advancing cavalry, and was driven in about eleven o'clock with a loss of two officers and about a hundred men. From this time onwards the German attacks were easily held, though the German guns were within twelve hundred yards. The situation was changed when it was learned later in the day that the Germans were across to the right and had got as far as Flenu on the flank of the brigade. In view of this advance, General Smith-Dorrien, having no immediate supports, dashed off on a motor to Sir Douglas Haig's headquarters some four miles distant and got his permission to use Haking's 5th Brigade, which pushed up in time to re-establish the line.

It has been shown that the order of the regiments closely engaged in the front line was, counting from the east, the 4th Middlesex, the 4th Royal Fusiliers, the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, the 1st West Kents, and the 2nd Scottish Borderers, the other regiments of these brigades being in reserve. On the left hand or western side of the Scottish Borderers, continuing the line along the canal, one would come upon the front of the 14th Brigade (Rolt's), which was formed by the 1st Surrey on the right and the 2nd Duke of Cornwall's on the left. The German attack upon this portion of the line began about 1 p.m., and by 3 p.m. had become so warm that the reserve companies were drawn into the firing line. Thanks to their good work both with rifles and with machine-guns the regiments held their own until about six o'clock in the evening, when the retirement of the troops on their right enabled the Germans to enfilade the right section of the East Surreys at close range. They were ordered to retire, but lost touch



THE POSITION OF THE SECOND ARMY CORPS AT MONS ON AUGUST 23rd.

with the left section, which remained to the north of the canal where their trench was situated. Captain Benson of this section had been killed and Captain Campbell severely wounded, but the party of one hundred and ten men under Lieutenant Morritt held on most gallantly and made a very fine defence. Being finally surrounded, they endeavoured to cut their way out with cold steel, Lieutenant Ward being killed and Morritt four times wounded in the attempt. Many of the men were killed and wounded and the survivors were taken. Altogether the loss of the regiment was five officers and one hundred and thirty-four men.

On the left of the East Surreys, as already stated, lay the 1st Duke of Cornwall's of the same brigade. About four o'clock in the afternoon the presence of the German outflanking corps first made itself felt. At that hour the Cornwalls were aware of an advance upon their left as well as their front. The Cornwalls drew in across the canal in consequence, and the Germans did not follow them over that evening.

The chief point defended by the 14th Brigade upon August 23rd had been the bridge and main road which crosses the canal between Pommeroeul and Thulin, some eight or nine miles west of Mons. In the evening, when the final order for retreat was given, this bridge was blown up, and the brigade fell back after nightfall as far as Dour, where it slept.

THE FATEFUL TELEGRAM.

By the late afternoon the general position was grave, but not critical. The enemy had lost very heavily, while the men in the trenches were, in comparison, unscathed. Here and there, as we have seen, the Germans had obtained a lodgment in the British position, especially at the salient which had always appeared to be impossible to hold, but, on the other hand, the greater part of the Army, including the whole First Corps, had not yet been seriously engaged, and there were reserve brigades in the immediate rear of the fighting line who could be trusted to make good any gap in the ranks before them. The German artillery fire was heavy and well-directed, but the British batteries had held their own. Such was the position when, about 5 p.m., a telegram from General Joffre was put into Sir John French's hand, which must have brought a pang to his heart. From it he learned that all his work had been in vain, and that far from contending for victory he would be fortunate if he saved himself from utter defeat.

There were two pieces of information in this fatal message,—and each was disastrous. The first announced that instead of the two German corps whom he had reason to think were in front of him there were four—the third, fourth, seventh, and fourth reserve corps—forming, with the second and fourth cavalry divisions, a force of nearly two hundred thousand men, while the second corps were bringing another forty thousand round his

left flank from the direction of Tournai. The second item was even more serious. Instead of being buttressed up with French troops on either side of him, he learned that the Germans had burst the line of the Sambre, and that the French armies on his right were already in full retreat, while nothing substantial lay upon his left. It was a most perilous position. The British force lay exposed and unsupported amid converging foes who far outnumbered it in men and guns. What was the profit of one day of successful defence if the morrow might dawn upon a British Sedan? There was only one course of action, and Sir John decided upon it in the instant, bitter as the decision must have been. The Army must be extricated from the battle and fall back until it resumed touch with its Allies.

But it is no easy matter to disengage so large an army which is actually in action and hard-pressed by a numerous and enterprising enemy. The front was extensive and the lines of retreat were limited. That the operation was carried out in an orderly fashion is a testimony to the skill of the General, the talents of the commanders, and the discipline of the units. If it had been done at once and simultaneously it would certainly have been the signal for a vigorous German advance and a possible disaster. The positions were therefore held, though no efforts were made to retake those points where the enemy had effected a lodgment. There was no possible use in wasting troops in regaining positions which would in no case be held. As dusk fell, a dusk which was lightened by the glare of burning villages, some of the regiments began slowly to draw off to the rear. In the early morning of the 24th the definite order to retire was conveyed to the corps commanders, whilst immediate measures were taken to withdraw the impedimenta and to clear the roads.

Such, in its bare outlines, was the action of Mons upon August 23rd, interesting for its own sake, but more so as being the first clash between the British and German armies. One or two questions call for discussion before the narrative passes on. The most obvious of these is the question of the bridges. Why were they not blown up in the dangerous peninsula? Without having any special information upon the point, one might put forward the speculation that the reason why they were not at once blown up was that the whole of Joffre's advance was an aggressive movement for the relief of Namur, and that the bridges were not destroyed because they would be used in a subsequent advance. It will always be a subject for speculation as to what would have occurred had the battle been fought to a finish. Considering the comparative merits of British and German infantry as shown in many a subsequent encounter, and allowing for the advantage that the defence has over the attack, it is probable that the odds might not have been too great and that Sir John French might have remained master of the field. That, however, is a matter of opinion. What is not a matter of opinion is that the other German armies to the east would have advanced on the heels of the retiring French, that they would have cut the British off from their Allies, and that they would have been hard put to it to reach the coast. Therefore, win or lose, the Army had no possible course open but to retire. The actual losses of the British were not more than three or four thousand, the greater part from the 8th, 9th, and 13th Brigades. There are no means as yet by which the German losses can be taken out from the general returns, but when one considers the repeated advances over the open and the constant breaking of the dense attacking formations, it is impossible that they should have been fewer than from seven to ten thousand men. Each army had for the first time an opportunity of forming a critical estimate of the other. German officers have admitted with soldierly frankness that the efficiency of the British came to them as a revelation, which is not surprising after the assurances that had been made to them. On the other hand, the British bore away a very clear conviction of the excellence of the German artillery and of the plodding bravery of the German infantry, together with a great reassurance as to their own capacity to hold their own at any reasonable odds.

(To be continued.)

What Fell On Her Hat.

By
RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by Nora Schlegel.

I WAS walking along the street, holding on to my hat, because the wind was really very trying, especially when you neared the corners, when, all of a sudden, something came fluttering against my hat, and I, supposing that it was a piece of paper carried by the wind, took it off, and—if it was not a five-pound note! You may judge of my surprise. Of course, I do not pretend to be an expert on the subject of five-pound notes. I am not yet nineteen; my allowance is not a large one; and I have not seen many five-pound notes—that is, so as to handle. I quite saw that that five-pound note might not be a real one, but it was so white, and so crisp, and so crinkly, that it did appeal to me; I felt that if it was a forgery, or an imitation, or whatever such things are called, it was a really nice one—so what was I to do?

Obviously, the first thing was to discover where it had come from. Five-pound notes, even sham ones, do not, as a rule, materialize in the empty air out of nothing. It must have come from somewhere—but where? There was not a soul in sight. The street was perfectly deserted. I had noticed a pantechnicon, or something of that sort, passing along one end; but it could hardly have been wafted all that distance, even from a pantechnicon. Of course I knew where I was—that goes without saying; but all the same, I was just beginning to wonder if I had not lost my way. I was due at Netta's for tea at four o'clock, but I felt sure that it was past that time, and the last person I had asked to direct me was an old woman who I do not believe had a tooth in her mouth, and who had mumbled something about a turning which I did not quite catch. What was the name of the street which I was in I had not a notion. I had meant to look at the name on the wall, but at that moment the wind had caught my

hat, so that I had the greatest difficulty in keeping it on, and I was glad to get away from the corner. There were great, high houses on either side, grimy, red, ugly-looking things, which anyone could see were flats, and I could only suppose that it was out of the window of one of them that that five-pound note had come. Of course, among so many, the question was—which?

There was an open doorway just by me, over which there was a large figure 9, and I could see that there was a hall beyond, in which there seemed to be no one at all. Everybody knows that porters are kept in flats, and generally a lift, so I took it for granted, I admit, rather hastily, that there would be something of that sort there. So I thought I would go in and ask the porter if there was anyone in the building who would be likely to let a five-pound note fall out of the window, and, if so, in which of the flats such a person would most probably be found. I do not wish it to be supposed that I was going to put my question in quite those terms; I only want to be understood.

Nothing, however, happened at all as I expected. I went into the hall, but there was no porter, though there was a lift, or rather there was a place where a lift ought to be, and as I stood looking at it the lift came down, the gate opened, and someone came out. He was a young man, in a light grey suit, and a dark blue tie, and a straw hat, and what I should call the beginnings of a moustache. He took off his hat when he saw me, and he looked so sympathetic that I felt at once that he would be quite as likely to give me information as any porter.

So I said to him:—

"I beg your pardon, but have you lost a five-pound note?"

"I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT HAVE YOU LOST A FIVE-POUND NOTE?"

He put his fingers in his waistcoat pockets, and his jacket pockets, and his trouser pockets, and I don't know how many pockets besides, and I was beginning to wonder if he was in the habit of carrying five-pound notes in every one of them. And then he said, with quite a beaming smile:—

"It's very good of you, but—why do you ask that question?"

"For one reason, because I have found one; at least, I have not exactly found it, but—well, here is a five-pound note, and it isn't mine."

"Not yours?—a five-pound note, really? Now, that's rather odd, isn't it? It looks as if it were a five-pound note, doesn't it?"

"Don't you think it's a real one?"

I held it out for him to see; he touched it with the tips of his fingers as if he were afraid it would bite him, and he kept on smiling all the time; and the

worst of it was that his smiling made me smile too, which, of course, was absurd. Even while he was talking about the five-pound note he never looked at it, he simply looked at me—in that light his eyes seemed to be dark grey.

"I shouldn't care to decide on a thing like that on the spur of the moment; I've heard that there are a lot of imitations of these things about, though I'm bound to say that I've never come across them; but, I tell you what, let's go and see my aunt."

"But—why your aunt?"

The suggestion did surprise me.

"It's this way. You never know what my aunt isn't losing—she never moves from one room to another without losing a handkerchief; as for purses and bags—when she's in a shop she puts one down on the counter beside her, then when she gets home she wonders what she's done with it; sometimes you have to telephone to half the shops in town—she's an extraordinary woman. I assure you she's just the sort of woman to lose a five-pound note if she happened to have one about her to lose."

"Then, if that is the case, if you really think——"

"I'm sure—sure. If you'll just step into the lift I'll jump you up to her at once. You wouldn't want her to lose a five-pound note, would you?"

I felt that I certainly should not; so we entered the lift, and we commenced to ascend. He remarked, when we had risen about ten feet:—

"I hope I'm not detaining you?"

"Well, I'm engaged at four."

"At four? Good gracious! Why, it's past that now. May I ask what is the nature of your engagement?"

"I'm going out to tea."

"To tea? Then that settles it; my aunt shall give you some tea; nothing will give her greater pleasure. She's staying at home with Nero, who, according to her, has a pain in his chest—though I doubt myself if Nero agrees with her. Nero is her latest thing in Chow-Chows; she calls him Nero because she says he's such a darling monster. If you will only admire Nero, she'll keep on giving you tea from now to never. She's an extraordinary woman, my aunt."

"But I'm going to have tea with Netta—she's expecting me."

He had such a way of chattering, and of taking things for granted, that, in the lift, it seemed almost bewildering.

"Is she? And her name is Netta! Do you know, I once knew a Netta."

"Did you really? Was her name Netta Hopkins?"

"No; Netta Cunningham. But that was years and years ago, when I was quite young. Dear me, what ages ago that seems! I'd forgotten all about her till you mentioned the name, but I've a sort of idea that she was a most remarkable girl."

I wondered what he meant by years and years, and by when he was quite young. I was commencing to feel that if he had ever been younger than he was then he must have been rather a curiosity. But, of course, I did not like to tell him so, not in so many words, and before I had a chance of doing so, even if I had wanted to, the lift stopped and we got out.

"If, as you said, it's past four now, I oughtn't to stay another second, so if you don't think that your aunt has lost a five-pound note——"

"How can I tell what she's lost until we ask her? There's never any knowing what she has lost; haven't I told you she's a remarkable woman? You come in—we'll soon know all about it."

He led the way through a door which he opened with a latchkey, across a sort of hall, and into a room in which there appeared to be one lady and I don't know how many dogs, who all began barking at once. You never heard such a din. Yet he managed to make himself heard above it.

"That's right!" he exclaimed. "You see, the family speaks with a unanimous voice. Aunt, I've brought someone to see you. You'll find that this is most interesting—but, first of all, we must have some tea."

I tried to stop him even as he was ringing the bell.

"It's quite impossible for me to stay. I merely wanted to ask——"

I got as far as that, and then he cut me short.

"That's right; you tell my aunt all about it while we're having some tea—you really must have some tea, mustn't she, aunt? By the way, this is Nero; isn't he a paragon?"

He alluded to a really beautiful doggie, who had commenced by barking at me more than any of the others, but was now showing a disposition to be friendly; dogs nearly always do like me, because I like dogs. He had got his paws upon my frock, and was looking up at me with his lovely eyes, so I bent down and patted his head.

"He is a beauty," I admitted.

"There, aunt, do you hear what she says? And what she doesn't know about a dog isn't worth knowing. Jane, tea!"

That he should ever dare to say such a thing about me, of whom, of course, he knew absolutely nothing; but before I could speak the servant came in, and he ordered tea, and while I was, so to speak, gasping, he offered me a chair.

"Now, if you sit here, and tell my aunt all about it, we shall get on like a house on fire."

Without at all intending it, I sat down on the chair, and before I could get a word out, the lady on the couch, who was dressed in prune-coloured velvet, although she was one of the largest persons I have ever seen, looked at me through a pair of those horrid glasses which people hold up by a handle, and she said, in what I should call a fruity voice:—

"I don't remember meeting you before."

Her nephew explained—for me.

"You haven't, that's the point."

"Then to what am I indebted for the pleasure?"

"She's going to explain—you'll be enchanted; tell my aunt all about it."

Somehow I did not find his methods, as it were, of introducing me very helpful. I hate blushing, but I believe I did blush when I began to try to explain, and I'm sure I was crimson before I had got very far. It was the interruptions, and the comments, which made it so very awkward. I dare say I didn't make myself as plain as I might have done, but, in the circumstances, I should like to know who would.

"I was walking along the street——" I began.

"Which street?" asked his aunt.

"Why, this street, aunt—which street do you suppose? It would hardly be the King's Road, Brighton."

"I don't know why."

"Well, if you don't you don't—so there you are."

"This young lady is a perfect stranger to me; I don't know what street she's in the habit of walking along."

"She meant this street."

"Then why didn't she say so? When was she walking along this street, which, by the way, I suppose has a name?"

"Just now! Weren't you walking along just now?"

"Well, it was just before I met you."

"Exactly, just before she met me; now we've got so far."

"There's rather a strong wind——"

"Is there a strong wind? Why wasn't I told? I always make a point of taking three drops of ammoniated quinine on a lump of sugar as a preventive against cold. I always catch cold when there's a strong wind."

"This lady could hardly be expected to know that."

"I never said she could."

"I DON'T REMEMBER MEETING YOU BEFORE."

"Then why, in a manner of speaking, throw the ammoniated quinine in her face?"

"I did nothing of the kind; don't be absurd. If you can't talk sense, Hereward, you had better keep still. What is your name?"

"My name," I told her, "is Dennis."

"Dennis? When I lived with my husband, the late rector of Chestham, in Norfolk, the name of the person who used to supply us with milk was Dennis."

"I THINK I'LL LEAVE THE FIVE-POUND NOTE HERE——"

"I don't think he was any relation of mine."

"Perhaps not; in these Socialistic days, you can never tell. What were you remarking about that strong wind? I must remember to tell Jane about the ammoniated quinine."

"I was only going to say that the wind was so strong I had to hold on my hat——"

"Excuse my interrupting you, but ever since you have been in the room I have been observing your hat, and, if you'll forgive my making what may seem to be a personal remark, I like it. There may be a prejudice among certain people against large hats—picture hats; but I confess that for my part I like them. I object to have an undersized pincushion, or pudding-bowl, dumped on to the top of my head. When I was residing with my husband, the late rector of Chestham, in Norfolk, it is no secret that my hats led the fashion in the parish. I used to lend them to the farmers to copy for their daughters; I don't see why a young woman should not be properly hatted, if she *is* a farmer's girl—I have always said that. Do I understand that because of the strong wind your hat blew off?"

"No, it didn't blow off, but something blew on it."

"Did it hurt you?"

"Not in the least."

"I thought it might have been a chimney-pot; I always feel that, in a strong wind, you never can be sure. I remember my sister, who is the wife of the vicar of Sawley, in Buckinghamshire, telling me that she once saw a chimney-pot blown through a butcher's cart. I was thinking that if you had been struck on the head by anything of that kind——"

"But I wasn't—it wasn't anything of that kind—it was a five-pound note."

"A—what!"

"A five-pound note."

"A five-pound note!"

"Yes, aunt, a five-pound note—think of that! Didn't I tell you you would be interested—there!"

"I wish, Hereward, you would not keep interrupting. Miss Dennis—I think you said your name was Dennis?" I nodded. "I'm afraid I don't follow you quite so clearly as I should like to do. You say you were walking along the street—this street?" I nodded again. "And there was a strong wind. I don't see what, I confess, the strong wind has got to do with it."

"Don't you see, aunt, the wind—which was a strong wind—was responsible for the five-pound note."

"Still I don't understand."

"It blew the five-pound note."

"From where?"

"Ah! that's the question—from where? That's what Miss Dennis wants to know—from where? But here's Jane with the tea; let's all of us have some tea before another word is said."

"I have some of the finest China tea which the world produces, and when you have tasted it I think you will agree with me, Miss Dennis." This was his aunt, as if I knew! She went heavily on: "But to return to the subject of our conversation—what were you saying about that five-pound note?"

"Here is the five-pound note."

I fished it out from under the cups, and buns, and plates, and things which seemed to be all over my lap, and I gave it her. She looked at it through her long-handled glasses.

"Really—actually—a five-pound note; and you found it on your hat. But how came you to put it there?"

"I didn't—I don't know how it came there, but it was there, and I asked your nephew if he had lost it, and he brought me up here to see if you had. Please, have you?"

"Have I what?"

"Lost that five-pound note."

"What an extraordinary question to ask! How on earth could I tell? To the best of my knowledge and belief I've never lost such a thing as a five-pound note in the whole of my life; I'm the most careful of women—I lose nothing."

"But your nephew told me——" Then I caught his eye, and I was positive he winked—"that he thought you might have."

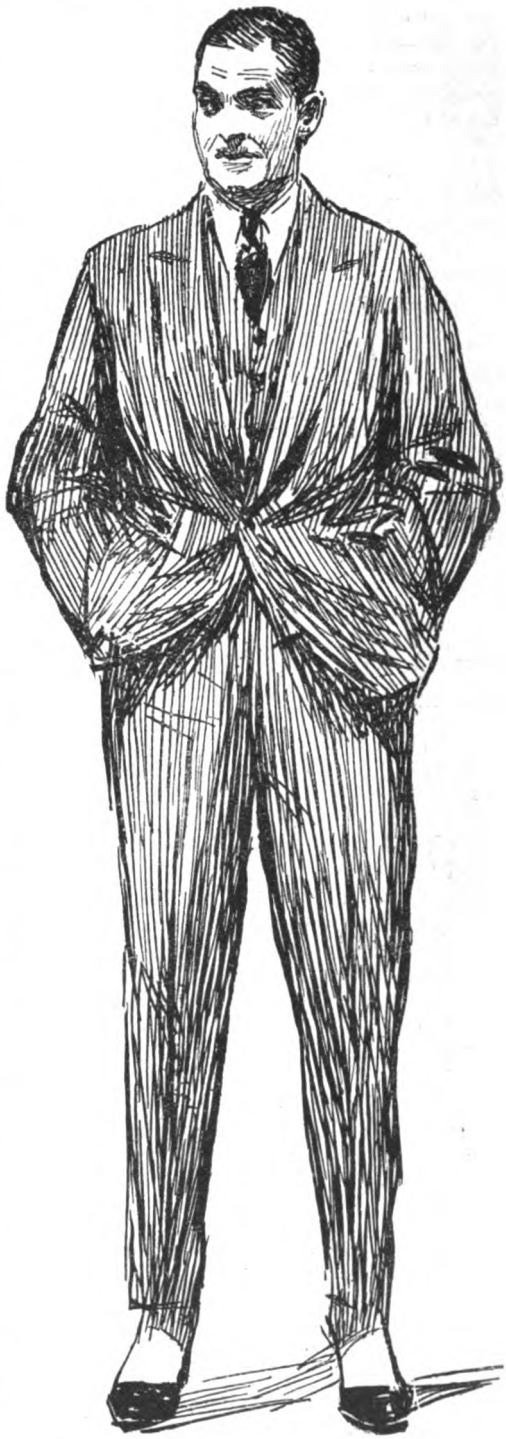
"My nephew knew better; he knows that I never lose anything—ever; he was amusing himself at your expense. Who's this? Miss McCartney, how do you do?"

This last question was addressed to a tall girl, in a corselet frock of green cashmere, who came bustling into the room as if she were a friend of the family—which she evidently was.

"I've just run up, Mrs. Patison, to see how you are, and how Nero is, but I will have a cup of tea, if there is one—I always tell mamma that your tea is so much nicer than ours."

"I like no one's tea so much as I like mine."

"It certainly is delicious. How are you, Mr. Hallward? Do you know, the very oddest thing happened a little while ago. I



"'WITH ME?' INTERRUPTED MR. HALLWARD, 'IF YOU LEAVE IT WITH ME, IT'S LOST AGAIN —FOR EVER.'"

was standing at the window, wondering if I should go out or if I shouldn't, when something came floating past it and lodged for a moment on the sill, and I could have declared it was a five-pound note!"

"My dear Miss McCartney!"

"Yes, I could have declared it, and so I told mamma; she may say what she likes—I could. It only lodged there for a second or two, but quite long enough for me to see what it was, then a puff of wind must have caught it—and it went."

"Where to?"

"On my hat."

When I said that I jumped up, forgetting all about the conglomeration upon my lap, and I don't know what didn't go tumbling down upon the floor.

"On Miss Dennis's hat!" cried Mr. Hallward. "Never mind those things—let them stop where they are; this is getting too exciting to bother with trifles. Miss McCartney, let me present you to Miss Dennis. Miss Dennis—Miss McCartney. You were quite right, Miss McCartney, and especially you were quite right not to mind what your mother said. That was a five-pound note, a puff of wind did catch it, and it went sailing through the air, and alighted on Miss Dennis's hat—and here it is."

He held up the five-pound note for Miss McCartney to see.

"Well, I never did! And is that really true?"

The question she put to me.

"Absolutely; that is, a five-pound note did fall on my hat, and that's the one. Have you lost a five-pound note?"

"How could I, when I only saw it floating past the window and resting on the sill?"

"The mystery deepens." Mr. Hallward struck what I dare say he meant to be a dramatic attitude. "Regard me as Sherlock Holmes, the champion solver. What is the first conclusion to which all the evidence points? That, since a five-pound note has been found, somebody has lost it."

"That seems pretty evident," I said, in what I meant to be freezing accents, because I had not forgotten how he had winked. "It hardly requires a Sherlock Holmes to see that. But as I must rush off—I daren't think what Netta will say—I think, with your permission, I'll leave the five-pound note here——"

"With me?" interrupted Mr. Hallward. "My dear Miss Dennis, if you leave it with me, it's lost again—for ever. I shall have to spend it. I regard a five-pound note merely as something to change; on those rare occasions when I become possessed of one I rush off as fast as ever I can to change it, for fear a chemical change should take place in it, and it withers—then it withers indeed."

"As for me," observed his aunt, "I'm afraid I couldn't consent to become what I believe is called the bailee of property which is no concern of mine. Apart from the worry—and the slightest worry upsets my nervous system—I feel I shall have to take something as it is; all sorts of complications might arise. The owner might come along and say that he'd lost ten pounds instead of five; I couldn't say he hadn't, and he might hold me liable for the difference—one can never tell nowadays for what the law may hold you responsible. I really must ask you not to leave it here, Miss Dennis."

"Then will you take it?" I asked Miss McCartney. "You saw where it came from——"

"Oh, I didn't. I just saw it come floating past the window; I'd much rather have nothing to do with it."

"Then what am I to do? I can't keep Netta waiting for ever."

That mere boy made one of his absurd suggestions. I heartily wished that I had never spoken to him in the first instance. Who would have supposed that he would turn out to be such a ridiculous creature? This was his suggestion—the rate he chattered it was hard to follow what he said:—

"I tell you what, Miss Dennis; here's an idea for you. You and I will go together over the whole building, and, if necessary, over all the buildings on both sides of the street, and we'll question all the tenants of all the flats, and before we are through them—I don't know how many hundreds there are altogether—I shouldn't be surprised if we found the owner."

Before I could tell him what I thought of his ridiculous proposition, the same maid came in who had brought the tea, in what seemed to be a state of some excitement.

"If you please, ma'am, I believe cook's going to have a fit, or else she's going to commit suicide—she's been talking about carbonate of acid."

I think the maid must have meant either carbolic or carbonic acid, but I don't know why.

"Jane!"

You should have seen the aunt jump off the couch—I never thought she could have done it; and all the dogs started barking at once, and everybody stared, and then the maid lost

her head, as it seems to me servants nearly always do do, with or without the slightest provocation, and with what seemed to be a duster she was carrying she actually began to wipe her eyes.

"I am sure, ma'am, it's no fault of mine."

"Jane, what do you mean? What did you say was the matter with cook?"

"Well, ma'am, she's lost a five-pound note."

You should have seen how all of us jumped, including the dogs—the way in which the aunt had jumped off the couch was nothing to it. I believe I jumped three feet.

"Did you say," I asked, "cook lost a five-pound note?"

"I don't know who you are, or why you look at me like that, but she has."

"How? Where? When?"

"It was a five-pound note she got from the Savings Bank to pay for her holiday; she says she left it on the table while she went to fetch an envelope, and that when she came back it wasn't there, and she's looked into every pot and pan in the place, and down all the cracks of all the boards, and it isn't anywhere; and she's found some stuff in a bottle, and she says if her holiday's gone without her ever having had it, she'll empty the bottle to the very last drop, and she hopes it'll kill her, because it's for the drains."

I did not wait for Jane to say any more; I did not wait for anybody to say anything. I had never been in that flat before, but if I had lived there all my life I could not have found that cook in her kitchen much sooner—and there was the window open even then, and quite a gale coming in—and that flat was on the fourth floor. I said to her:—

"You left that five-pound note on the table, you went out of the room quickly, and as you opened the door you made a draught, the wind came in, it blew the five-pound note out of the window, it lodged on Miss McCartney's sill, and it fell upon my hat—and here it is."

"I PLANKED THE NOTE DOWN UPON THE TABLE."

And I planked it down upon that table—I do not care if "planked" is slang, I did. You should have seen that cook stare.

Netta made a tremendous fuss when I did get there—I knew she would. "What ever have you been doing?" she asked.

"I've been finding the owner of a five-pound note," I said.

As I dropped down upon a chair, and took my gloves off, and had another tea, I felt as if I had been finding a great deal more than that. And, as it turned out, so I had. I had found Hereward. How trifles can alter lives! Everybody must have noticed that. A puff of wind the less, and I should have married someone else!

WHO IS THE WORST MAN WHO EVER LIVED?

II.

The worst man in history, according to Macaulay, was Bertrand Barère, of the French Revolution. He expressed his opinion as follows:—

> Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; but this was a failing common to him with many great and amiable men. There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we never met with them or read of them. But when we put everything together, sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as caricature, and to which, we venture to say, no parallel can be found in history.

Was Macaulay right? With a view to obtaining an up-to-date opinion on this point we put the following question to several eminent writers: "Do you agree with this verdict, and, if not, what name would you substitute for that of Barère?" Their replies, of which a first selection appeared last month, form a most interesting and valuable symposium.

It may be interesting to recall that in the first article, Mr. H. B. Irving dealt with Pierre Claude Chevallier; Mr. Morley Roberts with Sigismondo of the Malatesta and Vlad IV.; Mr. Geo. R. Sims with Thomas Griffiths Wainewright; and Mr. Max Pemberton with Ferdinando Alvarez de Toledo—Duke of Alva.

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

MACAULAY, if the most brilliant of English writers, is also the least restrained. His favourite degree of comparison is th superlative. The essay on Barère is chiefly a piece of exceedingly clever but exceedingly sensational journalism. "God forbid," exclaims Carlyle (of the death of Egalité Orléans), "that there should be any man quite without virtue!" The virtues of Barère are perhaps not discoverable, but for Macaulay's pedestal of supremest infamy I take him to be quite too insignificant a creature.

His career in the French Revolution is neither mysterious nor unparalleled; and in the best of recent histories on the subject (the Cambridge Modern History, for instance, or Aulard's great work, or Prince Kropotkin's), Macaulay's tremendous verdict is not upheld. Praise of him, indeed, will probably nowhere be found; and praise of any kind (unless we are to bestow it on his deftness in double-dealing, his keen and often sparkling oratory) would be ludicrous. As a typical Terrorist he was necessarily a bad and cruel man. He voted for the King's death *sans appel et sans sursis*—without appeal and without respite. He proposed the outlawry of the Girondins. After the fortunate crisis of Thermidor he was for retaining in office as Public Prosecutor the implacable Fouquier-Tinville. To save his own neck, to sacrifice a weaker party to a stronger, there was little that Barère ever stuck at.

But was he in any degree a worse man than Carrier, whose Nantes *noyades* are remembered, while Barère, and all the evil that he did, and all the good he failed to do, are by the most

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of us utterly forgotten? Was he a worse than Tinville? I think we may find a worse than any of these.

Judgment on the wicked men of old is nowadays a little difficult for us. The page of history notwithstanding, we can no longer see them clearly enough. They were persons who did not live, as someone has said, "in the age of pamphlets," and we cannot really get at any point view of theirs. In a Nero, a Caligula, mere human kinship is scarcely to be perceived. Neither of these persons seems to be a part of our planet. Beyond the limits of Rome and Italy the excesses of Nero did no especial harm, but we may think of this emperor as somewhat eagerly embracing any fresh iniquity that he devises or that can be devised for him. "I think no more of killing a man," said Lacénaire in the condemned cell, "than of drinking a glass of wine"; and Nero—if the legend be credible—designs the firing of his capital as our Prince Regent sets his genius to work on a new shoe-buckle. We read that a day came when his people realized that the blessing of the gods had ceased to be with their young emperor. We believe it, but no sensible emotion is aroused in us. We merely ask of him, with the Scotsman: "What kin' o' a thing iss he?" The sportive gods seem to have fashioned a Nero out of "some devil's meaner part"; and this is about as much as we can think of him. He is not of us; we lack the means of comprehending him.

Pausing at an age much nearer to our own, we are arrested by another character whom some historians have classed among the enemies of the race: Pope Alexander VI. (Rodrigo Borgia). Is not he also grown somewhat mythical? And in Alexander's case a final inquest might not impossibly absolve him of the worst that has been laid on his memory. It is practically certain that on one frightful count he must be acquitted; and authoritative writers of our own day are mainly agreed that the charges of secret poisoning have not been proved. Garnett remarks that there has been considerable confusion between Alexander's actions and Cæsar Borgia's.

I return to France, to the French

Revolution, to the Reign of Terror. What of Maximilien Robespierre? Fouquier-Tinville has been called, not improperly, the man-eater of the Terror. Certain of the judges of the revolutionary tribunal—Dumas, Herman, Coffinhal—are even more responsible than Tinville, and their criminality is at least on a par with that of our own Jeffreys at his "Bloody Assize" of Taunton. But the Public Prosecutor and the presidents and judges of this court are clothed with no absolute authority; they are in a measure subordinate performers. The genius of the carnival of slaughter, who inspires, directs, and compels it, is the meagre, inscrutable, dandified, incorruptible, and third-rate lawyer, Robespierre.

Two things concerning him should be held in mind. The first is that he achieved for a time a power unsurpassed, unequalled, in the range of modern history. The second is that as his sway increased, so, in exact proportion, did his wickedness.

For a short space in history Robespierre had a mastery such as no legitimate Sovereign in any country has ever known. It is within this space that he rises into eminence as the cool and quiet murderer of a capital and a nation. But for his own death on the scaffold, when his associates had at last come to see that his lust of blood could be quenched only by his own extermination, he might easily have decimated the population of Paris, and from the provinces also, day by day, he was gathering in his victims.

It was at the height of power that he carried the Law of Prairial. In legal monuments this measure stands apart. It is the murder-law of the Reign of Terror, and Robespierre is its author. Under this decree—for it was a decree much more than it was a law—the persons accused at the bar were at the mercy of the jurors, and at this stage of the Terror the jury was always packed. There was a preliminary investigation before the trial, but under the Law of Prairial the prisoners could get no hearing, and at the public hearing of their cases they were not allowed even to be examined. The dock was filled with "batches," and sentences of death flowed unquestioned, automatically, from the Bench. Whole families were sent to the guillotine. Why? They had "conspired." Where had they conspired, when had they conspired, how had they conspired? The jurors did not know, were never told, and did not dare to ask. The men and women in the dock, who had "conspired" against nobody, and half of whom, collected at random from the provinces, could scarcely have told a judge or jury what "conspiracy" signified to them, were condemned and sentenced unheard, and from all respectable evidence we may conclude that the mass of them travelled to the guillotine with not a notion of why they were doing so. This was the Reign of Terror as organized by Robespierre.

There is a difficulty in saying, or even in suggesting, who has been the worst of men; but I in no way shrink from Lord Acton's conclusion that Maximilien Robespierre "remains the most hateful character in the forefront of history since Machiavelli reduced to a code the wickedness of public men."

JUDGE JEFFREYS.

By SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES, M.P. ("Sub Rosa").

CARLYLE used to find some satisfaction in declaring that somewhere or other in the world there must be, and at all times there must have been, the world's biggest fool. Thus, in one place, he says: "There is *a* greatest fool, as a superlative in every kind; and *the* most foolish man in the earth is now indubitably living and breathing, and did this morning or lately eat breakfast." And at another time he pointed out that "There is a stupidest of London men, actually resident with bed and board of some kind in London."

In the same way it is no doubt true that there is the worst man, the most degraded scoundrel and abandoned wretch in the world; but it is not easy, and perhaps not safe, to "spot the winner" in such a competition, and to announce who, among the living, is by merit raised to that bad eminence; and I am somewhat relieved to find that the question submitted to me—"Who was the worst man who ever lived?"—seems to exclude from the scope of the inquiry all still existing evil-doers. That fact, and that fact alone, saves the Kaiser from heading the list as an easy winner.

When this question was addressed to me, I was reminded of Macaulay's opinion of Barère; and the following spirited passage was put before me as a text or guide to thought: "There may have been as great liars (as

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Barère), though we never met with them or read of them. But when we put everything together—sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity—the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as caricature, and to which we venture to say no parallel can be found in history."

That last remark makes it clear enough that Barère was Macaulay's "worst man." But when Macaulay's blood was up he "ventured to say" many things. Here is another little rhetorical attention Macaulay paid to this victim: "Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are hateful, whatsoever things are of evil report, if there be any vice, and if there be any infamy, all these things were blended in Barère." Now the question is: Can I think of any man of whom all this, and worse than this, can fairly be stated? Are we to accept Barère as the worst man who ever lived, and, if not, who was worse?

Well, at the very outset in this inquiry it should be remembered that the man who has done most mischief and wrought most evil is not necessarily the worst man. There is no merit in a man not having tortured and robbed and slaughtered his fellow-beings if he never had a chance of doing so. No one would praise a man for being a teetotaller if he happened to live in an island where no intoxicant could be obtained. There is no such thing as goodness without the possibility of badness, and so it may be that some of the most unredeemed ruffians and scoundrels in the world have not done much harm. There may be even now some obscure villain, some unknown village Hottentot or Chinaman, who would be only too glad to outstrip Abdul the Damned in ferocious crime, but who lacks the opportunity. The rigid moralist will maintain that such a man is quite as bad as Abdul, though not so dangerous. But, of course, when we talk of the worst man who ever lived we really mean the man who has proved himself in action to be the most cruel, mean, contemptible, and atrocious wretch known to history. And no doubt a favourite in this race, who will have many backers, is Nero. His name is often used by those who know little about him, except that he is supposed to have fiddled when Rome was burning. I

hope no one will suppose that I hold a brief for Nero. The manner in which he made persistent efforts to murder his own mother, and at length succeeded, is enough to hinder any decent man from taking up a pro-Nero attitude. But the worst of it is that directly you single out one of these decadent Roman emperors as the champion bad man another can be suggested who was no better. And so those who would pillory Nero may be asked, "What about Caligula?" And the black-list might be continued. The reader will remember how Johnson on one occasion denounced Rousseau as a "very bad man," adding, pleasantly, "I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years." But when Boswell asked, "Sir, do you think him as bad a man as Voltaire?" Johnson was for once not prepared with a definite and dogmatic answer, and replied: "Why, sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them." And that is a difficulty that will always confront one who tries to select the worst man in the world, as he will probably be reminded of some other who is no better.

In spite of this danger I will nominate my man as the one for whom I think I have more detestation than I have for any other scoundrel who ever polluted the earth. I do not go back to ancient history, as very likely a considerable amount of fable is mixed up with those old records. Nor do I seek my champion wretch among the citizens of other lands. My man is Judge Jeffreys. Some French critic once said of a man, "He is not 'an' ass; he is 'the' ass." And so it may be said of Jeffreys that he was not "a" brute; he was "the" brute. Conduct such as his would have been vile in any man, but it was made a thousand times more vile in his case by the fact that he enjoyed the great power and privileges that have properly been given to English judges, and he prostituted them. There is an old Latin proverb which teaches that "All invective against a man on his trial is disgraceful"; but this scoundrel revelled in denouncing, bullying, and cursing men and women, not only when they were on their trial, but after they were convicted. Macaulay says that there "might be remarked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature, a delight in misery merely as misery." And it strikes me that when Macaulay pronounced sentence on Barère as the worst of men he had for the moment forgotten Jeffreys.

Here was a corrupt, shameless, drunken, time-serving partisan occupying the position of a Chief Justice, sending hundreds of victims, every one of whom was much better than Jeffreys himself, away to the scaffold or the stake. It sometimes has happened that a superlative brute has to some extent palliated his infamy by showing courage when at last he has been overtaken by fate. Not so with Jeffreys. I declare there is no incident in history more entirely satisfactory than the account of this fellow, disguised and skulking in a Wapping alehouse, trying to escape, and being recognized by one of his victims whom he had bullied years before in court. And as he was being driven to the Tower the historian relates how this man, who used to bawl and scream threats and curses at the helpless, now bawled and screamed with terror as he glared at the mob brandishing cudgels and holding up halters for him to see. "Keep them off, gentlemen; for God's sake, keep them off," he yelled—and I am sorry to say the mob was kept off. He died a natural death—quite a natural death in his case—for he died when only about forty years of age as a result of disease brought on by drink and debauchery. He is my "worst man." He degraded a high office, every neighbourhood he visited he polluted, he did that which was evil all the days of his life, and that continually. So long as he had power he was a bullying brute, and when the tables were turned on him he was a whining and snivelling cur. I know but little about Barère, except from the well-known delicate tribute that Macaulay paid to his memory, but I imagine that Barère's record was stained by far less scoundrelism than that of Jeffreys, and Barère could not have exceeded Jeffreys in regard to cowardice and brutality even had he tried his utmost.

JOSEPH LE BON.

By CHARLES WHIBLEY.

If we would discover the worst man that ever lived, we must seek him, perforce, among the politicians. To achieve an eminence in crime something more is needed than an evil intention. The aspirant will surely fail who cannot conquer a wide field of action. The

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expert murderers of the past injured only their victims and their friends. The activities of the notorious Wainewright, for instance, were limited, because he soon came to the end of such confiding friends and kinsmen as would permit him first to insure and then to take their lives. The hero of Rugeley, the great Palmer himself, would have found some difficulty in usurping a larger world even if the hangman had not interrupted his career. There was none left in his family to accept at his hands the poisoned cup, and brilliant though his scheme was of killing all the hapless ones to whom he was in debt, it was at once both restricted and impermanent. Nor can De Quincey's artist, Williams, claim a just supremacy. Despite his finished method and his callous soul, he gave up to the Ratcliff Highway a talent which was meant, maybe, for his country. In brief, the miscreant who commits a crime to satisfy his greed or to humour a whim, pleads guilty through no fault of his own to the charge of provincialism. To the politician alone is given the opportunity to inflict suffering by a single stroke upon hundreds of his fellow-citizens.

And not only must "the worst man" be given full scope for his purpose, he must possess a oneness, a unity of soul, which nothing can deflect. It will be remembered that Barbey d'Aurévilly set George Brummell alone upon a pinnacle, because he did not complicate his dandyism with any other useful quality. He was not very clever; he had no more of wit than would serve him on an easy passage through life. And so it was that his dandyism shone with a purer radiance, because it was isolated from intellect, from benevolence, from any sort of discursive ability. In unity and concentration the criminal must not lag behind the dandy. He must not soften his wickedness to our hearts by the flaunting of a genial vice. He must not turn aside from the strait road of wickedness into any pleasant by-path of good or evil. If he is to outstrip all his competitors, he must not weight himself with an ounce of useless lumber.

Where, then, shall we find this model of criminality? He will flourish best at a time of great political activity; and it is not strange that rascality reached its highest development during the French Revolution. And of all the heroes who stained their hands with blood in that orgy of crime and murder none has a clearer right to the crown of eminence than Joseph Le Bon. His humble origin, the mean beginnings of his career, gave no promise of his future greatness. The son of a town-crier, he was born at Arras in 1765, and was, when the Revolution broke out, an Oratorian in Burgundy. Bearing ill the restraints of his profession, and hearing within his mind the call of grandeur, he obtained a constitutional living, and presently returned

full of hope and ambition to his native town. Robespierre was not long in detecting his talent, and under the auspices of the incorruptible one he became a member of the Constituent Assembly. But it was not until he was appointed in 1793 a scourge of aristocrats, an evangelist of freedom, an upholder of the republican ideal at Arras, that he found the work which he was peculiarly fitted to perform. The guillotine was, indeed, for him the only instrument which could display his cold gift of Sadic ferocity, and only when mated with her, so to say, in an unholy alliance, did he prove himself more than a match for the worst of his compatriots.

He established himself with a retinue of obedient jurymen and executioners, and for eight months made his name a terror to all the citizens of Arras. He saw in the human race only candidates for the supreme honour of decapitation. The smallest superiority in others was for him the blackest of crimes. Gentle birth, fortune, virtue—these appeared to Le Bon the unmistakable marks of treachery. With a frigid impartiality he brought to one common grave—which, with the humour of his kind, he called his "salting-tub"—all those who by their principles or their aspect offended his republican eye. He spared neither age nor sex. Old women and young girls fell to the blade of his guillotine with merciless impartiality. At the merest suspicion he threw into prison honourable and blameless citizens, who knew well that there was but one issue from their dungeon—death. By a monstrous ingenuity he used the sacred forms of justice as a means of murder. He pretended that he was serving the cause of freedom, when he was merely indulging his personal hatred or that lust of blood which was the strongest passion in his withered soul. And every deed of villainy which he committed, every insolent dishonouring word that he spoke, he glorified in the name of political philosophy and sound government!

Like all finished criminals he exercised his craft with a certain coquetry. His hands were carefully tended; he was scrupulous concerning the whiteness of his linen. There was even a certain gaiety in his processes of judicial murder. It was his custom to watch the guillotine at work from the balcony of the theatre, and as he marched to take his place in a fancy dress, which included a Henri IV. hat and a trailing sword, the "*Ça ira*" was sung by an applauding crowd, upon which he smiled with a condescending *bonhomie*. Those were days of joy and triumph for Joseph Le Bon and his evil-hearted spouse, a grim woman, whom her husband adored, and who could not conceal her delight as she saw "the apricots" fall. And after the ceremony of death there were dancings of schoolchildren, pleasant comedies at the theatre, and the most joyous of suppers, at which it seemed a congenial pastime to draw up a list of the morrow's victims.

Le Bon repeated at Cambrai what he deemed were the glories of Arras. Relentlessly and without remorse he pursued the one business of his life, which was murder. If he found aristocrats lacking, he endowed a modest artisan with a patent of nobility, that the guillotine should not be without its victim. Had fortune continued to smile upon him, he would still have done his best to assuage his ogre's appetite. But happily for the honour of the human race Robespierre fell from his high estate, and Le Bon knew instantly that he had nothing to hope for save the same death which he had wantonly inflicted upon hundreds of innocent men. He spent the days that remained to him in proving to the world, by a series of sentimental letters, that he was a faithful husband and a fond father, as indeed he was. He defended himself against the accusations of his enemies with considerable spirit, and protested bitterly when the hapless creatures whom he had made widows and orphans filed past him with their implacable testimony. His guilt was clear and clearly established, and when he came to the last act of the drama, which he knew was inevitable, his courage miserably failed him. His mean nature could not profit by the lofty example of the aristocrats, whom he had seen go to their deaths unflinchingly and without a tremor. As he had the cruelty so he had the cowardice of his race, and he was drunk when he approached the guillotine, the accomplice of his ancient triumphs, the begetter of his grim immortality. So perished Joseph Le Bon, a monster among men, whose character displays a unity of wickedness rare even in the annals of crime, and who remains an awful warning to those who affect to believe that the world can be regenerated by a mixed policy of blood and copy-book headings.

CODE No. 2.

By EDGAR WALLACE.

Illustrated by A. Gilbert.

THE Secret Service never call themselves anything so melodramatic. If they speak at all, it is vaguely of "The Department"—not even "The Intelligence Department," you will note. It is a remarkable department, however, and not the least of the remarkable men who served—in a minor capacity, it is true—was Schiller.

He was an inventive young Swiss with a passion for foreign languages. He knew all the bad men in London—bad from the violently political standpoint—and was useful to the Chief Secretary (Intelligence), though Bland and the big men—well, they didn't dislike him, but they sort of—I don't know how to put it.

Watch a high-spirited horse pass a scrap of white paper on the road. He doesn't exactly shy, but he looks at the flapping thing very expectantly.

He was never in the Big Game, though he tried his best to get there. But the Big Game was played by men who "chew ciphers in the cradle," as Bland put it.

In some mysterious way Schiller got to know that Reggie Batten had been shot dead whilst extracting the mobilization orders of the Fourteenth Bavarian Corps from a safe in Munich—this was in 1911, and the sad occurrence was described as an "aviation accident." What Schiller did not know about was the narrow escape which Bland experienced.

The Munich military authorities took Reggie's body up in an aeroplane and dropped it—and the Munich newspapers gave poor Reggie some beautiful notices and said that the funeral would be at two o'clock, and they hoped that all his loving friends would gather round. Such of his unsuspecting acquaintances as did gather were arrested and searched, their lodgings and baggage ransacked, and they were in due course most incontinently sent across the frontier.

Bland, who was in Munich, did not attend the funeral; in fact, he left the beer city without lingering unnecessarily.

He was back in town only a day when Schiller asked for an interview.

Bland, square-chinned, clean-shaven, and wholly impassive, heard particulars of Schiller's application and laughed.

"You are altogether wrong in your view of Mr. Batten," he said. "He was unconnected with this department and his death was due to a very deplorable accident. Therefore I cannot give you his job."

Schiller heard and bowed.

"I have been misinformed, sir," he said, politely.

He went to work in another way and made a carefully-planned attack upon the Chief Secretary, who had reached that delicate stage of a man's career which is represented by the interregnum between the end of a period of usefulness and the consciousness of the fact.

Sir John Grandor had been in his time the greatest intelligence man in Europe, but now—he still talked of wireless telegraphy as "a wonderful invention."

Yet Sir John was chief and a fairly shrewd chief. His seal of office was Code No. 2, which no mortal eye had seen save his. It lay on the bottom shelf of the safe between steel-bound covers, sheet after sheet of close writing in his own neat hand.

No. 2 Code is a very secret one. It is the code which the big agents employ. It is not printed, nor are written copies circulated, but is learnt under the tuition of the Chief himself. The men who know Code No. 2 do not boast of their knowledge, because their lives hang upon a thread—even in peace time.

Schiller could never be a big agent. For one thing, he was a naturalized foreign subject, and the big men are nationals, trained to the Game from the day they enter The Office. They are educated men, condemned for life to dissociate themselves from the land of their birth, and who they are, or where they live, is known only to three men, two of whom have no official existence.

Sir John liked Schiller and did many things for him. He told him stories of his past adventures, and Schiller listened

attentively. In the course of one of these post-prandial discussions (he was a most presentable young man, and Sir John frequently took him home to dinner) Schiller casually mentioned Code No. 2. He spoke of it with easy familiarity, and Sir John discussed the code in general terms. He told his guest how it was kept in the special safe, how it was made up on the loose-leaf system, and how it was a nuisance because it was always in disorder, because he had to consult it every day and invariably replaced the sheets he had been using on the top, irrespective of their alphabetical right to that position.

The young man had innocently suggested that he should come to Sir John's office every night and sort them out, but the old man had smiled benevolently and said he thought not.

Bland summoned Grigsby to his office one day, and that florid young man came to the tick of the clock.

"This fellow Schiller is bothering me," said Bland, in the low tones which are almost second nature in the service. "He is a smart fellow and very useful, but I mistrust him."

"He has a blameless record," said the other, staring out of the window, "and he knows little of the bigger things. Sir John is a ditherer, but he's close enough. What is worrying you now?"

Bland strode up and down the room.

"He is inventing a new wireless receiver," he said, "and he has got the old man interested. He works all day at it in his room, and at night he carries it down to Sir John's office, where it is most religiously locked in the safe.

"Of course, it is absurd to imagine that the box—it is about the size of a biscuit tin—can contain anything with human intelligence to get out in an airtight safe and walk around, or go squinting at the code, but somehow I don't like it."

Grigsby chuckled.

"It's a new one on me," he confessed. "I'm not denying that Schiller is clever—he invented a draught-excluder for my room which is a model of ingenuity; but I can hardly imagine a wireless receiver which reads and transmits a code from the interior of a steel safe."

But Bland was not convinced.

He sent for May Prince. She was holiday-making in Devonshire, but came at once to town, a straight slip of a girl—she looked eighteen, though in truth she was ten years older—with the loveliest smile in the world, a pair of appraising grey eyes, and a mouth which in repose was a little inclined to droop.

"Sorry to disturb you on your holiday," said Bland, "but I want Schiller kept under observation. Next week you will be discharged from the Department for neglect of duty. You will retire with a grievance, and you will tell Schiller, whom you will continue to meet, that I am a beast and that I lose a great deal of money backing race-horses. I will have a few bookmakers' accounts prepared for you, which you will show discreetly."

"Is he to blackmail you?" she asked.

Bland shook his head.

"If he is all I think he is, he will not. No, he might give you confidence for confidence—so long."

And May with a nod went out.

Schiller's invention took an unconscionable time to develop. Yet he was enthusiastic over its possibilities and inspired the Chief with some of his enthusiasm. He worked in his spare time at the machine, and regularly every evening at five minutes to six he would carry his heavy box to the Chief's office, solemnly deposit his burden on the iron grill which formed the one shelf of the safe, and watch the locking up with a jealous eye.

And May Prince had nothing to report.

Three days before that fatal August 1st which brought so much destruction and misery to Europe, Bland went up to Schiller's room to question him regarding the *bona fides* of a certain Antonio Malatesta suspected of being an agent of the Central Powers. Bland very seldom visited the offices of his subordinates, but on this occasion his 'phone was out of order.

He found the door locked, and knocked impatiently. Presently it was opened by the smiling Schiller. The table was covered with a litter of wire, electric batteries, tools, and screws, but of the great wireless receiver there was no sign.

"You are looking for my wonder-box, sir?" said Schiller. "She is in my safe—soon I will give you the most remarkable demonstration! Even to-day I caught a signal from the Admiralty—through a closed window."

But Bland was not listening. He stood erect, his nose in the air, sniffing.

There was a faint sweetish smell—a scent of camphor and something else. Schiller watched him through narrowed eyes.

"H'm," said Bland and, turning on his heel, left the room.

A telegram lay on the table. It had been delivered in his brief absence.

"Schiller is agent in Central European

pay. He is head of cryptogram department. Have proof.—MAY."

Bland pulled open the drawer of his desk, took out an automatic pistol, and raced through the door and took the stairs two at a time.

Schiller's door was open, but he had gone.

He had not passed out through the lobby or the front entrance of the building, but a commissionaire on duty at the side door had seen him pass and had heard him hail a cab.

Bland went back to his office, and put through a 'phone call to the police.

"Watch all railway stations and docks. Arrest and detain Augustus Schiller."

He described him briefly, but with a sure touch.

"It is very lamentable," said Sir John, really troubled, "but I can't think he has taken away anything of importance. Has he removed his invention?"

"I have that all right, Sir John," said Bland, grimly, "and to-night with your permission I am going to see what happens."

"But surely you don't think——?"

Bland nodded.

"I haven't monkeyed with it at all—but I've listened very carefully through a microphone, and there is no doubt that it contains a clockwork mechanism. It is almost silent, but I have detected the sound. I suggest that we place the box where it is usually put, leave the safe door open, and watch."

Sir John frowned. All this seemed a reflection on his judgment, and as such was to be resented; but he was too loyal a man in the service, to which he had given forty-five years of his life, to allow his injured vanity to come before his public duty.

At six o'clock the box was placed in the safe.

"Is that where it was always put?" asked Bland.

"I generally—in fact, invariably—put it on the iron grid."

"Just above Code 2. I see, sir."

The Chief Secretary frowned again, but this time in an effort of thought.

"That is true," he said, slowly. "Once, I remember, when the box was placed a little to one side, Schiller pushed it to the centre, which I thought was a little impertinent of him."

The two men drew up a couple of arm-chairs and seated themselves before the safe. Their vigil promised to be a long one. Eight, nine, ten o'clock passed, and nothing happened.

"I think it is rather ridiculous, don't you?" asked Sir John, testily, as the quarter to eleven chimed.

"It seems so," said Bland, doggedly, "but I want to see—— Good heavens—look!"

Sir John gasped.

Immediately beneath the box was Code 2, enclosed in a leather binder, the edges of which were bound, for the sake of durability, with a thin ribbon of steel.

Now, slowly the cover of the book was rising. It jerked up a little, then fell, leapt again, and fell back as though there were something inside which was struggling to get free. Then of a sudden the cover opened and remained stiffly erect, forming, with the contents, the letter L, the upright of which was the cover.

There was a "click," and the interior of the safe was illuminated with a soft greenish radiance. It threw a glow upon the top page of the code which lasted for nearly a minute. Then it died away, and the cover of the book fell.

"Phew!" whistled Bland.

He lifted the black box carefully from the safe and carried it to Sir John's desk, examined the bottom of the box with a long and patient scrutiny, then set it down.

"Code No. 2 is in the hands of the enemy, sir," he said.

It was daylight when he finished his investigations. Half the box was taken up by accumulators. They supplied the current which, operating through a powerful magnet, lifted the cover of the code-book. They gave the light to the little mercurial-vapour lamps, which afforded the concealed camera just enough light to make an effective exposure.

"The little clockwork arrangement is, of course, simple," said Bland; "that sets the time for the machine to work and switches the current on and off. It probably opens and closes the shutters which hide the lens and the lamp and the magnet. I suspected the camera when I smelt the film in his room."

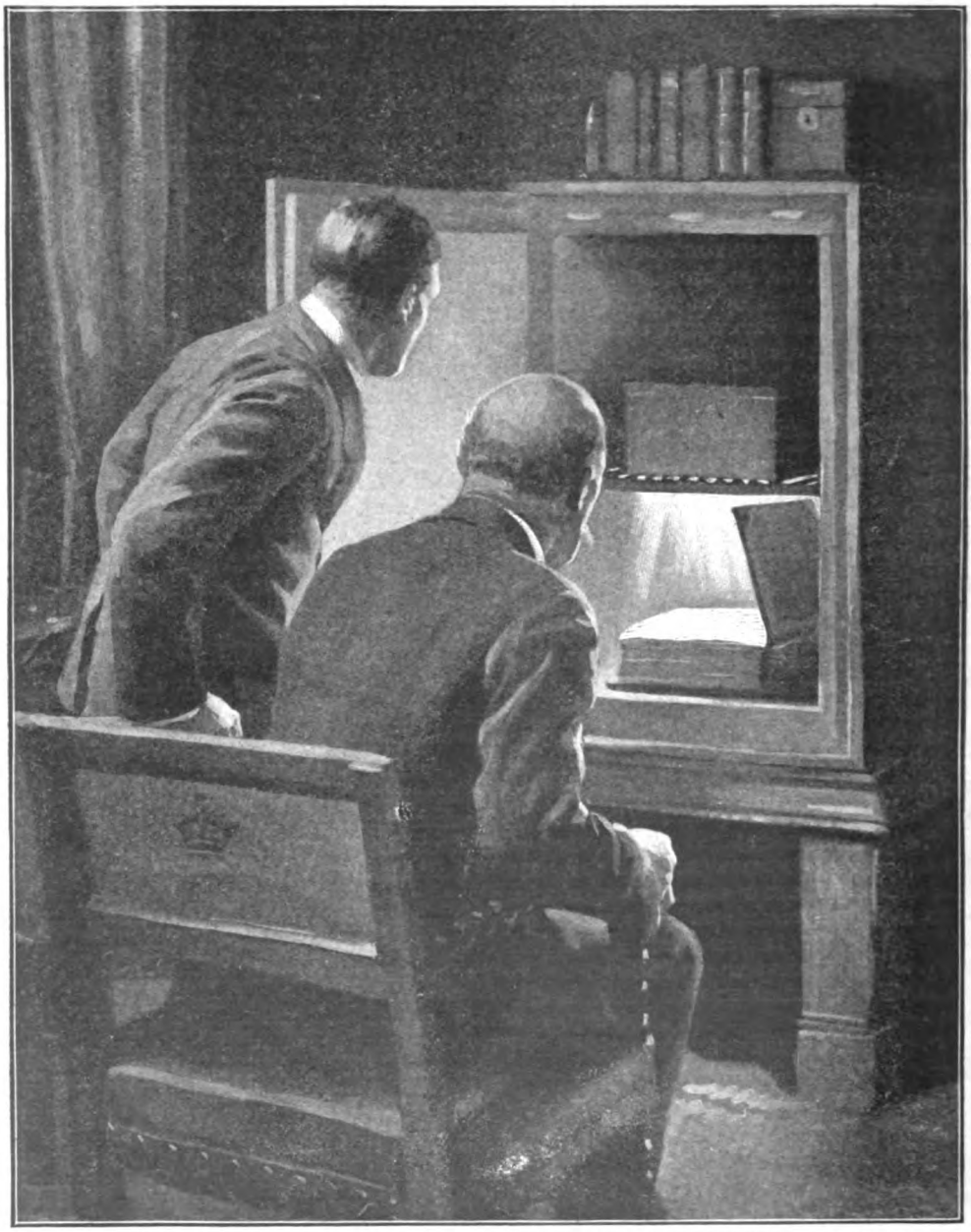
Sir John, white and haggard, nodded.

"Get me out of this as well as you can, Bland," he said, gruffly. "I'll retire at the end of the year—I'm a silly old man."

He walked to the door and paused with his fingers on the handle.

"There are thirty men's lives in Schiller's keeping," he said; "their names and addresses are in that book—I suppose he got through the book. I am so careless, that I changed the order of the pages almost every day, and the devil has been at work for nine months. He ought to have worked through the book by now, for there was a different sheet on top every time."

"I'll do my best, sir," said Bland.



"THEN OF A SUDDEN THE COVER OPENED AND REMAINED STIFFLY ERECT."

Schiller was away, and safely away, before war was declared. He was seen in Holland and was traced to Cologne. There was no possibility of changing the code, and messages were already coming through from agents.

Bland took a bold step. Through a man in Denmark he got into communication with Schiller and offered to make a deal. But Schiller was not selling. In the telegraphed words of the emissary whom Bland had sent:—

"Schiller is receiving an enormous fee from enemy Government for decoding wireless messages that your agents are sending. He alone knows the code."

Nothing daunted Bland again got into communication with the traitor, offering him an enormous sum if he would consent to

return to a neutral country and retain his secret.

"Meet me in Holland and I will fix everything," his message ended. It elicited a reply which was characteristic of the ingenious master-spy.

"Come into Belgium and I will arrange."

A mad suggestion, for Belgium was now enemy ground, but Bland took his life in his hands and a long glass dagger in his handbag and left the same night for the Continent.

Bland went into Belgium by the back-door and made a laborious way to Brussels. It would not be in the national interest to explain the means and methods he employed to make his entry into that carefully-guarded land, but it is sufficient to say that he met Schiller, looking very prosperous, in the *estaminet* of the Gold Lion at Hazbruille, a small village on the Ghent-Lille road.

"You are a very brave man, Mr. Bland," complimented Schiller, "and I wish I could oblige you in what you desire. Unfortunately I cannot."

"Then why did you bring me here?" asked Bland.

The other looked at him curiously.

"I have a certain code," he said, quietly. "I have it complete with certain exceptions: there are three pages missing—what do you want for them?"

Here was a staggerer for a smaller man than Bland.

"That is a fair offer," he said, calmness itself; "but what is the particular code you are buying?"

"No. 2," said the other. "I thought——"

Bland interrupted him.

"No. 2 code?" he said, sipping his boch (he was for the time being a Belgian peasant). "Of course, that's rubbish. Neither you nor I know No. 2 code; the code you stole was No. 3."

Schiller smiled superiorly.

"When you get back to London," he said, "ask your chief whether 'Agate' does not mean, 'Transports loading at Borkum.'"

"You might have got hold of that particular word by accident," said Bland, grudgingly.

"Ask him if 'Optique' does not mean 'Emperor has gone to Dresden,'" persisted the calm Schiller.

Bland looked round the room thoughtfully.

"You know a great deal, my friend," he said.

The woman who managed the *estaminet* came in a little later and found Bland pulling slowly at a rank cigar, his elbows on the table, a half-emptied boch before him.

The woman glanced with a little smile at Schiller.

"He's tired," said Bland, emptying the boch; "let him sleep on. And don't let the flies disturb him," he added, humorously.

Schiller lay sideways on the bench at which Bland was sitting, his face to the wall and over his head was a coarse blue handkerchief.

"He will not be disturbed," said Madame, and pocketed the five-sou tip that Bland gave her with a grateful smirk.

"When he wakes," said Bland at the door, "tell him I have gone on to Ghent."

Three hours later a German landsturm soldier who had come for his evening coffee whisked away the handkerchief which covered the sleeper's face and stammered:—

"*Gott!*"

For Schiller was dead and had been dead for three hours. It took even the doctor quite a long time to discover the blade of the glass dagger in his heart.

A week after this Bland was dressing for dinner in his West-end flat and had reached the patience stage of bow-tying when his valet informed him that Grigsby had called.

"I told him you were dressing, sir," said Taylor, "but he won't take 'no' for an answer."

"Show him up here," said Bland.

Mr. Grigsby came noisily into the dressing-room, though his greeting of Bland was a little cold.

"I've a bone to pick with you," he said. "What the devil have you been saying to Lady Greenholm about me? You know my feelings about Alice——"

"Wait a moment, please," said Bland, sharply, and turned to his servant. "Taylor, you can go to the General Post Office with the letter you will find on the hall-stand."

Mr. Grigsby waited until he heard the door of the flat close, then walked into the passage and shot the bolt of the front door.

He came back to where Bland was standing with his back to the fire, his hands thrust into his trouser pockets.

"You're sure he had No. 2?" he asked.

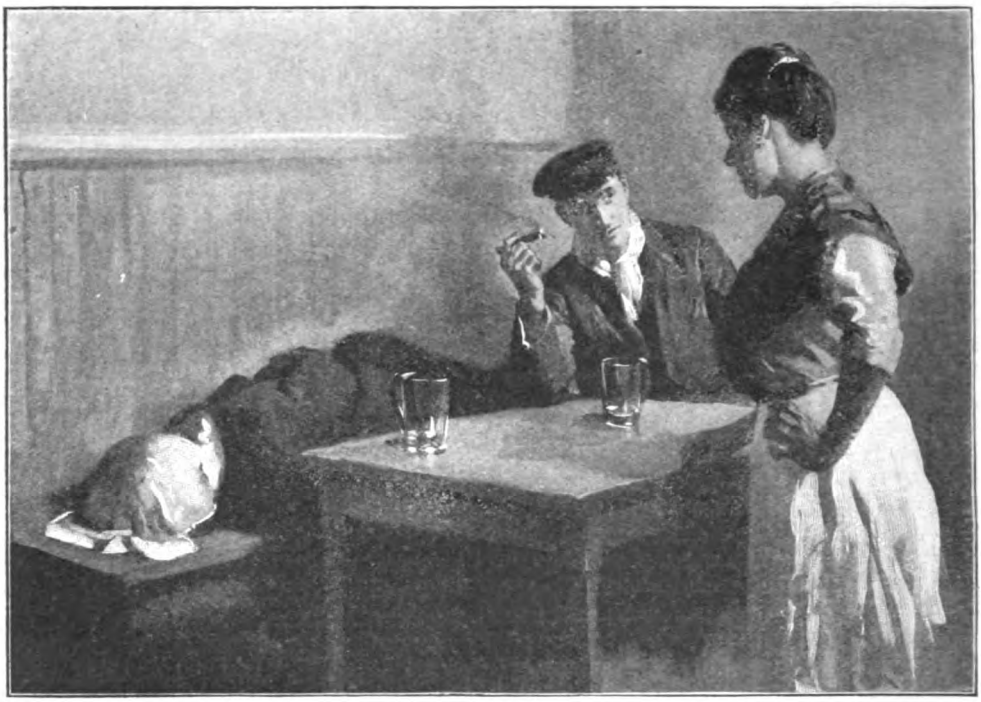
Bland nodded.

Grigsby bit his lip thoughtfully.

"It isn't worth while worrying about how he got it—now," he said; "the question is who will get it next?"

Bland opened a cigar-case, bit off the end of a cigar, and lit up before he replied.

"What news have you at this end?" he asked. "I was across the border before they



"'HE'S TIRED,' SAID BLAND; 'LET HIM SLEEP ON.'"

discovered his death; naturally, I have heard nothing save what our Amsterdam man told me."

"The code is in London," said Grigsby, briefly. "As soon as he was dead a cablegram was sent to Valparaiso by the authorities in Brussels. It was addressed to a man named Von Hooch—probably a third party. Here it is."

He took out a pocket-book and laid a slip of paper on the table. The message was short and was in Spanish:—

"Schiller's London lodging."

"It's rather puzzling," said Bland. "Schiller wouldn't have written the code out—he was too clever for that. And yet he must have given the authorities a guarantee that the secret should not be lost with his death. It has probably been arranged that he should tell some person agreed upon—in this case a man in South America—in what manner the code was hidden. The exact locale he left until his death, probably sealed up amongst his private papers.

"That is a sound theory," said Grigsby. "He told you nothing more——"

Bland shook his head.

"I had to kill him, of course," he said, with a note of regret; "it was pretty beastly, but the lives of thirty good men were in his holding. He probably knew where they were stationed."

"And the man that comes after will also know," said the other, grimly. "We start to-night to make a very scientific search of his lodgings."

But the flat in Soho Square yielded no profit.

For the greater part of a fortnight three of the smartest Intelligence men (including Lecomte, from the French department) probed and searched, slitting furniture, pulling up floors, and dismantling cupboards.

And the result was a negative one.

"I'll swear it is there," said Bland, dejectedly; "we've overlooked something. Where is May Prince?"

"She's at the Chief Censor's—she has an office there," explained Grigsby.

"Ask her to come over."

May came in some triumph.

"I thought you'd send for me," she said. "I could have saved you such a lot of trouble!"

Bland was all apologies.

"I've neglected you terribly, May," he said. "Do you know, I have never seen you since you sent me the wire about Schiller?"

She nodded.

"I know that. Schiller is dead, isn't he?"

"How did you know?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"One reads things in the Censor's office—innocent letters from Holland with messages written between the lines in formic acid and milk which becomes quite visible if you use the correct formulæ. Mr. Schiller was a remarkable man, and his father was one of the greatest scholars Switzerland has produced, though he was blind. What do you want of me now?"

Bland explained briefly. The girl knew of Code No. 2, and the secrecy which surrounded it, and realized the urgency of the situation.

"By the way, how did you know that he was an enemy agent?" he asked.

"I discovered *his* code," she replied, cryptically.

Accompanied by the two men she went to the flat in Soho Square. The flooring had been replaced and the rooms were habitable again. She made a tour through the flat, then she returned to the big dining-room.

"This is the room where the code is," she said, decisively.

It was a cheerful apartment, papered in a rich brown. A broad dado of a simple design belted the walls and the wainscoting had been painted a chocolate colour to harmonize with the paper. From the ceiling hung an electric fitting, and at this May glanced.

"We've had that down," said Bland, "and the wainscot has been taken out—but we've found nothing."

"Will you leave me alone here for a few minutes?" asked the girl.

The two men withdrew, but they were hardly out of the room before she followed, her eyes blazing with the joy of discovery.

"Got it!" she laughed. "Oh, I knew!—I knew!"

"Where is it?" demanded the astonished Bland.

"Wait," she said, eagerly. "When do you expect your South American visitor?"

"To-morrow. Of course, the room will be guarded, and he will have no chance of searching."

Her eyes were still dancing when she nodded.

"We shall see. To-morrow, I fancy you will have a very frank visitor from Valparaiso, and when he comes I want you to send for me."

"What on earth——?"

"Wait, wait, please! What will he say?" She closed her eyes and frowned. "I can tell you his name—it is Raymond Viztelli——"

"You knew this all along?" asked the astonished Grigsby, but she shook her head.

"I knew it when I went into the room," she said, "but now I am guessing. I think he will offer to help you discover the code, and he will tell you there is a secret panel in the wall, and that it will take days and days to make the discovery. And I think he will ask you to be present when he makes his search."

"He needn't ask that," said Bland, unpleasantly. "I think you're very mysterious, May—but I've a kind of feeling that you're right."

She had a few questions to ask the janitor of the building before she left.

"Mr. Schiller did all his own decorations—in the dining-room, didn't he?"

"Yes, miss," said the man; "a regular feller he was for potterin' about with a paste-pot or a paint-brush."

"And he has paid his rent in advance?"

"That's right, miss."

"And said that nothing was to be done to the flat till he came back?"

"His very words!" said the caretaker.

"I thought so," said May.

At ten o'clock next morning a card was brought to Bland. It was inscribed:—

"Señor X. Bertramo Silva," and written in a corner, "of Valparaiso."

Bland pressed a bell, and in a little time Grigsby and the girl came in.

"He's come," said Bland, shortly, and handed her the card.

The visitor was shown in. He was a dapper little man with a pointed beard and spoke excellent English. Moreover, after the preliminaries, he plunged straight into the heart of his subject.

"I am going to be very frank with you, Mr. Bland," he began, and Bland, shooting a swift glance at the girl, saw the laughter in her eyes.

"I was for some time an agent of the Central Powers—I tell you this because I wish you to clearly understand my position," he went on. "Safe in South America I thought no call would be made upon my services. A few weeks ago, however, I received a cablegram which was intercepted by the British authorities.

"I had known, of course, that in certain eventualities, I might be obliged to come to England, to make a search for certain documents, and that I should learn the place

"'BEFORE YOU GO ANY FARTHER,' SHE SAID, 'LET ME ASK YOU IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE?'"

where they were hidden by telegram. That telegram came—I am here!"

He flung his arms dramatically.

"I came straight to you on my arrival. I tell you frankly why I came, because I decided, the night before I reached Plymouth, that the game was not worth the candle. I will assist you as far as possible to discover the documents, and then I will, if you will allow me, return to South America."

It was all very amazing to Bland. The man had said almost all that May had predicted he would say. He looked at the girl again, and she nodded.

"You understand that your search——" began Bland.

"Will be under the eyes of the police?" interrupted the man from Valparaiso. "I would prefer it!"

"You would like to start your search at once, I suppose?" asked Bland.

"The sooner the better," said the other, heartily.

"One moment."

It was the girl who spoke.

"You have a very good memory, *señor?*"

For just a fraction of a second the smile died from the man's eyes.

"I have an excellent memory, madame," he said, curtly.

They went together in a cab, and were admitted to Schiller's flat by the police officer on guard.

"Have you any theory?" asked Bland, as they stood in the hall.

"Yes," replied the other, quickly; "I think the documents are hidden in a recess in the wall behind a secret panel. It may take a week to find the panel. This is a very old house, and it is possible Mr. Schiller chose it for some structural advantage it may have had."

Again Bland thought rapidly. The frankness of the man—his willingness to help—the talk of secret panels was all in accordance with the girl's amazing prophecy.

He saw the glee in her eyes—glee at the mystification of her chief.

Then he turned to the little man.

"Go ahead," he said.

Señor Silva bowed.

"I will take this wall first," he said, "and I will search for the evidence of a panel. My fingers are perhaps more sensitive than yours——"

His hand was outstretched towards the dado when——

"Stop!"

At the sound of the girl's sharp warning Señor Silva turned.

"Before you go any farther," she said, "let me ask you if you value your life?"

The Chilian shrugged and spread his hands.

"Naturally, madame."

The girl turned to Bland.

"If this man learns Code 2—what will happen to him?"

Bland looked from May to the face of the stranger.

"He will certainly die," he said, simply.

She nodded.

"You may go on if you wish—but you are starting a little too far to the right."

His face went a ghastly grey.

"To the right!" he stammered.

"The message to you begins at the door, Señor Viztelli," she said, calmly; "the code does not begin until you reach the window. Will you continue?"

He shook his head, having no words.

Bland called in his men, and they hustled the little South American into a cab.

"And now explain," said Bland.

The girl walked to the wall near the door and touched the dado.

"Feel," she said.

Bland's fingers touched the wallpaper gingerly. He felt a few pin-point eruptions, passed his hand to the right and felt more. Then the truth dawned on him.

"Braille!" he whispered.

The girl nodded.

"Schiller's father was a blind man," she said, "and Schiller evidently took up the study of the alphabet by which blind men read. Silva was informed how the code had been written, and, by Schiller's instructions, also learnt Braille against the time when it would be necessary to take over Schiller's work."

She ran her fingers along the dado.

"There are seven lines of writing, and they run round the room," she said. "Schiller pasted this dado on himself a bit at a time—as fast as he was able to photograph Code 2. This is how the top line begins.

"To Raymond Viztelli," she read, "keep up pretence helping police; be frank as I have told you. Tell them there is a secret panel and you will be able to come often. Code begins, 'Abraham' means 'new guns have been fitted——'"

Bland caught her hand and gently drew it away.

"If you want to be a nice live girl and dine with me to-night," he said, half humorously, "do not pursue your investigations any farther."

That afternoon Bland did a little amateur paper stripping, and made a good job of it.

DEFYING GRAVITATION.

CLIMBING A RUGGED AND PATHLESS MOUNTAIN FRONT IN LAKELAND.—ONE OF STAFF-CAPTAIN LITTLE'S RECORD CLIMBS.

Our Despatch-Riders in the Making.

Some Adventures in the Training of one of the Newest Branches in the Service.

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

Photos. by George Abraham, Keswick.

"YOUR despatch-riders are *wunderschön*—more than wonderful!" Thus spake an experienced German officer, one of the first of the war prisoners to arrive in England. He knew the tremendous part which our motor-cycle despatch-men played in the saving of the British Army in the tragic days of Mons and the Great Retreat. Stormed at by shot and shell and by officers driven often to desperation by the overwhelming numerical superiority of the enemy, the despatch-men performed the most marvellous deeds of bravery and heroic sacrifice. Great distinction

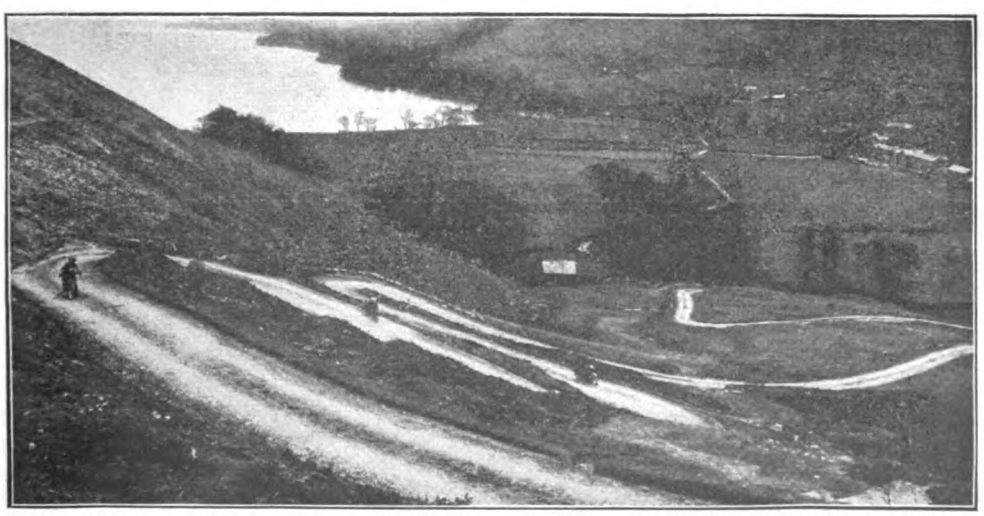
and rapid promotion have come to many of those who, before our air service made good, acted as eyes, ears, and nerves of an army in a strange land.

Truly the efficiency of this new branch of the Service has been one of the surprises of the war. But those in the know were not surprised. The British motor-cycle is the best in the whole world. For years previously it had been tested over the roughest and most rugged country in Britain. Innumerable enthusiasts had engaged in rough-riding competition, not only on roads, but on mountains where even mortals afoot are wary of wandering.

Ben Nevis and Snowdon had been climbed, but it was in the Lake District of Cumberland and Westmorland and on the Pennines that the real art of rough-riding developed so remarkably. This was the secret of the early efficiency of our despatch-riders which astounded the Germans. For instance, Skiddaw and Helvellyn were climbed, the crumbling and slippery scars of Sty Head Pass were crossed, and several other lofty records showed what could be done by plucky Britons on British machines. These were the men who, in the earlier days of the war, scoured the plains and hills of Northern France, ofttimes disdaining highways where German death-traps had been specially prepared for them, and astonishing everybody by their cheerful ubiquity. Later, the same type of men in charge of side-car machine-guns dashed irresistibly to victory on Hill 60.

Two famous enthusiasts of motor mountaineering who did so much to demonstrate and test the powers of the modern motor-cycle for the despatch-riders were Messrs. W. B. Little and G. Braithwaite. The former joined the Army in the early stages of the war, and is a remarkable example of quick promotion, for after going through the severe struggles in Northern France he is now appointed on the Headquarters Staff as staff captain, and has just received the Military Cross for bravery in the field. The latter expert is at Kendal, which is centrally situated for the rough wilds of the northerly mountains, and he is rendering expert advice in the training of the drafts of despatch-riders, of which more anon.

Staff-Captain Little will always be remembered as the first man to show how to climb rough and pathless mountain-sides on a motor-cycle, and also as the first motor-cyclist to reach the summits of Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and other heights. The writer well remembers the consternation of the spectators during a famous hill-climbing competition in the North. The steep road, and a fairly good one withal, zigzagged round fearsome corners up the open fellside. After a wild skid on one of these acute corners Little left the road and dashed directly up the front of the mountain, bouncing and bumping over rocks and heather directly for the upper spectators. An aged and "horsey" native, who looked on motors as inventions of the Evil One, shouted excitedly, "Ho'd it! Ho'd it! It's lost its head!" "Man or machine?"



"THE ENGLISH STELVIO"—A FAMOUS TEST-HILL FOR THE DESPATCH-RIDERS.
THIS REMARKABLE HILL, WITH ITS STEEP GRADIENTS AND REMARKABLE "HAIR-PIN" BENDS, IS AT HOWTOWN HAUSE, ABOVE ULLSWATER.

asked the writer, calmly; and this helped to reassure the aged one that the rider was not actually being carried off by his mount. This was soon evident, for he skilfully avoided the stampeding natives and rejoined the road above the corners, thus making record time for the ascent. In the end, of course after arguments, he was disqualified.

There were innumerable adventures during the real mountain climbs, notably on Helvellyn. On the steep, stony, sliding slopes two main difficulties were met with. These were the tendency of the driving-wheel to fail in its grip and spin helplessly, and on gradients in the vicinity of 1 in 2 the front wheel mounted upwards in mid-air, thus causing the machine to rear like a bucking horse. This latter tendency accounted for a narrow escape on Helvellyn. At one severe corner where the rider was sore tried to keep his place on the leaping, squirming, and sliding machine the front wheel suddenly struck an outstanding rock. Up came the wheel in space. For an instant there was a breathless poise, but the grip of gravitation prevailed. Man and machine toppled backwards and disappeared over the edge of the crag-girt track. We dashed forward to the rescue, and sight revealed the machine lodged on a crag and Little rolling over and over amongst the bracken on the mountain-side fifty feet below. He stopped with his head just short of some big rocks; a few inches farther and "the nation's list of the

UP "THE DARK BROW OF THE MIGHTY HELVELLYN."

STAFF-CAPTAIN W. B. LITTLE STRUGGLING UP THE GRASSY SLOPES, ONE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THIRLMERE—THE LAKE IS SEEN BELOW.

THE RECORD CLIMB UP HELVELLYN.

THE MACHINE, STRIKING A BOULDER WITH THE FRONT WHEEL, REARS LIKE A BUCKING HORSE, BUT FAILS TO DISLODGE THE STAFF-CAPTAIN.

heroes of Loos" would have been short of a useful name. This was simply one of innumerable adventures; it is characteristic of British grit and determination, which beat the mighty Helvellyn and will beat the mighty Hun as well.

During the present winter the writer has seen the fruits of these rough-riding tests in the up-to-date training of the despatch-riders. With reassuring official foresight the men have been trained over rough country similar to that in which they will operate in the mountainous districts where campaigning is now in progress. The art of following a "tricky" route over intricate and hilly country has been fully practised. Moreover, team competitions have recently been arranged between the despatch-riders of three well-known regiments stationed in the North. With Kendal as starting-point sets of six or seven riders from the Lancashire Hussars, the Duke of Lancaster's Own, and

the Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry have engaged in competitive runs over mountain routes. These have been planned and carried out by keen local officials and enthusiastic officers, though several of the latter also engaged in the thoroughly sporting outings. Many of Lakeland's famous hills were included in the day's work, and at first the competitions were mainly remarkable for the disappearance of the men. Lost despatch-riders roused the echoes and the natives in many a lonely mountain dale. Few returned with many of the hundred marks with which they started out, for five had to be deducted for every involuntary stop, and the penalty for losing the proper route practically meant failure. To settle which was the winning team often proved impossible. However, a healthy rivalry developed between the regiments concerned, which promoted efficiency. But skill has come with practice, and later results have been magnificent.

The story of a recent run, in which the writer joined as observer, will illustrate the sort of adventures that training despatch-riders have encountered in the wild wintry North. From Kendal the route was planned over the Greyhound Hill to Sedbergh, where the Dent Valley would be entered and followed until the climb over Dent Head allowed Hawes to be reached. Thence the notorious Buttertubs Pass was to be crossed and also Tan Hill to reach Kirkby Stephen, whence Kendal would be gained through Tebay. It was a glorious round of over one hundred miles, but, alas! man proposes and the weather disposes in many a mountain venture.

It was a winter's morning of cloudless beauty as, mounted in an official side-car machine, we set forth from Kendal, following the noisy, cheery despatch-riders up the steep intricacies of the well-known Greyhound Hill. They had been sent off from Kendal Drill Hall at three-minute intervals. Up and up we climbed to the sunny heights until, near the crest of the long hill, there came the magnificent backward view over the snowy Lakeland heights, and the dark depths of Kendal Vale lay far away below in early morning gloom. But the wonders of the scene had small attraction for two of the riders—the wonders of the American magnetos, which were fitted to a few of the machines, absorbed all their attention. The only drawback to the outing proved to be these typically flimsy fittings. It was proved that day that nothing American must be used on our despatch-riders' mounts.

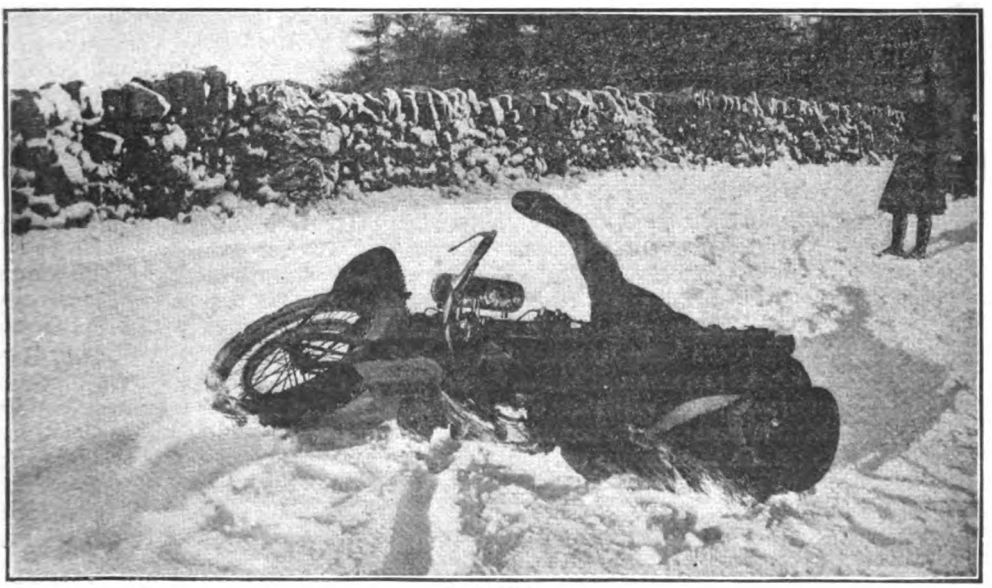
Then ahead there came the revelation of the white-crested Pennine giants, but as yet the lofty roadway was quite clear of snow, and there was little augury of coming adventures. At Sedbergh we swung off to the right and threaded the depths of Dentdale. In Dent Village, the popular summer haunt, there was just time to notice the quaint old fountain and the country smells, ere we were dashing out into the wilds and swiftly up the inclines of the higher dale. The two-thousand-foot mass of Whernside loomed alabastrous overhead. The sight was the first warning that winter held the heights in its iron grip. Soon it held us also, for the road, ever tending upwards, struck the snow-line. Speed was perforce reduced until at last progress became as uncertain as that of a puppy on a frozen pond.

Suddenly we slid round a surprising corner into such a traffic block as has never been seen on the Pennines. It was the foot of Dent Head Hill, and on the fearsome gradient the despatch-men were performing wonderful feats of balance and language. Six inches or more of snow lay on the icy incline, and driving-wheels mostly failed to grip the treacherous slope. One plucky rider charged headlong at "the enemy." There was an unnerving skid and a riot of whirling wheels. The rider lost his head and stood on it almost simultaneously. Truly he bit the dust, or rather the snow, with a vengeance, but as he bit his tongue also his remarks were fortunately nipped in the bud. This cooled the ardour of the others, and eventually, after innumerable escapades, five only of the official riders reached the summit of the mile-long hill. Our side-car machine was less successful than this type on Hill 60, for more by man-power than horse-power it ploughed and struggled its way up to the top of the snowy height.

It was a beautiful world of gleaming whiteness. The only visible signs of life were the tiny black specks of movement where, far ahead, the plucky "despatchers" struggled upwards, on more gentle gradients, to the high mountain's front. The peacefulness of the snowy solitudes was not reflected in our minds, for the forward prospect looked unpromising, and nobody felt anxious to return down that slippery scarp. However, the storm of the previous day had swept much of the deeper snow off short sections of the lofty road, and these clearer parts gave the starting-point for many a wild rush through the yielding drifts. But on the highest part of the pass they did not yield.

Finally, one big drift hung up the whole party six hundred feet above the sea. Ominous storm-clouds sailed up over the white wastes. Forward lay the only way of escape, for the road now dipped gently downwards towards Newby Head. The irresistible dash of the despatch-riders was here in full evidence; all were determined not to give up the fight and leave the machines in the snow until a big rescue party could be organized next day. Thus the heavy official side-car was brought into use as a snow-plough, and with three boisterous passengers aboard we charged the drifts persistently. At one bad place a gate was discovered and used somewhat as a bridge to consolidate the soft snow for the crossing. Eventually clearer ground was reached, and near the end the lance-corporal said he would rush and jump the drift. At speed he charged the white mass, but the machine stopped and the rider went on head first into a soft deep drift. We rescued him spluttering.

Then, eventually, all obstacles were passed, and we arrived at Newby Head Inn, one thousand four hundred and fifty feet high, and one of the many highest inhabited houses in England. We were soaked to the skin, very much the worse for wear, and terribly hungry. In fact, since the early regulation breakfast frost-bite was the only bite we had had all day. This latter was not serious, but the irrepressible cheerfulness of the despatch-men received a check at this lonely, far-off hospice 'midst the icy hills. It was just past closing time, and, despite their condition, the men who serve their country had to be denied hospitality. How strange the law seemed at such a time! Fortunately, the civilian closing time was half an hour later, and one of the party could for once "do his bit." Thus all were well treated.



A SPILL.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR BITES THE DUST—OR RATHER THE SNOW—ON THE WAY UP DENT HEAD HILL.

It was now evident that to complete the competition was impossible, and in expressive official language it was termed a "wipe-out." Certainly the snowy Pennines had wiped us out completely, and the homeward way to Kendal was made by a circuitous but certain route. It had been a thrilling day of adventure and one which showed the grit and endurance of our splendid despatch-riders to the full. Some carried with them to the wilds of Serbia pleasant memories of their training in the northern mountains, and when others of the party come to thread those heights beyond the plains of France the lessons of the rugged ways will certainly serve them and their country in good stead.

LITTLE CANDLES.

By RICHARD BIRD.

Illustrated by E. H. Shepard.

I.

MRS. SWANWICK was in a bad temper. At all times she disliked railway journeys, even when their rigours were softened by an attentive husband and a well filled purse. But now that the war had altered values and Arthur was kept in town by business, she felt an added bitterness against the Germans. The company would reserve no seats; it was just after the New Year, when the trains were sure to be crowded. She had four children and a nursery governess to be responsible for. Her husband escorted them to King's Cross three-quarters of an hour before the train was due to start, optimistic in spite of every warning. He was reminded that it is easy to be optimistic at another's expense. However, Mr. Swanwick was justified of his faith. Thanks to the early start, liberal tips, and some hard pushing, the party in due course found themselves established in a first-class compartment, comparatively unscathed. Mr. Swanwick counted the children carefully, kissed his wife, and got out on to the platform.

"You'll be all right now, Molly," he said, cheerfully, consulting his watch. "You've got rather more than half an hour to wait, but you've filled the carriage."

"At least we're *in*," said Mrs. Swanwick, with an ill-used air. "But I feel as mauled and tousled as if I'd been at a sale. What a crush of people!"

"Something like a football crowd," agreed her husband, regarding the hurrying and excited throng. "Never mind! You're *in*. I think I'd better be off now. You have the tickets and your purse all right?"

"Yes. And you'll join us at Cousin Laura's next week?"

"I hope so, but I'll wire you. Well, good-bye, chicks. Good-bye, Miss Campion. Write and tell me if they eat too much. Bye-bye, Molly!"

Hurried kisses—largesse to soften the paternal innuendo—a cheerful wave. Mr. Swanwick was gone, and his family settled themselves to while away the time until the start.

Not only during the wait, but also for some time after the start a constant stream of disgusted passengers tramped the corridor. Envious eyes scanned the compartment, counting jealously, disagreeably assuring themselves that in this carriage, as in all the rest, every seat was occupied. Being New Year, in addition to the holiday traffic a number of soldiers and sailors on furlough sought vainly for a haven. Passengers bearing their own luggage; passengers "travelling light"; passengers accompanied by servants or train attendants avid of tips—convoyed or rebuffed by a harassed guard—searched from end to end for seats that gold could not buy. The hunt continued for some twenty minutes after leaving King's Cross. At last the unlucky residue, conquered by facts, made the best of it and disposed themselves about the corridors, leaning against the rail, smoking, or sitting on the baggage whose rightful home was a rack.

"Miss Campion!" said Mrs. Swanwick, suddenly. "There goes Jack! Tell him to come back at once!"

Dorothy Campion had been busy with the two youngest girls and a picture-book, and had not noticed the escape. Jumping up, she pursued the retreating form of Jack (aged ten) along the corridor. She called the truant in peremptory tones, but he laughed mischievously over his shoulder and hurried on, intent on exploration. The governess, at a disadvantage through years and bulk (for a girl of twenty-three takes more space in an encumbered passage and has more dignity to lose), made slower progress. The boy was through the second coach before she was within ten yards of him. Pushing his way, regardless of grown-up corns, Jack fled before her. Annoyed, amused, flushed, and a little breathless, Dorothy apologized her way along. In the third coach her cry of "Jack! Come here at once!" received an unexpected answer.

"'HERE HE IS!' HE SAID, CHEERFULLY. 'ANOTHER MINUTE AND HE'D HAVE BEEN IN THE GUARD'S VAN!'"

In the open space at the end of the carriage she found her quarry in the grasp of an alien hand. A big man, seated on the floor, grasped Jack by the breeches, observing calmly: "Young man, there's a lady calling!" The prisoner made no effort to escape, once he had taken in the costume of his captor. The latter was a soldier in uniform, hung about with haversack and wallets. A rifle, the breech wrapped in canvas, leaned close by. He wore a goat-skin coat, and was caked with dried mud from head to foot. But the mud could not hide the fact that several days had elapsed since he had shaved. As the governess drew near he glanced up.

"Here he is!" he said, cheerfully, and the cultivated accent sounded oddly from such a figure. "Another minute and he'd have been in the guard's van!"

"Thank you very much," gasped Dorothy, breathless from the chase. "Jack, you are a naughty boy, and must come back at once."

"Oh, I say, Miss Campion!" pleaded Jack. "Mayn't I stop here a bit? I want to talk to this chap—he's been in the trenches, and——"

"*At once!*" repeated Dorothy, severely. "And remember it's not manners to say 'this chap.' You ought to apologize——"

"Awfully sorry," said Jack, cheerfully. "I didn't mean any harm. But, please, Miss Campion——"

"No!" said Dorothy, anticipating the plea. Then to the stranger, "Thank you again. I do hope he's not said anything else that's dreadful."

"Not at all," he answered, looking at her with a smile. Dorothy appreciated the

charm of the smile, but she noticed something more. Behind the mud and unkempt features she saw that the soldier was a man tired out, his eyes cavernous with war and lack of sleep. The cheeks were drawn. His smile came with an effort.

"You do look tired!" she said, impulsively.

"I am—a bit," he admitted, with a weariness that was patent and pitiful. "I only came across last night."

"From France?"

"Flanders," he amended. "Left the trenches at eleven o'clock. Motor-bus to Somewhere in France. Boat from Havre, and rail to Waterloo. Taxi to King's Cross (oh! but a taxi is solid comfort!) and—here I am! Presently, York; and then, bed!"

"Of course, you couldn't find a seat?" said Dorothy, sympathetically, keeping a tight hold on Jack, who was all eyes and ears.

"Oh, I've found a seat!" said the soldier, whimsically, and her heart warmed to him, so patient and so cheerful. "And that reminds me!" He scrambled suddenly to his feet. "I'm sure I beg your pardon, loafing like this while a lady's talking. The fact is"—he swayed a little, and steadied himself by the door—"the fact is, I'm rather fagged, and——"

"Sit down!" commanded Dorothy, in much the same tones as she had just employed with Jack. "Sit down at once, and don't be absurd!" She paused a moment, taking her resolution. Then, "I think I can find you a seat farther up. Please wait here till I come back."

The wearied man began to say, "Don't trouble; I'm——" But the girl and the truant were already on the return journey. Jack was restored to a mildly indignant parent, and then the governess made her request.

"Mrs. Swanwick, would you mind my giving up my seat to a soldier who is travelling in the train? He stopped Jack for me. When I thanked him I found out that he has just come back from the trenches. He's worn out, and—and he's sitting on the floor. Do you mind?"

She paused, flushed and eager. Mrs. Swanwick raised her eyebrows in unfeigned amazement.

"Give up your seat to a soldier!" she said. "Do you mean that you want to take Irene in your lap? The child wouldn't be comfortable; she's too big. I couldn't allow that."

"I didn't mean that," said Dorothy, impatiently. "I meant to stand in the corridor myself——"

"And am I to look after the children while a man occupies the seat we had almost to fight for an hour ago?"

"I could stay just outside the door," pleaded Dorothy. "If you wanted anything, I could come in at once. Oh, Mrs. Swanwick, can't you realize how I feel about it? Here is a man who has been fighting, not for a seat in a carriage, but for *us*, for you and me, out in Flanders. He left the trenches at eleven o'clock last night, and has been travelling ever since. He's worn out—dead from want of sleep—and he's sitting on the *floor!* It's so little we can do for these brave men! I should be ashamed of myself if I held back from such a paltry service. Oh, Mrs. Swanwick!"

Her voice broke with generous emotion, and her eyes filled with unshed tears.

Mrs. Swanwick looked out of the window, feeling that this day was indeed unfortunate. She had plenty of sympathy and admiration for the Empire's fighting men. She had subscribed liberally to various funds for their relief and comfort. She had even knitted. But the thought of personal sacrifice was less alluring than filling in a cheque, and she had no wish to admit a stranger to the snug sanctities she had won with so much trouble. Yet to refuse outright was difficult. She tried to temporize.

"Is he an officer? she asked.

"No!" flashed Dorothy. "He's just an ordinary tired man, one of the ordinary men whose weariness keeps us safe. Thanks to him and his like, we are travelling in peace, and safety, and *honour* at this very moment."

"But—he may be dirty," objected her employer, feebly, feeling no match for this perverse young woman, who ought to be much more subservient than she was.

"He *is* dirty," said Dorothy; "very dirty. All over dried mud."

"Then that settles it," observed her employer. "The children might catch——"

The nursery governess squared her shoulders.

"Mrs. Swanwick," she said, quietly, "you've always treated me with consideration. And I've always tried to do my duty cheerfully and respectfully. But I feel so strongly about this—I feel that the best of us ought to be only too ready to do *anything* for such men—that if you refuse me now, I shall have no option but to——"

The sentence was never finished. In the tone of Dorothy's voice and the gleam of her

eyes Mrs. Swanwick read an ultimatum: "A month's notice." That must not be. Dorothy, capable, honest, and a lady, was too valuable to lose for the sake of two or three hours' discomfort. Mrs. Swanwick was selfish, but she had common sense. With a glance that said plainly, "No fuss before the children," she agreed, ill-humouredly.

"Oh, very well; bring the man in."

Flushed with triumph, the nursery governess made her way back through the train. She found the object of her compassion awake, but nodding.

"It's all right," she announced, cheerfully. "I've found you a seat."

He stood up, blinking, amazed.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I've searched every carriage. There's not a seat to be had."

"There is," she contradicted, "and a comfortable seat, too. It's a first-class and a non-smoker, I'm afraid, and there's a lady and four children to face. But it's a seat."

He saw the explanation now.

"You're giving up your own," he said, smiling very happily. "That's awfully good of you, but you can't expect me to take it."

"Oh, what does it matter?" she said, blushing a little. "It was mine, and I'm thankful it was."

"Thankful?" he echoed. "Why?"

"Because it's all I can do," she answered, softly. "It's so little, and you have done so much."

"No more than the others," he said, his eyes resting on her. "All the same, I can't accept your kindness."

"If you knew how I had to fight for it," she returned, exasperated, "you wouldn't be so obstinate."

"You mean before the train started?"

"No, just now. My employer thought——"

Dorothy broke off quickly, remembering she must be loyal to her salt.

"I ought not to have said that; please forget it. Now, don't argue any more, but come and sit down."

"No," he still refused, "I can't do that."

"Then if you don't, *nobody* shall sit in it. I'll stand all the way in the corridor."

Again he searched her face with keen, quizzical, admiring eyes. After a short pause he said quietly, "Thank you very much. I accept with pleasure. But will you please tell me one thing first?"

"What is it?"

"Your name and address. I should like to write and thank you."

Dorothy tossed her head.

"The gratitude is all on the other side. There is no need for thanks."

He did not press his request, perhaps to her disappointment. Instead, he followed her meekly till they reached the debated land. Mrs. Swanwick was discovered buried in a book; it was reserved for the children to give him his meed of round-eyed adoration. Questions were forestalled by Dorothy's command, "You mustn't bother him, children. He is very tired, and is going to sleep."

The soldier removed some of his equipment and put it under the seat. Then he sank down on the padded cushions with a sigh of gratitude, and his eyes closed automatically. Dorothy stepped out into the corridor, closing the door behind her as gently as possible.

II.

Outside York the signals were against the train, which pulled up with a jerk. The sudden stop aroused the soldier, who rubbed his eyes sleepily. When he was fully awake, he glanced at the watch on his wrist. For a few minutes he sat still, adjusting himself to the situation. Presently his eyes wandered to the corridor entrance. As he saw the trim little back of the nursery governess, keeping vigil, steadfast, he smiled to himself and fell a-thinking. When he stood up and fastened his equipment about him, the children watched in shy silence, Jack with difficulty obeying the order of "No questions." His preparations completed, the soldier took a suit-case off the rack. Looking over his shoulder, he said courteously to Mrs. Swanwick, "May I help you with your luggage when we get to York? It is only a quarter of a mile ahead."

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Swanwick, stiffly; "we are going on to Newcastle." He replaced the case quietly; but, as he did so, the soldier tore off the label unobserved. A smile of triumph lit up his muddy features. In his hand lay either Dorothy's name and address or those of her employer. In either case he could now write the letter of thanks. He turned round. "Well," he said, cheerfully, "I must leave you now, and I thank you very much for letting me sleep here."

"Not at all," mumbled Mrs. Swanwick, suffering unwonted pangs of shame. He might be a gentleman! He spoke like a gentleman! But it was too late for any *amende*, even if she had decided upon one. For, with a gay nod to the children, the soldier stepped out into the corridor. The train started again slowly as he shut the door, and

"IT WAS RESERVED FOR THE CHILDREN TO GIVE HIM HIS MEED OF ROUND-EYED ADORATION."

at the same moment Dorothy turned and saw him.

"I get out here," he began, abruptly. "Thank you again for your kindness. I've had a splendid rest."

"I'm so glad," she said, heartily. "So glad I had—a chance! Well, good-bye and good luck!"

She held out her hand frankly, and he pressed it swiftly. "A moment, please!" he begged. "I say! Do you know your Shakespeare?"

Dorothy stared at him, unable to guess his meaning.

"Pretty well," she answered. "Why?"

"There's a quotation in the 'Merchant' that I've always liked," he said, quietly. "Do you remember it?—

"'*How far that little candle sheds its beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.*'"

Her eyes shone.

"It's a very little candle in the present case," she said, softly. "But I'm glad—I'm proud you feel like that."

The train pulled up at the York platform. He opened the door and got out.

"I sha'n't say good-bye," he declared, playing his trump card. "You wouldn't tell me your name, so I took the liberty of stealing a label. I shall write my thanks after all."

Her astonished exclamation was interrupted by a summons from Mrs. Swanwick, who thought it high time to cut short this unconventional interview. When the train moved off, the soldier's heart leapt suddenly as a girl's head appeared. For a moment he thought it was she, and he waved the label in gay triumph. As he did

so, a happy sailor, leaning from one of the rear coaches, passed and grabbed at the extended hand. "Cheer-oh, mate!" he shouted, as he snatched the label. At the same moment Private Charles Tracy realized that the girl was not his late benefactor, and that the address on which he had staked so much was gone beyond recall. He swore quietly, and wondered what to do.

Not being a rich man, he abandoned the first wild notion of chartering a "special" and going in instant pursuit. Yet he resolved to find the trail of the pretty girl who had been kind, whose acquaintance he hoped to renew on more orthodox lines at the earliest opportunity. Private Tracy, of the Honourable Artillery Company, aged twenty-seven, ex-managing clerk with a Lincoln's Inn firm of solicitors, and presently to become a junior partner, had enjoyed a comprehensive experience of men and things. Not without reason, he flattered himself that he knew a man when he saw one, and in this case he used the term "man" in a generic sense. Deeply impressed by a spontaneous act of generous appreciation —guessing at the opposition she had had to contend with—by no means insensible to the personal charms of Dorothy (and she was a very pretty girl)—he stood musing on the York platform. "She's kind, I know. Good, I'd bet my pay and allowances, after looking into those eyes. And what eyes they were—deep blue, and the longest lashes! Dear, and sweet, and English, and—*homey!* Ah! it's worth going out to the trenches, if it were only to learn the real meaning of such things. And now I've lost that cursed label! What next, old son, what next?"

Aroused by a vociferating porter with a barrow, Charles Tracy repaired to a convenient bench to smoke and think. After a short space he hit on a plan that was romantic enough for any potential lover, but appeared to offer the readiest solution of his difficulties. Going to the bookstall, he bought all the Newcastle papers. Then, to the telegraph office. From here he wired an advertisement to each, prepaying a daily insertion for a week. The advertisement read thus:—

"*Will the lady who gave up a seat to a soldier in the train from King's Cross to Newcastle on Jan. 4th, please communicate? The label was stolen.—Box* ——."

In this were great potentialities, and after the telegrams had been dispatched the author went home, congratulating himself on his ready grasp of situations. The "home" in question was merely an abiding-place with an uncle, for both his parents were dead, and he an only child. Still, the uncle was a genial stop-gap, and the first two days of waiting passed not unpleasantly. So brief an encounter could hardly have been expected to inflict a serious wound; besides, he *meant* to see her again. As yet he was not in love, or so he told himself. He was extremely grateful, considerably intrigued, and determined to extend his knowledge. He may have been deceived. Love at first sight is not a common malady, but in the present instance there was plenty of excuse for an impressionable temperament. The contrasts were acute; months of grimy war, and suddenly England again and all she stands for. Cold, wet, mud, and not a single personal friend to meet him at the quay; then, from the blue, a pretty girl with a kind heart, and vitality to compel a sacrifice for a weary stranger. Interest quickened by a spice of opposition, a piquant refusal to give him her name, momentary triumph for his schoolboy craft, the cup dashed from his lips in the act of exultation! What young man with a happy spirit and adventurous instincts would have admitted the finality of the check? Not Charles Tracy, at least. He was resolute to find again the pretty creature, and once more look into her eyes.

But resolution alone, though it deserves success, cannot always command it. When five days had elapsed and the post brought nothing, the soldier grew gloomy. He knew that people did not always read advertisements, but he hoped that the constant repetition must sooner or later meet Miss Campion's eyes, or be called to her attention by some acquaintance's chance remark. He wrote ordering the advertisement to be continued till further notice, and pondered fresh schemes for picking up the trail. Of course, there was the possibility that Dorothy *had* seen the advertisement, but did not wish to elaborate a little kindness into an entangling dalliance with an unknown.

In three days his leave would be up. If anything was to come of this adventure that had promised so well, drastic measures were necessary. Calling himself a fool, yet knowing that he had the wisdom of the ages, Charles made excuses and went North. Three days he spent in Newcastle, three fruitless days of hotel life and pacing the streets, hoping that by some kindness of the blind god he might meet her in thoroughfare or *café*. At the end he went back to the Front, believing himself in love, believing that he had lost his chance by sheer bad luck, but in no wise comforted thereat.

In the months that followed Charles found life less tolerable. The first eager thrills of fighting for one's country and the right had long since vanished. Only remained the old conviction of a just and necessary task, and determination to finish the business at any cost. During spells of watching in the trenches, days of comparative peace in rest camp or billet, breathing spaces after a brief but hot-blooded advance, Private Tracy—now Corporal Tracy, and presently Sergeant Tracy—found opportunities for recalling the little candle that had shed its beams so far, from England into Flanders, and—who knows?—farther yet. A little candle, whose beams had been so quickly, so unnecessarily obscured. The eyes he had thought so pretty and so true in that short passage gained new lustres in the Flemish trenches. The longing to look once more into their depths grew greater during those months of lonely waiting. When other men talked of their next leave, and all they meant to do with it, when they spoke of home and hinted at what it signified—to this man a decent dinner at the Carlton, to that a friendly "pub" in Wapping, to a third a stall at the Gaiety, to many more wife and children again at last—when his comrades spoke of such, Charles Tracy sat silent and meditating. At such times he would consult a cutting from a Newcastle paper, and assure himself that the advertisement was still being inserted. But no answer to that appeal was ever vouchsafed.

III.

DOROTHY CAMPION was a regular student of the daily papers, nor did she neglect the advertisement columns. The fact that she never saw Tracy's appeal was to be explained by one of those everyday tragedies that we read so carelessly, not realizing that the fall of a scaffolding or an open grating may some day have personal and terrible import. On leaving King's Cross Station, Mr. Swanwick had been knocked down by a motòr-bus. A few days later he died in hospital. Mrs. Swanwick was met by her cousin, to whom the present visit was made, with a telegram, bearing the ominous news of the accident. The children were left in the cousin's hands; Dorothy and her employer returned to London by the first available train. Mrs. Swanwick bore her husband's death with surprising fortitude, for, though selfish, she had loved the dead man sincerely.

After the funeral they went North. The train that carried Tracy back to London, *en route* for Flanders, may have crossed theirs. Ships that pass in the night are countless; not always are they granted the chance of speaking each other in passing. At Newcastle they only stayed a night to pick up the children. Then, accompanied by the cousin, a warm-hearted, comfortable woman, they all went down to Whitby, where the Swanwicks had a country house a mile or two outside the picturesque old town.

There had been little time and less desire for the daily papers during these crowded weeks. Besides, save for that one night and morning, Dorothy had not been in Newcastle to be brought in contact with the local Press. The advertisement, shot like an arrow into the air, failed of its mark; but the tired soldier was not forgotten in its despite. While Mrs. Swanwick needed her presence and comfort, and while the Whitby house was being put in order, Dorothy had not much opportunity for weaving stories about the warrior who quoted Shakespeare and stole labels like a schoolboy. But when a month had sped and they were more settled she had leisure to reflect and wonder, to recall his smile and humorous twinkle, to speculate upon the letter that had never been written. She remembered the promise all too clearly, the little stratagem by which he had gained his ends. Yet a month had gone, and still there was no letter. She tossed her head impatiently, and told herself that it was ridiculous to have expected one. He had thanked her, and she had told him truly that the gratitude was due from her; there was no need of anything further. But he had promised in spite of that, and—she was a little disappointed. Illogical? Perhaps. Clear-sighted youth refuses to be governed by the head, so long as there is a sporting chance for a more important organ. Do what she would, it was impossible to free her mind from the arresting picture. A man who had put himself under the ancient law of "Kill or be killed"; who was dirty, unshaved, barbaric; who, nevertheless, spoke like a man of gentle breeding and knew the classics; who, beaten to his knees by sheer fatigue, could yet struggle up to stand before a girl—this was etched into her heart and soul beyond the power of corroding times and vanities. Yet—he had broken his word (which she had not asked) to write and thank her. A pity, truly, that marble must have a flaw.

However, there was no use in brooding or searching for explanations that could never be given. Better to do the day's work, and earn a tramp on the sheer cliffs that guarded

"'WHAT IS IT?' SHE ASKED, OPENING THE DOOR WIDE."

the shore, or the clean breath of the north-east wind across the moors.

May came, and brought the spring in earnest. The days lengthened. Dorothy herself began to feel the need of a holiday, still two months ahead, and chafed a little at the monotony of a governess's life. A single-handed battle is a pleasant memory, but its rewards demand a high price. Grey thoughts accord but ill with spring days. Like a sensible girl she decided that a tonic would do her good. The local doctor prescribed, and a bottle was made up. It was never consumed, for a substitute was provided by the goddess of chance—unless you prefer to change the sex and age.

One evening after dinner the nursery governess and her employer sat talking in the drawing-room. Mrs. Swanwick was knitting socks, while Dorothy did some necessary darning. At ten o'clock the elder lady went to bed. Dorothy sat up to finish her task. The minutes sped unnoticed; when she looked at the clock the hands pointed to a quarter to eleven. Yawning, she rose and made ready to go to bed. As her hand was upon the gas

tap, there sounded a loud double knock upon the front door.

The governess's heart bumped with sudden panic. Who on earth could it be, tapping at such an unseasonable hour? The house was well outside and above the town, perched on the rising uplands overlooking the sea—a lonely house, with no men-servants. Was it a burglar—an assassin—a German spy—the prelude to invasion? The girl laughed, a little unsteadily, at her own facile fears. Yet—who could it be? The servants were all in bed long since—she had better go. She went into the hall, saw to it that the sliding bolt was in place, and then opened the door a few inches. The light from the hall gas first startled and then reassured her. It fell on English khaki and gleaming bayonets. Half-a-dozen soldiers were grouped in the drive.

"What is it?" she asked, opening the door wide. A subaltern saluted dimly in the darkness.

"Very sorry to bother you," he said. The voice thrilled her with an odd familiarity, the reason of which she could not guess. "The fact is, there's a light showing from one of your top windows, and the blind's not down. Of course, I don't suppose it's anything, but it could be seen out at sea. It must be covered up at once."

"It must be one of the maids' rooms," she said, quietly. "I'll go and see. Will you come in?"

"Thank you," he replied, and obeyed while Dorothy ran upstairs. She was met on the landing by Mrs. Swanwick, roused from slumber. To her she quickly explained matters.

"Careless creatures!" snapped Mrs. Swanwick, indignantly. "Yes, Miss Campion. Please go and see. I suppose you can satisfy the soldiers? There's no need for me to come down, is there?"

"Oh, no! I can manage," answered Dorothy, and went to the culprit's bedroom. After verifying her suspicions she returned to the hall. The subaltern was seated, waiting, but rose as she approached. Coming down the stairs the hall lamp shone full upon her face. He was in the shadow, and so could appreciate her excellence.

"It was a servant," she said, as she reached the bottom step. "Sitting up over a novelette and a candle!"

She laughed quietly, and waited for him to say good night. Instead he paused a moment, gazing full upon her. Then he spoke very quietly, but very distinctly. His words were a quotation.

"*How far that little candle sheds its beams!*" he said, and stopped. The utterance stilled the questing of her memory. She made a step forward.

"Oh!" she cried, gaily. "It's you!"

The subaltern's cap was off. He bowed.

"Yes," he returned, demurely; "yes, it's me. My memory is better than yours."

"But you're so—different," she protested, clasping her hands. "*Then*, you were all mud, and beard, and——"

"And weariness," he added. "Also, I was a 'Tommy.' A lot's happened since you gave me that seat. I've been out and home again. Lucky enough to get a commission, and I've been stuck down here to train recruits for a fortnight past. I've been grousing at the dullness of it, but—I think I shall stop grousing now."

Her heart beat curiously. She had known that he must be a gentleman ranker, but nevertheless had not been able to envisage him clean, shaved, immaculate. Yet when he moved and the light fell on him, she saw that his smile was still the same. She recalled the unwritten letter, and drew herself up a little.

"I seem to remember a certain liberty with my suit-case," she hinted, and he adored her for the feigned indifference. He was telling himself that some dreams come true. When he spoke it was with a gay confidence.

"A liberty that was soon punished. Before I'd read the label a 'Jacky' snatched it from me as the train moved out. Did you never see my advertisement?"

"No," she said, wondering. "What was it?"

"I'll show it to you to-morrow," he said, smiling. "It's like 'Charley's Aunt,' still running. May I bring it up? Do you mind if I do?"

She looked at him, and her heart danced with his. Here was a man who had dared and waited.

"I must ask Mrs. Swanwick," she said, primly, trying to make her voice sound commonplace. "I'm her nursery governess, you know."

"Quite proper," he agreed, smiling. "But in any case I shall come. I shall make it my duty to call on Mrs. Swanwick, and officially intimate that she must obey the lighting regulations more strictly. What time is she likely to be at home?"

"She always goes out for a walk about a quarter-past three," said Dorothy.

The subaltern picked up his cap.

"Then I shall call about three-thirty," he declared.

MISS MARGOT TENNANT AND MR. GLADSTONE.
THIS INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH, WHICH WAS TAKEN AT DOLLIS HILL, SHOWS MRS. ASQUITH AT ABOUT THE PERIOD OF THE DIARY.

A WEEK OF ELECTIONEERING.

Notes From My Diary.

By

Mrs. ASQUITH.

JACK and I left Grosvenor Square on Thursday evening, June 30th, 1892, and after a very shaky night, through which I never slept at all, we arrived here—195, West George Street, Glasgow, my grandfather's old house. I went to bed immediately on my arrival, after seeing Eddy, red and sleepy, in bed, at 7.40 a.m.

Friday, July 1st, 1892.—Eddy, who is standing for Partick, and opposing Mr. ——, had an open-air meeting in a shipbuilding yard at one o'clock. It was a regular Glasgow day, black and grey, with soft, damp air closing round one.

I put on my most becoming hat and a short skirt, and, with Jack by my side, threaded my way through a good-natured crowd of grimy "dockers." I smiled and spoke to

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several, hoping the dinner-hour would not clash with their feelings for my brother, or that his speech would not be too heavy for their digestions. They smiled in a friendly, welcoming manner.

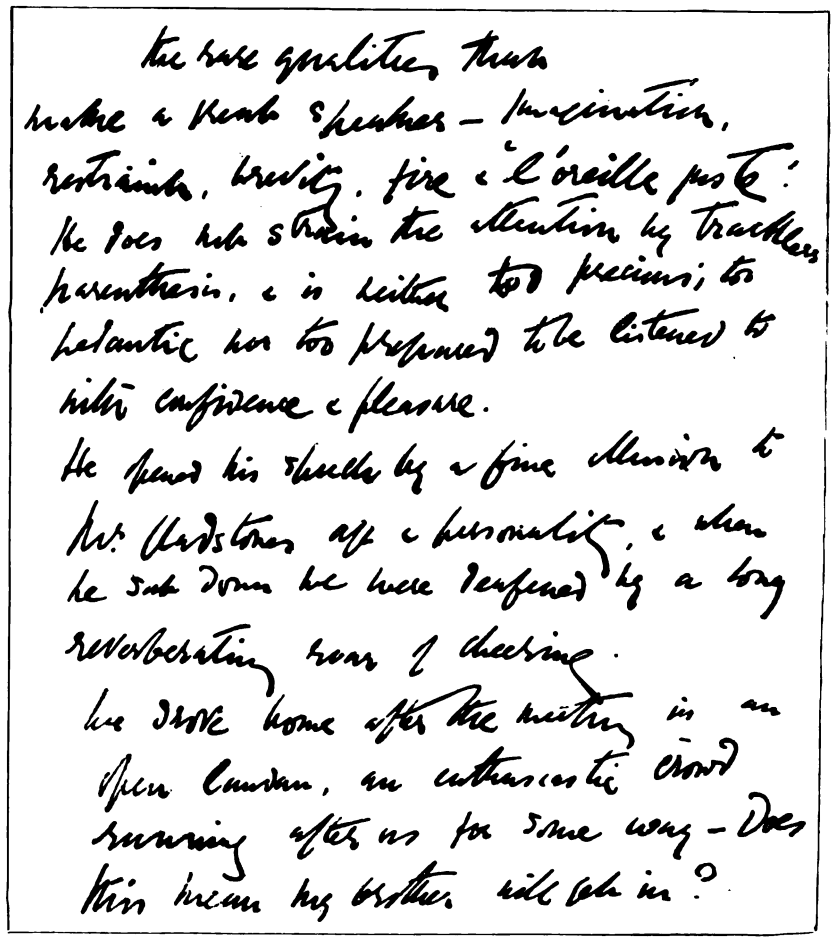
After a little tour we returned to our landau, and Eddy, standing on the seat, addressed over a hundred workmen. I sat by his side, and an enthusiastic supporter in fustian, with a foolish—I may say unworldly—face introduced Eddy to the crowd. Not having heard my brother speak since 1886, when he opened a bazaar, I was nervous and critical. My critical faculty is almost involuntary—it is acute and merciless; it is especially aggravated by the people I love; I not only see their faults and virtues but *feel* them.

I was delighted with Eddy's speech. It was easy, simple, humorous, and manly. He was a good deal interrupted and a great deal cheered. Fifteen questions on slips of paper were thrust into his hands, all of which he read slowly out and answered promptly. One drunkard, with an intellectual face, had a bet with him on some small point, and, to satisfy him, I told him I would see that Eddy paid up. This amused them, and elicited a rough compliment that I was the better man of the two! There was a plentiful sprinkling of Unionists and hecklers from the other side; but the meeting was a success, and after much handshaking we drove away.

Mr. Asquith arrived at tea-time, and I had an interesting talk with him in the drawing-room—a deserted apartment, as liver-coloured as the interior of a Scotch church!

On thinking over our talk I was shocked to find it had been chiefly about myself. I seem to discover the central current out of a zigzag more when I am talking to Mr. Asquith than when I am talking to anyone else.

We dined early, for Eddy's meeting, where Mr. Asquith was to speak. I put on my best gown and sat on the platform. None of our party wore evening clothes, and they smiled at my undemocratic attire. (There is no occasion on which I don't prefer to look nice!) Eddy made a ready and rather telling speech, chiefly about his opponent's mistakes; quite free from malice, and well received. He had a host of questions handed up to him, which he answered admirably.



A SPECIMEN OF THE ACTUAL WORDING OF A PASSAGE FROM THE WITH VERY

He shows courage and looks charming. His voice and manner are attractive.

Mr. Asquith was greeted with hot and enthusiastic cheering, most of the audience standing up and waving their handkerchiefs. I had never heard him speak in my life, so I listened with the greatest curiosity. His head and face make up for what his figure lacks in impressiveness. He has a very good voice and the rare qualities that make a great speaker—imagination, restraint, brevity, and *l'oreille juste*. He does not strain the attention by discursive parenthesis, and is neither too precious, too pedantic, nor too prepared to be listened to with confidence and pleasure.

He made a fine opening about the sentiment attached to Mr. Gladstone's age and personality, and when he sat down we were deafened by a continuous roar of cheering.

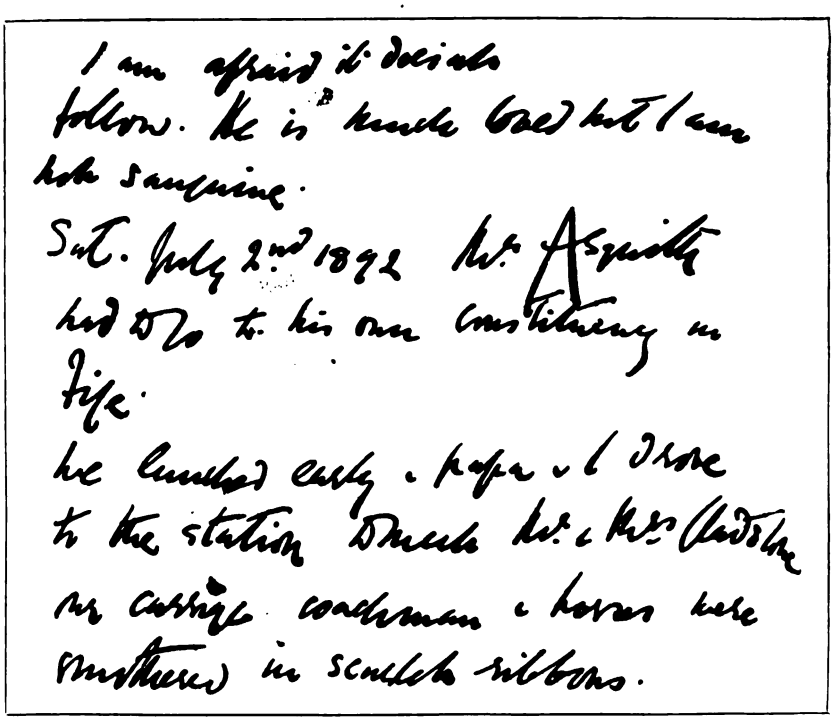
We drove home after the meeting in an open landau and were much cheered *en route*. Does this mean my brother will get in? I'm afraid it doesn't follow. He is very popular, but I am not sanguine.

Saturday, July 2nd, 1892.—Mr. Asquith had to go to his own constituency in Fife.

We lunched early, and papa and I drove to the station to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone—carriage, coachman, and horses covered with scarlet ribbons.

We found Lady Fanny, Mr. Marjoribanks, Sir George Trevelyan, and many delightful Glasgow citizens at the station. We stood waiting and talking for some time till the train like an ironclad bore down imperiously upon us. (I delight in the way engines carry themselves. "*De la tenue, mademoiselle*," as D'Egville, our dancing-master, says to us!) A little girl of uncertain age in a muslin dress held a bouquet and was in danger of being knocked over by my impatient papa. The dear old couple were closed in upon as they got out of their carriage; a screen of police guarded and guided them to our landau. Papa and Lady Fanny jumped in with them and drove off, followed by Sir George Trevelyan, myself, and my brothers. We made a tour round the important streets, escorted by mounted police. (I am interested in mounted police. They generally have round thighs and impartial seats, but they look happier than some of my Melton male friends described in the *Field* as "well forward in the hunt.")

I have driven often in great crowds—when Queen Victoria opened the People's Palace, at Gladstone's Midlothian campaign, at the great Volunteer Review in Edinburgh years ago, and on many Royal and political occasions, but I have never seen such *wonderful* magic in the streets as on that Saturday (July 2nd, 1892). Cheers—long, hoarse, hot, and thrilling—shook the air and beat against the houses; men and women seized the policemen's horses and forced their way to Mr. Gladstone's carriage. A man fell, and a dozen stepped on him. One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We lunched early & papa & I drove
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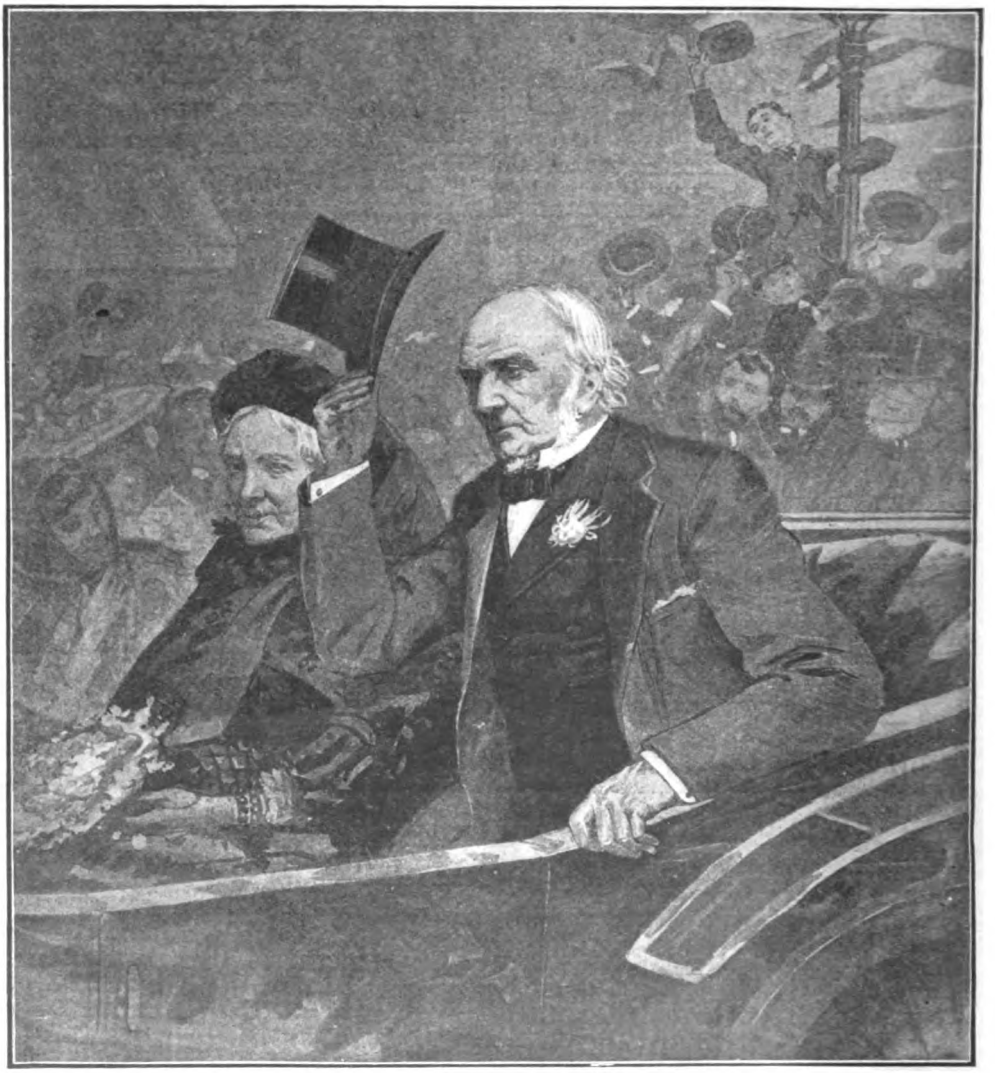
our carriage coachman & horses were
smothered in scarlet ribbons.

DIARY. READERS WILL SEE THAT IT REAPPEARS IN THE ARTICLE LITTLE CHANGE.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF GLASGOW, AMIDST WONDERFUL SCENES OF ENTHUSIASM, DURING THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1892.

boy was run over, but unhurt. Every window and all the roofs were black and red with flags and people. Intoxicating enthusiasm! Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone responded as well as they could—he waved his hat and she her bouquet. Dear old couple! this was the atmosphere they had breathed and lived in and been kept young by for half a century. His strong, uncompromising face, lined like a railway map, turned about right and left, alive with interest in the crowd.

We drove to St. Andrew's Hall, in which Mr. Gladstone was to address an afternoon meeting. In the green-room Sir Algernon West asked me to speak to so small a personage as himself. We walked on to the platform together and sat side by side. I had commissioned Eddy and Jack to get my maid in, and to my delight I saw her sitting next to them behind Mr. Gladstone.

The theatre was full to bursting, every box blocked up to the roof, and every doorway with a scaffold of men up it. My head throbs now at the mere recollection of the reception Mr. Gladstone got as he walked on to the platform and sat down. I had to hide my face; my nerves could not stand it, and I saw many people crying. My brothers and I broke down like children when "Auld

Lang Syne" was sung. The earnest, concentrated look of the sea of faces, and the timbre in their cheers that comes from deep emotion, moved me like death. It was some time before Mr. Gladstone was allowed to speak.

The speech was full of fire and movement —an astonishing piece of vigour. It had the brassy glare of an election speech, and a long, dull part about Maltese marriages, which was intolerable. While this was going on I made a drawing of Mr. Gladstone on the back of a telegram which Sir Algernon West gave me. (As he never stood still for one second, it was difficult to do, and was a failure.)

Although a thin speech, it was magnificently delivered, and the peroration was as fine as anything I ever heard. When he said, with lowered voice, "For a time interrupted by a period of servitude and by the stillness of death," I felt the extraordinary power that an orator can have over a crowd—how he can bring them all to him, as it were, or hold them still. The increased hush, even where there was absolute silence, made you feel as if a spell had been cast, from which it would take a hundred years to free yourself. He told the story of Castor and Pollux with the greatest simplicity: "And upon this star the fond imagination of the people fastened lovely conceptions." The speech had fancy and charm, and the audience felt as if they were children sitting round a prophet; their eyes were on him and their minds full of wonder.

LORD GLENCONNER,

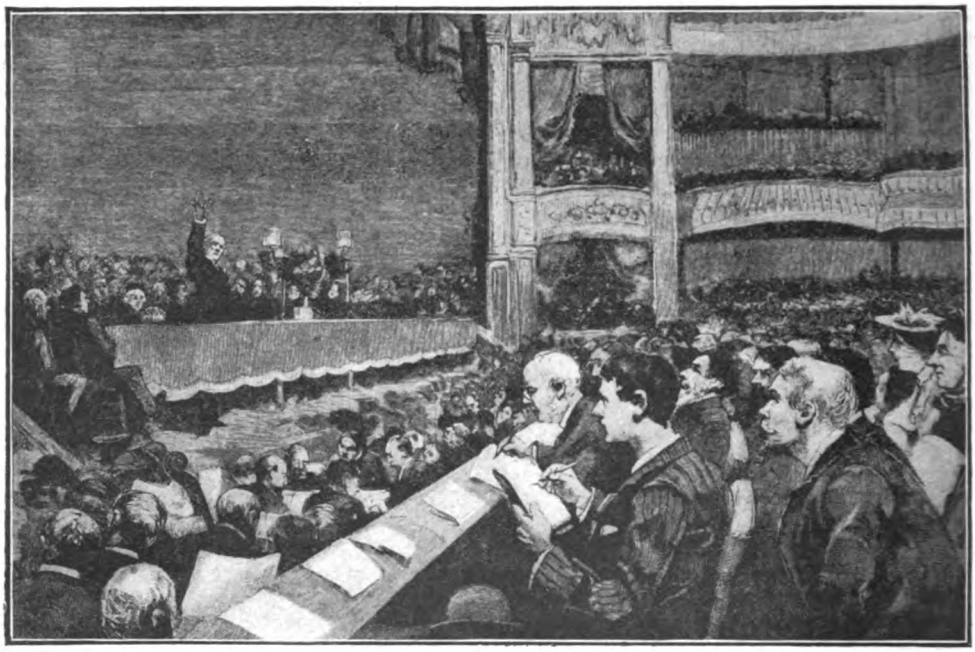
MRS. ASQUITH'S BROTHER, WHO IS REFERRED TO IN THE DIARY AS "EDDY."

Photo. by Russell & Sons.

After the meeting we went into the green-room and were given tea. Very few people went into the room, for fear of tiring Mr. Gladstone. As I had not spoken to him at all, I got my teacup, and he invited me to sit down next to him on the sofa, and there he asked me, before we had said a word, what I thought of Madame Calvé (the opera singer). It took me a second to adjust my brains from the exercise they had just gone through, but I suddenly remembered the last time I had seen him was in Lady Brassey's box at the opera. We had a little talk about music, and then Mr. Marjoribanks came to give him some "Bradshaw" information, and I said good-bye to him.

We sat down to supper in my father's house. Mr. Gladstone talked a good deal, surrounded by a few worshippers. He alluded to some characteristics of an old friend of his, at which one of the circle said, in an ecstasy, "*How* like him!" Mr. Gladstone, a trifle surfeited by continuous agreement, turned on the unlucky man and said, "You claim for yourself a melancholy privilege, sir. If you knew that man you must be at least as old as I am."

I had to catch a train to spend Sunday with the C.'s of T.; so, with the help of a policeman, I found a cab, picked my maid and luggage up, and drove to Queen Street. The crowd was so dense, and the streets so blocked by wagons covered with people, that my cab was stopped, and I foresaw I should lose my train. A heap of men crowded round and cheered "Miss Tannant"; some were drunk —Saturday night is not nice in Glasgow—they thrust their big, black hands into the open cab and insisted on shaking hands with me. I said I hoped they would vote for Tennant on Friday, at which there was a roar of "Yes," and I felt the cab shake as the crowd surged up against it to stare at me. I told them to let me pass, as I wanted to catch a train. They only laughed and cheered and yelled till I felt alarmed. One man shouted, angrily, "Show your colours!" at which I jumped up upon the seat and opened my jacket



MR. GLADSTONE ADDRESSING THE GREAT PUBLIC MEETING AT GLASGOW, 1892.

like wings. Luckily, it was lined with scarlet —a fact I had deplored, as I was in mourning —but it stood me in good stead; with a wild shout, they let me pass, and I threw my red carnations into the air, to be caught and kissed by a violent and noisy group of men.

I caught my train. My brother and I spent Saturday till Monday at a very modern, very ugly house, which my kind and foolish old host described as a "quaint old place." This is just what it was not. It is an early Victorian castle, with Gothic High Church furniture, and dark, from the windows being stained glass (of the kind generally used to conceal leads or bathrooms). Mrs. C. is a very clever Conservative woman, with the serenest indifference to her husband's opinions. She told me her father considered Solomon's harem of concubines a charitable institution!

Monday, 4th July, 1892.—I was very anxious to hear Goschen speak in St. Andrew's Hall, and got Sir John Stirling Maxwell to get me places to go with Mrs. C. I was dressing for this when papa burst into my room with the kind of angry, nervous, boiled-up indignation that he adopts when he is a little frightened of me. He said if I went to this big meeting it would ruin Eddy's chances, and be in all the papers; that he wished I had never come if it was to amuse myself instead of helping Eddy, etc., etc.; so I gave in as nicely as I could. (I was sprightly and sharp at dinner!)

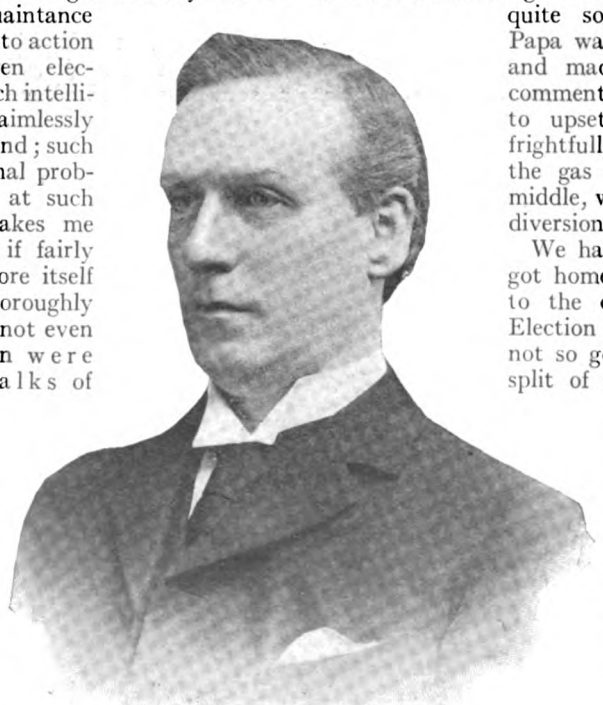
When Mrs. C. called for me I explained that papa thought I might help Eddy more by canvassing, and that I preferred going to his meeting. My temper having recovered, I put on a cloak and hat and drove off with Jack—one of the keenest Liberals I know—to the committee rooms, where we found no one knew in what hall or district Eddy's meeting was held. After a circular drive, we made up our minds to give up the meeting and go personally to canvass. We got a guide, and started off with cards marked "Doubtful." I was much struck by some of the working-men—handsome, manly, intelligent, most of them in their shirt-sleeves reading the papers, full of argument and tolerance, civil, but not emotional! Asking me questions, and more than indifferent to my appearance, I felt one might do worse than win the confidence of such men. One man said, "Yon Asquith convinced me!"; and another that he "didn't hold with Home Rule," but would vote for Eddy because he wished a Liberal Government to get in, and not a slippery middle party. One woman said she would have voted if it had been me standing, and I would get a fair share of votes, she would be bound.

Some of the shops we went into were

repulsive—hot, draughty, smelling of cheese, feathers, and lice; old eggs in straw baskets; bad milk uncovered, and swarms of dirty, unwashed, bickering children, pressing against my petticoats. A stony stare of indifference greeted me at first; but by dint of making easy talk and asking trifling questions we got on, and, the atmosphere softened, I was in no hurry, and they seemed to like attention. There is a good deal of feeling against canvassing in these parts, with which I heartily sympathize; but, as I said, when one side did it, the other could not but follow suit. If I came first, it was only because the Liberals always *did* come first. This and similar stale jocularities made them laugh; on the whole, we were very successful.

The Scotch have more sense than the English; they are very hard to tackle—dour to a degree, but they are of fine quality.

I could not help wishing that many women of my London acquaintance could be startled into action of some kind, even electioneering! So much intelligence circulating aimlessly over West-end ground; such insignificant personal problems worked out at such expense of talk, makes me feel sometimes as if fairly good machinery wore itself out in cracking thoroughly rotten nuts. It is not even as if these women were happy. Carlyle talks of "divine discontent," but I prefer the serene fool who enjoys his life to the aspiring person who succumbs to it. What individuality can you hope to have if you are content to hurl complaints against a society that you do not influence, or remain a spectator of a vast class about whom you neither know nor care?



MR. ASQUITH
AT THE TIME OF THE EVENTS RECORDED IN THE DIARY.
Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Tuesday, July 5th, 1892.—Eddy introduced me to Mr. Tait, the secretary of the Society of Railway Servants in Scotland—a very strong, sane man, with a splendid face like Edgar Vincent's. He began by being a railway porter. He is a Socialist of the best kind, and I had some talk with him. I am on principle a strong Conservative while talking to these men, and for two reasons—I want them to convert me, and I want to modify them. We drove to an open-air meeting of workmen, and Tait spoke very well. One of the workmen was chairman, and stood on the seat of the carriage. It rained most of the time. Glasgow is cursed with an odious climate—dark and wet every day. (In Eddy's room is hung above the mantelpiece a fine mezzotint of "The Veil of the Temple Rent in Twain," full of chiaroscuro and effects of startling sun-rays upon Calvary. I asked him what it represented; he said, "Glasgow in July, I should think!")

In the evening Eddy had a meeting in the hostile part of his constituency—Hillhead. It was a fine meeting. Eddy's speech was not quite so good as usual. Papa was on the platform, and made a few audible comments, which went far to upset him. It was frightfully hot and crowded; the gas went out in the middle, which caused much diversion.

We had supper when we got home, and went down to the club to hear the Election returns. They were not so good, thanks to the split of the Labour candidates. Great excitement in the streets—groups of men with newspapers in their hands; cabmen shaking whips with blue or red ribbons in their rivals' faces.

Wednesday, July 6th, 1892.—Mr. Tait came round, hoarse with open-air speeches. I gave him a raw egg and brandy, and had a good talk with him. He made some very good political and personal criticisms—praised Gerald Balfour highly, and pointed out some mistakes he thought John Burns had made in connection

with the railway strike (he is fond of John Burns).

Mr. Tait said that one of his objects in supporting Eddy was that he knew the ins and outs of papa's conduct through the strike, and that he (papa) had never had justice done to him, and that if this strike went against Eddy he would speak out and tell them the truth. I thanked him very much, and told him how I had met John Burns, and how nice he had been to me. "Oh! Jack would be *all* that!" he said, in a tone of enthusiastic approval.

We lunched at twelve-thirty, and all drove to open-air meetings of workmen—very enthusiastic. Eddy and I, looking our best, bowed to the cheerers, and I spoke privately to the men who pressed against the carriage. I begin to feel like Royalty, but still am not sure of winning! I canvassed from six to eight with a Miss ——, a staunch Home Ruler who had been at the Ulster demonstration and longed to speak, as she is a professional reciter; but, being a "descriptive journalist," as she told me, on the staff of a Tory paper, her Liberal opinions would cost her her place. I am surprised to find how many Liberal Press people write for Tory papers—it is almost as dishonourable as the editor of a paper who disowns most of the editorials, putting the blame on a boss that he cannot control.

We were not quite so successful in our visits, and I have an instinct that we shall get beaten. One woman said she would see her husband choked before she would let him vote for Eddy. One man told me he had intended voting for Mr. ——, but this gentleman had been incautious enough to abuse Mr. Gladstone. "I would not stand and have our old man abused, so I'll just no vote at all." This tepid arrangement did not suit me at all, so I settled down to convert him, and had a delightful talk—the result of which I shall never know, but I "had his promise," as they say.

My brother and I were joined in our canvass by a man whose name I did not catch (if I do catch names I very soon let them go). He stalked the streets by my side with his head looking at the top windows above the shops. This got on my nerves, so, after almost feverish restraint on my part, I said, "Why do you look up all the time?" He answered, "I'm an undertaker, and I look to see if the window blinds are drawn down."

We joined Eddy at the board school. The speeches of Eddy's supporters amused me. One gentleman, in a tone of unmeasured contempt, spoke of Mr. ——'s mind as subtle! Condemnation could go no farther. Another confident and facetious person began his speech, "If I were an emperor," but appearances were so much against the supposition that this opening was greeted with shouts of laughter. The speech, however, ended rather well, with an exhortation to the "wobblers" to be on one side or the other, "and not to join those damned souls in Dante for whom mercy had no favours or justice any punishment, because in this world no one knew on which side they were."

Friday, 8th.—The great day! My enthusiasm was a little damped by a portrait of Eddy which appeared in the popular Radical paper. We breakfasted early—my father, Eddy, and Jack—and all together. We were in high spirits, and I have seldom seen Eddy better.

At 8.30 a.m. he and I and his agent drove our rounds in the landau, the footman and coachman decorated with red. There was a sudden and singular wind which faced us in whatever direction we drove. Eddy thought a white hat would be impressive. Colours, either blue or red, were hung from the house-tops, and we were hotly cheered—which is always pleasing, if deceptive, as most of the cheerers are idle little boys or men who go feather-stitching down the road and have no votes. We passed two funeral carriages, and out of each window the hearty faces of the mourners burst forward, screaming their good will and waving their handkerchiefs. It was like a page out of Dickens, illustrated by Cruikshank.

We drove from polling-booth to polling-booth.

Eddy was greeted as "the Grand Young Man," and I heard a group of mill girls and superior sort of working-women, leaning up against each other, pronounce the opinion that I was "affy neat!" When I tell you that this appellation was given to Sarah Bernhardt when she acted in Edinburgh, you will perhaps excuse me explaining the application.

At —— there was a marked change in the voters, and the stair was strewn with torn-up red cards, "Vote for Tennant," which had been pressed into the unwilling gloved hands of the villa population. There is an icy spirit of negation about the whole district which threatens failure.

After lunch we went the same rounds, and at five Eddy said he was tired of being cheered, and I was tired of being agreeable,

so we drove home. Mr. Asquith arrived, and he and I had a talk. Eddy had an enterprising telegram from one of his committee to come and show himself, as the voters were getting numerous; but Eddy tore the telegram up and said nothing would induce him to move.

We dined late, and I amused myself by asking the various opinions of the company on the coming result. Papa said Eddy would get in by one hundred; Frank by eight hundred; Jack two hundred. I said he would be beaten by two hundred, and Mr. Asquith expressed no opinion.

The sheriff had given me a ticket to get in while the papers were counted, but he had no sooner done this than he repented, and wrote a kindly letter asking Eddy to advise me not to come, in case the strain should be too great. He little knew me, or he would have known that no disappointment affects my nerves. However, I reluctantly gave way, feeling it would have been discourteous to have held out against the old man's advice.

At 10 o'clock p.m. we all went down with Mr. Asquith to the club, where there was a large crowd, and there we waited for over half an hour. I was surrounded by ardent Liberals who had dined well. One held me by the elbow and poured his earnest convictions into my ear about "the great cause," "the grand fight," "the staunch support," and "enthusiastic reception," etc. I was beginning to feel a little anxious. The vibration was catching. The eagerness and movement, the scarlet ties, the whispering groups, the rush at the latest telegrams, the sudden silence and roar of pleasure or of disappointment—all began to tell on me, and I suppose I looked a little white, as Mr. Tait in the nicest way took my arm and said, "Don't be discouraged and nervous."

A PRESENT-DAY PORTRAIT OF MRS. ASQUITH.

Photo. by Messrs. Thomson.

At that moment a newspaper boy ran in and said, "Tannant's beat!!" People mustered round the boy, and a man came in and officially announced that Mr. —— had got in by seven hundred.

I went out and met Eddy, and hand in hand we walked into the hall of the club. He stood on the steps and announced the vast majority, and, with great ease and grace, said that there was only one fault and that lay in the candidate, that he thanked them all, and with a bow he wished them good evening. But he was not to be let off. One man after another got up and spoke, first praising him and then praising me.

It was so hot I was quite glad to jump into the carriage with Eddy, papa, and Mr. Asquith, and go down to announce the news to our constituents. It was a lovely night, bright and cold. We were surrounded by a running mass of howling people, hissing Mr. ——, and shouting "Tannant for ever!" singing "Will ye no come back again?" etc. How well I know that posthumous enthusiasm! The streets and crowd made an effect of French Impressionism—yellow jets of gas, and bright windows set in a navy blue background.

The committee-room was dangerously crowded, and I was half-pushed, half-lifted, on to the platform. Eddy made an excellent little speech. I feared he would say it was a moral victory or try in some way to account for his defeat, but he did not. He just blamed himself enough to be deafened by contradictory "No's," or praised Mr. —— till they hissed him, and then allowed other eager gentlemen to raise their voices in his praise. "Auld Lang Syne" and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" became entangled in the back benches, and "Three cheers for Miss Tannant!" met with considerable response; while through the foggy, thickly-packed window we heard the strains of a rival band playing "The Conquering Hero." This incaution on the part of the enemy met with a prompt check.

When we came out the horses had been taken out of our carriage, and long ropes, grasped by a hundred willing hands, dragged us for two miles or more as hard as we could go, with every sort of person hanging on to the carriage, and shaking us by the arm or hand, or anything they could catch hold of. As it was up-hill and over rough cobble-stones I insisted on the men stopping and our horses (that had trotted behind us) being put in again. Eddy made a final speech in the dark to the tingling crowd, and then we left them—a track of empty darkness removing us from the ever-fainter cheers.

We were much too excited to find rest in going to bed, so Eddy, Mr. Asquith, and I went down to the office of the *Glasgow Mail*. The crowd in front of this building was estimated at twenty thousand in the morning papers, but I dare say there were five thousand people packed closely in the broad street. Standing up in the top windows and looking down upon this vast multitude produced a curious effect upon me. I felt much more tempted to throw myself down than I ever have by a precipice or express train. When the crowd saw us they howled to Eddy for a speech. Eddy waved his white hat, and was in tearing spirits. I supported him by waving the advertisement sheet of the *Mail*. Eddy was preparing to shout a few words when the editor of the *Mail* came into the room and begged us to go down and address the crowd from the steps on to the street; Mr. Asquith was implored to speak by a few enthusiasts who were collected in the room below, pink and triumphant, ready to cheer any sound that came from our lips—even a sneeze, I believe. Eddy and I forced Mr. Asquith to speak, and in a voice of thunder he ground out some remarks about running the Parliament against the Grand Old Man, or some such welcome idea. Then Eddy asked them why they had not returned him, which caused conflicting sounds—groans, hisses, and yells of "Next time."

We were bowing gracefully, on the point of retiring, when my name deafened me, and a man out of the crowd jumped on to the steps and waved at me, calling in my face "Speech! Speech!" Eddy mischievously pushed me forward, and I turned to Mr. Asquith. "Good heavens! What can I say?" Mr. Asquith, sympathetically, "Oh, anything! Go in and win! God bless you! Anything will delight them."

I took one step, and in a slow, clear, small voice which sounded very thin, I merely said, "Thank you very much. Go in and win. Good night. God bless you!" and then I hastily hid myself behind Eddy; but I shall not easily forget the enthusiasm with which these "epigrammatic sentences" (as Mr. Asquith wickedly called them) were greeted. We had to go out by the back door, the crowd was so strong and excited. One of the newspaper men in the office vaulted over a counter and said, "Let me shake

your hand. You are a good, brave woman." This rather touched me, and I smiled at him with my eyes. I went home to bed, very tired, with a ringing in my brain.

A sympathetic telegram came to Eddy at breakfast and amused us :—

"The greater honour yours for a stout fight in behalf of a broader statesmanship. —MACLEOD."

We left Glasgow and went to London.

Monday, August 8th.—Parliament met again for the final debate.

The amendment to the Queen's Speech was moved by Mr. Asquith. Lord Salisbury, in the House of Lords, said that this was a well-deserved honour which predicted high Cabinet rank for his future.

His speech was extraordinarily clever. He seems to me to have a trick of scornful emphasis of which I think he is quite unconscious. Apart from the literary beauty of his speaking he has the unique merit of speed and simplicity.

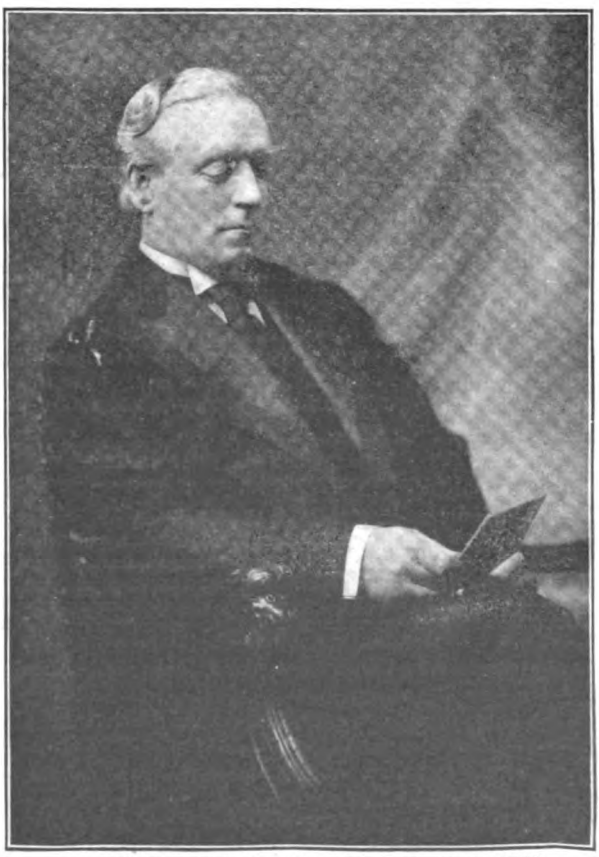
At midnight on Thursday, August 11th, 1892, the House divided.

When the House is empty it presents the appearance of a Roman encampment modernized into a picnic place—the floor strewn with remnants of paper. While the counting was going on the ladies talked freely. Mr. Gladstone walked from the division lobby into the House the last but two. The crowd of members in the gangway was so great that at first it seemed as if he would not be able to make his way through, but when they saw it was Mr. Gladstone they divided like the Red Sea, and the whole House rose in a common cheer, long and loud, as the old man, with his head up, and a look of passionate intensity breaking through the worn furrows of his face, bowed to the Speaker and went to his seat.

The excitement was intense when the four Whips moved mechanically up to the table, bowed in unison, then a few steps and another bow, and gave out the numbers. The Liberal majority was forty. The figures were received with uproarious cheering. Sir Algernon West betted me we should get in by sixty, and I said thirty-five. Lady Frances Balfour told me that Mr. Arthur Balfour guessed about fifty. The only man who foretold the exact figure was Mr. Childers. (A more striking example of his intellect cannot be recorded.)

In a moment everything broke up. The ladies pushed their chairs back violently against each other, forgetting all manners, colliding and disappearing in various directions. I went down to the First Lord of the Treasury's room, where we found him finishing his letter to the Queen, with his secretaries round him. Mr. Goschen made an appointment to come and see me next day, as he declared his holidays had begun.

At about one o'clock a.m. my father and I drove home, and I was quite sorry to go to bed.



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. ASQUITH.
Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"A STEADY TRICKLE OF THIRSTY CARMEN."

THE CASTAWAYS.

By

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by Will Owen.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST TWO INSTALMENTS.

After some twenty-five years of routine life as a bank clerk, Carstairs finds himself, through the unexpected legacy of an uncle in Australia, the possessor of an income of about thirty thousand pounds a year. He breaks the news to his friend and fellow-clerk, William Pope, by making him his secretary, and the story opens with the two friends starting their new life of leisure. Naturally they make many fresh acquaintances, among whom are Jack Knight and Fred Peplow, the former of whom induces Carstairs to motor down into Hampshire to look over an Elizabethan house which he describes as an ideal home for a man of wealth. Carstairs takes the house, and during one of his visits to his future home becomes acquainted, through a motor accident, with his near neighbours, Lady Penrose and Miss Seacombe.

CHAPTER V.

A STEADY trickle of thirsty carmen into the Red Lion during March heralded the arrival of Mr. Carstairs to Berstead Place. They brought on their vans old furniture, and other old furniture which represented the pouring of new wine into old bottles with the happiest results. Chairs which had long since given up their backs as hopeless held themselves erect again and invited the inspection of the amateur expert; chairs with three new legs footed it with the oldest.

"You can't tell them without taking them to pieces," said Knight to Pope one afternoon, "and even the oldest friend of the family couldn't do that. I shall be furnishing myself some day, and this experience has been very valuable to me. Your purchases will last longer than any of the others."

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"Why?" inquired Pope, smiling.

"Because they're the youngest."

"They'll be old enough by the time you furnish," said Pope, with a malevolent grin. "I didn't tell you that I called with Carstairs yesterday to make sure that Lady Penrose is still unhurt? That's his third visit."

Mr. Knight raised his eyebrows.

"Charming woman," said Pope, reminiscently. "Delightful. But it was quite clear, from the way she talked about you, that you haven't the ghost of a chance."

"About me!" exclaimed Knight. "Why, you old blunderer, what did you mention my name for?"

"I didn't," said Pope, placidly; "but she was talking to Carstairs about Miss Seacombe—charming girl, something so fresh and unspoilt about her. I got quite interested."

"Go on," urged Knight. "Never mind about your feelings."

"She was talking about her responsibility—Lady Penrose, I mean—and when she spoke of flippant ne'er-do-wells with no object in life we both thought that she must be referring to you. When she used the expression 'harmless and useless,' we felt quite certain. Pity she didn't mention you by name, because then we could have stood up for you."

"I don't mind the other terms," exclaimed Knight, "but 'harmless'! Well, perhaps she'll know better in time. *Harmless!* I've never been called that before. If it had been Freddie Peplow, now——"

"She gets on very well with Carstairs," continued Mr. Pope. "Wonder what will happen when she finds out that he knows you? Either she will drop him, I suppose, or——"

"Or?" prompted Mr. Knight.

"Or he will have to drop you."

"Nobody can drop me unless I want them to," said Knight, cheerfully. "Think of the ingratitude of it! Why, Carstairs would never have known of the house if it hadn't been for me. He wouldn't have barged into her cart if it hadn't been for me. Are you sure she said harmless? Sure it wasn't harmful?"

He took occasion to remind Carstairs at their next meeting of all he had done for him, but, despite a habit of looking on the cheerful side of things, doubts began to assail him as to his friend's single-minded devotion to his interests. The man for whom he had done so much even advised him to go away for a year and find some hard and congenial work. Mr. Knight, after pointing out the discrepancy, requested him to descend to details. Carstairs, after long deliberation, suggested sheep-farming in Australia.

"I was waiting for it," said Knight, in resigned accents. "I knew it was coming. It is the one occupation that my intelligent friends always select for me. And they always harp on Australia. I suppose we *can* sheep-farm in other places? Why Australia? And what do you think I know about sheep?"

Carstairs pondered. "Poultry-farming?" he suggested, slowly.

"That's the second string," said Knight, with forced calm. "Not so popular as the other because it is done in England. I look like a poultry-farmer, don't I? How do you think the unfortunate hens would like it?"

"Perhaps you had better take to work by degrees," said Carstairs, smiling. "I can find you a job—for one afternoon. Are you doing anything on Friday?"

"Depends upon what the job is," said Knight.

"I have been trying to arrange with an aunt of mine to come and look after me at Berstead," said Carstairs. "She couldn't make up her mind for some time, and now she has decided to come, she is coming rather sooner than I wanted her. She is coming up on Friday to spend a few days in London before going on to Berstead."

"What do you want me to do?" inquired Knight. "Head her off?"

"I want you to look after her for a few hours," said Carstairs. "She is due at Euston at three, and Pope and I had already fixed up to run down to the house. She is an old lady of seventy, and if we meet her and hand her over to you, we can go on. You could bring her here and look after her till we come back."

"Is she to be a fixture at Berstead?" asked Knight, thoughtfully.

"That is the idea," said Carstairs.

"Very good idea, too," said Knight, slowly. "You and Pope want somebody to look after you. I had five or six very important engagements for Friday afternoon, but I'll throw them over. I want to heap coals of fire on your head. How old do you say she is?"

"Seventy."

Mr. Knight looked thoughtful. "Hurry back as soon as you can," he exclaimed. "I don't want to overdo the coals of fire business. I suppose she won't be nervous in a taxi? I don't want her clinging to me, or anything of that sort."

His forebodings increased each day, and he was unusually quiet as he waited with Carstairs and Pope for the incoming train.

"She will probably want to rest when she gets to the flat," said Carstairs. "Be as gentle as you can with her. It's rather awkward my having to run off like this."

"Deucedly awkward," agreed Mr. Knight. "I wish now I'd asked Freddie to lend a hand."

The train drew into the station and the crowd moved up the platform. A fragile little old lady with white hair and bright blue eyes detached herself from the throng and came towards them. Carstairs, after an affectionate handshake, introduced his companions. Then, a little awkwardly, he explained the situation.

"It's very kind of him," said Mrs. Ginnell; "but I should have been all right. Now you hurry away. Mr. Knight and I will look after the luggage. I shall see you when you come back."

She raised her nose and sniffed gently as the porter and the taxi-driver hoisted up the luggage. "Smell's good," she said, with a satisfied air.

Mr. Knight stared at her.

"London," she explained. "I haven't seen it for twenty-two years. Is it far to the flat?"

"About a couple of miles," said Knight.

"SHE RAISED HER NOSE AND SNIFFED GENTLY AS THE PORTER AND THE TAXI-DRIVER HOISTED UP THE LUGGAGE."

Mrs. Ginnell sighed. "Ask him to drive slowly," she murmured.

"It's quite safe," said Knight, reassuringly. "I picked him on purpose."

Mrs. Ginnell laughed. "Of course," she

said. "Only I want to see a little of the place."

"Might drive round a bit, if you like," said the other.

Mrs. Ginnell nodded, and sitting with clasped hands peered through the window at the life of the streets. Certain landmarks she recognized with little gasps of pleasure; others had disappeared to make way for new streets and palatial buildings. By the time they reached the flat the taximeter registered six-and-eightpence, and she spoke warmly to Knight of the courtesy of the modern taxi-driver as compared with the old-style cabman. She referred to an affair with one of the latter which had rankled for thirty-five years.

"Tea first?" said Knight, as he placed her in Carstairs' most comfortable chair. "And then perhaps you'd like to go to your room and rest for an hour or two?"

"No, I am not in the least tired, thank you," said Mrs. Ginnell, as he rang for the tea. "Why, I've done nothing to-day yet. I've been sitting down all the time. I want you to tell me all about my nephew, and the new house."

She poured out tea and listened, interposing with a dexterous question or two whenever the young man showed signs of flagging. It was evident that she was a woman of intelligence; intelligent enough, he hoped, to take a lively interest in the affairs of deserving young men. He had a strong idea that she was worth cultivating.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to do anything?" he remarked, as he threw away the end of his third cigarette. "If you are not too tired, how about a cinema?"

"I should love it!" said Mrs. Ginnell. "I have never seen a really good one. What time do you think my nephew will be back?"

"Eight at the earliest," was the reply. "But we needn't trouble about them; we must consider ourselves."

He lit another cigarette while Mrs. Ginnell was getting ready, and, noting with approval her change of costume, escorted her downstairs.

"I'd rather walk," she exclaimed, as he looked around for a taxi. "That is, unless you are tired?"

Mr. Knight gazed at her suspiciously, but, seeing nothing except gentle consideration for his comfort in the old blue eyes looking into his, turned and walked beside her.

"Why, it's like a theatre!" said Mrs. Ginnell, as they took their seats. "The one I used to go to was in an old mission-hall with a tin roof."

She settled herself comfortably in her stall and for two hours watched with youthful enthusiasm Wild West cowboys galloping over the country-side; men with seraphic faces bearing the burden of another's guilt; amateur motorists obsessed with the idea of charging scaffoldings and bringing on their heads cascades of infuriated bricklayers.

"Most enjoyable," she murmured, as they emerged into the cool spring evening. "Oh, dear! I have the same feeling now that I used to have years ago; it always seems so unsatisfactory to come out from an entertainment in daytime, and meet other people coming out to spend the evening."

Mr. Knight turned and regarded her with amazement, not unmixed with admiration.

"Quarter to seven," he said, looking at his watch. "Suppose we eat our simple meal at a restaurant, instead of going back to the flat?"

"It would be delightful for me," said Mrs. Ginnell, doubtfully; "but it is not very amusing for you."

"Now," said Knight, with some sternness, "you're fishing! When I tell you that I would sooner take you to dinner than—than——"

"I see your difficulty," said the old lady.

"Than anybody else but one person in the world," concluded Mr. Knight, triumphantly.

"Very nice, if not exactly truthful," commented Mrs. Ginnell; "but I suppose truth is not nice as a rule. Very well, we will go to dinner, and you can tell me about the girl whose place I am usurping."

"Where shall we go?" said Knight, considering. "The Pagoda is not bad, but they have a band there."

Mrs. Ginnell's eyes sparkled. "Lovely!" she exclaimed. "When one doesn't want to talk one can listen to the music; when one does—well, I'd like to see the band that would stop me."

It was a good dinner, and she ate it with appreciation. The band was discreet as well as tuneful, and the waiter like a ministering angel in a dress-suit.

"Fancy! I haven't done this for over twenty years," she said. "I'm so glad I came up in time to have a day or two in London first. It has been a most delightful day."

"Has been?" breathed Mr. Knight.

Mrs. Ginnell looked at him.

"Let's go on somewhere," said the tempter.

Mrs. Ginnell's better nature strove within her. "My nephew won't know what has become of us," she murmured. "Perhaps we had better go home."

"I'll 'phone to the people at the flat," said

Knight. "What do you say? A theatre or a music-hall?"

"Music-hall," said Mrs. Ginnell, promptly. "I've never been to one."

"I shall feel like a parent taking his child to its first pantomime," said Knight. "Are you ready?"

Messrs. Carstairs and Pope, who had been hurrying home at a pace utterly inconsistent with the safety of the public, arrived there just after the message was received, and over a comfortable meal shook their heads at the irresponsibility of youth.

"Probably lay her up for a fortnight," said Pope, solemnly. "She's a delicate-looking little woman. I wonder what his game is?"

They sat and smoked until half-past eleven. At twelve o'clock Mrs. Ginnell's nephew began to be uneasy; at a quarter to one, just as he was preparing to organize the reluctant Pope into a search-party, the door opened and the truants entered. Carstairs, rising hastily, pushed a chair towards his aunt and offered to help her into it.

"We've had a lovely time," said Mrs. Ginnell.

"Ripping," said Mr. Knight.

"What makes you so late?" inquired Carstairs.

"Late!" repeated Knight. "H'm! I suppose we are rather. We had supper after the show and that delayed us a bit."

He took a cigarette from the table and sat by as a sort of chorus while Mrs. Ginnell expatiated on the joys of the evening. The narration took her some time, but she retired to her room at last, and the door had scarcely closed behind her before Mr. Knight was sternly called upon for an explanation.

"At present," said Carstairs, "she is kept up by excitement."

"When that passes away——" said Pope, shaking his head.

"To-morrow," said Carstairs, with conviction, "she'll be a wreck."

"Beef-tea—arrowroot," explained Pope, vaguely, "medicine—nurse."

"It's a wise nephew that knows its own aunt," said Knight. "Don't you worry about arrowroot for her; devilled kidneys are more in her line. She's a sportsman, and we understand each other thoroughly. Henceforth, Carstairs, we are rivals; I have adopted her as my aunt."

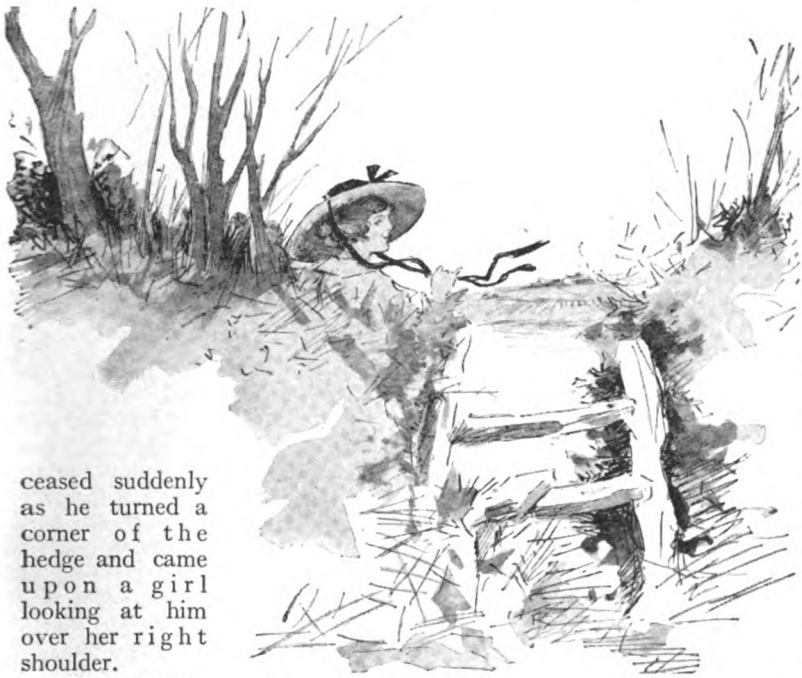
"Does she know it?" inquired Pope.

"Mutual arrangement, highly satisfactory to both parties," replied Knight, with a yawn. "Having the gift of perpetual youth, she understands the motives and ideals of the young. She understands *me*. Or, what is better still, she thinks she does. By the way, you had better get off to bed, Carstairs. Mrs. Ginnell is going to ask you to take her to Hampton Court to-morrow, and she proposes to start at ten—so as *to* have a long day. Sorry I can't stop any longer, but I'm about done up. Good night."

"MR. CARSTAIRS' BUTLER, FORGETTING HIS HIGH OFFICE, LIFTED UP HIS VOICE IN SONG AS HE MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE FIELDS."

CHAPTER VI.

IT was a fine afternoon in late spring. A lark was singing in the sky; and the air was so soft, with such a feeling of life and movement in it, that Mr. Carstairs' butler, forgetting his high office, also lifted up his voice in song as he made his way across the fields. His song



ceased suddenly as he turned a corner of the hedge and came upon a girl looking at him over her right shoulder.

"Afternoon, Miss Mudge," he said, with a slight cough.

Miss Mudge waited for him to overtake her.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Markham," she said, brightly. "I'm afraid I've disturbed you. I had no idea you were a singer."

"Not much of a singer," said Markham, modestly.

"There's all kinds," said Miss Mudge, indulgently. "And so long as it doesn't hurt anybody, and they like to hear themselves sing, there's no harm done."

"Ah, you have got a happy nature," said the butler, returning good for evil. "How well you are looking! I can't think what you do to look so fresh."

"Do!" said Miss Mudge, turning on him sharply. "Nothing. It's natural."

"Of course," said the other, hastily; "I didn't mean that. I was just thinking there's many a lady would give anything to have your complexion; they'd sell their souls for it."

"I dare say," retorted Miss Mudge; "but they wouldn't get it for that. They'd get it cheap if they did, some of 'em. I say, do you think there's anything between my lady and Mr. Carstairs?"

"Eh?" said the startled butler. "Anything between—— No-o, I shouldn't think so. What put that idea into your head?"

"Well, I only wondered, that's all. I don't go about with my eyes shut, you know."

"The guv'nor isn't class enough for Lady Penrose," said Mr. Markham, shaking his head; "though, mind you, he's a good sort. After the families I've lived in I'm surprised at myself sometimes to think what a lot I think of him. You see, he spent over twenty years of his life on a stool in a bank, and he can't shake it off."

"I suppose it would cling," said Miss Mudge, with a sigh. "Those things always do."

"Properly speaking, he's a three or four hundred pound a year man," said Mr. Markham, judicially; "and it takes time to get the twenty or thirty thousand a year style."

"Wouldn't take me long," observed Miss Mudge, with a bigger sigh than before.

"No; you see we've been used to it all our lives in a manner of speaking," said Mr. Markham. "I wish somebody'd leave me a fortune; I know what I should do if they did."

His voice was so tender that Miss Mudge, in self-defence, glanced somewhat hastily at a fine bed of nettles they were passing.

"I shouldn't waste it on old Mrs. Minchin, for one thing," continued Mr. Markham, after a side glance at her. "And that makes me wonder whether there is anything in what you said just now. Ever since Lady Penrose spoke to him about that old woman he hasn't been able to do enough for her. He's always taking her bottles of port for her rheumatism. Not invalid port, mind you, but the best stuff I have got in my cellars."

Miss Mudge, secretly disappointed at this change of subject, murmured something about "Mr. Carstairs and 'Love's young dream.'"

"It comes to all of us," said the butler, solemnly; "none of us can escape it."

"Except me," said Miss Mudge. "I never could understand people falling in love with each other. It seems so silly. So childish. Mr. Biggs was saying to me only the other day——"

"Biggs!" interrupted Mr. Markham, with

something between a sniff and a scowl. "I can't stand that feller. Whether it's the smell of oil, or his untidy appearance, I don't know. Have you ever seen him with a bit of what he calls axle-grease on the tip of his nose, and a smear of dirty oil on his cheek?"

"Never," said the delighted Miss Mudge. "He's always been very spick-and-span when I have seen him. Dressy, I call him. And he's such a fine driver. He says it's because he has got a gift for engineering. I sat next to him the other day when Mr. Carstairs drove us over to Wimbush, and he explained all about motor-cars to me. He says that I have got a very quick understanding."

"Anything else?" inquired Mr. Markham, sourly.

"He said a lot of silly things, of course," said Miss Mudge, tossing her head. "But then, men always do. He's no worse than the others."

"He's a very worthy person, I've no doubt," said Mr. Markham, loftily. "The trouble is he is no gentleman. Put him in a suit of overalls, and give him a lump of cotton-waste to clean himself with, and he is satisfied."

"Oh, how funny!" said his companion, with a giggle. "Why, it's like thought-reading."

Mr. Markham turned an inquiring gaze upon her.

"Overalls and cotton-waste," explained Miss Mudge, still giggling. "And *he* said, 'A second-hand dress-suit and a serviette!' And he said something about mistakes, and serviettes and pocket-handkerchiefs, that I won't repeat."

"He's got a low mind," said the enraged butler, breathing hard. "If he's not careful he'll get that gifted head of his punched one day."

He stalked along in silent dudgeon until they reached the village, and Miss Mudge, having business to do at the drapery section of the general shop, bade him good-bye. He had fallen a victim at almost their first meeting, and was beginning to realize with some concern that his was only one case amongst many; but in his most pessimistic moments he had never dreamed of Mr. Biggs as a rival.

While he walked home thinking of Miss Mudge, Carstairs and Pope sat by the window in the latter's comfortable sitting-room discussing her mistress. The conversation had been started by Pope, who, as secretary, adviser, and friend, was pointing out to Carstairs the well-known difficulties encountered in trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

"I'm going to do it, though," said Carstairs. "Perhaps in the end I shall earn the gratitude of both."

Pope shook his head. "You know Lady Penrose's views," he said, slowly.

"Some of 'em," admitted Carstairs.

"And knowing them you deliberately go and invite those two young men down here for a week or two," pursued Pope. "You come down a stranger into this peaceful country spot and at once begin to set people by the ears. You told me you liked Talwyn."

"I like him well enough," said Carstairs.

"It's the dream of his life to marry Miss Blake, and it's the dream of Mrs. Jardine's life that he should," continued Pope. "Naturally the old lady wants to do the best she can for her niece. He's got six thousand a year and a baronetcy, and you are going to help that deluded girl to young Peplow instead."

"He's fifty-five," said Carstairs, "and fifty-five and twenty don't match. He'll live to thank me for my efforts—if he gets to hear of them. I thought you liked the boys."

"So I do," said Pope; "so I do, but that's no reason why I should interfere in affairs of this kind. And I like Talwyn. My idea is to stand aside and see fair play. That friend of his, Captain Tollhurst, told me that he had never seen Talwyn so keen on anything in his life. He said it has made him years younger."

"He looks fifty-five in spite of it," said Carstairs. "No, he mustn't do it. It can't be allowed. By my own wits and the willing aid of an intellectual secretary I intend to forbid the banns. Besides, I didn't invite the boys. It was my aunt."

"Handy aunt to have," murmured Pope. "They want a little country air, I suppose? Milk and fresh eggs, and buttercups and daisies. Eh? They make a fuss of you and Mrs. Ginnell just to serve their own ends."

"Very natural, too," declared Carstairs, warmly. "Why shouldn't they? And there's no deception; Knight has been painfully frank about it. They're both nice boys—and youth should mate with youth, Pope. Besides——"

"Besides what?"

"I think that Lady Penrose is playing the tyrant. She started with an objection to Knight, and she won't own herself in the wrong. It shall be my task to show her the error of her ways. I shall enjoy it."

"Money is spoiling you, Carstairs," said Pope, shaking his head. "At the bank I never knew a quieter man than yourself. In those days you were the sort of man that couldn't say 'boh!' to a goose, and now——"

"Now I am going to say it to Lady Penrose," said his friend. "Is that what you mean? To tell the truth, I like opposing her. She is a charming woman, but she always takes it for granted that she is going to have her own way. She's got a queenly manner about her, Pope, that always makes me yearn to be an emperor."

"You'll look a lot like an emperor when she finds it out," grunted Pope. "I shouldn't like to be in your shoes."

"Well, you've got to if anything goes wrong," said Carstairs, with a malicious smile. "I shall put all the blame on you as my secretary. After all, you are responsible for Knight. If you hadn't scraped acquaintance with him I should never have known him. If you will make friends with strangers in restaurants you must put up with the consequences."

"I'll have nothing to do with it," said Pope, primly. "I never interfere in other people's business. And Talwyn told me the other day that Miss Seacombe loses her money if she marries without Lady Penrose's consent. Did you know that?"

Carstairs nodded. "I know Lady Penrose," he said, confidently. "She is one of the best-hearted women breathing. She might use her powers as a threat, but she would never dream of putting them into action. She is an ornament to her sex, and doesn't know it; an angel in expensive and very becoming gowns. A—a——"

"Go on," said Pope, eyeing him.

"I think she has rather an amused toleration for me, which rather rankles; and you know what a good book-keeper I used to be?"

"First I've heard of it," said Pope, in genuine surprise. "Well?"

"I'm going to try and balance the account, and help the boys at the same time. It wants diplomacy, of course, and that's where you come in. When I am in doubt I shall consult you; if I get into trouble I shall put the blame on you. Now, first for advice. What do you suggest?"

"Kidnap Lady Penrose and Mrs. Jardine, and anchor them in the punt, properly provisioned, in the middle of the lake," said Pope, with bitter fluency. "Then send both couples off with Biggs in a car to Gretna Green."

"Abolished years ago," said Carstairs. "Try again."

Pope shrugged his shoulders and, lighting a cigarette with great care, sat smoking and gazing out of the window.

"Fortunately, Lady Penrose has got the idea that I am a mild, innocuous sort of person," said Carstairs, musingly. "She would never credit me with harbouring sinister designs. That helps a lot. In her mind I am cast for Simplicity and Innocence."

"When are Knight and Peplow coming down?" inquired Pope.

"Wednesday week, and the garden-party is on Friday. If they have the sense to lie low for a couple of days nobody will know they are here, and there will be no backing out on the part of our other friends at the last moment. I must have them a day or two before, or the matter will look too prearranged."

"A lot of good you'll do," sniffed Pope. "Lady Penrose will see through you at once."

"They are coming as friends of my aunt," said Carstairs. "Even if she is suspected of ulterior motives there is no reason why I should be. And coincidences will happen. Anyway, the young people will have a pleasant afternoon together."

"Will they?" said Pope. "Lady Penrose will look after that, I fancy, to say nothing of Talwyn and Mrs. Jardine. The old lady is feeble, but tough."

"And I have a more ambitious project in my mind still," said Carstairs. "We haven't seen much of the world, old man. What do you say to a long trip?"

"Trip?" murmured Pope.

Carstairs nodded. "I haven't got it all thought out yet," he said, slowly, "but I am thinking of hiring a yacht in the autumn and going for a long cruise. It's a thing I used to dream of as a young man; and now my idea is to take these people with me and box them all up together for a few months and see what happens."

"Lady Penrose won't come, if that's what you're thinking of," said Pope.

"We'll see," said Carstairs. "I regard the yacht as a sort of mouse-trap, which I shall bait with Talwyn. That will make Mrs. Jardine nibble, and probably both of them will think it an excellent plan to get the girls away from the young men. I know that they are both getting a little anxious."

"But aren't the boys coming?" inquired the puzzled Pope.

"Of course; but the others won't know it until the last moment. That is, if I play my cards properly. Meantime, 'mum's' the word."

(*To be continued.*)

The KING'S ENEMIES.

A STORY OF A CHESS PROBLEM AND OF A MILITARY ONE.

By RAYMUND ALLEN.

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

DR. MARLEY laid down his little folding chessboard, and rose from his seat to greet the visitor in khaki who had just entered the room.

"Captain Bent will stay to dinner," he said, addressing the servant. "You will, of course?"

"You're sure it isn't inconvenient?"

"Inconvenient, my dear chap! My wife is away and there's nothing I hate more than a solitary dinner. You're a perfect godsend."

"In that case I shall be delighted," Bent answered, "if you don't mind extending your hospitality to Hogan. I'll guarantee that he'll behave well in the kitchen, and make them laugh."

"Hogan being the chauffeur, I suppose? I'll tell them to look after him. But I thought your fellow was called Tim."

"So he is," Bent answered, "but Hogan chauffes for the colonel, and I borrowed the great Rolls-Royce that he commandeered the other day. It's a real flyer."

He settled himself in a chair and picked up the chessboard.

"One of your chess puzzles, I suppose?"

Marley took the board out of his hands and shut it up. "You mustn't look at that yet, or I sha'n't get any news out of you. You're my 'usually reliable source,' as the newspapers call it, and I want to know when the war is going to end, and when we may expect the Zeppelins about here again, and all about the spies."

"The war is going to end when we have got the Germans finally beaten; I can't fix the date any closer than that. As for the Zepps and the spies——" He paused with an air of caution.

"About them I mustn't ask indiscreet questions," the doctor filled in.

"You may ask anything you like, my dear chap, only I mustn't be indiscreet in answering. I am not at liberty to tell you much, and I can't give you my 'reliable sources,' but my belief is that the spies are particularly busy about here just now, and that the Zepps will be shortly."

"You seriously think we are likely to have another raid about here soon?" Marley asked.

"Yes; seriously I do," Bent replied, "and I think each night about now becomes more likely than the one before it."

Marley showed his interest by emitting a low whistle, and his face asked questions that he refrained from putting into words.

"Look here," Bent continued, "I mustn't talk, but a bit later to-night I am going to buzz round with the car for certain purposes. If you like to come you may. I can't promise that you will see anything, of course, but there is the chance, if it would interest you to take it, and if you haven't got to stay in for patients."

"*Rather!*" Marley assented, with enthusiasm. "I have handed over my patients to old Charles, in expectation of my summons from the R.A.M.C., and, until that comes, I have nothing better to do than to invent chess problems." He opened the chessboard again. "And now, as we mayn't talk spies and Zeppelins, you may have a try at my latest, if you like. White to play and draw the game. I have a particular reason for wanting to know whether it will take you more than a few minutes to solve. I am going to time you."

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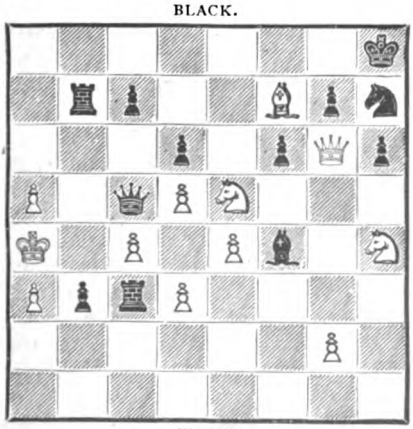


WHITE.

White to play and draw the game.

"I don't see why White can't win right off in half-a-dozen ways, but I suppose he can't," Bent remarked, after a preliminary survey of the position. He applied himself more seriously to the study of it, but he had not yet found the right move for White when dinner was announced.

Marley looked at his watch as they sat down to table. "You have had thirty-five minutes already without being able to find any light on that puzzle. Now see if you can help me with a secondary puzzle connected with it, that I confess absolutely beats me. It has the advantage that it does not require any chessboard, so you can consider it while we are at dinner."

"If there is any kind of chess problem that you can't solve, I certainly sha'n't be able to, but I don't mind trying. What is it?"

"The problem can be very simply stated. It is just this: By what means was Hardston able to find the key-move of my end-game in less than ten seconds?"

"Ten seconds!" Bent exclaimed. "It is a sheer impossibility. Blackburne himself couldn't have done it!"

"I give you my word of honour that Hardston did. He was passing in his car this afternoon and looked in for a few minutes to ask if I could go to his place on Friday. Just before he left I happened to pick up a newspaper that I had left lying over the open chessboard. He glanced at the position for, as I say, less than ten seconds. 'That's the first move,' he said, and played the right one, and then rushed off in a hurry."

"You must have shown him the position before and forgotten," Bent suggested.

"I couldn't have. I never saw the position before to-day myself. Last night I was trying to work out an idea on the board, and I only succeeded finally in getting it right after lunch to-day; about half an hour before Hardston came."

"Isn't it possible that some other problem composer might have evolved your end-game independently, anticipating you without your being aware of it? '*Pereant qui ante nos* have invented our chess problems.'"

"I believe that has happened before now in the case of problems involving only a few pieces, but, in this case, the odds against such an event must amount as nearly as possible to a mathematical certainty."

"Then I can only suggest the operation of some occult agency."

Marley snorted contemptuously. "I entirely refuse to turn spookjack. When spooks fly in through the window, reason walks out by the door. There must be some rational

explanation, only I am bothered if I can think what it is."

Towards the end of dinner Marley reverted to the subject.

"I have been trying to imagine some conceivable way in which I could have given the solution away."

"Can you think of any?" Bent asked.

"Only the very barest possibility, and it seems too ridiculously remote. You know the absurd way that anything to do with chess has of fixing itself in my memory, while I forget hosts of much more important matters. Well, it comes back to me that years ago an idea occurred to me to compose an end-game, of which the key-move should have a certain peculiarity. I won't say what the peculiarity is, or it would tell you the solution. I didn't do anything with it at the time, and it was only last night, when the idea happened to recur to my mind, that I tried to work it out, and only to-day that I arrived, for the first time, at the actual position on the board."

"And I suppose you had told somebody of your intention of composing a puzzle with that particular kind of first move?"

"Exactly, but it must have been twelve years ago, and it was not even in this country. It was when I was studying medicine in Berlin. I used to frequent a little obscure *café*, and the person to whom I mentioned the idea—and I am sure he was the only person I ever did mention it to—was a German whom I used to meet there casually, and sometimes played chess with. I shall remember his name directly. It was Hart something—Hartmuth, Hartstoff——"

"Hartstein, perhaps," Bent exclaimed.

"Yes—by Jove! that was it—Hartstein," Marley assented.

Bent looked at him significantly.

"It is an odd coincidence, if it is not something else. Hartstein, literally translated, becomes Hardstone, or Hardston, in English. Hartstein plays chess. So does Hardston. You mention a chess idea to Hartstein, and to no one else, and Hardston solves an end-game founded on that very idea, with unaccountable rapidity. Did Hartstein speak English?"

"Yes, remarkably well. I think he was rather fond of showing off his proficiency, and I was glad to have someone to talk to who could speak English, because my German was not of much account at that time. But Hardston does not know any German."

"How do you know that?" Bent asked.

"Well, I suppose I don't know it for certain," Marley admitted, "but he told me so himself. It was one day when he picked up a book of Bernhardi's from my table and said he envied me my power of reading it in the original. Of course, that would not go for much, if you suspect him of——"

"Quite so," Bent interrupted. "He might well have reasons for concealing the knowledge of his native tongue, and I imagine he must have had some sufficient reason for not taking the precaution of a more complete change of name. But how do Hartstein and Hardston compare in personal appearance?"

Marley sounded his memory for points of resemblance or discrimination.

"I don't remember Hartstein at all well in his externals. I should say he was about the same height, but he had a beard and moustache, and this man is clean-shaven. I couldn't say what colour his eyes were, but I don't remember that he had any scar like the one on Hardston's left cheek."

"He might have got that since, just as naturally, if not as painlessly, as cutting off his beard," Bent observed. 'You say he seemed vain of his English. Perhaps that trait of vanity affords another little link. Hardston's behaviour to-day would be in character. When he sees your end-game position, he recalls, by one of those freaks of a chess-player's memory that you described just now, your old suggestion for a key-move, and the sudden temptation to score as a lightning solver is too great for his vanity. When he has played the first move, he sees by your surprise that he has guessed right, and he hurries off before you shall have found out that he doesn't know how to go on after the first move."

Marley looked dubious.

"All the same, I feel it hard to believe that a man who has been living here for years past as an English country gentleman and a J.P. can really be a German, and if a German in disguise, then presumably a spy."

"If you knew some of the things that I do, you wouldn't have the least difficulty in believing it. No shot is too long for a German, and no off-chance too small to be taken. Only now and then their conceit undoes their cunning, as when they elected to ignore the contemptible little British Army and lost the battle of the Marne. But come back to your secondary chess problem. It interests me more than perhaps you imagine." He fixed his eyes upon the doctor in the manner of a disputant who puts an argumentative poser from which there is no escape. "If Hardston is *not* the same person as Hartstein, then how did he solve your end-game in less than ten seconds?"

Marley smiled at his eagerness.

"Why are you so keen on making him out to be the same?"

"Because, if he is the same," Bent answered, with a peculiar emphasis, "when he gave the key to your chess puzzle, he gave the key, at the same time, to another puzzle that has been bothering the military authorities in this neighbourhood a good bit. The evidence is not conclusive, but it is good enough to make me alter my plans for to-night—and to start an hour earlier, if you don't mind having the order passed along to Hogan."

After dinner Bent's mind was too much engrossed with the possibilities arising out of the chess puzzle to pay more than perfunctory attention to the puzzle itself, and Marley had finally to show him the solution. They glanced rather frequently at the clock as the time for the car to be at the door drew near, and both felt some relief to the tension of their minds when they had actually started and the cool night air blew strong in their faces as the car rushed swiftly down the road.

Twenty minutes brought them to a point where the private avenue of a country house joined the public road. Bent ran the car a few yards beyond the avenue gate and stopped.

"Now, the question is whether our friend of the doubtful identity is at home and, if so, whether he intends to take his car out to-night." He passed through the avenue gate on foot and went a few paces up the drive, inspecting the gravel with an electric torch.

"The ground is soft enough to show fresh tracks, if he had come out within the last few hours, but I should like to make sure. A shortage of petrol might serve as a pretext."

He turned to the chauffeur. "Go up and find the garage, Hogan, and notice if the car is there. Find the chauffeur, if you can, and ask him to sell you a tin of petrol as a favour, and you needn't haggle about the price. If the car is out, come back as quickly as you can; if not, you can stay and gossip a bit."

Hogan saluted and started off on his diplomatic mission with a grin of intelligence. It was about twenty minutes before he returned with the superfluous tin of petrol and a satisfactory report. The car was in and Mr. Hardston would be taking it out himself a little later. It was a sixteen horse-power, and could do about fifty miles an hour if pressed. He had gleaned some other less relevant information as to the defects and qualities of Mr. Hardston as a "boss" and the reasons why his chauffeur had not enlisted.

Bent backed the car a little way up a side lane and switched off the electric lights with which it was provided, leaving the engine purring gently. He mounted guard himself within view of the exit from the avenue.

He had to wait nearly an hour before the beam of a motor-car appeared among the shrubs of the avenue. He could see by its light that a man held the gate open for the car and turned back up the avenue when it had passed out. Whatever his errand, Hardston was setting out on it alone. For the first few miles the car ran at moderate speed, with lights duly screened in accordance with the police regulations of the time, and with Bent's car following at a discreet distance. Then it gradually slackened to a mere crawl, and, at last, stopped altogether, at the crest of a long slope, where the road topped a low ridge of hill.

"Now what?" Bent asked. "Is he suspicious of us, or is he waiting for something quite different?"

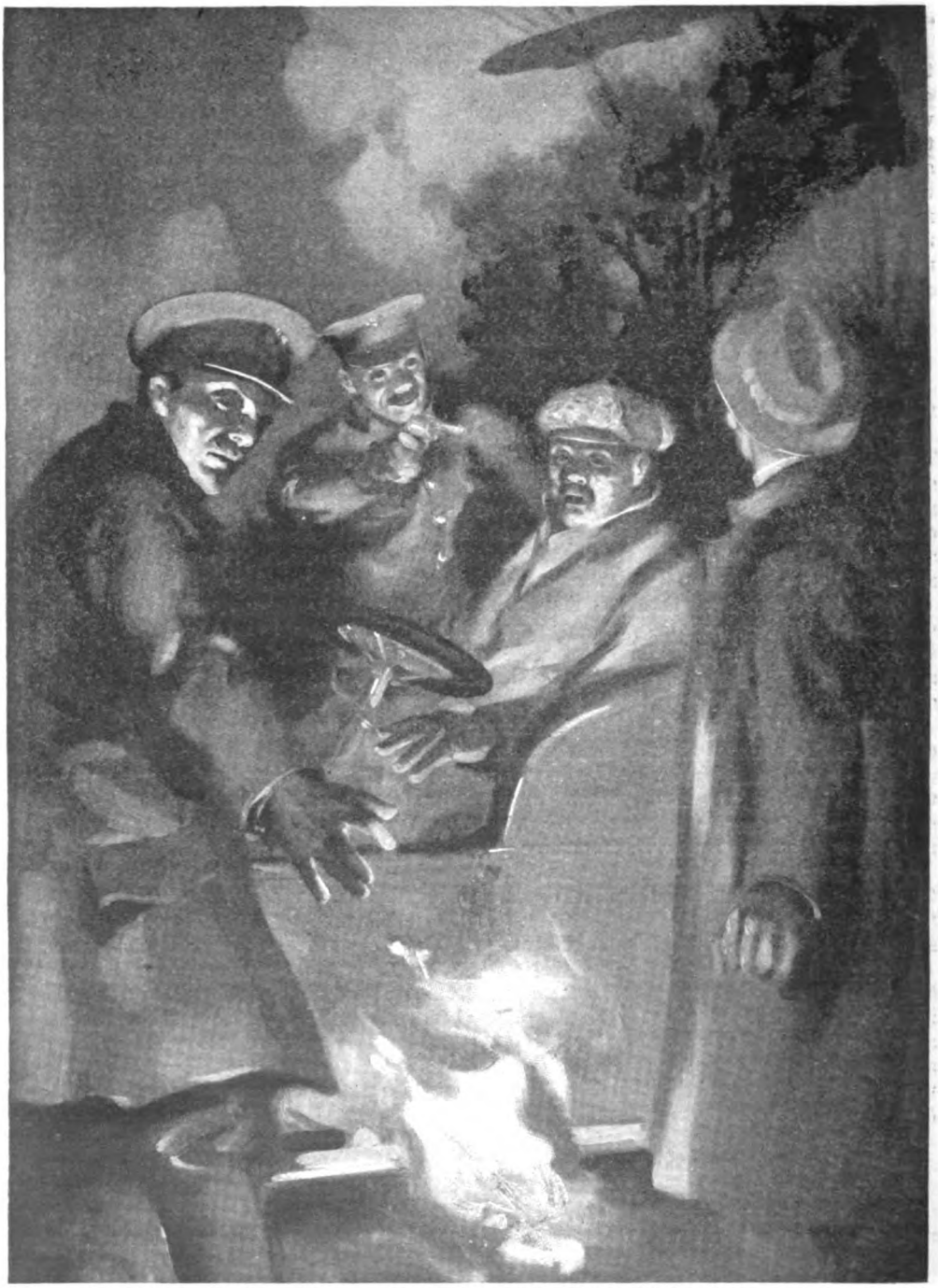
There was a long wait. Bent was at the wheel, with Marley sitting beside him and Hogan in the back seat. The air was chill and, under the faint light of a dying moon, a thin mist was gathering into patches of white fog over the lower-lying meadows.

"If I could trust the blighter to allow us another five minutes we might have some hot coffee out of the thermos," Bent remarked. "I would give a lot to know what chance *he* thinks there is of seeing anything to-night and why he thinks so."

"I would give something to know all *you* think, if it were permissible," Marley answered.

"It is permissible, at any rate, to put together the facts that you know yourself. The favourable weather conditions and the quarters of the moon are public property. You know that, if a raid should come, it might naturally be expected from the east, and the east coast lies a few miles behind us. You know that if the objective is anywhere about here, it can hardly be anything else than the town, with its munition factory, that lies west, just about seven miles in front of us, or the camp beyond." He lowered his voice confidentially. "I think I may venture to add this little bit of information. We are making in that factory certain apparatus which it would be even more in the interest of the enemy to destroy than shells or guns, to say nothing of babies. As to whether our friend in front has any connection with these matters, you have your own chess clue and the fact that, at this moment, he is loitering with his car on this particular road."

Hogan leant forward from the back seat.



"AS IT IGNITED HE TOSSED IT ON TO THE GROUND, AND THE GROUP WAS SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED IN THE DAZZLE OF A BRILLIANT GREEN LIGHT."

"I think I hear a car coming up behind, sir." His ears were farther from the noise of their own engine and were the first to catch the sound. Bent listened for a few moments and then uttered the single, pregnant word, "Aircraft!"

Marley's eager eyes searched the sky, but Bent's were fixed on a fresh phenomenon in

front, as he set the car going again. Hardston's car had begun to move on and was now sending up a shaft of light that reached upwards and onward, well defined in the thin haze. As they topped the rise, the pillar of light was gliding swiftly down the farther slope. Bent put on the pace, and it became obvious to Marley that, if it came to racing, the leading car stood no chance against their forty horse-power. But racing did not appear to be Bent's immediate intention, for he was content to close up to within a few yards, and, for a couple of miles or so, to follow without attempting to pass. The thrumming of the aircraft's engines was insistent, and, as he glanced backwards over his shoulder, Marley caught his first glimpse of a Zeppelin out for murder.

A shout from Bent to hold tight made him withdraw his eyes from the sky. The great car leapt forward, as Bent let the engine out to full power, and they shot past the other car, taking a narrow risk between it and the hedge. As soon as he had got in front Bent began to slow down, at the same time swerving from side to side of the road in a manner that justified his warning to sit tight, and compelled the other car to slow down likewise in conformity with the manœuvre. Finally, he turned his car lengthwise across the road and brought it to a stop. He had sprung out before the car had come to an actual standstill, and before either of his companions could follow him he was standing by Hardston, holding a revolver to his head. Without parley or apology, the revolver was handed to Hogan, with orders to shoot if Hardston should attempt to escape.

"This is an outrage!" Hardston began to bluster. But Bent was engaged in striking a match and did not attend to him. The lighted match was applied to something, of about the size and shape of a cricket ball, that he held in his other hand. As it ignited he tossed it on to the ground a few yards away, and the group was suddenly transformed in the dazzle of a brilliant green light.

"Pretty firework, wasn't it?" Bent inquired, as the flare died out, leaving on Marley's mental retina the vivid image of a fantastic study in green—of Hogan, with a green, sardonic grin, pointing the revolver at the scared green face of Hardston.

"We shall see fireworks of a different sort directly, or I am much mistaken," Bent added.

From the high ground on which they were standing they would, by daylight, have commanded a view of a stretch of lower-lying country. As it was they could see, about half a mile ahead, clearly defined on the lower level, rows of street lights, with others shining here and there in less regular pattern.

"I told you so," Bent remarked, coolly, as amongst the lights there showed the great flash of an exploding bomb, followed almost as the first report reached their ears by seven other flashes in quick succession.

"Good Lord!" Marley exclaimed, in horror. "Right in the thick of them. They'll need all the doctors they can get. I must go down there at once. But why, in Heaven's name, did they leave all those lights blazing?"

"It does rather look like asking for it," Bent answered, in an unperturbed voice. "But you need not distress yourself, my good doctor; your services are not required down yonder. Those are the lights of the town that our electricians have christened 'Spoofham-Chorley,' a town that you couldn't find by daylight, with no houses and no inhabitants, except possibly a stray sheep or two. But if our problem-solving customer behind there had been able to show his green light a couple of miles farther on, as he no doubt intended, you might have had a night's work before you."

As the whirr of the departing Zeppelins died away in the distance, he turned at last to deal with the captive, whom Hogan was still faithfully guarding, and turned the light of the electric torch on to his face.

"I am going to search your car, and I shall expect to find some green flares."

"You will no doubt find whatever you have placed there, Captain Bent, but let me tell you that I shall demand a full investigation into this monstrous outrage. I will answer any question, but you know quite well that I am Hardston of Morford House."

"On the contrary," Bent rejoined, "I have reason to believe that you are Hartstein of Berlin. But I will ask you one question, and a good deal may turn on your ability to answer it. This afternoon you played the first move for White in a chess puzzle. Tell me this: If White were to play the bishop instead, how ought Black to reply?"

For some moments Hartstein's face was blank of comprehension. Gradually the relevance of Bent's question dawned upon his mind, and he realized that he had played that afternoon the worst, at the same time as the best, possible move. To-night his own game was up. It was checkmate.

(The solution of the end-game in this story will be given next month.)

IS THE KAISER MAD?

By Dr. C. W. SALEEBY.

WITH THE OPINIONS OF EMINENT BRAIN EXPERTS.

FOR decades past we have heard doubts cast upon the Kaiser's sanity by competent observers. To-day an academic theme has become one of absorbing and immediate interest for all mankind. The long-accumulated evidence of mental instability and potential madness has passed from the sphere of the Kaiser's thoughts and wishes to that of his deeds, which have filled and are filling Europe with not only war, which is one thing, but murder, which is another.

My own interest in the subject dates less from the somewhat casual reading of studies of the Kaiser's mind in the past than from a never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in Munich, whither I had gone chiefly to join in the Wagner Centenary Festival in 1913. To that experience may be added the recollection of many cases of mania, studied under the late Sir Thomas Clouston, whose opinion on this subject would have been so valuable, in the Royal Asylum near Edinburgh, and observed since those student days in the Friends' Retreat at York, to which my grandfather, Dr. Caleb Williams, was visiting alienist for thirty-five years, and where he made many of the studies that underlie his book on the "Criminal Responsibility of the Insane." That subject concerns us here, for if we call the Kaiser mad in the generally accepted sense of the term we must call him irresponsible, and must acquit him of criminal guilt in such deeds as the sinking of the *Lusitania*, for which a sane man in the Kaiser's position must undoubtedly be held personally responsible, and for which such a man, if any murderer at all, should of course be hanged.

But in a matter of such moment and difficulty it would be mere quackery for any writer, notwithstanding medical education and degrees, to claim to speak with first-hand authority, unless his professional career had been devoted to the first-hand study of morbid psychology. Any such quackery I here disclaim. On the contrary, let me submit to the reader the evidence of world-acknowledged experts, such as would be heard in the witness-box if this appalling person ever came to trial, and then, with the aid of my own observation in Munich, let me try to sum up impartially.

The alienists to whom I have written cannot set down their opinions under their own names here, because professional etiquette, doubtless salutary, forbids any doctor in practice, as I am not, thus to advertise himself, in intention or effect. The most famous and authoritative, perhaps, of these experts approves of this present discussion, regrets that he cannot explicitly contribute to it, and concludes:—

"That the Kaiser has a mental twist is probable; that he is a criminal is undoubted."

The words are few and simple, but the authority behind them could not be excelled anywhere to-day, and I very much doubt whether it would be possible to state the final truth more accurately and completely.

There are two authoritative documents before me, which it is proper to quote, and which have the special value of having been written since the war broke out. Previous writings were speculative, but now we have the accomplished facts to study. As Mr. William Watson wrote in his fine sonnet, shortly after August 4th, 1914, "At last we know you, War Lord."

First, let us note the evidence of Dr. Morton Prince, LL.D., a highly-reputed psychologist, in his volume, "The Psychology of the Kaiser; a Study of His Sentiments and His Obsessions," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin last year.

For twenty-seven years the Kaiser has been making incessant speeches. Here is material for any psychologist to study. Dr. Charles Sarolea, not a professional psychologist, but a good thinker, has noted that in all these years the Kaiser has never once quoted Goethe, incomparably the greatest of German writers. Incessantly he has quoted his Hohenzollern ancestors, among whom certain lunatics notoriously figure, but never the supreme master among all who have ever indited the German tongue. Now Dr. Prince observes that the ever-recurring note of the Kaiser's speeches has been hatred, loathing, contempt, not of France or Great Britain, but of the Social Democrats who constitute perhaps not much less than one-third of *his own people!* Here is a true obsession, a fixed and dominant antipathy, charged explosively with inexhaustible resources of anger and fear. Hence the laws of *lèse-majesté*, and the consolidation and overmastering strength of the autocratic and military power in Germany. But why this dominant, steady, angry hatred? The answer is easy.

"ALONE WITH HIS GOD."
(THE MADNESS OF SELF-WORSHIP.
BY WILL DYSON.
From "Kultur Cartoons." By permission of the publishers, Stanley Paul & Co.

The Kaiser and his position are grotesque anomalies and anachronisms in the modern world. He stands for personal prerogatives, invested in him as the reigning Hohenzollern, which he claims to be invested in him and his house, not by the will of the people, but by the will of God. His continual references to God, after some foul murder or another, are not hypocritical, but genuine. He rules, he believes, by Divine right, and any rights which his people may possess he has graciously granted to them. Thus the Kaiser has said, "I look upon the people and nation handed on to me as a responsibility conferred upon me by God; and that it is, as is written in the Bible, my duty to increase this heritage, for which one day I shall be called upon to give an account; those who try to interfere with my task I shall crush." We need look no further to see why the Kaiser hates and fears so many of his own people.

Dr. T. B. Hyslop, formerly physician super-

intendent of Bethlem Royal Hospital, read a paper on "Anger" before the Medico-Psychological Association last year ("Journal of Mental Science," July, 1915), from which we may now learn.

Malays sometimes "run amok." But amok, says Dr. Hyslop, is "not confined merely to the individual Malay, but it also affects individuals of other nationalities, and, moreover, when it affects individuals of influence and authority over groups of people or communities, the amok is apt to assume the proportions of an epidemic of maniacal fury, in which even nations pass into furious homicidal passion and become a grave danger to civilization. History abounds in innumerable instances of amok arising endemically and sporadically in epileptic and dangerous homicidal rulers, and propagated by officers and dependents as waves of unspeakable cruelty and destruction of human life. . . . But of all the instances on record none can compare with those of the Prussian potentate who has animated the present disruption of civilization. Even though a constitutional monarchy may sanction the adoption of the methods of a criminal anarchy, posterity will decide inevitably in favour of humanity." "The exposure of the minds and methods at the Germanic fountain-head of so many psychopathic epidemics . . . will prove that the *débâcle* of this era is merely another instance of an epidemic psychopathy, a repetition of which humanity will never permit."

There is no doubt about that vigorous and significant opinion. Anger, hatred, and fear, engendered by the thwarting of a personality like Malvolio's, "sick of self-love," may breed consequences certainly criminal, if not the products of criminal insanity. This megalomania, which in the vulgar is expressively called "swelled head," is sometimes merely ridiculous. But it may be calamitous. Only too familiar to the student are the domestic tragedies which follow from the conduct of the victim of "general paralysis of the insane." His morbidly exaggerated emotion of self-esteem or "positive self-feeling," as Dr. McDougall calls it, clearly indicates that he must be put under control. Control is what these people need, for their safety and ours. Stupendous tragedies, not merely domestic but international, and finally calling for similar treatment, may follow from frightened megalomania in exalted cases where a diagnosis of sheer insanity is impossible. There is no abyss between sanity and insanity. Who shall draw the line? The immense influence of suggestion, conveyed by titles, by popular applause, by flattery, may morbidly expand the instinct of self-assertion in a man who, otherwise placed, might be no more than rather "bumptious" and pleased with himself. Such men occur everywhere, but circumstances control them. If circumstances spur them on, anything may happen—perhaps the bloodiest war in history.

In September, 1913, I was shown round the house formerly occupied by the great painter Lenbach, in Munich. Frau Lenbach, who still occupies part of it, being absent, my guide was a privileged lady, a baroness of the Austrian Empire, whom it would probably be unfair now to name. She showed us a number of superb portraits, including many of Bismarck, and some charming studies of Lenbach's own children, and then she took us, with a smile, into a tiny room, off a passage, where, hung above the window, in the worst light available, was a frightful daub which purported to represent a naval battle. A child with its first box of paints could have done no worse. This egregious composition was boldly signed "Wilhelm," and the august artist had presented it to Lenbach, to be exhibited in the company of his own masterpieces. That ridiculous daub I take to be perhaps the most eloquent canvas in Europe to-day.

Unless to be "sick of self-love" is to be mad, I do not count the Kaiser mad. The evidence from his genealogy is not conclusive to any responsible eugenist who knows how mixed is the family record of most men. The withered arm, as a consequence of infantile paralysis, has no significance for the Kaiser's psychology, unless as an abiding affront and irritant to his vanity. I do not see how he can be accounted mad. There is altogether too much method in his "madness." He would have made a good shop-walker or a successful company-promoter. He has lived all his life in an environment which is healthy for no man, and fatal for a man with his natural excess of vanity. In that environment he has developed a megalomania which is obviously morbid and, because of its subject's position, injurious to mankind at large. No man—nay, not a Marcus Aurelius—should be so exposed. To some extent, and in this sense, the Kaiser is the victim of circumstances. But though he be mad enough to say, "Evil, be thou my good," and fails to meet our English legal criterion of sanity—understanding of the moral nature of one's acts—I for one hold him capable of moral responsibility, count

him one of the supreme criminals of history, and would have him treated as such.

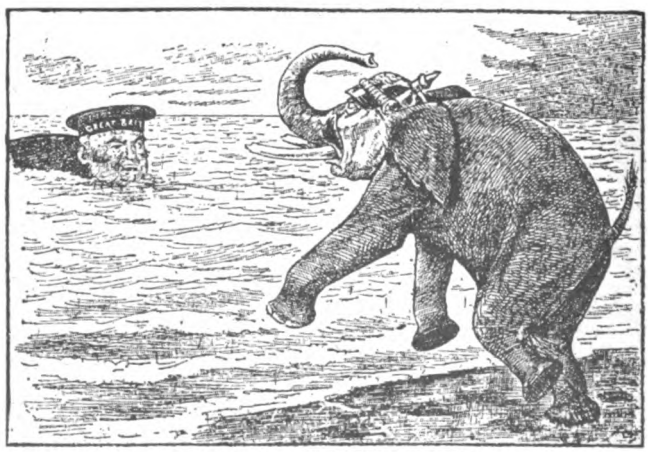
The above article has been submitted to two of the most eminent experts on the subject, who have favoured us with their views. We first quote the opinion of Dr. R. Armstrong-Jones, who permits us to give the great authority of his name and position. Dr. Armstrong-Jones, who is well known as Resident Physician and Superintendent of the L.C.C. Asylum, Claybury, and Lecturer on Insanity at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, says :—

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.
Herod: "Are they crying 'Mother' or 'Murder'?"
(THE MADNESS OF CRUELTY.)
BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS.
Reproduced by permission of "Land and Water," the owners of the copyright.

In reply to your request that I should express an opinion upon the very interesting subject of Dr. Saleeby's paper under the above heading, I appreciate that this question should be approached seriously and deliberately from the experience of those who are familiar with insanity, and whose daily lives have been in close touch with the many forms and phases of mental alienation. The solution of the question before us is not only of academic or psychological significance, but it is also of national and international concern, as it tends to decide how far to apportion blame in this world war, or to absolve from or lessen the degree of responsibility for events which have disturbed the peace of Europe.

As experts know, there is only an ill-defined line of demarcation between sanity and insanity, although the extreme of each state stands prominently apart. The borderland province between the two conditions is a narrow, uncertain, and variable territory. As we all know, there is a wide departure from the normal standard of mental health in the life of every individual ; childhood, for instance, is characterized by a fantastic tendency, a fascinating unreality, and an irresponsibility which are inconsistent with the reserve, the discretion, and the inhibition of mature experience. An exhibition of conduct, therefore, which is harmonious, fit, and adequate to one period of life is an indication of insanity when seen at some other period. As popularly imagined, and as formerly taught by lawyers and doctors, insanity does not necessarily mean the presence of hallucinations and delusions, although these are admittedly its most common outward manifestations. Insanity covers a much wider field, and its symptoms must be sought for elsewhere than in delusions. Scientific investigation finds them to-day in the deeply-planted instincts of man's nature, but the soil must be suitable for them to develop in, *i.e.*, the mental disposition must necessarily be of a self-centred, boastful, and egotistical kind. The gradual evolution of the instincts, especially those relating to self-preservation, gives to the individual person the tendency or the character he possesses. In the course of normal mental growth the instincts, under the forcing influences of example and precept, are guided by common sense or reason, which is the power of forming judgments, of discrimination, or of using old facts in new circumstances. It is the highest common sense that directs conduct to acknowledge obligations, and to recognize consideration for others. The instincts which provide the amenities of nations as well as of individuals Herbert Spencer described as the "indirectly self conservative." They include a due regard

for other nations, as well as for treaties and conventions entered into among themselves; they observe international courtesies, and they respect considerations for humanity. Without these, nations cannot live in security and safety. Have the German people or its crowned head shown any concern for these characters among the nations? The answer is distinctly in the negative, and when the instincts become distorted, as may chance to be the case in a susceptible mind, either through unfounded suspicions or through some powerful influences in early life, the consequent mental perversion progresses until a climax is reached which deems restraint to be obligatory. No appeal to reason is then of any avail, for the mind has lost its power of rightly interpreting impressions from without, or of combining and associating them normally from within, and a catastrophe is inevitable. The early teaching of the Kaiser by Bismarck directed his suspicions and modelled his diplomacy against an imaginary enemy, which has been our own country. The Divine right of the Hohenzollerns, strengthened if possible by his Stuart descent, suggested to the Kaiser the powerful influence of the Almighty, and the world has become sickened by the boastful partnership shouted on every public occasion by this Imperial War Lord lusting for Napoleonic glory. The disregard of solemn obligations entered into (with other European countries) to respect the integrity of Belgium, his provocative appearance in Morocco, his insolence at Agadir, and the boastful comparison of himself with Attila, King of the Huns, suggests not moral obliquity, but a mad, unreasonable ambition persisted in with the relentless and dominating tyranny of an *idée fixe*. The nomenclature of insanity has found a suitable place for this condition, and the term *Paranoia* embodies the qualities of this self-anointed braggart. The paranoiac is well known outside the asylum. He is the crank, oddity, singularity, or the eccentric person, and he is known to every period of history. The inventors, self-styled geniuses, saints, prophets, and "conscientious objectors" are mostly of this class. They have wild schemes for reaching the moon, for "strafing the English," and they may peremptorily order the law of gravitation to be repealed! They are not infrequently persons of strong will and much power. The characteristic feature of *Paranoia* is an intense egotism and an irrepressible boastfulness. It is a mental state which revels in the occult and the mysterious, hence the quasi-religious style and tone of all German Imperial declarations. The mind is unreasonable and it is lacking in the power of autocriticism, but it brooks no contradiction—hence the frequent committals for *lèse-majesté*. This mental state persists in spite of continued opposition, and if things are an allegory, such a character will end by finding its insensate ambitions curtailed within the limiting walls of an asylum — possibly in this instance at St. Helena.



A VERY MAD ELEPHANT.

The Mad Elephant: "If you don't go away, I'll — I'll blockade you!"

By permission of the ["Westminster Gazette"

Finally we give the opinion of another expert whose authority is second to that of no man living, but who prefers to remain anonymous. He sends us the following:—

THIS question is, as you write, being constantly put to doctors, particularly to those specially interested in insanity. The first point is as to the definition of "insanity," and here there is no unanimity of opinion.

I think at present it is considered to be gauged by conduct rather than by any mental standard. For over twenty years I have said that I expected some catastrophe to follow the outrageous conduct of the Kaiser.

My opinion was founded on the following grounds:—

He belongs to a family in which insanity has occurred; he was surrounded by flatterers, and he seemed incapable of self-judgment.

One has long been interested in what may be called morbid mental growths.

There are many insane patients in whom one is able to trace their insanity to the overgrowth of some natural feeling.

Jealousy may develop into dangerous symptoms, suspicion may grow into a persecution mania, and caution may end in *folie de doute*.

It has been said that persons who are born deaf or become deaf in early life may either become suspicious, believing that people are talking of and against them, or may become unduly impressed with their own ability because they fail to hear contradictions.

It is pretty certain that any such persons are predisposed to mental instability.

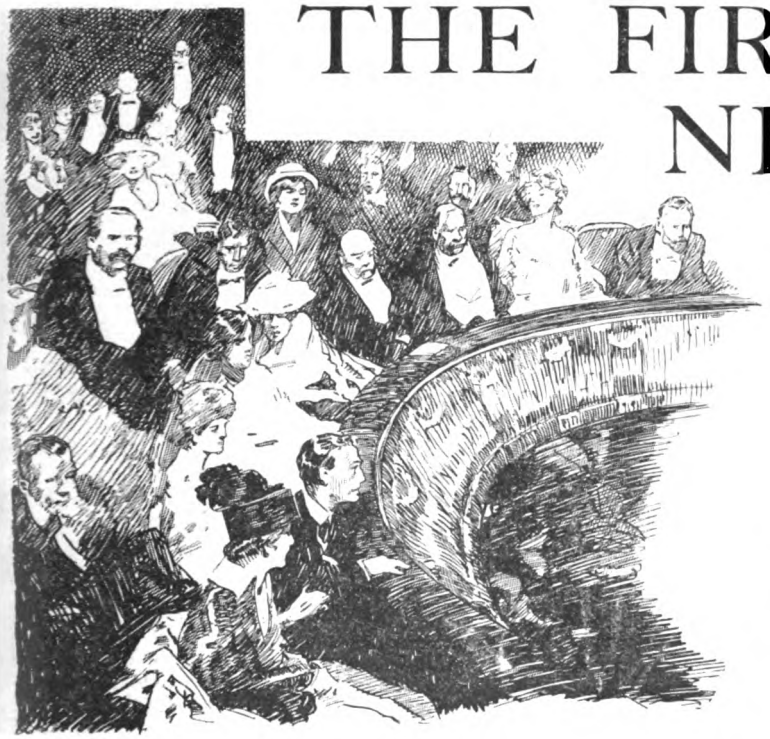
If we take the Kaiser, surrounded by flatterers and with more than the average of restless ability, it is not difficult to trace the growth of his general megalomania.

He is incapable of self-judgment, and his many accounts of his belief in his universal genius show his unreason.

Yet this alone does not constitute insanity. That he is outside normal social rules one must admit, and if the question is, "Is he lunatic or criminal?" I find it difficult to decide. If one, not a ruler, behaved as he has and caused the death of another, I believe he would be treated as a criminal lunatic, and in England sent to Broadmoor Asylum. In saying this I take away the responsibility for his acts.

Maudsley, I think, says, "Some are more mad than bad and some more bad than mad," and the judgment of the world will incline towards pity or punishment according to its decision.

THE FIRST NIGHT.



By JESSIE TRIMBLE.

Illustrated by G. Henry Evison.

ELEVEN o'clock in the evening, an audience that had been having a play tried on it, a theatre in a town not too far distant from New York. The lobby was emptying listlessly, and Jacob Frawley, the producer, was saying to George Raymond, the author, "Well, it didn't take on."

"I see it didn't," said Georgie, quietly, watching the people leaving. Frawley watched them too, leaning jauntily against the window of the box-office. He was in full managerial array, and the fine evening clothes were sleek and comfortable upon his short, fat person.

"These out-o'-town folks have got as much gumption as New Yorkers," he said in an undertone to Georgie—Georgie in his sack coat and of the set, thin face. "Look at them. Walking out as if they had been to church. Yawning at each other, saying who's playing in this house *to-morrow* night. Hum! Good evening, Miss Budd!" This to the girl who came and stood beside Georgie.

"Just a moment, Kathleen," said Georgie, smiling heroically. And to Frawley, "I suppose there's nothing more to do—at least, not to-night?"

"No, there's nothing more to do."

"Mr. Frawley," said Kathleen, falteringly, "do you mean that you aren't going to take it to New York?"

"I don't want him to take it to New York," said Georgie, quickly. "I don't want another New York failure."

"But it might not fail in New York. Don't things go sometimes in New York when they don't go on the road?"

Georgie's eyes rested upon her. Hadn't she picked out a fine specimen? An unsuccessful, poverty-stricken playwright, with new stretches of poverty and failure apparently opening up before him? Frawley said: "Mr. Raymond's right, Miss Budd. 'The Willow Tree' comes pretty near being a good piece of property. He'd lose it once for all if he took it in now, the way these people saw it."

"Oh, I know—the ending!" said Kathleen, sadly.

"That's it," said Frawley, "the ending. There's nothing surer in the theatrical business than that you can kill a play in fifteen minutes at the finish." Or in five, he might have added, and found those who would agree with him.

"But I'll say this for you, Mr. Raymond: If you'd had a good ending you'd have had a good play. I've been interested in it, and I'm not sorry I produced it, though I stand to lose."

"I appreciate your saying that, Mr. Frawley—appreciate it very much," said Georgie.

for other nations, as well as for treaties and conventions entered into among themselves; they observe international courtesies, and they respect considerations for humanity. Without these, nations cannot live in security and safety. Have the German people or its crowned head shown any concern for these characters among the nations? The answer is distinctly in the negative, and when the instincts become distorted, as may chance to be the case in a susceptible mind, either through unfounded suspicions or through some powerful influences in early life, the consequent mental perversion progresses until a climax is reached which deems restraint to be obligatory. No appeal to reason is then of any avail, for the mind has lost its power of rightly interpreting impressions from without, or of combining and associating them normally from within, and a catastrophe is inevitable. The early teaching of the Kaiser by Bismarck directed his suspicions and modelled his diplomacy against an imaginary enemy, which has been our own country. The Divine right of the Hohenzollerns, strengthened if possible by his Stuart descent, suggested to the Kaiser the powerful influence of the Almighty, and the world has become sickened by the boastful partnership shouted on every public occasion by this Imperial War Lord lusting for Napoleonic glory. The disregard of solemn obligations entered into (with other European countries) to respect the integrity of Belgium, his provocative appearance in Morocco, his insolence at Agadir, and the boastful comparison of himself with Attila, King of the Huns, suggests not moral obliquity, but a mad, unreasonable ambition persisted in with the relentless and dominating tyranny of an *idée fixe*. The nomenclature of insanity has found a suitable place for this condition, and the term *Paranoia* embodies the qualities of this self-anointed braggart. The paranoiac is well known outside the asylum. He is the crank, oddity, singularity, or the eccentric person, and he is known to every period of history. The inventors, self-styled geniuses, saints, prophets, and "conscientious objectors" are mostly of this class. They have wild schemes for reaching the moon, for "strafing the English," and they may peremptorily order the law of gravitation to be repealed! They are not infrequently persons of strong will and much power. The characteristic feature of *Paranoia* is an intense egotism and an irrepressible boastfulness. It is a mental state which revels in the occult and the mysterious, hence the quasi-religious style and tone of all German Imperial declarations. The mind is unreasonable and it is lacking in the power of autocriticism, but it brooks no contradiction hence the frequent committals for *lèse-majesté*. This mental state persists in spite of continued opposition, and if things are an allegory, such a character will end by finding its insensate ambitions curtailed within the limiting walls of an asylum — possibly in this instance at St. Helena.

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Walking out as if they had been to [illegible]
Yawning at each other, saying what's playing
in this house to-morrow night. [illegible]
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came [illegible]

"And when a star thinks well of a play—— Why, Miss Vaughan said to-night she liked it better than any *rôle* she ever starred in. Felt *bad* about the ending. There, there, Miss Budd! Don't you go looking so doleful. Mr. Raymond will succeed some day. He'll find the ending for this play some day."

"I must take her to the hotel," said Georgie, and, with another attempt at a smile, "You see, it's her first experience on the road. Never been to the opening of one of my plays before. Good night!"

"Good night!" said Frawley, and to the house-manager joining him, "Reckon that young couple would have got married if the play had taken on. But it didn't."

"No, it didn't," said the house-manager. "And I thought it would. I liked it up to—well, on into the fourth act, and then——"

"And then?" said Frawley, with a snort.

"Well, it just kind of fell off."

"That's what it did," said Frawley. "It fell off."

"Had you been afraid of it? Did others notice it?"

"Well, they did. The star noticed it, and the author noticed it, and the leading man noticed it, and the other actors noticed it, and about twenty people we called in noticed it. And all of them tried to get it right. We spent four weeks trying. We tried every ending on earth, and this was the best we could do."

"Well, it was the ending all right that they didn't like. Author seems like a nice little fellow."

"Awfully nice little fellow! Used to be my play reader. I'm not having one now. They never find any plays. Amateurs can't write them. Why, here's Mr. Raymond, good critic, strong in construction, got talent—you can see that—and *he* doesn't know what's the matter with his ending. He won't find out when he's trying to, either. Plays and life are something like each other. Tumble on a good many of the big things in both of them."

Mr. Frawley, having delivered himself of these observations on life and literature, said good night. He would quiet himself with a stroll and a cigar before turning in.

Kathleen and Georgie followed the procession that had been their audience up the street.

"We must be married soon, anyway, some way," said Georgie. "Of course, I don't see just how we can be, but——"

"Georgie, dear, don't let it make you blue. Just keep remembering what a stiff game you're bucking up against. The very stiffest." She looked ahead. "There's Mrs. Lowther. Hasn't she been nice to us?"

And Mrs. Lowther to another woman in the company, "I think I'll wait for Mr. Raymond and Miss Budd. I'm afraid they're awfully cut up."

Mrs. Mildred Lowther was generally that important woman in theatrical companies playing second. She was always in demand for duchesses and *grandes dames* of all sorts; had even upon occasion played a queen.

"You'd think I was a beauty," she said once to her sister.

"Oh, no, dear!" said the sister, promptly. "It's your manner. You certainly can give a good imitation of a lady."

Georgie and Kathleen joined her and had a bite to eat at her insistence.

"Never mind," she said. "We'll live to see 'The Willow Tree' in big electric lights on Broadway. Oh, yes, we will." And as they separated, "Good night and good luck—a lot of it!"

So Mr. Frawley let "The Willow Tree" do two weeks on the road, and then put it in the storehouse.

"If you ever get an ending," he said to Georgie, back in town one day, "come and see me."

"I will," said Georgie. But he spent no further time looking for it. He was very busy looking for a job, and Kathleen was exercising a little gift she had for painting portraits that looked like the original.

Kathleen wrote Frawley a little letter which he did not answer—a foolish, feminine little letter, in which she said again didn't he think maybe "The Willow Tree" would go, in spite of the ending, in New York? Georgie never, never knew about that letter. "He'd murder me—and maybe not marry me." Georgie was swearing that he'd marry her soon or cut his throat.

On a fine winter day, some two months later, Mrs. Lowther appeared in the Frawley offices while Mr. Frawley was out.

"I'll wait," she said, decisively, to the office-boy. And when Frawley, happening to come in by way of the waiting-room, found her sitting there, he said she might accompany him to the inner sanctum. Mrs. Lowther went calmly enough, but the moment they were in the room and the door shut she said, explosively:—

"Mr. Frawley, someone's stolen the plot of 'The Willow Tree'!"

Frawley stopped in the act of sitting down, interested but not excited.

"Who's stolen it?"

"Levy Brothers. I've just come from rehearsing in it. I was sent up by an agency to try the part. They went through the play from the beginning. I was simply astounded, but said nothing. And then Harry Levy himself came over. He saw me, and a moment later spoke to the stage-manager. After which they told me I wasn't quite the type. I was exactly the type. I'm sure Levy told him about my having been in 'The Willow Tree.'"

"Hah!" said Frawley, sitting down.

"The story isn't just the same—unlike enough to save them, perhaps—but the idea—— Isn't there anything to do with thieves of that sort?"

"They might not have stolen it. That's one of the fallacies about the theatrical business. Always thinking somebody's stealing something. Ideas get in the air. The spooks spread them about. We managers aren't any more dishonest than others." And then a thought struck him. "How do they end it?" he said, ingenuously.

Mrs. Lowther had an efficient sense of humour, but it was off duty. She was otherwise engaged. The fine shades of Mr. Frawley's mental workings escaped her for the moment. She answered, "Oh, in an awful way! So much worse than any of ours——"

"Hah!" said Frawley, relapsing. "Well, it's too bad that Mr. Raymond couldn't have made it end right. He came pretty near having a piece of property."

"Mr. Frawley," and Mrs. Lowther leaned earnestly towards him, "won't you give him another chance? Won't you try it on New York?"

"What?" said Frawley, vaguely. And then, "Oh, no, no! I've no notion of trying it on New York."

"But this awful Levy thing will kill 'The Willow Tree.' Why, even if Mr. Raymond found the right ending, would *you* put it on? After the Levys had taken the novelty out of the idea? Whether they stole it or whether they didn't?" And when Frawley said nothing, "It makes me feel just too unhappy. The disappointment it will be to Mr. Raymond and that dear little Miss Budd."

"Yes. I wish they could have made some money by it. I'm going to look over others of his plays, and maybe try one of them next season. By the way, I meant to drop you a line. I can fix you up with something in a week or two—something in New York."

Ordinarily this would have interested Mrs. Lowther very much. She was getting to the place where going on the road nearly killed her. Vital question it was, indeed, this "something in New York." And it was "an awful season," as theatrical seasons always are. There seemed to be very few duchesses doing. But Mrs. Lowther only said "Thank you," and went at it again.

"Mr. Frawley, I hope you'll forgive my being so persistent, but—well, it does seem a shame that Mr. Raymond shouldn't even get the credit for that idea. And you know how well three acts of it went."

"Mrs. Lowther, you can't send an audience home on a poor finish and expect to fill the house the next night. I've been in the theatrical business about forty years, and that's my experience."

"And of course you're right. I'm admitting that. I'm asking you to bring it in and let it fail. Anything to get it on ahead of Levy."

"I'm in business, not philanthropy," said Frawley, shortly. "Get me a good ending, and I'll bring it into Broadway."

"I wish I could," said Mrs. Lowther, and went.

Members of the profession knew to the fraction of a second when they dared not remain longer in Mr. Frawley's office.

Two or three days passed before Mrs. Lowther decided to tell Georgie about the peril in which stood "The Willow Tree." But she really couldn't get it off her mind. So she called Georgie on the telephone and, not finding him, took a bus down to Washington Square. She had been intending to call on Miss Budd, and considered it a good guess that Georgie would either be there or be expected.

"To think of my never getting here before!" she said, as they looked out of the big windows toward the Avenue. "Is Mr. Raymond coming?"

"Yes—though I don't know just when." Kathleen's eyes did not meet Mrs. Lowther's. "He—you know, he's—well, he's looking for something to do. And some days he—he gets something and—and always does it, no matter what it is, or how little."

"Do you mean he isn't writing, or criticizing?"

"There's nothing to criticize. Oh, sometimes they give him an extra play on one of the papers if the critic's busy. But he hasn't had anything regular since Mr. Frawley stopped having a play reader."

"But somebody must do something about it. A talented fellow like Mr. Raymond! It ought to be easy for him to get a position."

"It ought, but it isn't."

"Oh, I'm so glad I came down. Though as to the business that brought me—— My dear, I really came to see Mr. Raymond. I hope he is coming."

"I hear him now," said Kathleen, and ran to the door.

Georgie came well into the room before he saw there was a visitor, and Mrs. Lowther, not standing near the light, stared at him. He looked ill. And the coat he wore—why, it wasn't a winter coat at all, just a little thin thing! Mrs. Lowther went towards him.

"Mr. Raymond!" she exclaimed.

"Well, to think of seeing you here!" said Georgie, as he shook hands. "How are you? And how does it happen?"

"She came to see you about something, Georgie, some business," said Kathleen, arranging the teacups. And Mrs. Lowther's heart failed her. Tell that tired, discouraged-looking boy that someone else was putting on his big idea? She could not. And Georgie said:—

"All right; fire away! I'm interested in business, any business, from literature down." He laughed, and handed Mrs. Lowther yet another cushion. "If there were only some snow to shovel! I haven't slept in the park yet, but——"

"Georgie!" said Kathleen, sharply. Georgie, turning quickly, bent over the tea-table.

"Oh, I say, forgive me, dear!" And to Mrs. Lowther, "She takes things seriously in these days. Just a joke—part of the game. Well, what is it? What's the business?"

Mrs. Lowther was an actress and equal to occasions. She rose gallantly to this one.

"I've been thinking about the ending," she said.

"Halloa!" said Georgie. "Back to the old thing? What about the ending?"

"Mr. Raymond," said Mrs. Lowther, eagerly, "I wish you'd try again. Try to-night. It—it's such a good time for that play. It—it's important."

"You bet it's important. And when the gods get ready——"

"Nonsense!"

"When they give us a nice little bolt from the blue—— Why do you say nonsense?"

"Because I don't believe a word of it. One of Frawley's superstitions. 'Gods get ready!' The gods aren't thinking anything about it."

"You *are* taking chances. If the gods overheard you saying so——"

"Silly! And I know you ought to keep working on 'The Willow Tree.' Am I not right, Miss Budd?"

"I'm not so sure," said Kathleen. "Georgie generally knows when he's talking about plays."

"Hurrah!" said Georgie, and patted her on the shoulder. And to Mrs. Lowther, "Oh, I say, you're not going?"

"Yes, I am," said Mrs. Lowther, laughing. "This is no place for me. The jury's prejudiced. Oh, don't come down."

But they insisted on going with her to the street, Georgie very gay indeed, quite boisterously cheerful.

"And beware of the bolt!" he called after her. "The gods'll get you if you don't look out."

"'WELL, TO THINK OF SEEING YOU HERE!' SAID GEORGIE."

Mrs. Lowther laughed back at them and was glad, anyway, that she had not told them to-night.

"I'll find some work for him before I do. I vow I will."

Georgie and Kathleen climbed the stairs together, arm in arm.

Mrs. Lowther started home, changed her mind, and went to Frawley's office. It was late, but she might catch him, and she did.

"Mr. Frawley," she said, "I've come again about Mr. Raymond."

"Can't hear a word—not a word! Picture man outside. Lot of stock stuff going into the movies." And to the secretary in the doorway, "Send him in. If I'd known you'd come on *that* again——"

The movie man was in the room, and Mrs. Lowther without another word departed. But she told her sister what she thought of Frawley at the dinner-table.

"It's inhuman of him, that's what it is, not doing anything for Mr. Raymond. Why, Ada, he looked hungry! I didn't realize it at first; thought he was ill. But when he came closer—— It's nothing but that—not having enough to eat."

And next morning the matter still was on her heart. Levy's wretched play was on it. And she had not found the ending. She had looked for it far into the night. Of course, she could say no more to Frawley. Was there anyone who could? There was. Mrs. Frawley was at that moment interesting herself in the subject.

Frawley stared back hard at her.

"Do you mean to say *you'd* have me bring it to New York? When I know it'd fail and we'd be losing several thousand dollars? Don't you know the value of money, Renie?"

"Of course I know the value of money," said Mrs. Frawley.

"I'm not going to bring Mr. Raymond's play to New York at present," said Frawley, pushing back his chair. "I'm sorry I mentioned Mrs. Lowther's telling me of Levy Brothers. Has the car come?"

"It's been sitting outside ten minutes."

Mrs. Frawley left the dining-room and stood at the windows of the big reception hall. She was thinking of their riches, their string of theatres, their bank accounts.

"Jacob, I took a liking to him and her at the rehearsals. To Mr. Raymond and Miss Budd."

"Hah!" said Frawley.

"I know you've been awfully good to them already, trying their play, but——"

She paused.

"But what?" said Frawley.

"I should like to see you fight the Levys for them, and manage it so that they could get married." She looked out of the windows again, and the limousine glistened in the sunshine. "Of course, if—if we'd had children and they'd been grown up now"—Frawley took a step away from her with an infrequent look in his eyes—"I'd like to get them a nice parlour set, and a Victrola, and a lot of lingerie for her, and——"

"You've got a kind heart, Renie." Frawley had disposed of the look in his own eyes. "But don't you go getting sad on *that* subject again—us having no children."

He kissed her, and bade her meet him in town for lunch, and said no more of Georgie and "The Willow Tree."

Two hours later, however, a call came for Mrs. Lowther on the telephone. She was requested to come down and see Mr. Frawley. She came, and Frawley put his business bluntly before her.

"Just how much like 'The Willow Tree' is this thing of Levy's?"

"The theme is the same and the big situation in the third act is almost identical. The woman's character tries to be the same, but it isn't because it's so badly written." Frawley opened a letter on the desk. "I'm not a bit sure they didn't steal it."

"It isn't impossible," said Frawley, and read the letter. Mrs. Lowther continued:—

"And when I tell you what I believe about Mr. Raymond—just how poor he is——"

Frawley turned and shouted at her:—

"Look here, woman, you've got this on the brain! Been calling on Miss Vaughan?"

"Oh, no; I telephoned."

"Hah! And now *she's* coming down."

The letter went whirring across the desk, and a call for Mr. Raymond on the wire.

"Mr. Frawley! Oh, Mr. Frawley, are you going to do it?"

"Of course I'm going to do it. I've *got* to do it. My God! If this nagging kept up—— And if you don't do a good piece of acting on the opening night——"

"I will! I will! I'll act as I never acted in all my life! I'll——"

"Halloa! . . . That you, Raymond? . . . Yes. Well, your play'll open in New York on Thursday night." . . . And louder, "I said we'd open with 'The Willow Tree' on Thursday night. . . . You don't want it? Of course you don't want it. You've got some sense. But you've also got the biggest lot of sentimental women pawing up the earth about you." . . . And shouting again, "I

don't care what you think or what you want or what you don't want. And don't worry about the ending. You'll see it on Thursday night. . . . Why Thursday night? Because somebody's stole your idea. . . . That's what I said. And if we're going to beat them at it we're going to beat them. Good-bye! Halloa! Halloa! Halloa! . . . Tell that girl of yours my wife would like her to come up some afternoon and go shopping with her."

Frawley, standing in the wings, watched grimly the progress of the play on the opening night. Acts one, two, three—the audience was "eating it up," no doubt about that. But they had "eaten it up" as far as that point on the road.

There were loud calls for the author that nobody took. Nobody wanted to take them. Nobody would have been allowed to take them if he had wanted. A rival whose opinion Frawley valued highly gave this note to the leader of the orchestra: "You've got a great play, Jake! A great author! Congratulations!" And Frawley crushed the paper in his hand. The curtain was going up on the fourth act.

Georgie and Kathleen were seated in the last row of the second balcony. They felt at home there for one thing, and for another they didn't wish to be any nearer than was necessary at the death. It would be too heart-rending. Was there a chance that "The Willow Tree" would take on in spite of the ending? It couldn't. Not a human being who had seen it—and they had tried it on dog after dog—but had cooled off about the play when they had seen the fourth act.

There was something positively queer about it. When it ended with the woman in the last scene believing the man's protestation of love for her, love she had not suspected, it gave the impression that she was too eager, too easily convinced, too easily won. When it ended with her refusing to believe, in putting him off, bidding him wait till time convinced her, the audience went home disappointed. It was much worse than "superior" in effect; it was artificially "superior." And the winding up of secondary threads seemed to react stupidly on the earlier parts of the play. Yet it was all necessary. What is a play if it isn't a complete action?

They had at last settled on a final scene in which the woman sent the man away. This was the ending that would soon be given for better or worse to the big first-night audience in New York. A wonderful audience! People went to see Miss Minna Vaughan, no matter what she played in. Very few of them so much as thought of Georgie when they bought their tickets.

Georgie was quiet enough, but he gripped Kathleen's hand fiercely when the lights were out.

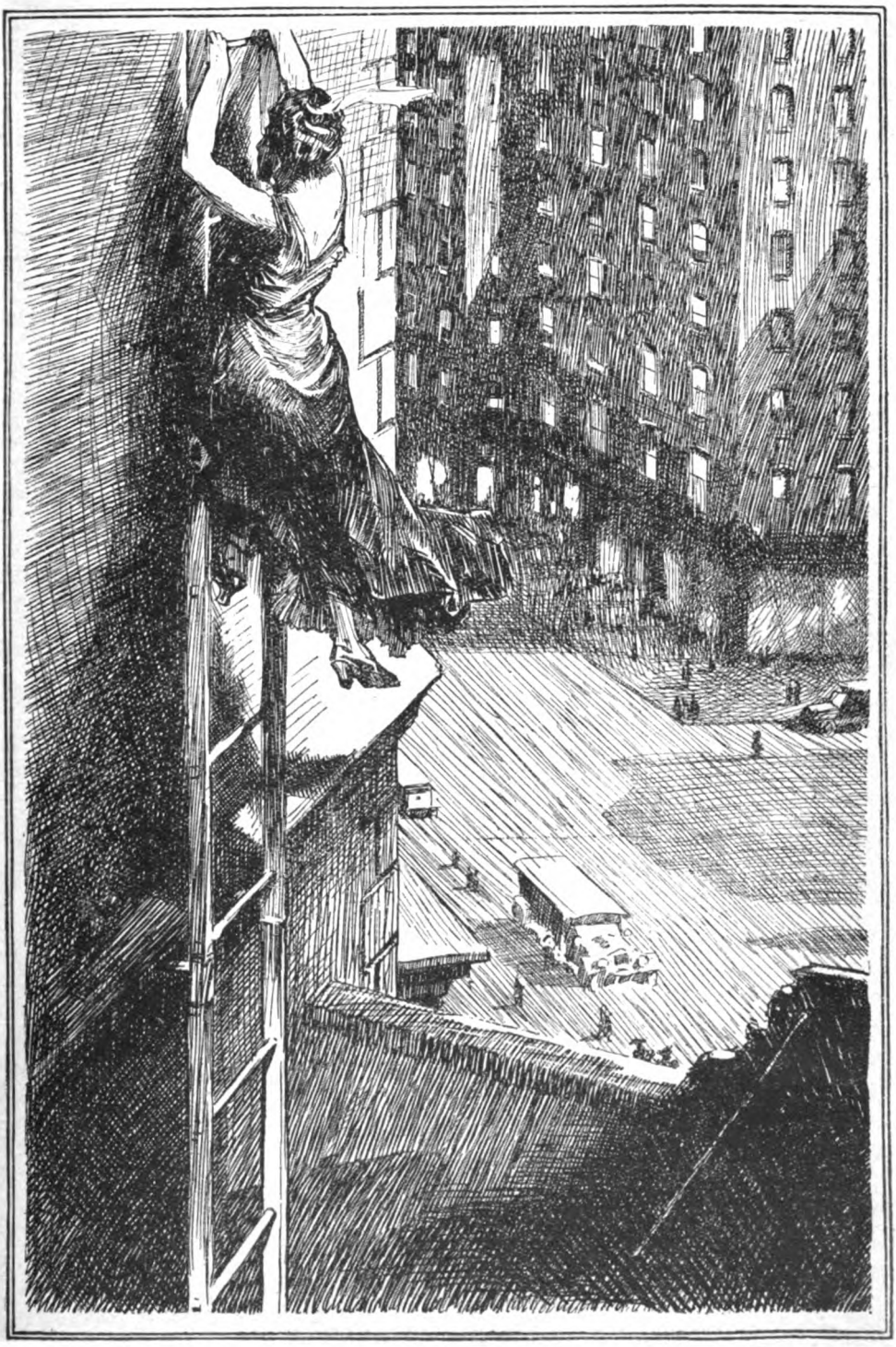
"I believe Mrs. Lowther feels almost as bad about it as we do," whispered Kathleen. "Her sister told me she was still racking her brain at two o'clock this morning, trying to think of something."

"I know; she's been ripping. Think if she'd not got on to Levy! The old crook! It'll come now in just a few moments. Gosh, it's awful! I feel kind of queer."

Mrs. Lowther was at that moment preparing to descend from her dressing-room, having thus far kept her promise to Frawley about a good performance. She had gone through the somewhat difficult *rôle* of Aunt Helena to the star with even more than her accustomed *verve* and self-possession. Well, anyway there'd be some critics who would give that boy credit for his big idea, some in the audience who would know hereafter who George Raymond was. And half-a-dozen men at her entreaty were looking for a job for Georgie. Only — what a pity about the ending! What a pity!

"Fourth act! Fourth act!" The call-boy had run up and down five minutes since. The orchestra was silent. The act was on. And Mrs. Lowther at her mirror faced the double row of glaring electric lights with satisfaction. It was early for her entrance, but she would go down. Another dab of the rabbit's foot to her cheeks and forehead, and she swept splendidly out into the narrow corridor. A very *grande dame* indeed!

But she sniffed disgustedly at the closeness of the atmosphere. Why weren't these upper places properly ventilated? The great lady turned suddenly at the head of the stairway, having just remembered that when playing in that theatre before—— Yes, that door at the end of the long and deserted corridor had sometimes been open. If she recalled correctly, it gave upon a little balcony, relic of a fire-escape, predecessor to the more modern structure of to-day. Why wasn't it always open? Why wasn't it open now? Mrs. Lowther was one of those public-spirited women. She was leaving the dressing-rooms, but other members of the company would be returning to them. She would see about that door. And so, with luxurious swish of her skirts and the faint scent of violets, she proceeded with dignity to it. Stupid lock! Stupid locks! But she



"SHE WAS CLAWING HER WAY UP A LITTLE LADDER TO THE ROOF."

discovered the combination; the big door swung open and the air swept in.

Oh, how refreshing! And a moon! Mrs. Lowther laughed aloud. She had almost looked at it over her left shoulder. Quite near enough to make a wish come true. She would wish one for the author. Might the tide turn in his affairs, bringing health and wealth and happiness! Even though the play to-night could not do very great things for him—— She stepped out on the balcony and looked the moon full in the face. And the big door shut heavily behind her.

Downstairs at either side of the stage stood the stage-manager and his assistant. In any Frawley company discipline was strict, and on a first night, with Frawley in the wings, the stage-managers were doubly on the alert. Each actor waiting to go on heard the whisper well ahead of time, "Are you there? Got your props?" And when Mrs. Lowther did not answer out of the shadowy approach to her next entrance, the whisper passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, "Where's Mrs. Lowther?" When she did not appear from any still darker corner of the abysses behind the scenery, the stage-manager sent his assistant hurrying upstairs to warn her of the time. He knocked at the door of the dressing-room; no answer. He opened the door; Mrs. Lowther was not there. She was travelling madly towards a fire-escape on the adjoining building. She was clawing her way up a little ladder to the roof.

A first awful moment in which she realized her plight, beat upon the door—no answer! Again! She'd try again! And the sound was like a tack-tack against the ponderous door. Then calling down below. No one there, no one but a little dog that barked and barked. Mrs. Lowther discovered the perilous ladder. Iron rungs against the wall, and wide, wide spaces between them. The dirt! Take her dress off? Throw it over? She couldn't—she dared not. She dared not wait. She went.

The assistant stage-manager did not so much as look in the direction of that door. He did not know it opened. She was below. Of course she was below. He walked downstairs and reported.

"My God!" said the stage-manager. "Mr. Frawley, Mrs. Lowther isn't here. Where's the understudy?"

"Why, here I am. But I don't know the part. I can't go on. Why, Mr. Jenkins, I'm understudying Miss Vaughan as well as Mrs. Lowther, and I didn't know till yesterday that we opened to-night."

The stage-manager turned desperately from her.

"Find Mrs. Lowther! Find her, I say!" he said, in a terrible whisper, to everybody in sight. Frawley said not a word. His look, had he turned it in that direction, might have congealed the roof, high, high above him, and Mrs. Lowther on it. She had come to the fire-escape. A look at it. Why, she *couldn't!* Her only chance! Then on it, going down! And dizzy! High places always made her dizzy. Yet just like that. Running up and down a sky-scraper. And between her teeth, at the moon beaming amiably at her, "It was you—it was you—it was you!"

It was the scene preceding the fatal part of the fourth act. Miss Vaughan and the leading man were alone on the stage together. Georgie and Kathleen wiped the cold sweat from their brows.

"Well, we're here," said Georgie.

Far down below them Mrs. Frawley, resplendent in her diamonds and in her box, whispered to one of her guests that some people considered the rest of the act—— Oh, perhaps she'd better let them judge for themselves. And Mrs. Lowther swung herself to the last reaches of the fire-escape. Two minutes more perhaps till she was due on the stage, and how easy one-night stands would always look hereafter!

"Oh, God!" she breathed.

Of course, if she tore her dress again, left the skirt behind—— Her eyes on the plunge to the ground! Would she break a leg or two? And the stage door around the corner! Frawley would never give her a part again.

Miss Vaughan spoke her lines to the leading man: "It is true. I have grown not to care for music. Forgive my saying that to you, who play so well. But it—it saddens me. I—I sometimes think I never wish to hear music again."

The leading man stood watching her for a moment in silence, and then went to the piano. He sat down and played, played music that spoke, that spoke for him, declaring his love. The star, turning sharply, amazed, angry, began to listen, then came slowly, slowly toward the piano, beginning to understand. She stood as if under a spell, her eyes held by his. And the music speaking! But the leading man was thinking even now of Mrs. Lowther's entrance. He played the strain that was her cue for coming on.

"She's late," whispered Kathleen.

"Why, they never did *that* before," said Georgie, at a first hint of repetition in the music. The stage-manager had got it over

to them. They knew by this time that something had happened to Mrs. Lowther. Could they hold on a minute?

"For the Lord's sake!" said Georgie, leaning out toward the stage. "Where is she?"

And their neighbours in the second balcony woke up. "I believe he's the author!" whispered one woman excitedly to another. "He's as white as a sheet!"

The leading man was playing more and more of his glowing music. Miss Vaughan was putting every shade of meaning into her rapt listening. Downstairs Mrs. Lowther's sister rose defiantly and dragged her husband out with her. "She must be *dead!* Nothing else on earth could keep her off when she ought to be on!" While the leading man played and played and played. But he couldn't play for ever.

Frawley cut short further suggestions as to what they should or shouldn't do.

"Ring down the curtain!" he snarled. "There's nothing to do but ring down the curtain!"

And the actors stood in hushed twos and threes. An awful quiet behind the scenes! What wouldn't he do to Mrs. Lowther when he found her? If he ever did?

Mrs. Lowther, with no bones broken, was on solid ground again. She lifted what was left of her skirts and ran. She kicked that little dog and went on unashamed. The side street, Broadway in the distance, the stage door! Could it be possible she was in time? Oh, could it?

The man at the piano misunderstood a second signal from the stage-manager. He thought Mrs. Lowther had come, was coming. He broke off in the music as was his custom, took a step toward the woman, she toward him. Motionless, silent, standing apart, but squarely facing each other, they held that steady gaze. The curtain came down and Mrs. Lowther stood in the exit.

"'RING DOWN THE CURTAIN!' HE SNARLED."

"Mrs. Lowther, for God's sake!" This from the stage-manager.

"Look here, what does this mean?"

The leading man and Miss Vaughan were themselves again and descending on everybody with murder in their eyes.

"Shall we ring up again and go on?"

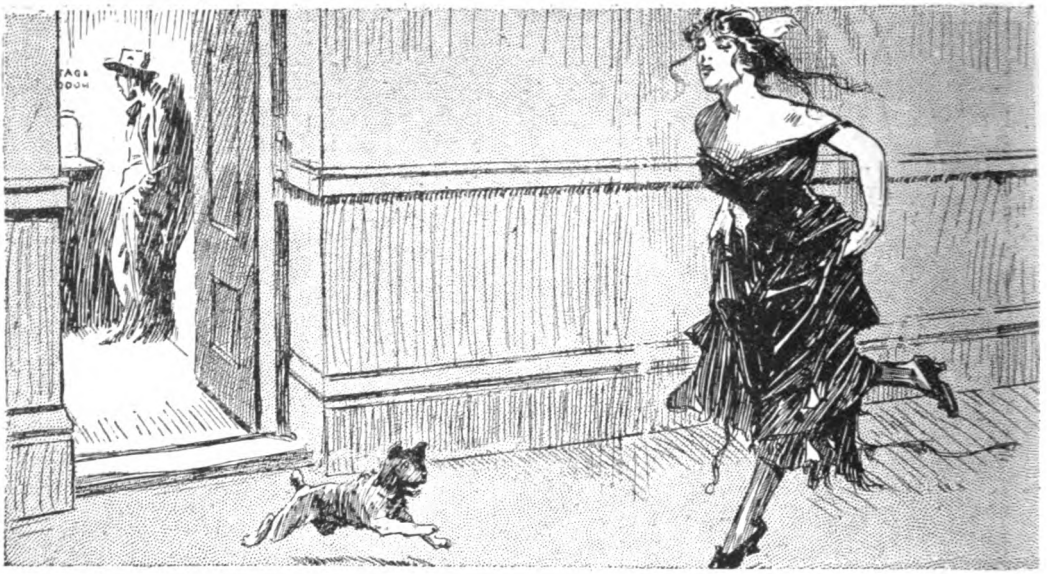
The stage-manager looked at Frawley and made a move toward the man who stood beside the curtain.

"No, we won't go on," said Frawley, out of one corner of his mouth.

Mrs. Lowther took a few shaky steps toward him.

"Mr. Frawley," she said, and the paralyzing coldness of his eye stiffened her into some coherence, "I don't need to tell you that I never failed to come on in all my life before. I was never even late to an entrance. I almost never forgot my lines. And now to have committed the—the unpardonable sin, at—at my age——"

"Stop snivelling! Where have you been?"



" SHE LIFTED WHAT WAS LEFT

" Well, I—I stepped out to—to look at the moon."

" Look at the *moon!*" roared Frawley, and the actors scuttled still further into the dark places.

" That is—I mean to say——" And into the scene rushed Georgie and Kathleen.

" Mrs. Lowther!"

" Who did it?"

" Was it an accident?"

" Did you do it on purpose?"

" The ending!"

" They like it!"

" They're wild about it! Hear them—hear them!"

And the atmosphere behind the scenes began to change. No one had noticed the applause. No one had thought of the awful ending. The stage-manager realized. The star realized. Frawley realized. He took a step toward the curtain, stopped, looked back at Mrs. Lowther.

" Hah!" said he, and set his hat a little farther on one side. Mr. Frawley knew the proof of a theory when he saw it.

" They're shrieking for the author!" said the stage-manager, as he turned from peeping out.

" I don't allow it," said Frawley to Georgie, " but you can take your call."

" I don't want to take it. I couldn't be *hired* to take it."

The star led out the leading man and most of the other actors. Bows, bows, bows! " Author! Author! Author!"

Mrs. Lowther, semi-conscious, was sitting on a mossy bank beside a little stage stream. Do it on purpose? Why would she do what she did on purpose? But there was a wish very nearly over the left shoulder.

" WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?" " WELL,

OF HER SKIRTS AND RAN."

Georgie left off kissing Kathleen and pulled Mrs. Lowther to her feet.

"*You* take the call! You've made my play. You got the gods going! I'll divide.

I STEPPED OUT TO LOOK AT THE MOON!"

You bet I'll divide. Make her, Miss Vaughan, make her!" And the people calling "Author! Author! Author!"

After all, what did it matter? And she was bowing to a sea of faces, dim, hazy faces, bowing to a thousand cheers and cheers and cheers. Perhaps she *was* the author. Though why, then, did they keep on calling for him, calling in vain? Because the play had caught on. Georgie's play had caught on.

The critic on one of the newspapers next morning said: "The superb originality of the finish of the play can be laid directly at the door of the ultra-impressionistic movement." (Shades of Mrs. Lowther and the fire-escape!) "No paltry tying up of minor threads. No stereotyped last protestations of affection. With far vision the author left the man and woman together in a scene suggesting everything, anything. Will she marry him at once? Will she wait? Will she ever marry him? Never did a playwright make a bolder or more beautiful appeal to the imagination of an audience."

And Georgie to Kathleen a few days later on their way to get a marriage licence: "It'll be like this all the time, dear. Always in hot water. Just a different kind of trouble if you sell your plays and if you don't. And to think of your deliberately marrying into it! It's bad enough to be a playwright, and to be the wife of one——"

"Oh, Georgie, the only thing that's worrying me is what *are* we going to do with that parlour set!"

The Knight of the Scissors and Thimble.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.

THERE lived a peasant once in such dire poverty that he had much difficulty in bringing up his three sons. As soon as each was of an age to work, therefore, it was necessary that he should be set in the way of earning a livelihood. The eldest, being a strapping lad, was quickly apprenticed to a blacksmith who was a friend of the family.

The second boy was not so sturdy, and as it seemed unlikely that he would be able to endure the hard labour of the blacksmith's trade, he was apprenticed to a locksmith with whom the elder brother's master was acquainted.

The case of the third son was difficult, for he was not only less vigorous than the other two, but he grew up such a small shrimp of a fellow that his parents were at their wits'-end to know what to do with him. The only occupation which they could find for him was the tending of the few geese which they possessed.

There came to the cottage one day, however, a wise woman, who begged for a cup of water and a little bread. The peasant's wife, knowing by hearsay the magic powers attributed to her visitor, ventured to ask for advice about her youngest son, in return for such poor hospitality as she had been able to offer.

"Let him be a tailor," said the Wise Woman. "It is a trade for which he is well suited, and in which, mark my words, he will make his fortune. See, here is a thimble for him. Give it to your son when he returns home, for it will serve him well."

As the Wise Woman was about to go, little Hans returned with his flock of geese. His mother at once called him to her and put into his hands the thimble which she had just received from her visitor. Hans, who had a gentle nature, turned to the donor and thanked her politely for her valuable gift. This so pleased his benefactor that she produced from the bag which hung at her side a pair of scissors, which she gave also to Hans. Then she added a word of advice.

"Be sure never to part with either thimble or scissors," she said. "Never work with any others, and all will go well with you."

Next day Hans went forth with the scissors and thimble in his pocket, and repaired to a tailor's shop in the neighbouring village. He asked the tailor for employment, and was told to sit down and let it be seen how well he could sew. The boy at once slipped on the magic thimble, and with its aid sewed so well that the tailor was astonished, and immediately expressed his willingness to take Hans as an apprentice.

Before long the tailor began to instruct his new apprentice in the art of cutting out clothes, but Hans produced his magic scissors, and with their aid displayed such skill that tuition was scarcely necessary. The tailor was delighted; never before had such a clever youth been apprenticed to him. In the course of as many weeks as should ordinarily have been years, Hans' apprenticeship was declared to be at an end, and he became the tailor's chief assistant.

Soon Hans determined to try his fortune in a wider sphere than the small village afforded. He took the road, therefore, and journeyed to the nearest town. At first no one would give him employment, for he did not look his years, but seemed the merest child. At length he took up his quarters with the poor widow of a tailor, who was endeavouring with only scant success to carry on her late husband's business. This woman quickly discovered the boy's cleverness, and before long Hans was made foreman over the workmen she employed. The latter were green with envy, and no wonder, for they had been many years at work, and resented the youthfulness of their new master. Hans took no notice of their discontent, but went steadily forward with his work.

But presently the workmen noticed amongst themselves that Hans could never be induced to use any thimble or scissors save his own. They therefore plotted to steal them. One day when Hans had left the workshop for a short time, a workman seized the scissors which he had left upon his bench, and began to cut out a coat. To the man's astonishment the scissors went by themselves, his hand merely following the course which they took, and in a trice the coat was cut out more rapidly than the astonished workman had ever thought possible. But when he unfolded the cloth and began to arrange the pieces, judge of his horror on finding that the garment was shaped for a hunchback, and that one sleeve was much longer than the other.

Sweating with terror, the thieving workman flung the scissors away, and called his fellows to see for themselves the impish trick which had been played upon him. At once there was uproar in the workshop. The tailors swore that their foreman was guilty of witchcraft, and loudly declared their intention to bring him to justice.

In the midst of all the turmoil Hans returned unobserved. Overhearing what was said, he determined on flight before further trouble ensued. Gaining possession of his scissors and thimble, he ran away the same night, and travelled diligently in search of new fortunes.

In due course the young tailor reached another town. Entering by the nearest gate, he was astonished to find that all the people in the streets were dressed in sackcloth, mostly black in colour. Suspicious looks were turned upon him, and he had not proceeded very far up tne street before two men, wearing garments of red sackcloth, who seemed to be constables or officers of some kind, laid rude hands upon him. They demanded roughly who and what he was, and on Hans replying that he was a stranger but newly arrived, and a tailor by trade, they haled him forthwith to the court-house. Presently he was brought before the town elders, who sat in state on a bench, arrayed in black meal-sacks.

"Who and what are you?" demanded the chief of these inquisitors, "and what do you here in such attire?"

"My name is Hans, and my trade is that of tailor," replied the astonished youth. "As for my clothes," he added, complacently, his professional pride somewhat nettled, "they are the latest fashion."

"Unhappy youth!" cried the chief inquisitor. "Do you not know that it is unlawful for any tailor to enter this town, or for any clothing save sackcloth to be worn within it? For the latter offence you are condemned to receive one hundred stripes; for daring to come here, although a tailor, you will be compelled to a trial of strength with the giant who keeps guard over our Sovereign's daughter. If you should defeat the giant, your reward is the hand of the Princess, but should you fail your lot is death."

It was in vain that Hans pleaded ignorance of the strange laws belonging to the town which he had so rashly entered. No excuse was of avail with his stern judges, and the poor fellow was led away and cast into jail. The only consolation allowed to him was that since, in any case, he must contend with the giant, the flogging which was to be meted out to him over his offence in the matter of clothes might be temporarily postponed.

In no way abashed by the prospect of the strange adventure in store for him, Hans thought himself lucky to have escaped the stripes, if only for the present, and smilingly followed his guard. For two days he remained in prison, and the jailer, having compassion upon the lad, spent much time conversing with him. Hans was not long in asking how such a strange state of affairs had come to pass in the city.

"My trade is an honourable one," he observed; "and I do not understand why it should be held in such disrepute. Why, also, should it be thought necessary for everyone to go about in sackcloth, which, to say the least, is not a becoming costume?"

"It is because of the accursed vanity of women," said the jailer. "The trouble began with the late Queen, who was much too fond of dress. Every day of her life she had a new

dress made for her, and as you may well suppose, she had time to think of little else. This was bad enough, but her daughter inherited the vice in a still worse degree. It was but a useless boon that at length the Queen died, for when the Princess began to grow up she proved herself far worse. Not one, but seven dresses had to be made for her daily, and she spent the whole of her time putting them on and taking them off. At length things reached such a pitch that the King, her father, lost all patience. He shut the Princess up in a lonely tower, and set a giant to watch over her. At the same time he made a proclamation requiring that all the inhabitants of the city should wear sackcloth evermore, and banished every tailor. In future no tailor was allowed to enter the city, and the penalties attaching to any transgression of this law you have already heard."

At length the day of the contest with the giant arrived, and Hans was led forth by his guards into the forest. When they reached a spot in the vicinity of the giant's lair, and could hear the latter snoring, the guards retired, telling Hans to go straight forward.

In some fear Hans pursued the path alone. Suddenly there stood before him the Wise

Woman from whom he had received the thimble and the scissors, which hitherto had stood him in good stead.

"Be of good cheer, my son," said the old dame; "take with you this hedgehog and this bird, for you will find them useful."

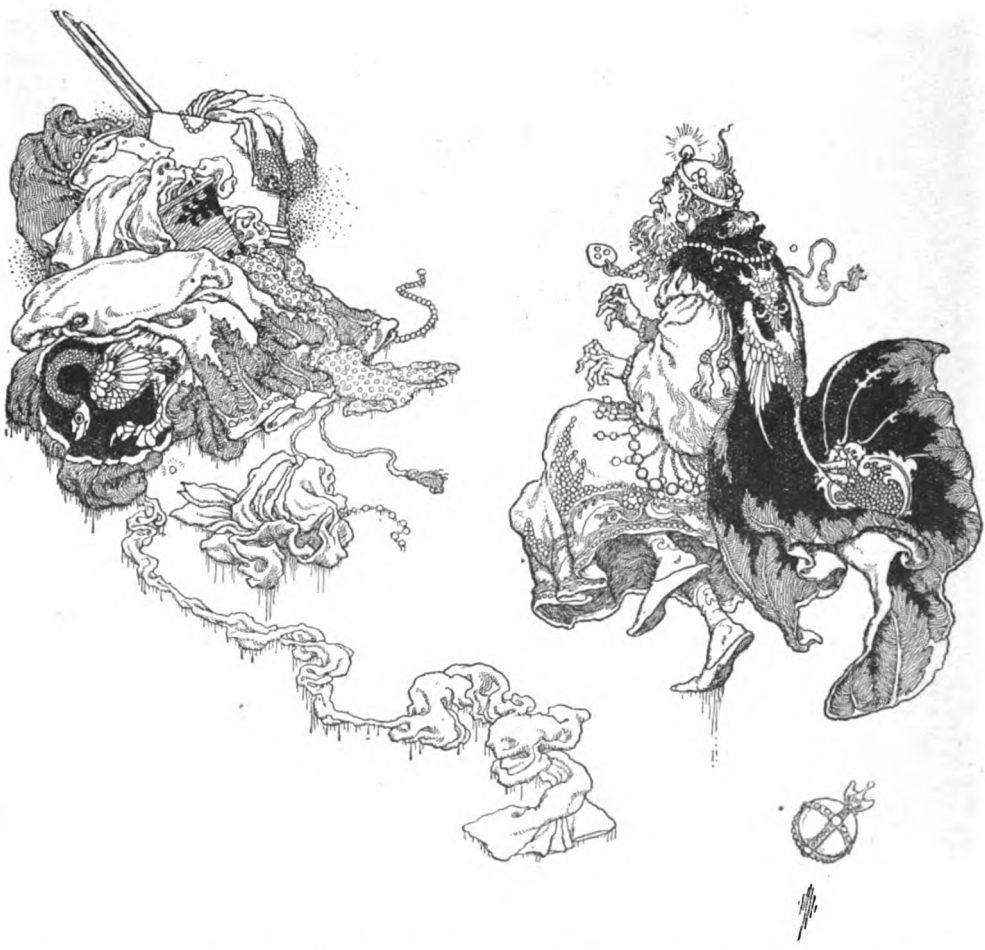
The astonished Hans had scarcely received these new gifts and pushed them into his wallet, when the Wise Woman vanished.

Much heartened, Hans continued on his way. Presently he saw the monstrous bulk of the giant coming towards him through the trees, whilst from over the tree-tops came a terrible voice.

"You miserable dwarf! Do you dare to pit your puny strength against mine? Come hither to the bowling-green, and see which of us can send a bowl the farthest."

Hans made his way through the trees to where the giant awaited him at the end of a long greensward. The giant picked up a bowl and sent it trundling down the green alley. It rolled and rolled until Hans began to think it would never stop. Just as it was vanishing from his eyes it came to a standstill.

Mustering as confident an air as possible, Hans thrust a hand into his wallet and drew forth the hedgehog which the Wise Woman had given him. He swung his arm as though about to launch a bowl, and in so doing dropped the hedgehog on the grass. The little creature at once started off along the bowling-green. It travelled more slowly than the giant's bowl, but it travelled steadily. In due course it passed the spot where the giant's bowl had come to rest, and scurried away out of sight.



"NOT ONE, BUT SEVEN DRESSES HAD TO BE MADE FOR THE PRINCESS DAILY. AT LENGTH THINGS REACHED SUCH A PITCH THAT THE KING, HER FATHER, LOST ALL PATIENCE."

"You have won this time!" cried the giant, angrily. "Show me now if you can throw as well as you can trundle."

Followed by Hans, he strode through the forest to where a tall tower, many storeys high, stood in a clearing. "Watch now," said the giant, "and see me strike the topmost storey."

Picking up a stone, he flung it into the air. It lodged on the tower a storey lower than he had boastfully anticipated, but that was high enough to dishearten a less plucky competitor than Hans.

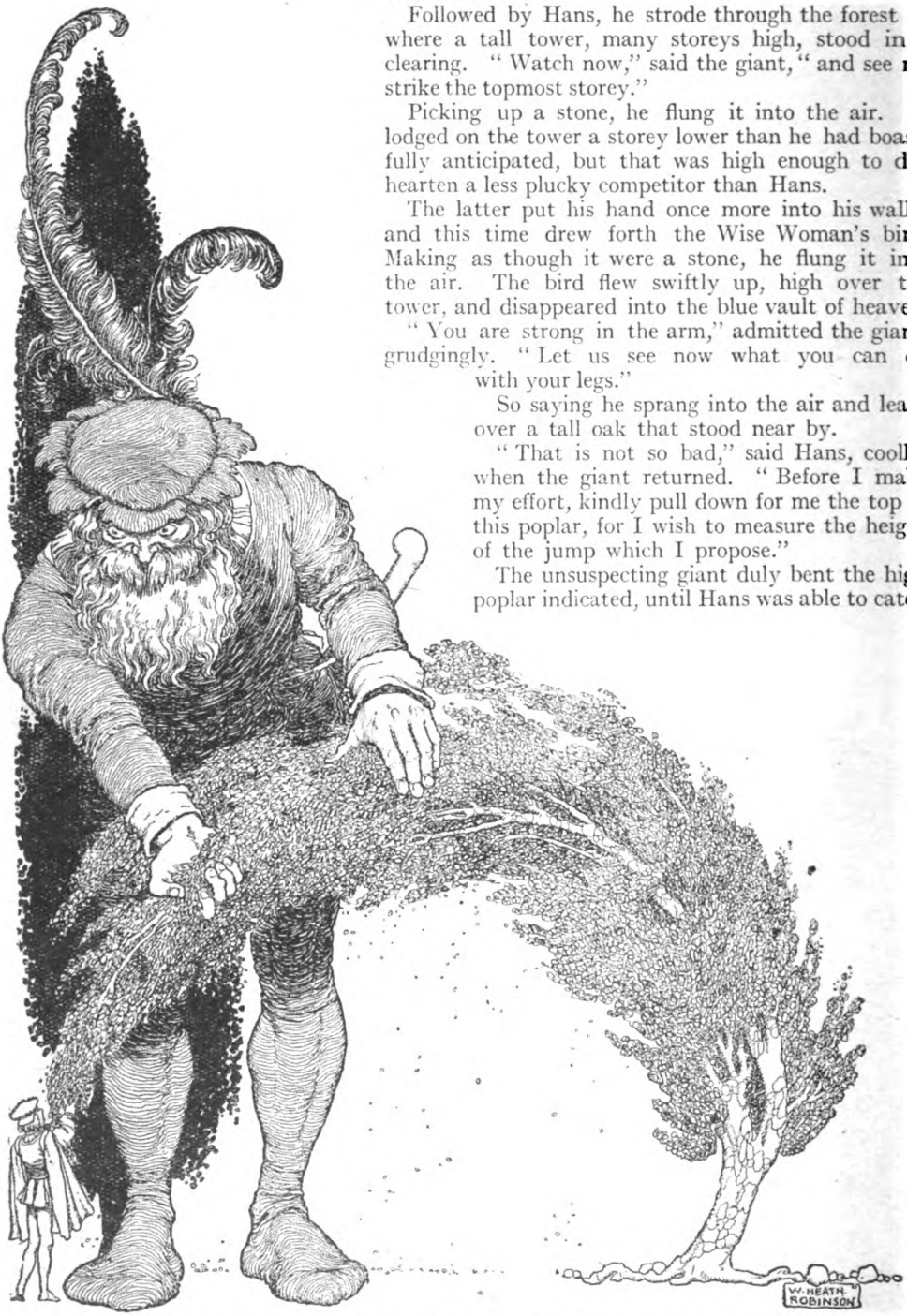
The latter put his hand once more into his wallet and this time drew forth the Wise Woman's bird. Making as though it were a stone, he flung it into the air. The bird flew swiftly up, high over the tower, and disappeared into the blue vault of heaven.

"You are strong in the arm," admitted the giant, grudgingly. "Let us see now what you can do with your legs."

So saying he sprang into the air and leapt over a tall oak that stood near by.

"That is not so bad," said Hans, coolly, when the giant returned. "Before I make my effort, kindly pull down for me the top of this poplar, for I wish to measure the height of the jump which I propose."

The unsuspecting giant duly bent the high poplar indicated, until Hans was able to catch



"THE UNSUSPECTING GIANT DULY BENT THE HIGH POPLAR INDICATED, UNTIL HANS WAS ABLE TO CATCH HOLD OF THE TOPMOST BOUGHS."

hold of the topmost boughs. As soon as he had obtained a firm grasp of them he called out to his opponent :—

"You may let go now, for I have taken the measurement."

The giant let go the poplar, which at once sprang back to its original position, and Hans, holding tight to the topmost boughs, was carried up into the air. At the critical moment he relaxed his grip, and thus was able to execute an astounding leap, which completely eclipsed the performance of the giant.

"You have won the day," cried the giant. "Your life is spared, and the King's daughter is yours."

He hoisted Hans on to his shoulder, so that through the window of one of the upper storeys of the tower he could see the Princess within. Without more ado Hans threw open the window, entered the Princess's apartment, and led her thence to the Royal presence. To the King he related how he had defeated the giant, and in accordance with his vows the monarch resigned his throne to the tailor, and bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter.

Thus the little tailor became a king, and if report speak truly, he used his magic scissors to cut good men out of bad, and his thimble to sew on the legs and arms which his gallant soldiers sometimes lost in the battles which they fought for him.

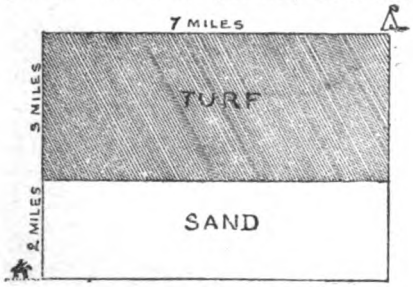
"THE POPLAR SPRANG BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL POSITION, AND HANS, HOLDING TIGHT TO THE TOPMOST BOUGHS, WAS CARRIED UP INTO THE AIR."

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

293.—THE DESPATCH-RIDER IN FLANDERS.

A DESPATCH-RIDER on horseback, somewhere in Flanders, had to ride with all possible speed from the position in which he is shown to the spot indicated by the tent. The distances are marked on the plan. Now, he can ride just twice as fast over the soft turf (the shaded ground) as he can ride over the loose sand. Can you show what is the quickest possible route for



him to take? This is just one of those practical problems with which the soldier is faced from day to day when on active service. Important results may hang on the rider taking the right or the wrong route. Which way would you have gone? Of course, the turf and the sand extend for miles to the right and the left with the same respective depths of three miles and two miles, so there is no trick in the puzzle.

294.—A FAMILIAR QUOTATION.

HERE is a simple little thing that I propounded in my youth. I have since come across it, reprinted as new, but probably very few of my readers have ever seen it. It is, of course, quite easy:—

K I N I

This is a familiar Shakespeare quotation. Can you read it?

295.—THE SMUGGLED GLYCERINE.

SIX barrels of reputed beer were allowed to be passed over the frontier to the Germans by the Dutch authorities. The receiver sold five of the barrels—a quantity of the beer to one man and twice the quantity

to another, but the sixth barrel was handed over to the Hun military staff for use in the manufacture of ammunition. The fact is, this barrel actually contained glycerine. The quantity in each barrel was correctly marked, as shown in our illustration, except that the marking on the glycerine barrel was, of course, fraudulent. Which of the barrels contained the smuggled glycerine? The receiver sold the barrels containing beer just as he bought them, without manipulating in any way the contents.

296.—A TIME PUZZLE.

BIGGS: "I must hurry, or I shall miss my train How many minutes is it to six o'clock?"

Griggs: "Let me see. Fifty minutes ago it was four times as many minutes past three o'clock!"

Biggs certainly worked it out, but he missed his train. What was the exact time?

297.—ANAGRAMS.

REARRANGE the letters in the following and you may discover twelve different European rivers:—

Henri. Le Roi. A gust. O sell me. Set in red. Biter. Sewer. Heron. Sue me. Red pine. Nerves. Maydew.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

288.—A CUNNING ANSWER.

IT was Sunday. "When the day after to-morrow (Tuesday) is yesterday, to-day (Wednesday) will be as far from Sunday as to-day (Thursday) was from Sunday when the day before yesterday (Friday) was to-morrow." From Thursday to Sunday is three days, as is also from Sunday to Wednesday.

289.—AN ENIGMA.

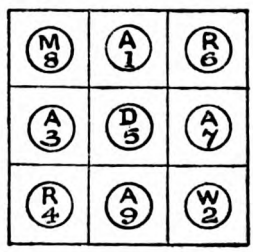
THE king was David.

290.—ORANGES AND APPLES.

REMOVE 2 and 3, 7 and 8, 4 and 5, 10 and 11, and 1 and 2 (or 8 and 9), and all the apples will be together, all the oranges together, and two adjoining plates empty.

291.—A WAR DRAMA.

THE diagram shows one solution. Hold the page upside down and imagine the counters all turned round, and you will get the second arrangement. Regarded



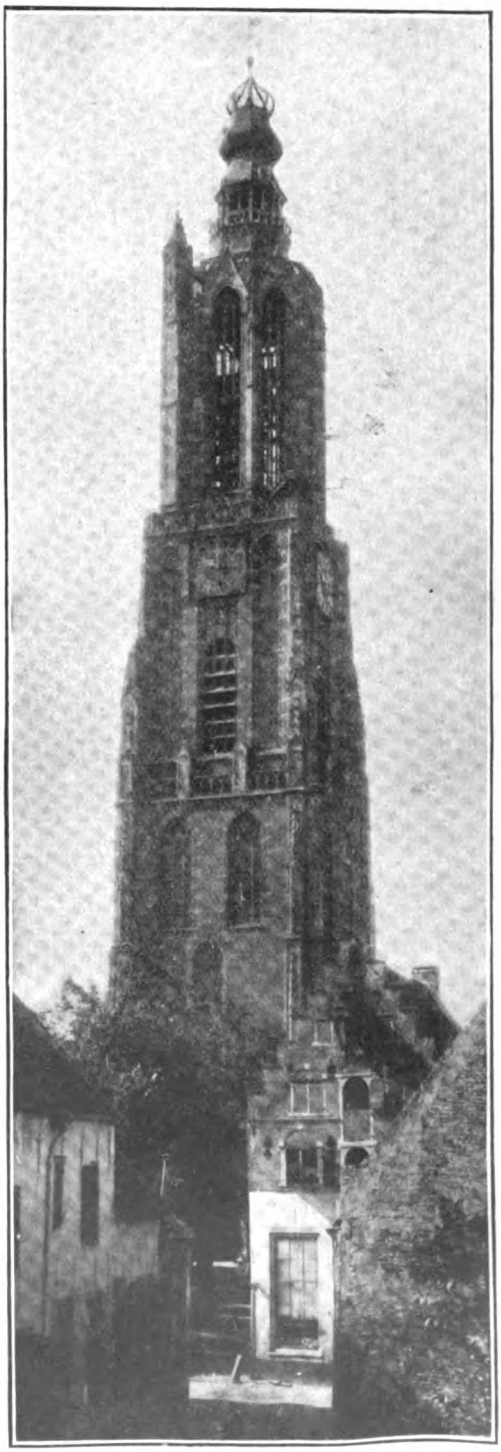
from the other two sides the arrangements are not true word squares, because the words in the first line and first column, read to the right and downwards, will not be the same.

292.—FREDDY'S PUDDING.

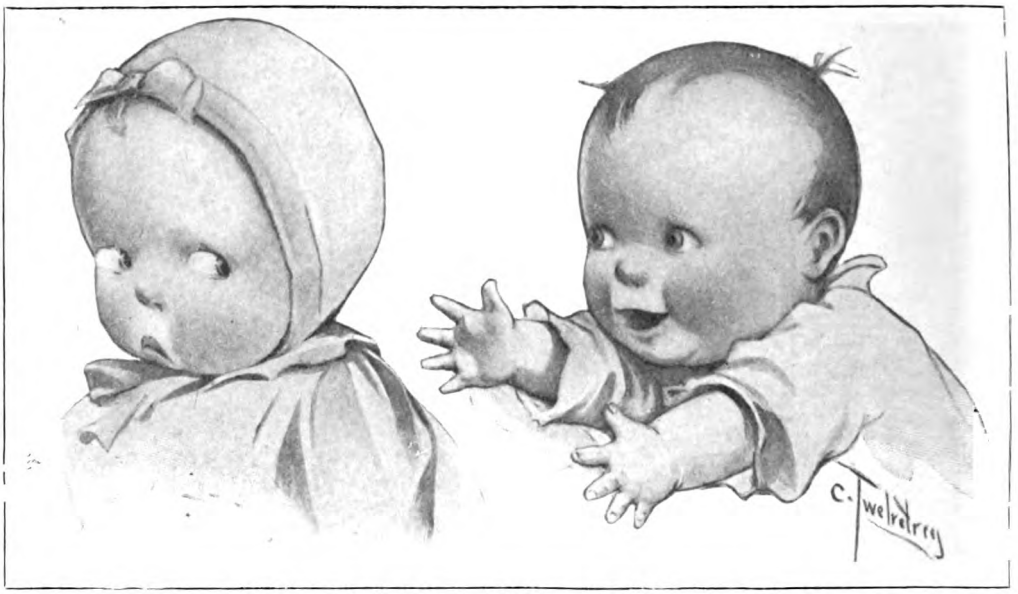
THE third "it" refers to the piece last cut off; not to the helping. The words in parentheses will make all clear. "His mamma cut off a piece from it; the helping was still too large. When she had cut from it another piece, it (the piece just cut off) was too small. But after mamma had cut off from it (the helping) a third piece, it (the helping) was exactly the size he wanted."

Our Lady Tower of Amersfoort.

THE quaint little Dutch town of Amersfoort can boast of a belfry, majestic and beautiful, and at the same time the most singular ever erected, for in its construction the architect followed as much as possible the outline of an early mediæval image of the Virgin and Child. When first built (in the fifteenth century) the top tiers presented an absolute copy of that image, so that anyone approaching Amersfoort would see, for many miles ahead, the majestic figure of a mother bearing a baby in her arms. And even to-day, although the spire has been repeatedly struck by lightning and rebuilt—the later builders not following so strictly the original lines—it yet gives the illusion of an image of the Madonna, when seen from the right direction. That the resemblance still holds good is sufficiently proved by the name popularly given to the small spire that springs from the side of the larger one: "The Little Child." Here, in brief, is the story of the belfry. It was about Christmas-time in the year 1444 that Geertgen Arends, of Nykerk, came into Amersfoort to become a nun in the Convent of St. Agnes. She had about her an old, rudely-carved little image of the Virgin and Child, and esteeming this of small value she threw it into the water of the moat before entering the city gates. That same night a devout woman of Amersfoort, Margriete, daughter of Albert Gyzen, had a strange vision. The Lord called to her and admonished her to hasten to the moat, where she would find, floating under the ice (for it had been freezing hard that night), an image of the Virgin. This she was to take home with her. Greatly impressed, she told her strange vision to her master, but he only laughed at her. Still, when Margriete had the same vision a second and a third time she did as the Lord commanded. Under the ice-crust she saw the image, and reverently she drew it forth, hastened home with it, and placed a lighted taper before it. By some virtue the taper burnt three times longer than usual, and all who knelt before the little image were cured of their ills. The miracle-working image was then taken to the Chapel of Our Lady, and so many marvellous cures were effected that its fame spread far and wide. From St. Stephen's Day, 1444, until Whit-Sunday, 1448, no fewer than two hundred and twenty-one miraculous cures were recorded. During that short period crowds of pilgrims visited Amersfoort, and all brought votive offerings. No wonder, therefore, that Our Lady Chapel became the richest institution of Amersfoort. The townspeople sought to commemorate the marvellous doings in some striking manner, and thus came to be built this noble belfry, fashioned to resemble as closely as possible the miraculous image itself—surely one of the most wonderful memorials in existence.



THE AMERSFOORT BELFRY, WHICH RESEMBLES IN OUTLINE THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.



"LET'S KISS AND MAKE UP!"

THE AMERICAN CHILD IN HUMOROUS ART.

WE have our own humour of childhood, as depicted by such artists as Kate Greenaway and Dorothy Tennant, but it is a small and negligible quantity compared with that in which American humorous artists revel at the present day.

How far this is the truth may perhaps be judged by the pictures drawn of them by native artists and reproduced in colour-prints that are keenly admired and eagerly bought throughout Uncle Sam's wide domains.

This much can be said at the outset—that the very number and variety of these publications (those reproduced in these pages are but a small selection) show how the children still dominate the home life of our American middle-class cousins in a way which can hardly be understood in countries where they are seldom seen or heard except in the nursery or during the

"IT'S ONLY THE MAN IN THE MOON!"

"THERE ARE SEVERAL SORTS OF PEACHES, BUT YOU'LL FIND IN ME ALONE THE ONE THAT'S FULL OF SWEETNESS AND WITHOUT A HEART OF STONE."

"I DON'T CARE, I KISSED HER, ANYHOW."

"THEY SAY THERE'S MICROBES IN KISSES, BUT IF YOU THINK I DON'T LIKE MICROBES, JUST YOU TRY ME!"

"DON'T WAKE ME UP—I'M DREAMING!"

boarding-school holidays. For the little ones whose humour the American artist delights to express are the children of good middle-class homes, not the street gamins of whom Dorothy Tennant has given us so many droll representations.

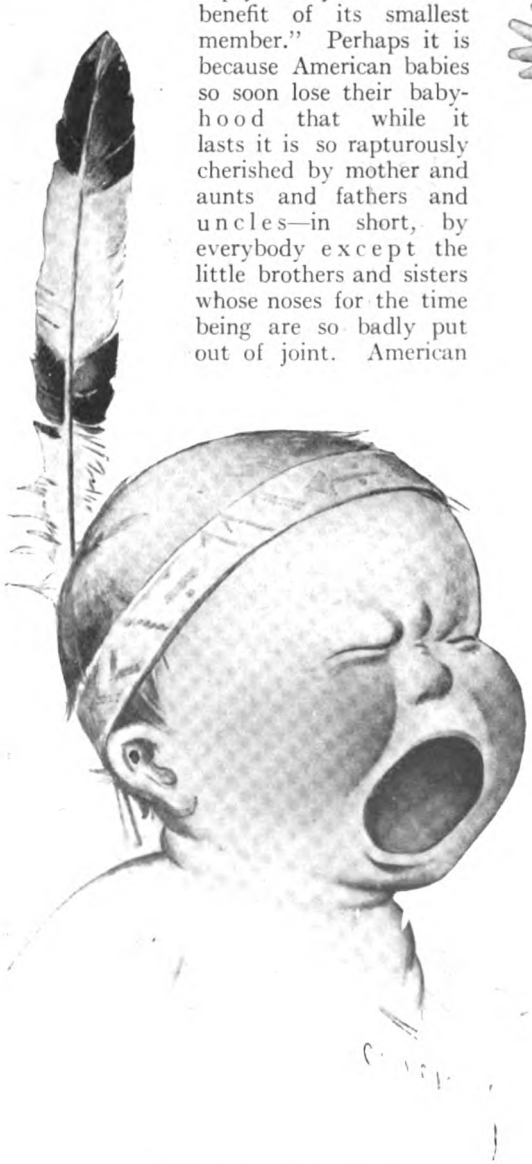
On the other hand, looking over these prints, we cannot altogether endorse the sweeping conclusion Miss Dorothy Menpes, in dealing with the American child, has put into her book, "The World's Children." "In America," says Miss Menpes, "there is no real child life as we know it here. Children become old before they are young." This dictum is discredited by such pictures as "Don't wake me up—I'm dreaming"; "Let's kiss and make up"; and "I don't care, I kissed her, anyhow." These have the true spirit of childhood all the world over and will appeal to child-lovers in every clime.

"GEE WHIZ! I'M GOIN' TO STAY SINGLE ALL ME LIFE."

"Curiously enough," says Miss Menpes, in the book we have just quoted, "nothing pleases an American boy so much as to be led 'around' by a girl and be made to do things." The little urchin who, as the result of too much trouble with the other sex, exclaims "Gee whiz! I'm goin' to stay single all me life," must be the exception that proves the rule.

The American baby cannot be credited, of course, with these idiosyncrasies of older growth. Baby in his humour is the same from China to Peru, and his language is spoken all over the earth. The subject in such

pictures as "The Hunger Strike" and "The Latest Wrinkles" might, of course, have been born under the Union Jack instead of under the Stars and Stripes. But to understand the enthusiasm they arouse, one must remember the American attitude towards his Majesty. Just as in England, baby is an object of idolatry in the United States. "The average American baby," we are authoritatively told, "is cared for in abject worship by its mother"—and the father, we believe, is almost as bad. "The household is turned topsy-turvy for the benefit of its smallest member." Perhaps it is because American babies so soon lose their babyhood that while it lasts it is so rapturously cherished by mother and aunts and fathers and uncles—in short, by everybody except the little brothers and sisters whose noses for the time being are so badly put out of joint. American

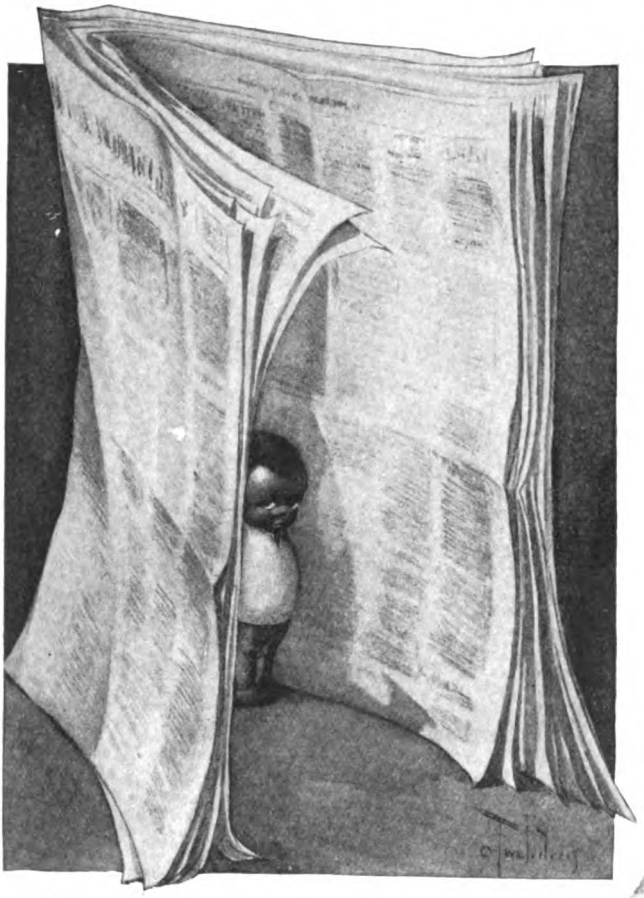


"THE HUNGER STRIKE."

"THE LATEST WRINKLES."

children are told that the doctor has brought baby in a bottle, and they consequently hate the family practitioner with a hatred that no amount of unpleasant physic could possibly account for. When they grow up of course they will become baby-worshippers in their turn, and crowd round the print-sellers' windows in rapt admiration of pictures like "The Hunger Strike" and "The Latest Wrinkles" that portray for us the unconscious humour and inimitable beauty of baby.

There is sometimes, it will be



"DEY ALL LOOKS FO' ME 'CAUSE I'SE DE COLORED SUPPLEMENT."

seen, almost as much humour in the inscription as in the drawing. For instance, "Dey all looks fo' me 'cause I'se de Colored Supplement" below the picture of the coloured child, and "Who Wants to Ring a Little Belle?" Just as happy is the verse which serves as title for another subject:—

There are several sorts of peaches,
But you'll find in me alone
The one that's full of sweetness
And without a heart of stone.

This strikes a note of childish beauty without any Americanization whatever. Perhaps of all the other subjects it can be said that, after all, the Americanism, amusing and interesting though it be, is only on the surface. The universal spirit of childhood is there all the time and is faithfully rendered by the artists, causing us to remember even as we laugh that all the world over

Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love and hope and peace.

"WHO WANTS TO RING A LITTLE BELLE?"

The reproduction of the following subjects is by permission of the Alpha Publishing Company, 2 and 4, Scrutton Street, London, E.C., the British publishers of the engravings:—

"Who Wants to Ring a Little Belle?" "The Hunger Strike," "They Say there's Microbes in Kisses," "Let's Kiss and Make Up," "Dey all Looks fo' Me," "I don't Care, I Kissed Her, Anyhow," "The Latest Wrinkles," and "Gee Whiz! I'm goin' to Stay Single."

The reproduction of the other subjects is by permission of Reinthal and Newman, 62, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., the publishers of the engravings.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 3.

Upon the coast two cities stand,
On either side of Eastern land:
One name brings back to memory
Old days of famous Company,
While thoughts of one still keep alive
The daring and the skill of Clive.

1. Sweeps clean, when new; the stick provides
A hint of magic, midnight rides.

2. River and city here we view;
Its marble must be noted, too.

3. Desert suggests; but change the head,
Your want will be supplied instead.

4. Thus will you treat your lot, but know
'Tis *ours* whene'er to France you go.

5. Where many million maidens dwell,
One single boy is seen as well.

6. A very little word is meant;
Like silence, it will give consent.

PAX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 4.

A day on either side is clearly seen.
Another day will have to come between.

1. Reverse a sea and add both tail and head.
And then write down his other name instead.

2. He stands beside an Asiatic stream,
While she is wooed in Europe in a dream.

3. It is the very last—say not the least—
The distance cannot ever be increased.

4. His dream we know; it may be fitting theme,
When the right letter comes, for maiden's dream.

5. Two feet he has, and they are never still,
And many hands obedient to his will.

6. In place of this is hopeless misery;
Some twenty miles from town the place we see.

7. The place should be an upright, not a light,
And place's anagram is opposite.

8. Time flies, and this, obeying Nature's law,
Having once passed, returns to us no more.

PAX.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 1.

1.	A	sco T
2.	C	oac H
3.	R	u E
4.	O	rbiliu S
5.	S	hif T
6.	T	riggo R
7.	I	nfant A
8.	C	ochi N
9.	S	econ D

NOTES.—Light 8. The fowl; Cochin China. 9. The word contains "Co."

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 2.

1.	M	ange R
2.	I	I I
3.	G	oin G
4.	H	atc H
5.	T	ou T

NOTES.—Light 1. *Ange.* 3. At an auction. 4. Hatch, thatch. 5. *Tout*, all.

RULES.

1. THE STRAND MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of ten guineas to the most successful solvers of the acrostics published during the quarter.

2. Two acrostics will be published each month. The two answers should be written on separate pieces of paper, but enclosed in the same envelope.

3. Every solver must adopt a short pseudonym, which he must not change unless requested by the Acrostic Editor to do so. With his first answer he should also forward his real name and address.

4. Each light correctly answered will score one point.

5. Solvers may send in two answers to each and every light. If more than two are sent for any light, that light must be considered incorrect.

6. On all points that may arise the Acrostic Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

7. About eight days will be allowed for the solution of the acrostics, and answers must arrive not later than the date stated when the acrostics are published.

Answers to Acrostics 3 *and* 4 *should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor,* THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., and must arrive not later than by the first post on April* 4*th.*

HINTS TO SOLVERS.

1. Solvers should read through their answers before posting them, and should also keep a copy of the answers sent.

2. When pleas for other answers are sent, they should be forwarded at once.

3. When the answer to a light is an incomplete word, it is unnecessary to give the part of the word beyond the uprights.

4. Solvers who wish to correct an answer already sent should forward a complete amended solution, and not merely the corrected light.

BRIDGE PROBLEM.

BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

Hearts—Queen, 6, 4, 2.
Clubs—Ace, knave, 3.
Diamonds—9, 7, 3.
Spades—King, knave.

Hearts—Knave, 10.
Clubs—Queen, 10, 8, 5.
Diamonds—10, 8, 6.
Spades—Queen, 6, 5.

B
Y Z
A

Hearts—King, 9, 8, 5, 3.
Clubs—9, 2.
Diamonds—Queen.
Spades—9, 8, 4, 3.

Hearts—Ace, 7.
Clubs—King, 7, 6, 4.
Diamonds—Ace, 5.
Spades—Ace, 10, 7, 2.

Spades are trumps, and A has the lead. A and B are to win eleven out of the twelve tricks against any possible defence.

(*Solution will be published in next month's issue.*)

SOLUTIONS TO THE CINEMA CHESS PROBLEM IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

1 to 5.—1. Q × P
6.—1. Kt—K 4, ch
7.—1. Kt—K 3, ch
8.—1. Kt—K 2, ch
9.—1. Kt—K 1
10.—1. Q—K R 4
1. Q × P
11.—1. Q × P
12.—1. Q × P
13.—1. Q × P
14.—1. Q × P
15.—1. Q × P
1. Kt—K 1
16.—1. Q × P
17.—1. Q × P
18.—1. B—Q 2, ch
19.—1. B—K 2, ch
20.—1. Q—R 5
21.—1. Q—Kt 5
22.—1. Q—R 3
23.—1. Q—R 2
24.—1. Q × P
25.—1. Q × P
26.—1. Q × P
27.—1. Q × P
28.—1. B—K 1, ch
29.—1. Q × P
30.—1. Q × P

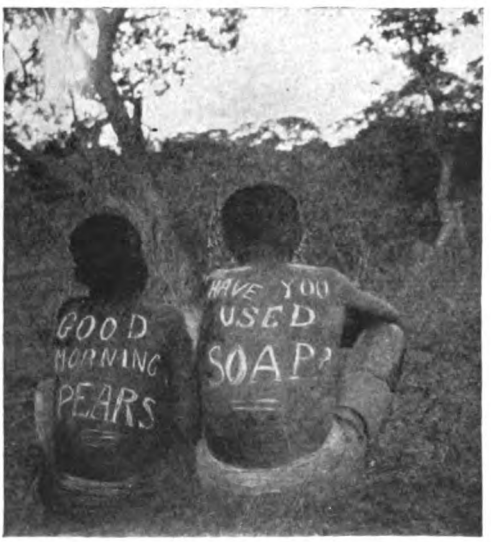
Each problem can be solved from any other side of the board by the key given, excepting Nos. 9, 10, 15, 22, and 23, each of which is then solved by 1. Q × P.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

HUMAN WRITING-PAPER.

IT is not generally known that you can write with a straw on a black man's skin. The writing is whitish, and very similar in appearance to that made by writing with a pencil on a slate. To demonstrate



this curious fact, I wrote a familiar sentence on the backs of two boys in Rhodesia and took the accompanying snapshot.—Mr. J. H. Morrison, M.F., Manse, Falkland, Fife.

A HINT TO HANDY BOYS.

THIS boy made himself a very cheap pleasure-boat by means of an old barrel, in which he cut a square hole, as shown in the photograph. A couple

of boards from a box were used for a keel and two small paddles completed the outfit. The boat's finest point is—at least in the owner's eyes—the possibility it affords for lying hidden by means of crouching down.—Mr. Oscar Spieler, Kolbjörnsvig, Arendal, Norway.

ANOTHER TONGUE-TWISTER.

READERS will find that considerable practice is necessary before the following sentence can be read aloud with any rapidity. It will be found that very few who try it succeed at the first attempt: "WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND AND HIS HAUGHTY HEAD HELD HIGH, HE HONESTLY HATED EVERY HAIR OF HIS HONOURED HEIR."

"LITTLE WILLIE"—THE KNUT.

FACIAL resemblances in fruits and vegetables are by no means uncommon, but one seldom sees anything so remarkable as the example shown in the accompanying photograph. It is a cocoa-nut from which the outer shell has not been removed,

and, as will be seen, it has required little more than a helmet to transform it into a speaking likeness of the German Crown Prince, a veritable "King of the Knuts."—Mr. Robert H. Christie, 9, Islington Avenue, Kingstown, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

HOW MANY COINS DOES THIS BOTTLE CONTAIN?

THE answer to the problem under the above title, which appeared last month, is that the bottle contained sixteen thousand threepenny-pieces, the value thus being two hundred pounds, while the weight is fifty-five and a half pounds.

"THE MAN WITH TWO LEFT FEET".

One of P. G. WODEHOUSE'S Funniest Stories.

Cocoa-Drinkers enjoy Spring and every Season.

Try

FRY'S

"Strongest and Best."

See Page 22.

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by

CONAN DOYLE

May, 1916.

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When Waterloo was fought Pears' had been "the vogue" as a toilet soap for a quarter of a century. Then, as now, much of it found its way to the front, the only difference being that to-day, with the biggest war in history on hand, the service of Pears' is greater than ever.

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, SEE PAGES 2 AND 4.

FOREWORD TO "THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE"

by A. CONAN DOYLE.

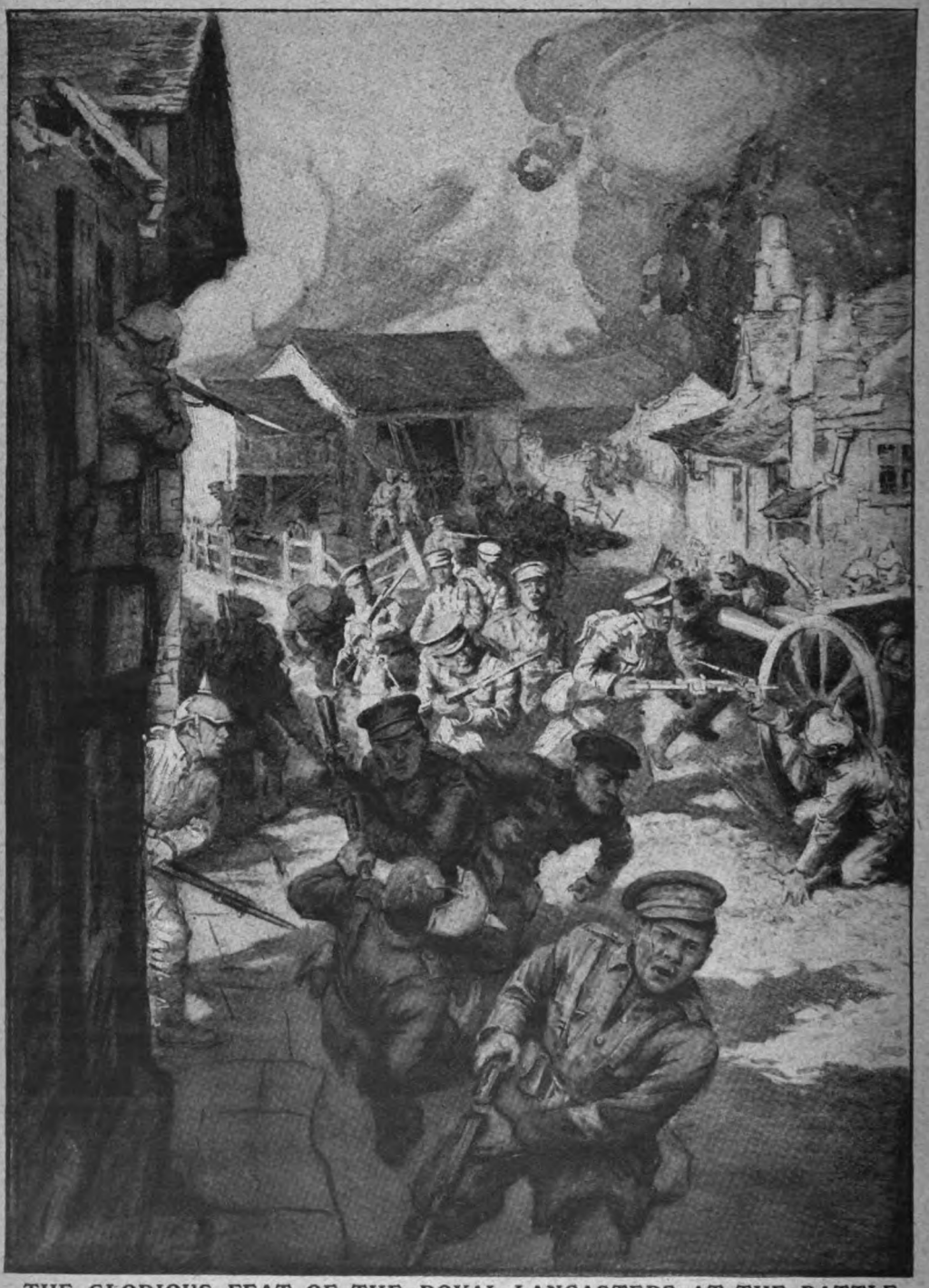
Reprinted from our last Number.

The time has now come when, owing to the long period which has elapsed, and the changes which have been made in the Army units, the particulars of the doings of the regiments of the British Army in France and in Flanders can be given with some approach to accurate detail. From the first days of the war the author has devoted his time to the accumulation of evidence from first-hand sources as to the various happenings of these great days. He has built up his narrative from letters, diaries, and interviews, from the hand or lips of men who have been leaders in our glorious armies, whose deeds it was his ambition to understand and to chronicle. In many cases he has been privileged to submit his descriptions of the principal incidents to prominent actors in them and to receive their corrections or endorsement.

It is not to be supposed that all is here set down, for it will be many years before so great a story is unfolded, but the chronicler would wish to impress one fact upon the public, which is that he has nowhere found need of suppression, that there are no facts to conceal, and that the record of heroic endeavours has never, so far as his researches go, sunk below the very highest which the nation could demand. In this record our temporary set-backs have been treated as frankly as our successes, and there has been no attempt to flinch from the truth.

How great the scope is for such a history may readily be judged by the reader who asks himself what does the public really know of the Battle of Mons, the first occasion in history in which the German and the Briton stood face to face as enemies? What does it know of the tragic but glorious Battle of Le Cateau, where three divisions of the British Army stood during the greater part of a long August day against seven divisions of Germans, and withdrew unbroken? What does it know of the details of the famous retreat, one of the most remarkable withdrawals, in the face of a valiant and energetic enemy, that have ever been known in military history? What does it know of the first Battle of Ypres, when the immortal Regular Army was so worn that some famous regiments were no greater than platoons, though they still barred the German passage to the coast?

The true record of these and of every subsequent event will be found in the succeeding pages, so far as it is now possible to collect and arrange them.



THE GLORIOUS FEAT OF THE ROYAL LANCASTERS AT THE BATTLE OF LE CATEAU.

"INSTEAD OF SURRENDERING, THEY THEN MADE A DESPERATE SALLY, AND, DASHING OUT WITH THEIR BAYONETS, THEY CHARGED DOWN THE VILLAGE STREET."

(*See page 467.*)

The BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I.—*(Continued).*

THE BATTLE OF MONS.

The Rearguard Actions of Frameries, Wasmes, and Dour—The Charge of the Lancers—The Fate of the Cheshires—The Seventh Brigade at Solesmes—The Guards in Action—The Germans' Rude Awakening—The Connaughts at Pont-sur-Sambre.

The very interesting and important Foreword to this History which appeared last month is reprinted on the back of the Frontispiece for the convenience of those who may not have seen it.

THE REARGUARD ACTIONS OF FRAMERIES, WASMES, AND DOUR.

AFTER a night of flames and of uproar the day dawned, a day of great anxiety to the British commanders and of considerable pressure upon a portion of the troops. Sir John French had given instructions that the First Corps, which had been only slightly engaged the day before, should pretend to assume the offensive upon the extreme right wing in the direction of Binche, whilst the Second Corps began its retirement. The enemy was following up rapidly, however, along the whole length of the British line, both flanks of which were exposed. Shortly after dawn the evacuated positions had been occupied, and Mons itself was in the hands of the advancing Germans. The Second Corps began its retreat, helped by the feint which was carried out by General Haig upon the right, and by the bulk of the batteries of both corps, but the pursuit was vigorous and the shell-fire incessant. A shell from the rear is more intimidating than twenty in the front. Hamilton's Third Division, which included the Eighth and Ninth Brigades, who had done such hard work the day before, sustained the most severe losses, especially at Frameries, four miles south of Mons. Here the Ninth Brigade (Shaw's), which covered the retreat, was closely pressed from dawn by the pursuing Germans, and was subjected to a very heavy shell-fire. A barricade, erected in the village and manned by Captain Sandi-

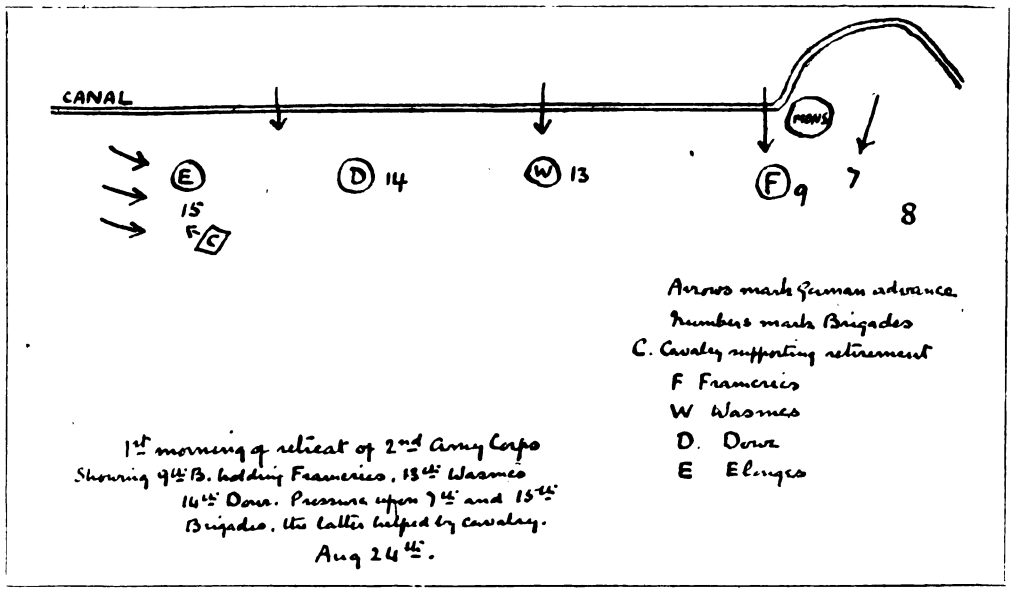
Copyright, 1916, by A. Conan Doyle.

lands, of the Northumberlands, with his company, held up the German advance, and they were never permitted to reach the line nor to hustle the retirement. The Twenty-third Artillery Brigade (Butler) helped with its fire. The chief losses in this skilful covering action fell upon the 1st Lincolns and upon the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, both of which lost about a hundred and fifty men, including Captain Rose, Lieutenants Bulbe, Welchman, and others. There was a stational ambulance in the village of Frameries, and a foreign nurse in its employ has left a vivid picture of the wounded British rushing in to have their slighter wounds dressed and then running out, rifle in hand, to find their place in the firing line.

The remaining brigade of the Third Division, McCracken's Seventh Brigade, had detached one regiment, the 2nd Irish Rifles, upon the day before to reinforce the Eighth Brigade, and this regiment had, as already mentioned, some severe fighting, holding back the German advance after the retirement from the Nimy Peninsula of the Middlesex and the Royal Irish. It did not find its way back to its brigade until the evening of the 24th. The brigade itself, during the first day of the retreat, held a position near Ciply, to the south of Mons, where it was heavily attacked in the early morning, and in some danger as its flank was exposed. At ten o'clock it was ordered to retire *viâ* Genly towards Bavaye, and it carried out this difficult movement in the face of a pushful enemy in perfect order, covered by the divisional artillery. The principal losses fell upon the 2nd South Lancashire Regiment, which came under heavy fire from German machine-guns posted upon slag-heaps. This regiment was very hard hit, losing several hundred men. The brigade faced round near Bavaye and held off the pursuit.

Cuthbert's Thirteenth Brigade, keeping in line with their comrades on the right, halted at Wasmes, some four miles from the canal, where they prepared some hasty entrenchments. Here, at the dawn of day, they were furiously attacked by the German vanguard at the same time that the Ninth Brigade was hard pushed in Frameries. The brunt of the fighting fell upon the 2nd West Riding Regiment, who lost heavily, were at one time nearly surrounded, and finally with dour Yorkshire pertinacity shook themselves clear. Their losses included their commander, Colonel Gibbs, their adjutant, three hundred men, and all their officers save five. The 1st West Kents also lost about a hundred men and several officers, including Major Pack-Beresford. For the rest of the day and for the whole of the 25th the brigade, with the rest of the Fifth Division, fell back with little fighting *viâ* Bavaye to the Le Cateau line.

On the evening of the 23rd the Fourteenth Brigade, still farther to the west, had fallen back to Dour, blowing up the bridge and road over the canal. After dark the Germans followed them, and Gleichen's Fifteenth



THE POSITION ON THE FIRST MORNING OF THE RETREAT OF THE SECOND ARMY CORPS.

Brigade then found itself in the position of rearguard and immediately exposed to the pressure of the German flanking movement. This was now threatening to envelop the whole of Ferguson's Fifth Division. The situation was particularly difficult, since this general had to make a flank movement in the face of the enemy in order to close up with his comrades of the Third Division. He was soon compelled to call for assistance, and Allenby, with his cavalry division, which had already come across to the left rear of the Army, was advanced to help him. It was evidently the intention of the enemy to strike in upon the western side of the division and pin it to its ground until it could be surrounded.

GENERAL ALLENBY,
COMMANDER OF THE CAVALRY DIVISION.
Photo. Maull & Fox.

THE CHARGE OF THE LANCERS.

The first menacing advance in the morning of the 24th was directed against the flank of the British infantry who were streaming down the Eloges-Dour high road. The situation was critical, and a portion of De Lisle's Second Cavalry Brigade was ordered to charge near Andregnies, the hostile infantry being at that time about a thousand yards distant, with several batteries in support. The attack of the cavalry was vigorously supported by L Battery of Horse Artillery. The charge was carried out by three squadrons of the 9th Lancers, Colonel Campbell at their head. The 4th Dragoon Guards and 18th Hussars were in support. The cavalry rode with magnificent dash amidst a heavy but not particularly deadly fire until they were within a few hundred yards of the enemy, when, being faced by a wire fence, they swung to the right and rallied under the cover of some slag-heaps and of a railway embankment. Their menace, or the fine work of Major Sclater-Booth's battery, had the effect of holding up the German advance for some time, and though the cavalry were much scattered and disorganized they were able to reunite without any excessive loss, the total casualties being a little over two hundred. Some hours later the enemy's pressure again became heavy upon Ferguson's flank, and the 1st Cheshires and 1st Norfolks, of Gleichen's Fifteenth Brigade, which formed the infantry flank-guard, incurred heavy losses. It was in this defensive action, fought near the village of Dour, that the 119th R.F.A., under Major Alexander, fought itself to a standstill with only three unwounded gunners by the guns. The battery had silenced one German unit and was engaged with three others. Only Major Alexander and Lieutenant Pollard with a few men were left. As the horses had been destroyed the pieces had to be man-handled out of action. Captain Grenfell, of the 9th Lancers, bleeding from two wounds, with Sergeants Davids and Turner and some fifty men of the regiment, saved these guns under a terrible fire, the German infantry being within close range. During the whole long, weary day the batteries and horsemen were working hard to cover the retreat, while the surgeons exposed themselves with great fearlessness, lingering behind the retiring lines in order to give first aid to the men who had been hit by the incessant shell-fire. It was in this noble task—the noblest surely within the whole range of warfare—that Captain Malcolm Leckie, Captain Kempthorne, and other brave medical officers met with a glorious end, upholding to the full the traditions of their famous corps.

THE FATE OF THE CHESHIRES.

It has been stated that the 1st Cheshires, in endeavouring to screen the west flank of the Second Corps from the German pursuit, were very badly punished. This regiment, together with two companies of the Norfolks,

CAPTAIN F. O. GRENFELL, V.C.,
WHO, AT THE HEAD OF A SQUADRON OF HIS TROOPERS, GALLANTLY CHARGED AND RECOVERED THE GUNS OF THE 119TH BATTERY, R.F.A.
Photo. by Gale & Polden.

occupied a low ridge to the north-east side of the village of Eloges, which they endeavoured to hold against the onflowing tide of Germans. About three in the afternoon it was seen that there was danger of this small flank-guard being entirely cut off. As a matter of fact, an order had actually been sent for a retreat, but had not reached them. Colonel Boger of the Cheshires sent several messengers, representing the growing danger, but no answer came back. Finally, in desperation, Colonel Boger went himself and found that the enemy held the position previously occupied by the rest of Gleichen's Brigade, which had retired. The Cheshires had by this time endured dreadful losses and were practically surrounded. A bayonet charge eased the pressure for a short time, but the enemy again closed in and the bulk of the survivors, isolated amidst a hostile army corps, were compelled to surrender. Some escaped in small groups and made their way through to their retreating comrades. When roll was next called, there remained five officers and one hundred and ninety-three men out of twenty-seven officers and one thousand and seven of all ranks who had gone into action. It speaks volumes for the discipline of the regiment that this remnant under Captain Shore continued to act as a useful unit. These various episodes, including the severe losses of Gleichen's Fifteenth Brigade, the attack of the Second Cavalry Brigade, and the artillery action in which the 119th Battery was so severely handled, group themselves into a separate little action occurring the day after Mons and associated either with the villages of Eloges or of Dour. The Second German Corps continued to act upon the western side of the Second British Corps, whilst the rest of General von Kluck's army, except the Ninth Corps, followed it behind. With three corps behind him, and one snapping at his flank, General Smith-Dorrien made his way southwards, his gunners and cavalry labouring hard to relieve the ever-increasing pressure, while his rear brigades were continually sprayed by the German shrapnel.

It is to be noted that Sir John French includes the Ninth German Corps in Von Kluck's army in his first despatch, and puts it in Von Bulow's second army in his second despatch. The French authorities are of opinion that Von Kluck's army consisted of the Second, Third, Fourth, Seventh, and Fourth Reserve Corps, with two divisions of cavalry. If this be correct, then part of Von Bulow's army was pursuing Haig, while the *whole* of Von Kluck's was concentrated upon Smith-Dorrien. This would make the British performance even more remarkable than it has hitherto appeared, since it would mean that during the pursuit, and at the subsequent battle, ten German divisions were pressing upon three British ones.

A small reinforcement had joined the Army on the morning after the battle of Mons. This was the Nineteenth Brigade under General Drummond, which consisted of the 1st Middlesex, 1st Cameronians, 2nd Welsh Fusiliers, and 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. This detached brigade acted, and continued to act during a large part of the war, as an independent unit. It detrained at Valenciennes on August 23rd, and two regiments, the Middlesex and the Cameronians, may be said to have taken part in the battle of Mons, since they formed up on the east of Condé, on the extreme left of the British position, and received, together with the Queen's Bays, who were scouting in front of them, the first impact of the German flanking corps. They fell back with the Army upon the 24th and 25th, keeping the line Janlain-Solesmes, finally reaching Le Cateau, where they eventually took up their position on the right rear of the British Army.

As the Army fell back, the border fortress of Maubeuge with its heavy guns offered a tempting haven of rest for the weary and overmatched troops, but not in vain had France lost her army in Metz. Sir John French would have no such protection, however violently the Germans might push him

towards it. "The British Army invested in Maubeuge" was not destined to furnish the head-line of a Berlin special edition. The fortress was left to the eastward, and the tired troops snatched a few hours of rest near Bavaye, still pursued by the guns and the searchlights of their persistent foemen. At an early hour of the 25th the columns were again on the march for the south, and for safety.

It may be remarked that in all this movement what made the operation most difficult and complicated was, that in the retirement the Army was not moving direct to the rear, but diagonally away to the west, thus making the west flank more difficult to cover as well as complicating the movements of transport.

The greater part of the Fourth Division of the Third Army Corps, coming up from the lines of communication, brought upon this day a welcome reinforcement to the Army and did yeoman work in covering the retirement. The total composition of this division was as follows :—

THIRD ARMY CORPS.
General Pulteney.
DIVISION IV.—General Snow.
10th Infantry Brigade—Gen. Haldane.
1st Warwicks.
2nd Seaforths.
1st Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
11th Infantry Brigade—Gen. Hunter Weston.
1st Somerset L. Infantry.
1st East Lancashires.
1st Hants.
1st Rifle Brigade.
12th Infantry Brigade—Gen. Wilson.
1st Royal Lancaster Regiment.
2nd Lancs. Fusiliers.
2nd Innis. Fusiliers.
2nd Essex.
Artillery—Gen. Milne.
XIV. Brig. R.F.A. 39, 68, 88,
XXIX. do. 125, 126, 127
XXXII. do. 27, 134, 135
XXXVII. do. (How.) 31, 35, 55.
Heavy R.G.A. 31 Battery

These troops, which had been quartered in the Ligny and Martigny area, received urgent orders at one in the morning of the 25th that they should advance northwards. They marched all night to Biastre, where they covered the retreat of the Army, the Third Division passing through their lines. The Fourth Division then retired south again, having great difficulty in getting along, as the roads were choked with transport and artillery, and fringed with exhausted men. The Twelfth Brigade (Wilson's) was acting as rearguard, and began to experience pressure from the pursuers, the Essex men being shelled out of the village of Bethencourt, which they held until it was nearly surrounded by the German cavalry. The line followed by the division was Biastre—Viesly—Bethencourt—Caudry—Ligny and Haucourt, the latter village marking the general position which they were to take up on the left of the Army at the line of Le Cateau. Such reinforcements were mere handfuls when compared with the pursuing hosts, but their advent heartened up the British troops and relieved them of some of the pressure. It has been remarked by officers of the Fourth Division that they and their men were considerably taken aback by the worn appearance of the weary regiments from Mons which passed through their ranks. Their confidence was revived, however, by the undisturbed demeanour of the General Headquarters Staff, who came through them in the late afternoon of the 25th. "General French himself struck me as being extremely composed, and the staff officers looked very cheerful." These are the imponderabilia which count for much in a campaign.

Tuesday, August 25th, was a day of scattered rearguard actions. The weary Army

GENERAL PULTENEY,
COMMANDER OF THE THIRD ARMY CORPS.
Photo. J. Russell & Sons.

had rested upon the evening of the 24th upon the general line Maubeuge—Bavaye—Wargnies. Orders were issued for the retirement to continue next day to a position already partly prepared, in front of the centre of which stood the town of Le Cateau. All rearguards were to be clear of the above-mentioned line by 5.30 a.m. The general conception was that the inner flanks of the two corps should be directed upon Le Cateau.

The intention of the Commander-in-Chief was that the Army should fight in that position next day, the First Corps occupying the right and the Second Corps the left of the position. The night of the 25th found the Second Corps in the position named, whilst their comrades were still at Landrecies, eight miles to the north-east, with a cavalry brigade endeavouring to bridge the gap between. It is very certain, in the case of so ardent a leader as Haig, that it was no fault upon his part which kept him from Smith-Dorrien's side upon the day of battle. It can only be said that the inevitable delays upon the road experienced by the First Corps prevented the ensuing battle from being one in which the British Army as a whole might have tested the mettle of Von Kluck's invading host.

THE SEVENTH BRIGADE AT SOLESMES.

Whilst the whole Army had been falling back upon the position which had been selected for a stand, it was hoped that substantial French reinforcements were coming up from the south. The roads were much blocked during the 25th, for two divisions of French territorials were retiring along them, as well as the British Army. As a consequence, progress was slow, and the German pressure from the rear became ever more severe. Allenby's cavalry and horse-guns covered the retreat, continually turning round and holding off the pursuers. Finally, near Solesmes, on the evening of the 25th, the cavalry were at last driven in, and the Germans came up against McCracken's Seventh Brigade, who held them most skilfully until nightfall with the assistance of the 42nd Brigade R.F.A. and the 30th Howitzer Brigade. Most of the fighting fell upon the 2nd Irish Rifles, but all four regiments were strongly engaged, and the South Lancashires again had substantial losses. The Germans could make no further progress, and time was given for the roads to clear and for the artillery to get away. The Seventh Brigade then followed, marching, so far as possible, across country and taking up its position, which it did not reach until after midnight, in the village of Caudry, on the line of the Le Cateau-Courtrai road. As it faced north once more it found Snow's Fourth Division upon its left, while on its immediate right were the Eighth and the Ninth Brigades, with the Fifth Division on the farther side of them. One unit of the Seventh Brigade, the 2nd Irish Rifles, together with the 41st R.F.A., was lost in the darkness and confusion and wandered away with the cavalry. The rest were in the battle line. Here we may leave them in position while we return to trace the fortunes of the First Army Corps.

Sir Douglas Haig's corps, after the feint of August 24th, in which the Second Division appeared to be attacking with the First in support, was cleverly disengaged from the enemy and fell back by alternate divisions. It was not an easy operation, and it was conducted under a very heavy shell-fire, which fell especially upon the covering guns of Colonel Sandilands' Thirty-fourth Artillery Brigade. These guns were exposed to a concentration of fire from the enemy, which was so intense that a thick haze of smoke and dust blotted out the view for long periods at a time. It was only with difficulty and great gallantry that they were got away. An officer of the Sixth Brigade, immediately behind them, writes: "Both going in and coming back the limbers passed my trench at a tearing gallop, the drivers lying low on the horses' necks and screaming at them to go faster, while on the return the guns bounded about on the stubble field like so many tin cans behind a runaway dog." The guns having been drawn in, the corps retired by roads parallel to the Second Corps, and were able to reach the line Bavaye-Maubeuge by about 7 p.m. upon that evening, being on the immediate eastern flank of Smith-Dorrien's men. It is a striking example of the historical continuity of the British Army that as they marched that day many of the regiments, such as the Guards and the 1st King's Liverpool, passed over the graves of their predecessors who had died under the same colours at Malplaquet in 1709, two hundred and six years before.

THE GUARDS IN ACTION.

On August 25th General Haig continued his retreat. During the day he fell back to the west of Maubeuge by Feignies to Vavesnes and Landrecies. The considerable forest of Mormal intervened between the two sections of the British Army. On the forenoon of this day the vanguard of the German infantry, using motor transport, overtook Davies'

Sixth Brigade, which was acting as rearguard to the corps. They pushed in to within five hundred yards, but were driven back by rifle-fire. Other German forces were coming rapidly up and enveloping the wings of the British rearguard, but the brigade, through swift and skilful handling, disengaged itself from what was rapidly becoming a dangerous situation. It is stated that these pursuing troops were the Ninth Corps from Von Bulow's army, so that the British had to do not only with Von Kluck's great host, but with this extra corps as well. The weather was exceedingly hot during the day, and with their heavy packs the men were much exhausted, many of them being barely able to stagger. In the evening, footsore and weary, they reached the line of Landrecies—Maroilles and Pont-sur-Sambre. The Fourth Brigade of Guards, consisting of Grenadiers, Coldstream, and Irish, under General Scott-Kerr, occupied the town of Landrecies. During the day they had seen little of the enemy, and they had no reason to believe that the forest, which extended up to the outskirts of the town, was full of German infantry pressing eagerly to cut them off. The possession of vast numbers of motor lorries for infantry transport introduces a new element into strategy, especially the strategy of a pursuit, which was one of those disagreeable first experiences of up-to-date warfare which the British Army had to undergo. It ensures that the weary retreating rearguard shall ever have a perfectly fresh pursuing vanguard at its heels.

The Guards at Landrecies were put into the empty cavalry barracks for a much-needed rest, but they had hardly settled down before there was an alarm that the Germans were coming into the town. It was just after dusk that a column of infantry debouched from the shadow of the trees and advanced briskly into the street, which was dimly lit by a few oil lamps. A strong picket of the 3rd Coldstream under Captain Monck gave the alarm, and the whole regiment, with the 2nd Grenadier Guards, stood to arms, while the rest of the brigade, who could not operate in so confined a space, remained in reserve. The van of the approaching Germans shouted out that they were French, and seemed to have actually got near enough to attack the officer of the picket and seize a machine-gun before the Guardsmen began to fire. There is a single long village street, and no means of turning it, so that the attack was forced to come directly down the road.

THE GERMANS' RUDE AWAKENING.

Possibly the Germans had the impression that they were dealing with demoralized fugitives, but if so they got a rude awakening. The advance party, who were endeavouring to drag away the machine-gun, were all shot down, and their comrades who stormed up to the houses were met with a steady and murderous fire which drove them back into the shadows of the wood. Several guns were brought up by them, and fired at a range of five hundred yards with shrapnel and case, but the British infantry lay low or flattened themselves into the doorways for protection, while the 9th British Battery replied from a position behind the town. Presently, believing that the way had been cleared for them, there was a fresh surge of dark masses out of the wood, and they poured into the throat of the street. The Guards had brought out two machine-guns, and their fire, together with a succession of volleys from the rifles, decimated the stormers. Some of them got near enough to throw hand bombs among the British, but none effected a lodgment among the buildings.

From time to time there were fresh advances during the night, designed rather to tire out the troops than to gain the village. Once fire was set to the house at the end of the street, but the flames were extinguished by Corporal Wyatt, of the 3rd Coldstream. The Irish Guards after midnight relieved the Coldstream of their vigil, and in the early morning the tired but victorious brigade went forward unmolested upon their way. They had lost a hundred and fifty of their number. Lord Hawarden and the Hon. Windsor Clive of the Coldstream and Lieut. Vereker of the Grenadiers were killed, four other officers were wounded. The Germans in their close attacking formation had suffered very much more heavily. History has shown many times before that a retreating British Army still retains a sting in its tail.

At the same time as the Guards' Brigade was attacked at Landrecies there was an advance from the forest against Maroilles, which is four miles to the eastward. A troop of the 15th Hussars guarding a bridge over the Sambre near that point was driven in by the enemy, and two attempts on the part of the 1st Berkshires, of Davies' Sixth Brigade, to retake it were repulsed, owing to the fact that the only approach was by a narrow causeway with marshland on either side, where it was not possible for infantry to deploy. The 1st Rifles were ordered to support the Berkshires, but darkness had fallen and

THE FOURTH GUARDS BRIGADE FIGHTING THE GERMANS IN THE NARROW

nothing could be done. The casualties in this skirmish amounted to one hundred and forty-four killed, wounded, or missing. The Landrecies and Maroilles wounded were left behind with some of the medical staff. At this period of the war the British had not yet understood the qualities of the enemy, and several times made the mistake of trusting surgeons and orderlies to their mercy, with the result that they were inhumanly treated, both by the authorities at the front and by the populace in Germany, whither they were conveyed as starving prisoners of war. Five of them, Captains Edmunds and Hamilton, Lieut. Danks (all of the Army Medical Corps), with Dr. Austin and Dr. Elliott, who were exchanged in January, 1915, deposed that they were left absolutely without food for long periods. It is only fair to state that at a later date the German treatment of prisoners, though often harsh, was no longer barbarous.

STREETS OF LANDRECIES DURING THE RETIREMENT FROM MONS.

THE CONNAUGHTS AT PONT-SUR-SAMBRE.

A small mishap—small on the scale of such a war, though serious enough in itself—befell a unit of the First Army Corps on the morning after the Landrecies engagement. The portion of the German army who pursued General Haig had up to now been able to effect little, and that little at considerable cost to themselves. Early on August 26th, however, a brisk action was fought near Pont-sur-Sambre, in which the 2nd Connaughts, of Haking's Fifth Brigade, lost six officers, including Colonel Abercrombie, who was taken prisoner, and two hundred and eighty men. The regiment was cut off by a rapidly advancing enemy in a country which was so thickly enclosed that there was great difficulty in keeping touch between the various companies or in conveying their danger to the rest of the brigade. By steadiness and judgment the battalion was

extricated from a most difficult position, but it was at the heavy cost already quoted. In this case again the use by the enemy of great numbers of motor lorries in their pursuit accounts for the suddenness and severity of the attacks which now and afterwards fell upon the British rearguards.

Dawn broke upon August 26th, a day upon which the exhausted troops were destined to be tried to the limit of human endurance. It was the date of Von Kluck's exultant telegram in which he declared that he held them surrounded, a telegram which set Berlin fluttering with flags. On this day the First Army Corps was unmolested in its march, reaching the Venerolles line that night. There was woody country upon the west of it, and from beyond this curtain of trees they heard the distant roar of a terrific cannonade, and knew that a great battle was in progress to the westward. It was on Smith-Dorrien's Second Corps and upon the single divi[sion] of the Third Corps that the full storm of t[he] German attack had broken. In a w[ide] a corps and a half of British troops, w[ith] two hundred and twenty-five guns, w[ere] assailed by certainly four and probably f[ive] German corps, with six hundred guns. It no wonder that the premature tidings a great German triumph were forwarded th[at] morning to make one more item in that flo[od] of good news which from August 21st to t[he] end of the month was pouring in upon th[e] German people. A glittering mirage lay befo[re] them. The French lines had been hurled ba[ck] from the frontiér, the British were in full retreat, and now were faced with absolut[e] disaster. Behind these breaking lines la[y] the precious capital, the brain and hear[t] of France. But God is not always wit[h] the big battalions, and the end was no[t] yet.

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLE OF LE CATEAU.

The Order of Battle at Le Cateau—The Stand of the 2nd Suffolks—Major Yate's V.C.—The Fight for the Quarries—The Splendid Work of the British Guns—Major Parker's Desperate Sally.

REFERENCE has already been made to the retirement of Smith-Dorrien's Second Corps, covered by Allenby's cavalry, throughout the 25th. The heads of the columns arrived at the Le Cateau position at about 3 p.m., but the rearguards were fighting far into the night, and came in eventually in an exhausted condition. The Fourth Division, which was still quite fresh, did good and indeed vital service by allowing the tired units to pass through its ranks and acting as a pivot upon which the cavalry could fall back.

Sir John French had reconsidered the idea of making a stand at Le Cateau, feeling, no doubt, that if his whole Army could not be consolidated there the affair would be too desperate. He had moved with his staff during the evening of the 25th to St. Quentin, leaving word that the retirement should be continued early next morning. Smith-Dorrien spent the afternoon and evening going round the position, but it was not until 2 a.m. upon the morning of the 26th that he was able to ascertain the whereabouts of all his scattered and weary units. About that time General Allenby reported that his cavalry had been widely separated, two and a half brigades being at Chatillon, six miles east of Le Cateau, the other one and a half brigades being near Ligny, four miles west of the same town. General Smith-Dorrien was in the position that his troops were scattered, weary, and in danger of losing their *moral* through continued retreat in the presence of an ever-pressing enemy. Even with the best soldiers such an experience too long continued may turn an army into a rabble. He therefore made urgent representations by wire to the Commander-in-Chief, pointing out that the only hope of checking the dangerous German pursuit was to stagger them by a severe counter. Sir John assented to the view, with the proviso that the retirement should be continued as soon as possible. Smith-Dorrien took under his orders the cavalry,

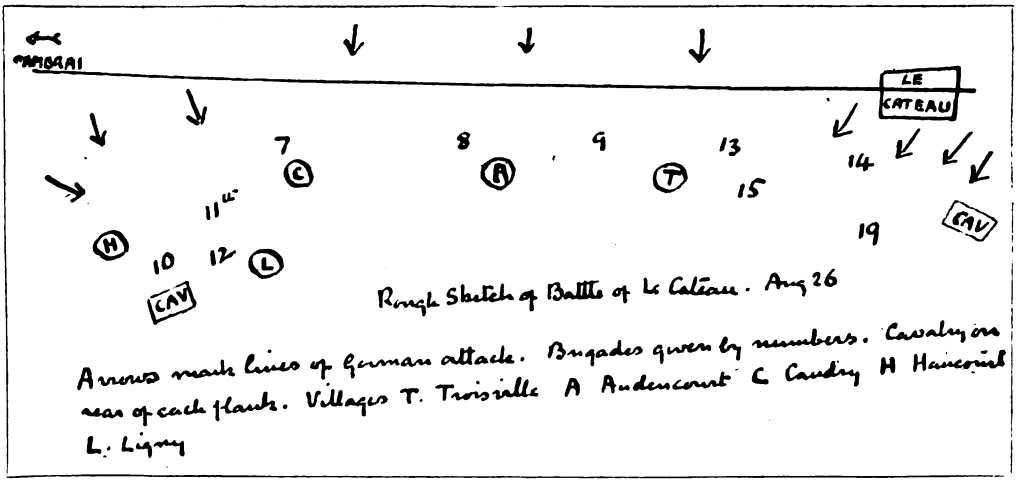
the Fourth Division, and the Nineteenth Brigade, as well as his own corps, and issued orders for the battle which he knew would begin within a few hours.

Owing to the gap of eight miles between the nearest points of the two corps, both flanks of the position were in the air. Smith-Dorrien therefore requested the cavalry brigades from Chatillon to move in and guard the east flank, while the rest of the cavalry watched the west. He was less anxious about the latter, as he knew that Sordet's French cavalry was in that direction.

THE ORDER OF BATTLE AT LE CATEAU.

The exhausted infantry, who had now been marching for about a week, and fighting for three days and the greater part of three nights, flung themselves down where best they could, some to the north-east of Le Cateau, some in the town, and some along the line of very inadequate trenches which had been hastily prepared by civilian labour. In the early dawn they took up their position, the Fifth Division to the right near the town. Of this division, the Fourteenth Brigade (Rolt's) was on the extreme right, the Thirteenth (Cuthbert's) to the left of it, and the Fifteenth (Gleichen's) in reserve. To the west of the Fifth Division lay the Third, their trenches covering the villages of Troisville (Ninth Brigade), Audencourt (Eighth Brigade), and Caudry (Seventh Brigade). Behind Caudry one and a half brigades of cavalry were in reserve to strengthen the left wing. From Caudry the line was thrown back to meet a flanking movement and extended to Haucourt. This portion was held by Snow's Fourth Division. Sordet's cavalry had passed across the rear of the British position the day before, and lay now to the left flank and rear of the Army. There were rumours of approaching French forces from the south, which put heart into the weary men, but, as a matter of fact, they had only their own brave spirits upon which to depend. Their numbers, putting every unit at its full complement, were about seventy thousand men. Their opponents were four army corps at the least, with two divisions of cavalry—say, one hundred and seventy thousand men with an overpowering artillery. Subsequent reports showed that the guns of all five army corps had been concentrated for the battle.

It has been said that Rolt's Fourteenth Brigade was at the extreme right of the line. This statement needs some expansion. The Fourteenth Brigade consisted of the 1st East Surrey, 2nd Suffolk, 2nd Manchester, and 1st Cornwalls. Of these four regiments, half of the East Surrey had been detached on escort duty and the other half, under Colonel Longley, with the whole of the Cornwalls, bivouacked in the northern suburbs of Le Cateau on the night of the 25th. In the early morning of the 26th the enemy's advanced guard got into the town, and this detachment of British troops were cut off from their comrades and fired upon as they assembled in the streets of the town. They made their way out, however, in orderly fashion and took up a position to the south-east of the town, where they fought an action on their own account for some hours, quite apart from the rest of the Army, which they could hear but not see. Eventually the First Division of Cavalry fell back from Chatillon



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF LE CATEAU, 26TH AUGUST, 1914.

to join the Army and picked up these troops *en route*, so that the united body was able to make its way safely back to their comrades. These troops were out of the main battle, but did good work in covering the retreat. The whole signal section of the Fourteenth Brigade was with them, which greatly hampered the brigade during the battle. Two companies of the 1st Surreys under Major Tew had become separated from their comrades after Mons, but they rejoined the British line at Troisville, and on the morning of August 26th were able to fall in on the rear of the Fourteenth Brigade, where, as will be seen later, they did good service.

The Nineteenth Brigade had also bivouacked in Le Cateau and was nearly cut off, as the two regiments of the Fourteenth Brigade had been, by the sudden intrusion of the enemy. It had been able to make its way out of the town, however, without being separated from the rest of the Army, and it took up its position on the right rear of the infantry line, whence it sent help where needed and played the part of a reserve until towards the close of the action its presence became very vital to the Fifth Division. At the outset the 2nd Argyll and Sutherlands were in the front line of this brigade and the 1st Middlesex supporting them, while the other two regiments (2nd Welsh Fusiliers and 1st Cameronians) with a battery of artillery had been taken as a reserve by the force commander. No trenches had been prepared at this point, and the losses of the two front regiments from shell-fire were, from the beginning, very heavy. The other two regiments spent a day of marching rather than fighting, being sent right across to reinforce the Fourth Division and then being brought back to the right flank once more.

THE STAND OF THE 2nd SUFFOLKS.

It was the Fifth Division, on the right of the line, who first experienced the full effect of the heavy shelling which about seven o'clock became general along the whole position, but was always most severe upon the right. There was a dangerous salient in the trenches at the cross-roads one mile west of Le Cateau which was a source of very great weakness. Every effort was made to strengthen the trenches, the Fifteenth Brigade and 59th Company R.E. working especially hard in the Troisville section. The Germans were moving round upon this right wing, and the murderous hail of missiles came from the flank as well as from the front, being supplemented by rifle and machine-gun fire. The 2nd Suffolks and 2nd Manchesters, the remaining half of Rolt's Fourteenth Brigade, being on the extreme right of the line, suffered the most. The guns immediately supporting them, of the Twenty-eighth Artillery Brigade, were quite overmatched and were overwhelmed by the devastating rain of shells, many of them being put out of action. A heavy battery, the 108th, some little distance behind the line, kept up a steady and effective fire which long held back the German advance. The pressure, however, was extreme, and growing steadily from hour to hour until it became well-nigh intolerable. Especially it fell upon the 2nd Suffolk Regiment, who held their shallow trenches with splendid tenacity. Their colonel, Brett, was killed, Major Doughty was wounded in three places, Captains Orford and Cutbill, with eight lieutenants, were on the ground. Finally, when the position of the brigade became untenable and it was ordered to retreat, the gallant Suffolks held on to their line with the desire of saving the disabled guns, and were eventually all killed, wounded, or taken, save for about two hundred and fifty men, while their neighbours, the 2nd Manchesters, lost fourteen officers and three hundred and fifty of their men. In this way the extreme right of the British line was practically destroyed.

The Nineteenth Brigade, in the rear of the Fourteenth, were able to observe the fate of their comrades, and about midday the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who had already lost a good many men from shell-fire, advanced in the chivalrous hope of relieving the pressure. The regiment went forward as if on parade, though the casualties were numerous. They eventually gained the shelter of some trenches near the remains of the Fourteenth Brigade, but their gallant effort, instead of averting the threatened destruction, ended by partially involving them in the same fate. They could do nothing against the concentrated and well-directed artillery fire of the enemy. When eventually they fell back, part of B and C companies were cut off in their trench and taken. The rest of the regiment, together with the 1st Middlesex and two companies of the Royal Scots Fusiliers from the Ninth Brigade, formed a covering line on a ridge in the rear and held back the German advance for a long time. This line did not retire until 5 p.m., when it was nearly enveloped. General Drummond, commanding the Nineteenth Brigade, had met with an injury in the course of the action, and it

as commanded during the latter part by Colonel Ward, of the 1st Middlesex.

MAJOR YATE'S V.C.

The retirement or destruction of the Fourteenth Brigade exposed the flank of the Thirteenth (Cuthbert's) to a murderous enfilade fire, which fell chiefly upon the 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry. This brigade had defended itself successfully for six hours against various frontal attacks, but now the flank-fire raked it from end to end and practically destroyed the Yorkshiremen, who were the most exposed to it. On them and on the 2nd Scottish Borderers fell the great bulk of the losses, for the West Kents and the survivors of the West Ridings were in reserve. Of the two companies of the Yorkshire Light Infantry who held the foremost trenches, that on the right had only fifteen men left, with whom Major Yate attempted a final charge, finding his Victoria Cross in the effort, while the next company, under Major Trevor, had only forty-one survivors. Both the Yorkshire and the Border battalions lost their colonels in the action. Their losses were shared by the two companies of the 1st East Surreys under Major Tew, who had been placed between the Fourteenth and Thirteenth Brigades, and who fought very steadily in shallow trenches, holding on to the last possible moment.

MAJOR YATE, V.C.,
ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE BATTLE OF LE CATEAU.
Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Whilst the battle was going badly on the right, the Third Division in the centre and the Fourth Division on the left had held their own against a succession of attacks. The Eighth and Ninth Brigades drove off the German infantry with their crushing rifle-fire, and endured as best they might the shelling, which was formidable and yet very much less severe than that to which the Fifth Division had been exposed. In the case of the Seventh Brigade (McCracken's), the village of Caudry, which it defended, formed a salient, since the Fourth Division on the left was thrown back. The attack upon this brigade from daylight onwards was very severe, but the assailants could neither drive in the line nor capture the village of Caudry. They attacked on both flanks at short rifle range, inflicting and also enduring heavy losses. In this part of the field the British guns held their own easily against the German, the proportion of numbers being more equal than on the right of the line.

Whilst the right flank was crumbling before the terrific concentration of German guns, and while the centre was stoutly holding its own, farther to the west, in the Haucourt-Ligny direction, the Second German Army Corps was beating hard against Snow's Fourth Division, which was thrown back to protect the left flank of the Army, and to cover the Cambrai-Esnes road. Hunter-Weston's Eleventh Brigade was on the right, south of Fontaine, with Wilson's Twelfth upon its left, and Haldane's Tenth in reserve at Haucourt. As the German attack came from the left, or western flank, the Twelfth Brigade received the first impact. The artillery of the division had not yet come up, and the 1st Royal Lancasters, stretched in a turnip patch, endured for some time a severe fire which cost them many casualties, including their Colonel Dykes, and to which little reply could be made. There were no cavalry scouts in front of the infantry, so that working parties and advanced posts were cut up by sudden machine-gun fire. Some of the covering parties both of the Lancasters and of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers were never seen again. At about seven the British guns came up, the Fourteenth Brigade R.F.A. on the left, the Twenty-ninth in the centre, and the Thirty-second on the right, with the howitzers of the Thirty-seventh behind the right centre on the high ground near Selvigny. From this time onward they supported the infantry in the most self-sacrificing way. The German infantry advance began shortly afterwards and was carried out by wave after wave of men. A company of the 2nd Essex Regiment, under

Captain Vandeleur, upon the British left, having good cover and a clear field of fire, inflicted very heavy losses on the Germans, though they were finally overwhelmed, their leader having been killed. The 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers in the front line were also heavily attacked and held their own for several hours. About ten o'clock the pressure was so great that the defence was driven in, and two regiments lost their machine-guns, but a new line was formed in the Haucourt-Esnes road, the retirement being skilfully covered by Colonel Anley, of the Essex, and Colonel Griffin, of the Lancashire Fusiliers. There the 2nd Inniskilling Fusiliers, the 1st Royal Lancasters, the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, and the 2nd Essex held firmly on until the afternoon under very heavy and incessant fire, while the Eleventh Brigade upon their right were equally involved in the fight. Two regiments of the Tenth Brigade (Haldane's), Irish Fusiliers and Seaforths, had dug themselves in on the high ground just north of Selvigny and repulsed every attack, but two others, the Dublins and Warwicks, had got involved with the Twelfth Brigade and could not be retrieved. The Signal Corps had not yet arrived, and the result was that General Snow had the greatest difficulty in ensuring his connections with his brigadiers, the orders being carried by his staff officers. At two o'clock, as there was a lull in the German advance, Wilson of the Twelfth Brigade made a spirited counter-attack, led by the 1st Warwicks, recovering many of the wounded, but being finally driven back to the old position by intense artillery and machine-gun fire.

It is worth recording that during this advance the Essex men found among the German dead many Jaeger with the same Gibraltar badge upon their caps which they bore themselves. It was a Hanoverian battalion who had been comrades with the old 56th in the defence of the fortress one hundred and fifty years before.

THE FIGHT FOR THE QUARRIES.

The Eleventh Brigade (Hunter-Weston), on the night of the 12th, had meanwhile played a very vital part in the fight. This brigade was defending a position called Les Carrières, or the quarry pits, which was east of Fontaine and to the north of the village of Ligny. It was a desperate business, for the British were four times driven out of it and four times came back to their bitter work amid a sleet of shells and bullets. Parties of the 1st Somersets and of the 1st East Lancashires held the quarries with the 1st Hants and 1st Rifle Brigade in immediate support, all being eventually drawn into the fight. Major Rickman, of the latter regiment distinguished himself greatly in the defence but was seriously wounded and left behind in the final retirement. Besides incessant gun-fire, the defenders were under infantry fire of a very murderous description from both flanks. In spite of this, the place was held for six hours until the retirement of the line in the afternoon caused it to be untenable as the enemy was able to get behind it. The brigade then fell back upon Ligny under heavy shrapnel-fire, moving steadily and in good order. The Germans at once attacked the village from the east and north-east. Could they have taken it, they would have been upon the flank of the British line of retirement. They were twice driven back, however by the fire of the infantry, losing very heavily upon both occasions. About five o'clock, the Army being in full retreat, the brigade received orders to abandon Ligny and march upon Malincourt. The effect of a heavy shrapnel-fire was minimized by this movement being carried out in small columns of fours. A loss of thirty officers and one thousand one hundred and fifteen men in a single day's fighting showed how severe had been the work of Hunter-Weston's brigade. The Twelfth Brigade had also lost about a thousand men. Many of the guns had run short of shells. A spectator has described how he saw the British gunners under a heavy fire sitting in gloomy groups round the guns which they had neither the shells to work, nor the heart to abandon.

Such was the general fortune of the British left. At the extreme edge of it, in the gap between the left of the Fourth Division and the town of Cambrai, Sordet's French cavalry had been fighting to prevent the British wing from being turned. There was some misconception upon this point at the time, but in justice to our Ally it should be known that General Smith-Dorrien himself galloped to this flank in the course of the afternoon and was a witness of the efforts of the French troopers.

The narrative has now taken the movements of the left wing up to the point of its retirement, in order to preserve the continuity of events in that portion of the field, but the actual abandonment of their position by Snow's Fourth Division was due to circumstances over which they had no control, and which had occurred at a considerable distance. Both the centre and the left of the Army could have held its own, though it must be admitted that the attack to which they were exposed

was a very violent one gallantly pushed home.

All might have gone well had the Germans not been able to mass such an overpowering artillery attack upon the right of the line. It was shortly after midday that this part of the position began to weaken, and observers from the centre saw stragglers retiring over the low hill in the Le Cateau direction. At that hour the artillery upon the right of the British line was mostly silenced, and large masses of the German infantry were observed moving round the right flank. The salient of the Suffolks was in the possession of the enemy, and from it they could enfilade the line. It was no longer possible to bring up ammunition or horses to the few remaining guns. The greater part of the troops held on none the less most doggedly to their positions. A steady downpour of rain was a help rather than a discomfort, as it enabled the men to moisten their parched lips. But the situation of the Fifth Division was growing desperate. It was plain that to remain where they were could only mean destruction. And yet to ask the exhausted men to retire under such a rain of shells would be a dangerous operation. Even the best troops may reach their snapping point. Most of them had by the afternoon been under constant shrapnel-fire for eight hours on end. Some were visibly weakening. Anxious officers looked eagerly over their shoulders for any sign of reinforcement, but an impassable gap separated them from their comrades of the First Army Corps, who were listening with sinking hearts to the rumble of the distant cannonade. There was nothing for it but to chance the retirement. About three o'clock commanders called to officers and officers to men for a last great effort. It was the moment when a leader reaps in war the love and confidence which he has sown in peace. Smith-Dorrien had sent his meagre reserve, which consisted of one battery and two battalions, to take up a rearguard position astride the Le Cateau-St. Quentin road. Every available detail, that could pull a trigger, down to Hildebrand's signallers of the Headquarters Staff, who had already done wonderful work in their own particular line, were thrust into the covering line. One by one the dishevelled brigades were drawn off towards the south. One section of the heavy guns of the 108th Heavy Battery was ordered back to act with two battalions of the Nineteenth Brigade in covering the Reumont-Maritz road, while the 1st Norfolks were put in echelon behind the right flank for the same purpose.

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS REYNOLDS, V.C.,
WHO WAS AWARDED THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR RESCUING THE GUNS OF THE 37TH R.F.A. FROM UNDER THE VERY NOSES OF THE GERMANS.
Photo. Farrington Photo. Co.

THE SPLENDID WORK OF THE BRITISH GUNS.

The Fifth Division, with the Fifteenth Brigade as rearguard, considerably disorganized by its long hammering, retreated along the straight Roman road *viâ* Maritz and Estrees. The Third Division fell back through Berthy and Clary to Beaurevoir, the Ninth Brigade forming a rearguard. The cavalry, greatly helped by Sordet's French cavalry upon the west, flung itself in front of the pursuit, while the guns sacrificed themselves to save the retiring infantry. Every British battery was an inferno of bursting shells, and yet everyone fought on while breech-block would shut or gunner could stand. Many batteries were in the state of the 61st R.F.A., which fired away all its own shells and then borrowed from the limbers of other neighbouring batteries, the guns of which had been put out of action. Had the artillery gone the Army would have gone. Had the Army gone the Germans had a clear run into Paris. It has been said that on the covering batteries of Wing, Milne, and Headlam may, on that wet August afternoon, have hung the future history of Europe.

Wing's command included the Twenty-third, Thirtieth, Fortieth, and Forty-second Brigades, with the 48th Heavy Battery; Headlam's were the Fifteenth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, and Eighth, with the 108th Heavy; Milne's, the Fourteenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-second, and 37th Heavy. These numbers deserve to be recorded, for

THE SAVING OF THE GUNS AT LE CATEAU. A GALLANT ACTION WHICH WON THE
(Drawn from material supplied

every gun of them did great service, though many were left in ruins on the field. Some, like those of the 37th R.F.A., were plucked from under the very noses of the Germans, who were within a hundred yards of them when they were withdrawn, a deed of valour for which Captain Reynolds of that battery received the Cross. One by one those batteries which could move were drawn off, the cavalry covering the manœuvre by their rifle-fire, and sometimes man-handling the gun from the field. Serving one day as charging cavaliers, another as mounted infantry in covering a retreat, again as sappers in making or holding a trench, or when occasion called for it as gun-teams to pull on the trace of a derelict gun, the cavalry have been the general utility men of the Army. The days of pure cavalry may have passed, but there will never be a time when a brave and handy fighting man who is mobile will not be invaluable to his comrades.

MAJOR PARKER'S DESPERATE SALLY.

It was about four o'clock that the Fourth Division, on the left flank, who had been maintaining the successful defensive already described, were ordered to begin their retirement. The Twelfth Brigade was able to withdraw with no great difficulty along the line Walincourt — Villiers — Vendhuile, reaching the latter village about nine-thirty. The doings of the Eleventh Brigade have been already described. There was considerable disintegration but no loss of spirit. One of the regiments of the Twelfth, the 2nd Royal Lancasters, together with about three hundred Warwicks, from the Tenth Brigade, and some detachments of other regiments, were, by some mischance, isolated in the village of Haucourt with no definite orders, and held on until ten o'clock at night, when the place was nearly surrounded. They fought their way out, however, in a most surprising fashion, and eventually made good their retreat.

V C. FOR CAPTAIN DOUGLAS REYNOLDS, DRIVER J. H C. DRAIN, AND DRIVER F. LUKE.
by one who was present.)

One party, under Major Poole of the Warwicks, rejoined the Army next day. Another, which consisted of about sixty of the Royal Lancasters under Major Parker, were surrounded in a barn and fought on until the Germans blew in the gate with a field-gun. Instead of surrendering, they then made a desperate sally, and, dashing out with their bayonets, they charged down the village street, which was full of German infantry. They actually cut their way through and got away into the open country. This small body, reinforced by scattered men of the Warwicks, the Dublin Fusiliers, and the Irish Fusiliers, remained for three whole days half a day's march in the rear of the Army, and yet, by a mixture of good luck and leadership, picked their way among the German advance guards until they rejoined the colours near Noyon.

Haldane's Tenth Brigade had got split up during the confused fighting of the day, half of it, the 1st Warwicks and 2nd Dublins, getting involved with the Twelfth Brigade in the fighting on the Haucourt Ridge. The other two battalions, the 2nd Seaforths and 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, kept guard as a reserve over the left flank of the division. Towards evening General Haldane, finding it hopeless to recover control of his lost regiments, collected the rest of his brigade, and endeavoured to follow the general line of retreat. He lost touch with the remainder of the Army, and might well have been cut off, but after a most exhausting experience he succeeded in safely rejoining the division at Roisel upon the 27th. It may be said generally that the reassembling of the Fourth Division after the disintegration they had experienced was a remarkable example of individualism and determination.

(To be continued.)

VICTOR THE VICTOR.

By

SOPHIE KERR.

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo and Irma Dérèmeaux.

NO archangel, merely because he was an archangel, could have got the service Mr. Hutton commanded at the Hotel Palais. By dint of a never-failing harvest of lovely crisp notes, he had won the *maître d'hôtel,* the waiters, and at last the head *chef* to respect his wishes. Corned beef and cabbage, ham and eggs, hot soda biscuits, pork and beans, stewed chicken (without green peppers, chestnuts, or mushrooms), blackberry pie, and other purely American dishes were made at the Palais especially for Mr. Hutton, and whenever he desired them. When he wished to be jocular, he said that some day he hoped to have money enough to induce the *chef* to learn how to make corn-meal dumplings, and he knew that the triumph of his life was not the financing of the P.L. & T. Railroad but that he could get brown gravy, made in the pan and thickened with flour, with his roast beef at the Palais.

He couldn't get such food at home. There Mrs. Hutton ruled. When I say that Mrs. Hutton was very busy entering society by way of one of the most exclusive communities on Long Island, you can imagine the life that Mr. Hutton led. The worst of it was, she was succeeding. She was already on the outer edge of the inner circle, so to speak. It sometimes seemed to Mr. Hutton that life would never again hold for him a real good time. His idea of a good time was to sit in a big chair, take off his shoes, put his stockinged feet in another big chair; then, with the evening papers and a glass of buttermilk, he had a regular orgy. If he might have had a hunk of old-fashioned election cake along with the buttermilk he would probably have died of joy.

They could not give him election cake, even at the Hotel Palais. Gingerbread, however, they managed to achieve, and the day that it was first served to Mr. Hutton by his favourite waiter, Victor, was a red-letter—perhaps I should say a gold-letter—day for all concerned.

It was Victor's youth and clean blondness and amiable smile that had made Mr. Hutton an *habitué* of the Circassian walnut and gold-leaf dining-room of New York's most lavish, most expensive hotel, when in his heart he would have preferred and would have been much more comfortable in a white-tiled restaurant, with a chair with a wide arm to set his plate and glass on. But one day a certain Wall Street great man had taken Mr. Hutton to lunch at the Palais, and Victor had served them with corned-beef hash, browned—something Mr. Hutton had not seen since Mrs. Hutton began to get into society. Mr. Hutton could not fail to note Victor's genuine delight at the way that corned-beef hash disappeared.

After that Mr. Hutton came again—and again—and again—until, as I have narrated, he had the whole staff of dining-room and kitchen for his faithful slaves, and luncheon had become for him one perfect meal.

Picture to yourself, then, Mr. Hutton—heavy and big and grey—entering the Hotel Palais on a cold and blustery March day. He was greeted by Louis, the *maître d'hôtel* who bowed and said, ingratiatingly, "A terreeble day, Mr. 'Utton, no?"

" Fierce," said Mr. Hutton.

Waiters stood aside deferentially, and in a radiant atmosphere of good-will Mr. Hutton was conducted by Victor to his rightful table. After an anxious moment or two, it was decided that he should lunch on milk toast, broiled shad, and rhubarb pie. The order being settled, and Victor fled away to tell the *chef* in person concerning it, Mr. Hutton sat and idly gazed over the park, drear enough to a casual glance in the chill March drizzle, yet somehow conveying to those who are country-wise that spring was near. General Sherman, on his great horse, sat unmoved while wind and rain beat upon him; and the airily-clad Victory who heralds him seemed to mind the weather as little as the grim old general.

Mr. Hutton was thinking vague thoughts of spring and pussy willows and whether Sherman really said that war is hell and when his milk toast would be ready, all peacefully and unworried, when a page approached him gently from the rear.

" Mrs. Hutton is on the telephone and wishes to speak to you, sir," he announced, so low that even the man at the next table couldn't hear. " This way, sir."

Mr. Hutton got up and followed the boy, meanwhile fumbling for a coin to reward the service.

He settled himself compactly in the white-and-gold telephone booth. It was a tight fit.

" What's the matter, Mollie ? " he asked.

Her voice came to him calmly and collectedly over the wire, yet there was a little edge on it. " James," she said, " Claude Sandford is ill and can't come to my dinner to-night."

" Oh ! " said Mr. Hutton, sympathetically, " that's too bad ! Is he very ill, Mollie ? What's the matter with him ? "

Mrs. Hutton's voice took on several more degrees of edginess : " I don't know and I don't care," she answered. " I could almost wish he had small-pox when I think of him falling ill on the day of my dinner-party. Don't you comprehend, James ? The Wallabys are coming—and the Newton Chesters, *and Mrs. Grahame Brown*, and I had depended on Claude Sandford to be amusing and make the affair go. If Mrs. Grahame Brown has a dull time I shall never get her here again. And you know what that means."

Mr. Hutton knew. Mrs. Hutton had explained to him some twelve to twenty times that her social success depended on that very rude, brusque, gaily-dressed person known as Mrs. Grahame Brown. Mr. Hutton always thought of Mrs Grahame Brown as a " queer old lady " ; but that simply goes to show how provincial and crude Mr. Hutton was.

" Well, Mollie," said Mr. Hutton, patiently, " what are you going to do about it ? "

" I'm not going to do anything," replied Mrs. Hutton. " You've got to do something. You've got to find me a man. I've telephoned all around and I can't get hold of a soul except stupid old Sammy Diller, and I'll let my table be thrown out before I'll ask him. So you've got to get someone. I want a young man, good-looking, well-bred, of course, and preferably one who is clever and amusing. Yes, I think he must be clever and amusing."

" But, look here, Mollie ! " protested Mr. Hutton, in dismay, " where'll I get him ? I don't know any young men. I can't get anybody. I got a directors' meeting this afternoon, anyway——"

The inflexible voice of Mrs. Hutton floated back to him over the wire. " It doesn't make any difference, Jim. You've got to get a young man for my dinner to-night, and he's got to be the kind I say. I don't care who he is, nor where he comes from. But you've got to get him. Good-bye." And she rang off.

Mr. Hutton extricated himself in a dazed and helpless fashion from the little telephone booth, made his usual change-pocket gesture, and tipped the boy who held the door open and the girl at the switchboard. He started slowly back to the dining-room, though milk toast and rhubarb pie had lost their savour. He knew he had to get that young man. He respected those forceful qualities that had made Mrs. Hutton, only three years from the West, the hostess of the Wallabys and Mrs. Grahame Brown, and he dreaded to make her bring any of that magnificent forcefulness to bear on him.

" Ah, Mr. 'Utton," said Victor, bowing him back into his chair, " your toas' it is here. Permit me."

Mr. Hutton permitted himself to be seated. He tucked his napkin into his vest—he always allowed himself that indulgence at luncheon —and he began to eat. Meanwhile, he was tabulating his thoughts :—

He had to get a young man for dinner.

The young man must be good-looking, well-bred, amusing.

Mollie Hutton was a woman not to be trifled with.

But—he didn't know any young men.

Except that young cashier at his bank?

He wouldn't do—he was homely.

There was his office bookkeeper?

He wouldn't do—he wasn't clever or amusing or well-bred.

But, stop! There was that young lawyer who had sued him the other day because his car had knocked over a newsboy.

Mr. Hutton jumped from his chair and dashed out to the telephone, but when he arrived there he chanced to remember that he had absolutely forgotten the young lawyer's name. So that settled that.

Mr. Hutton tipped the girl at the switchboard again and went back miserably to the milk toast.

More tabulated thoughts:—

His chauffeur was good-looking and young?

No—Mrs. Hutton would recognize him and be furious.

Oh, lord! what a mess!

A pleasant voice broke in on his frenzied musings.

"Mr. 'Utton is not feeling good to-day, yes?" said the attentive Victor. "The toas'—it is not right, no? I will change him instantly if Mr. 'Utton will permit?"

Mr. Hutton looked up into Victor's solicitous, friendly face. It suddenly dawned on him that besides being solicitous and friendly it was also, yes, it was—a good-looking, young, well-bred face.

"Look here," said Mr. Hutton, earnestly to Victor, "are you clever and amusing?"

Victor was French, and his *savoir faire* could not be shaken by any odd personal question from his friend and patron Mr. Hutton. He shrugged his shoulders.

"That is as one thinks," he said, modestly. "I 'ope I am not the dull companion among my frien's. No one 'as ever seem to think so, I am dead of that."

"I'm dead sure of it, too," said Mr. Hutton, musingly, having comprehended Victor's incomplete idiom. He continued to stare at the young man. Victor's coat, his linen, were excellent in cut and quality.

"Listen here," said Mr. Hutton, huskily, gripped by his daring idea. "I gotta proposition to make to you. Do you own a dress-suit?"

"Ah, but do I not?" said Victor, a little reproachfully. "One—two—t'ree of him. I 'ave an ole dress-suit for stormy wezzer, a middle dress-suit for good nights an' those affaire which are not too *chic*, an' my bes' it is for the opera."

Mr. Hutton stared at Victor speechlessly for a moment. "Gosh!" he murmured. "Do you go to the opera?"

"'Bohème'—I adore him!" said Victor. "And 'Faust!'—and Mlle. Farrar as Carmen——" Words failed him.

Mr. Hutton smote the table until the toast trembled in its milk.

"You're the boy for me!" he declared. "Could you get a night off to-night, Victor, if I see the manager about it?"

"I think that yes," returned Victor; "but what does Mr. 'Utton require of me?"

"I want you to come out to my place on Long Island to dinner," said Mr. Hutton. "Mrs. Hutton's got a big dinner-party, very particular, on to-night, and there's been a slip-up——"

Victor beamed. "An' you desire that I should come and arrange all—yes?" he cried. "I shall be mos' happy, and I will say to Mrs. 'Utton, 'Let your mine be at res', for I, Victor, am here.'"

Mr. Hutton choked. He found difficulty in explaining after this generous offer.

"You got it wrong," he said, at last. "I want you to eat with us, not serve the dinner. One young fellow Mrs. Hutton was counting on has got ill, and it leaves her in a hole. She wants somebody who can talk and make himself agreeable and sort of liven everything up."

"But, *mon Dieu*, monsieur," cried Victor, "I cannot do that! I am Victor of the Walnut Room of the Palais—everyone know me! It would be my ruin if anyone fine out I am your guest."

"Well, that's one way to look at it," said Mr. Hutton, reasonably; "but I'm taking a chance, too, remember that. All I know is, Mrs. Hutton's got to have another young man for her dinner and he's got to be good-looking, well-bred, clever, and amusing—that was her order. I can't go home till I've got him. Now, look here, Victor, be sensible. This means a whole lot to me and it means five hundred cold round dollars to you if you come along and turn the trick. See?"

Ha! Five hundred dollars! That was different. Victor stopped bristling. Not that he was essentially a mercenary soul, but he had the thrifty French temperament along with the vivacity, the gay good humour, the basic commonsense. That five hundred dollars should go begging seemed to him shockingly wasteful.

"Mr. 'Utton," he began, "it is that I desire to serve you, yes. But Madame, your wife, and your guests—will they not

know me? And if they complain of the management here, I shall be fire', yes, in two sec.'"

Mr. Hutton's mind again grappled powerfully with the situation. He chewed his rhubarb pie thoughtfully before he finally answered.

"I'll fix it with the management," he said. "There's nothing that money won't buy in this place, thank Heaven! And you can't come as yourself, of course. You can be over here from France on business, and going right back, can't you? And you can call yourself a fancy name. Better not go it too strong, though, or they'll be looking you up."

Victor brought the finger-bowl. It was evident that the situation fired his fancy.

"I think—jus' for to-night, I might be a count—yes?" he asked Mr. Hutton, with wistful eagerness. "I have always long' to be noble, me. Le Comte de Rochefauld —*hein?* An' I swear to you I s'all not disgrace that noble name."

"Go as far as you like," said Mr. Hutton, quite forgetting the prudence of his last speech. "I guess you'll be all right. Now I'm going out to fix it up with the hotel, and then I'll telephone to Mrs. Hutton." He rose, feeling for his cheque-book.

After about fifteen minutes of anxious palaver, it was settled. The Hotel Palais was glad to have this opportunity to oblige Mr. Hutton, oh, very glad! They were still more glad when he paid, without a murmur, the stiff price they asked for their chance to oblige. Victor was summoned. It was agreed that he should meet Mr. Hutton at his office at six o'clock, and they would together motor out to the Long Island estate of the Huttons. Mr. Hutton said he'd feel more peaceful if he could take Victor with him. The matter being finally concluded, Mr. Hutton again squeezed himself into the white-and-gold telephone booth. After an interval:—

"That you, Mollie? Yes, I got him, I'll bring him out with me. He's a Frenchman—a count. I met him in a business way. He's all right, strictly as per order. Young and good-looking, well-bred, clever, and amusing. We'll be along by seven, that'll give me plenty of time to dress. Yes, he's all right, I tell you."

I do not know why Mrs. Hutton should have been suspicious, but the conversation terminated with these words: "Jim Hutton, if you try any foolishness on me about this dinner, you'll regret it."

And then she rang off. Mr. Hutton, his mouth twisted with a little smile under his short grey moustache, went to his office.

And Victor? Victor, with serious thoroughness, proceeded to get himself ready for the part he was to play. He had a Turkish bath, a shampoo, a hair cut, a shave, a manicure. He had the best dress-suit—hitherto reserved for the opera—pressed to perfection. He bought a new dress-shirt, two new collars, a new dress-tie, and, discarding the modest studs that he had always thought very well of, he went to a good shop and bought single pearls, imitation, true, but selected with an accurate eye, and real to anyone but an expert.

He had thought of buying real pearls and had lingered for a longing five minutes before the greatest jeweller's on the Avenue.

"It would be glorious," he murmured, "but there is a certain *poésie* in the himitation pearls for me—since I s'all be but a himitation count. But no one will know —of that I am sure—that either the pearls or the count is a himitation." He chuckled to himself as he hurried on.

Then there was the question of his silk hat. Victor looked at it complacently—it was of the round, bell-crowned, flat-brimmed type, shrieking of *la France* in every line. And his topcoat—Victor gave a little skip as he took it out—it was that full, be-caped romantic style that all good Frenchmen wear in the evening.

"Ah!" cried Victor, "Monsieur le Comte de Rochefauld is well dress—*tout comme un Français, aussi.* I s'all look all French! 'Urray! *Vive la France!*"

By the time he had got into all of this grandeur, a flaming magnificence of spirit possessed him. He was no longer Victor. He was—he actually was—le Comte de Rochefauld. He presented himself at Mr. Hutton's office with an elegance of air, a superb, simple dignity that was wholly unfeigned.

"Ah, Monsieur 'Utton," he greeted the great financier genially, "it is rejoice' of the heart I am to see you again. The last time I 'ave see you it was in our adored Paris, yes?"

Mr. Hutton smacked him suddenly and joyfully on the back. "You're all right, Count," he replied. "You're the goods. Mrs. Hutton's eyes are going to stick out when she sees you."

And, if the truth must be told, Mrs. Hutton's eyes did stick out when she beheld the Count de Rochefauld. She had suspected the worst,

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and had felt that wretched dull despair of one who, through no fault of his own, must see well-laid plans go unconsummated.

She had plotted and planned on this dinner for weeks. It had taken superb strategy to get Mrs. Grahame Brown, the Wallabys, the Newton Chesters, Willie Lazenby, Miss Antoinette Greyling, and Mr. Claude Sandford, all as guests. Their presence in her house meant that hereafter she, unless some grave mischance befell, might be counted among the elect. When the wretched Sandford fell ill Mrs. Hutton was in the position of a poker player who, drawing to fill a royal flush, gets a measly two-spot. Now, however, with the count among those present, Mrs. Hutton realized that she had filled her hand—that is, her dinner-table—with gambler's luck. The count was nothing less than ace-high. He was

elegant; he was debonair; he was good-looking; he had a distinct charm of manner—Mrs. Hutton could have wept for joy.

If the Comte de Rochefauld felt a moment's uneasiness at the thorough looking-over he received from Mrs. Hutton's cold grey eyes he did not show it. He bowed before her with easeful grace.

"Ah, madame," he said, "I kiss your hand! I am delight' to know you, the wife of my good friend, Monsieur 'Utton."

Mrs. Hutton's grey eyes lost something of their coldness.

"I am beginning to be glad of the illness of one of my guests," she said, pleasantly, "since it brings you to us. Heartless of me, isn't it? But true."

Instantly the two men made a mental note.

Victor's was: "Madame is no *bourgeoise*."

Mr. Hutton's was: "Mollie is a wonder with the fluff talk."

What more they might have thought was cut short by the arrival of one of the guests, Miss Antoinette Greyling, a skittish spinster, cream of the oldest cream of Knickerbocker families, who lived and had her being literally in social motion. She went everywhere, knew everybody, was related to everyone worth while, and counted that day lost that had not at least four invitations to its credit. Her eyes lit with joy as the count was presented—Antoinette dearly loved a personable young man. She at once began to chatter to him in French—and in a moment they were shamelessly "twosing," which Mrs. Hutton observed with inner ecstasy. If this young man Jim had brought home should strike the fancy of Miss Greyling, how delightful for Mrs. Hutton, who had introduced them!

Following Miss Greyling came the Wallabys, a pair who looked exactly like their name. Need I say more?

Then appeared Mr. Willie Lazenby, a fat bachelor, whose figure was a monument to his appetite. Woe betide the aspiring hostess whose *menu* was not to Willie Lazenby's fancy.

Behold next the Newton Chesters, cold, *blasé*, elegant, alive to the responsibilities of the wealth and station which it had pleased an omniscient Providence to bestow on them.

A pause. Mrs. Grahame Brown was evidently pleased to be late. But, strange to tell, she was not anxiously waited for, not even by her hostess. Magic was abroad in the drawing-room of the Huttons—magic in a well-pressed opera dress-suit, with not-to-be-told-from-real pearl studs—magic, with laughter and gaiety and the charm of a persuasive voice, and a tang of accent for piquancy, magic that made even Mr. Newton Chester warm up and Willie Lazenby forget that he had come to dine and naught else—magic that struck sparks from stodgy Mrs. Wallaby and fused into a glowing fabric these most dissimilar elements there collected. Mr. Hutton, beholding, mentally doubled and tripled the promised cheque. "Gosh! that fella ought to *be* a count," he meditated, admiringly.

Enter at last, however, Mrs. Grahame Brown, that dumpy, sharp-voiced matron who in profile and plumage always seemed a sort of human parrakeet, and who for years ruled over New York society through a Napoleonic executive ability and an expert advertising sense. Had she been a man she would have been a business wizard; but having been born with a gold spoon in her mouth, and having married an entire gold table-service, so to speak, she turned her talents to organizing and developing the Social Trust, with herself at the head of it.

And now here she was at the Huttons, and instead of finding her fellow-guests and her host and hostess in a state of expectant anxiety, owing to the fact that she was twenty minutes late, she found them enjoying themselves, unmistakably enjoying themselves, just as if they were expecting *anybody*. It came very near being *lèse-majesté*, nothing less.

In one-half second by the clock Mrs. Hutton sensed Mrs. Grahame Brown's state of mind, and her heart sank, sank, sank, and the rope of pearls that hung around her throat quivered with nerves. Then she rallied. With a little gesture she summoned Victor.

"Mrs. Grahame Brown, may I present the Comte de Rochefauld?"

Victor smiled—somehow conveying to Mrs. Grahame Brown in that smile that this was the moment for which he had always lived. The frown faded from Mrs. Grahame Brown's brow. She, too, smiled. And at that moment dinner was served.

It was of course necessary that Mr. Hutton should take down Mrs. Grahame Brown, but on the other side of her at table sat Victor, and next to Victor sat Miss Antoinette Greyling. The rest of the company was disposed of by that rule that says husbands and wives shall be seated where they can neither see nor hear each other, and that women and men shall alternate around the table.

Mr. Wallaby sat at the right of the hostess, and Mr. Newton Chester at her left. Mrs.

Hutton had so arranged it because she knew that she could interest and amuse these two men easily enough, and Willie Lazenby would be happy just with dinner. Now, if the count would only do as well in the dining-room as he had done in the drawing-room—she looked down the table.

Have you ever been at a party where there was a pervasive, intangible atmosphere of just plain "good time"; where, under the stimulus of a magnetic personality, each one found himself giving his lightest spirit and gayest good humour to the affair? Of such was Mrs. Hutton's dinner.

It was all the count. Some delightful humannness in him, something whimsically appealing, had bewitched them all. Yet the conversation was commonplace enough.

"You must tell me," commanded Mrs. Grahame Brown, "what you like best in America."

"I think it is the beautsziful women,"

"IT WAS ENOUGH. WITH THAT, THE COUNT BEGAN A BALANCING FEAT WITH

said Victor, pointing the compliment with an expressive glance at herself, "an' after them, the American *argot*—what you call sling."

"He means slang," affirmed Miss Antoinette Greyling, with an airy shriek of laughter.

"Sling—slang—what matter?" queried Victor, "it is all so lifely—it charms me to the heart. A yong man—he is 'un Jinny'—and a yong lady—she is 'une shirt.' I 'ave it not right, yes?"

Between fits of helpless laughter, they assured him that he meant to say "a Johnny" and "a skirt." Enchanted, they waited for more. Victor repeated his success with, "too much peppers," "the twice-over," "the boneshead," and other delicious perversions of classic Americanisms. I am not saying too much when I affirm that it had been years since anyone of those present had laughed so much or so naturally. He was irresistibly funny.

"ALL THE CHINA AND SILVER WITHIN REACH."

The subject of slang having been thoroughly canvassed, and the count having been promised by Miss Antoinette Greyling that she personally would teach him many more delightful phrases, the conversation turned somehow to juggling.

A Chinese juggler had been giving marvellous private exhibitions, and all of those present had seen him. Again the count focused all attention.

"I am that interes' in jogging," he announced, "for years I have study him."

"How perfectly wonderful!" said Mrs. Grahame Brown. "What sort of things did you learn? Perhaps you can tell us how some of the tricks are done."

It was enough. With that, the count began a balancing feat with all the china and silver within reach. Quickly, lightly, deftly, a plate stood on a plate, a glass on that, a spoon stood unsupported on the rim of the glass, and all were held steadily on his outstretched forefinger.

Still poised, he shifted them to the forefinger of his other hand. Then suddenly they were all on the table, set in order as for eating. The company gasped. The count twinkled his eyes toward Mr. Hutton.

"It takes the long practice," he admitted.

And now the count seized his serviette. Three folds, a twist—it became a flop-eared baby rabbit, fleeing up his arm,

peering anxiously over his shoulder this way and that, looking, as the count explained, for the hunter. It ran back again, was passed between his palms—disappeared, and could not be found until the count assured it that it was quite safe—when it timidly peeped forth from his right cuff. All this accompanied by an indescribably droll patter, part of it evidently a nursery tale and part of it "sling."

It is an axiom that the most sophisticated mortals respond the most quickly to the simplest fun. Mrs. Hutton's guests were no exception. They rocked and reeled with laughter. For the first time in twenty years the correct shirt-front of Mr. Newton Chester was broken and crumpled by mirth. Mrs. Wallaby in her pink chiffons was one enormous shaking blanc-mange. Mr. Wallaby's snorts could be heard in the kitchen. Willie Lazenby forgot his favourite *plat*. But most diverted of them all were Miss Antoinette Greyling and Mrs. Grahame Brown—the latter beholding in the count a valuable social discovery; the other, misled, I fear, by his gallant speeches, uttered *sotto voce*, sub-consciously began to wonder if she might, perhaps, charm this engaging young foreigner into matrimony.

Urged to further effort, the count, discarding the serviette as too heavy for his purpose, borrowed Miss Greyling's handkerchief, a mesh of delicate lace. It became a ballet skirt for his first and second fingers, which thereupon did a dance so agile, so daring, yes—yes, we must admit it—so naughtily French that Pavlova herself might have envied the applause which it received.

"But now, no more," cried the count. "Those are all my trick."

And as they rose from the table he restored the handkerchief to its owner with a sweeping bow, and made opportunity to touch her hand.

Back in the drawing-room, however, the guests could not let him alone; they crowded around him as children with a new toy. He must, he simply must, do something more for them—he must play or sing or dance. The count protested. It was time for someone other than he to amuse them. He seized on Mr. Newton Chester.

"I know that you 'ave the voice," he declared. "I feel your music soul. It is you who s'all sing, an' I s'all play ze piano."

He dragged the protesting Mr. Newton Chester to the painted baby grand at the end of the room. After a whispered consultation—yes, this is an absolutely true cross-your-heart story—that worthy gentleman, director in nine unimpeachable companies, a High Church vestryman, who had once been accurately described by his valet as having the marble heart and the frozen face—he, Newton Chester, stood before the piano and, while the count vamped an accompaniment, carolled forth unabashed the ballad of:—

"Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?"

He didn't remember all the words—how could he, when he had not been guilty of musical effort since his freshman year in Harvard? But he sang the chorus twice to make up for it. And the last time Mr. Wallaby, Mr. Hutton, and Willie Lazenby joined it, while the count thumped bass chords harder than ever.

Of course, after that anything went. Everyone forgot to go home. The count sang a lilt which it were better not to translate into English. It mentioned casually that:—

"Près de ma blonde,—
Qu'il faut beau, fait beau, fait beau."

Then Mrs. Grahame Brown and Mr. Wallaby began doing some of the new steps. The count could not stand that. Motioning Mrs. Newton Chester to the piano, he seized Miss Greyling and began improvising a dance so extraordinary that everyone stood in a circle to watch, clapping their hands and, I fear, encouraging the dancers with ribald shouts. Miss Greyling was a good dancer and seconded the count's efforts ably and well. The count gave facetious names to their various improvisations.

"Zis is ze Teasing Tango, import' from China where all ze good teas come from."

And:—

"Zis is ze Gaby Glissando — from Portugal!"

And:—

"Zis is ze Casserole Kick-off—dance' in ze Russian court."

Mrs. Hutton regarded him with an almost venerating awe. That he should be able to take this group of proud unimpeachables and turn them into romping, shouting children seemed to her a miracle, as indeed it was. Affectation or self-consciousness would have spoiled it all, but the count had not a trace of either. Mrs. Hutton looked at her husband, too, with new respect. That Jim Hutton should have produced such a find out of thin air, seemingly, seemed to her also to savour of the miraculous.

"HE SEIZED MISS GREYLING AND BEGAN A DANCE SO EXTRAORDINARY THAT EVERYONE STOOD IN A CIRCLE TO WATCH."

Ah, well! the gayest of parties must some time come to an end. But this one lasted until far after midnight. The Wallabys went first, protesting that they had had the time of their lives. They took Willie Lazenby with them, who echoed their sentiments.

The Newton Chesters went next. Mr. Newton Chester told Mrs. Hutton that he felt twenty years younger—and he looked it. Mrs. Newton Chester asked Mrs. Hutton to be one of the patronesses at the private toy-dog show she was getting up. Mrs. Hutton, with outward calm but inward cries of joy, assented.

But wait—more is yet to come! Mrs. Grahame Brown went next—and *she kissed Mrs. Hutton good-bye and called her Mollie!* Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song! And let the young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound! Mrs. Hutton was now indubitably a high official of the Social Trust—yes, arrived with a *bang!*

In the little interval that these good-byes had engaged the attention of the host and hostess, Miss Greyling and the count had a chance for a *tête-à-tête*.

"I shall see you soon, I hope," asked the lady.

"Ah, ma'moiselle, so kind, so fair," mourned the count, "to-morrow I go back to my own country. I 'ave duty there that call to me. But nevair, nevair s'all I forget this evening—an' you! I swear him!" He seized her unresisting hand and pressed it to his lips. His eyes were eloquent. Miss Greyling knew that his heart was broken, because he would see her no more. She knew, too, that Romance had smiled again upon her waning charms, albeit ever so briefly. In a state of delicious sadness she departed.

Remained now but Mr. and Mrs. Hutton. The latter, with tears in her voice, thanked the count and was desolated to learn that his stay among them was to be so short.

"I shall never forgive Jim for not bringing you to to us earlier," she declared. "But, remember, when you come back to America, you are to be our guest. I'll take no refusal."

"Madame, I am proud," said the count. "Nossing in the worl' would please me so moch—w'en I come back."

"And if we come to Paris I hope we shall see you there," pursued Mrs. Hutton.

"If I am there, madame," said the count, earnestly, "nossing s'all keep me from your side."

Mrs. Hutton disappeared. Mr. Hutton reached forth a friendly hand.

"You were a wonder, my boy," he said. "I owe you something I can't pay for—Mrs. Hutton's as happy as a clam at high tide, and when she's satisfied you bet I am. I got the car waiting to take you to town, and, say—come into the library a minute——" He had reached for his cheque-book and then remembered it was not in his evening clothes.

But the count put up a protesting hand. "Mr. 'Utton," he began, "w'en I agree to come 'ere, I thought it would be good fun to play the noble *gentilhomme*, an' 'ave so moch money beside for an evening *plaisir*. But now I want to tell you—do not give me that money. As I 'ave play the count, I 'ave receive quite a new idea. No *vrai gentilhomme* would take money for to oblige an' amuse his frien'—yes? I wan' to feel that to-night I was truly the *gentilhomme*, an' so I cannot take you so kine an' generosity cheque. But to-morrow"—his face broke into his engaging smile—"*to-morrow*, w'en the Count de Rochefauld 'as gone to 'is own co'ntry an' Victor is back in the Walnut Room of the 'Otel Palais, I expec' that Victor will 'ave no seelly scruple."

Some Famous Fancy Leaps.

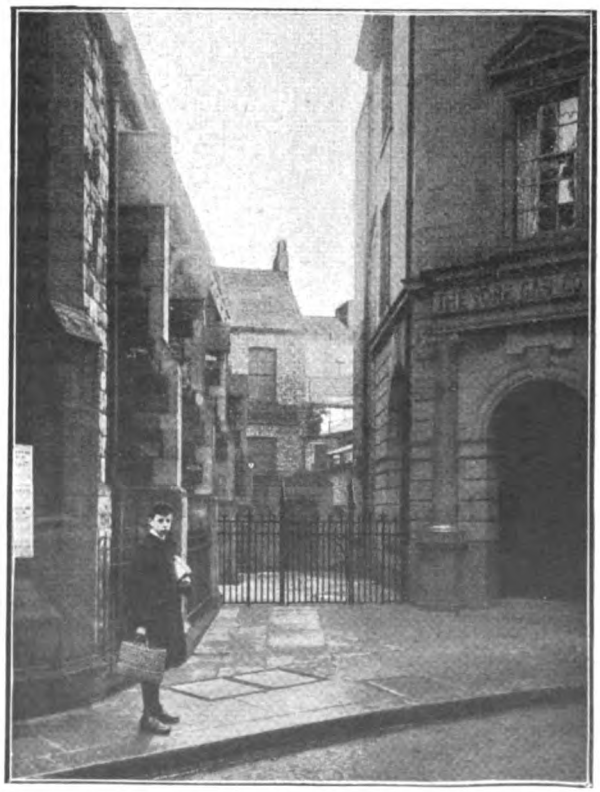
By W. C. P. FORD.

Illustrated for the first time with Special Photographs.

IT is a well-known fact that Englishmen, especially when young, dearly like to spice their pleasures with a sense of danger.

Fancy or sensational leaps have ever appealed to Young England. And to very many of maturer years such feats have constantly proved irresistible. Unorthodox leaps not a few have been handed down by tradition, notably those of the Cambridge undergraduate of the "'sixties" who, under the power of mesmerism, is credited with various leaps of the amazing order. To bring out his jumping talents it was necessary to make him believe that he was a cock, and then tell him to jump. When a leaping-bar was erected he would "fly" over an extraordinary height, always from the same almost sitting posture. The idea was suggested of trying him at the athletic sports, but, for obvious reasons, it was abandoned almost at once. Colonel R. F. Meysey-Thompson vouches for the truth of this phenomenal instance of the power of mesmerism, which otherwise would read like a page out of Baron Munchausen's travels.

A relative of his, Mr. George Thompson, the ever-famous gentleman rider, was the hero of a leap on horseback as extraordinary as it was unexpected. He was riding a four-year-old into York, when it bolted going down Blake Street, facing the end of which is Harker's Hotel. The runaway was stopped on the very pavement of the house, but when turned round to go back it bolted again, and went up a narrow passage by St. Helen's Church shown in the photograph. This was paved with large stone flags, and across it, halfway down, was a high iron railing dividing it into two parts. The four-year-old went straight at this, and managed to get over without either horse or rider getting a fall, though two of the iron spikes were broken off. In the language of the hour, it was "some" jump, as a cross-bar, also of iron, ran across the top of the railing at the height of five feet two inches. This must have been actually cleared, or a very heavy fall would have been a certainty. The spikes rose six inches above the cross-bar, so that the total height of the leap



THE SCENE OF GEORGE THOMPSON'S EXTRAORDINARY LEAP AT YORK ON HORSEBACK.

Photo. Debenham & Co., York.

was five feet eight inches—a formidable obstacle to face on a wild four-year-old.

The Marquess of Waterford's equally irresponsible leap over a fully-furnished dining-table at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and the same peer's great running leap over a flooded dyke on his own Curraghmore estate, are both still remembered by many to this day.

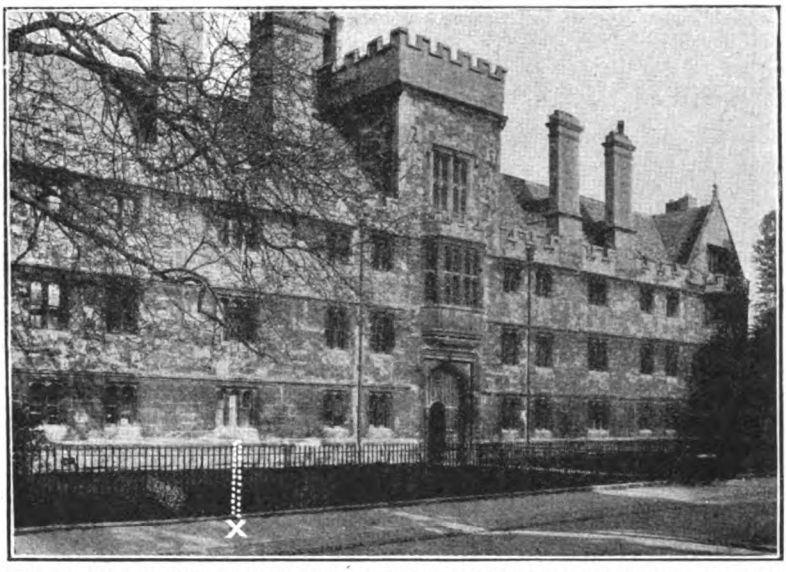
What may be called legitimate leaps, *i.e.*, those more or less authenticated by modern evidence, are many and various. Perhaps the most famous of these is "Butler's Leap" at Rugby School. On the Clifton road, about two miles from Rugby—a main one of average width, *i.e.*, one on which two vehicles can pass each other comfortably, not wider—a bridge carries the highway over a tributary of the Avon. On the south side of the road the brick bridge seen in the photograph was supplemented by a flight of posts and rails some three feet high, the stream running some fifteen feet below, about fifteen feet eleven inches in width. The feat was to *clear* both railings and stream, having only the short run across the road. The difficulties of a three-foot rise over the railings, the clearance of a sixteen-foot to twenty-foot brook, with a drop of ten feet, with not more than a twenty-foot run, can well be imagined. Numerous Rugbeians essayed the feat from time to time, but only one—Colonel G. R. R. Poole, afterwards in the 12th Lancers—accomplished it besides Arthur Gray Butler, who did so *twice*—once as a boy and afterwards as a master. The majority of leapers jumped too high at the rails, instead of just skimming them, and so landed *in* the water instead of *over* it. Mr. Butler's second successful leap was undertaken to prove to an incredulous friend its possibility. On this occasion he, too, did not quite clear the water, but went at it again and was quite successful. Incredulity was rife in many quarters for many years subsequently. A young Rugby master, not himself a Rugbeian, went so far as to state publicly that "Butler's Leap was so-called *lucus a non lucendo*, for Butler never leaped it." This statement, cutting as it did at the root of one of Rugby's most cherished traditions, and also at the reputation of Mr. Butler, roused the ire of many old Rugbeians. One of them—Canon J. G. Crowdy (Winchester)—wrote at once to Butler and asked permission to contradict the author and put the feat beyond question once and for all. In reply, Mr. Butler wrote to corroborate the authenticity of his two jumps, and his letter is now most carefully preserved with the school archives, plain for all folk to see. It especially pleased the head master, who, it appears, had also had doubts about the feat.

Mr. A. G. Butler is also credited with a similar feat at Oxford, where for over half a century he had been a Fellow of Oriel College. He is said to have jumped over the River Cherwell at a point opposite the small island about a hundred yards from the (old) mouth of that river. It is not a particularly formidable jump, *i.e.*, seventeen to eighteen feet, but its difficulty lies in the limited run for the take-off—the breadth of the footpath only—and the awkwardness of landing. The only footing the jumper would have, unless he landed against timber, is a sloping shelf of small dimensions and about four feet space beyond before the tree-trunks obstruct to break the landing. To jump back is impossible. A boat has to effect the return. The same feat has been credited to Mr. E. J. Daubeny (Exeter College), Mr. A. C. Tosswill (Oriel College), and several others. Tosswill—who won the Inter-'Varsity Long Jump in 1868—has the reputation of jumping the same river lower

THE FAMOUS "BUTLER'S LEAP" AT RUGBY IS HERE CLEARLY INDICATED BY THE DOTTED LINE.
Photo. [*Dean.*

down at a point off the Botanical Gardens.

Matthew Arnold, another Old Rugbeian and the senior of Mr. Butler, was another expert jumper. He was responsible for many daring achievements at Rugby and Oxford, where, in his undergraduate days, he leapt over the Wadham College railings (shown in the photograph) on the entrance side. Doubts have been cast upon this feat also, but as the Rev. W. Tuckwell says in his reminiscences, "It used to be familiar to many who never read his books." Arnold's leap has mournful associations. On the day of his death in 1888 he felt in unusually robust health and high spirits; and, walking in the fields with some friends, to their amusement and delight, took some jumps in his old expert fashion. But at luncheon symptoms of illness came on, and he died in a few hours.



THE SCENE OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LEAP AT WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD, WHERE HE CLEARED THE RAILINGS SHOWN.
Photo. Hills & Saunders.

Another leap over railings which threatened to have fatal effects was that accomplished by a Magdalen College undergraduate familiarly known as "Jumping Jones." He spiked himself badly one day in jumping the iron gates which lead from the south-west corner of the cloisters, *i.e.*, just under five feet at the lowest point. He is said to have accomplished it successfully before, but on this occasion he wore slippers, one of which slipped and he blundered on to the top of the gate and ran five spikes into various highly inconvenient places. He nearly died, but eventually quite recovered and was able to ride to hounds again.

Mr. F. H. Gooch (Merton College), one of Oxford's finest athletes in the early "'sixties," was the hero of a leap which is talked about with bated breath to this day. He jumped in and out of the spiked railings shown in the photograph—over five feet high—at the point which forms the path which divides Merton from Corpus. In his day it ran straight, but later was divided and rendered tortuous to give space for the new Merton buildings. The great difficulty was, of course, the shortness of run for the take-off. Mr. Gooch himself explains matters thus: "One morning in 1861 I was coming in from the Christ Church Meadows after a run, when on nearing Merton Street a gust of wind took my straw hat off and deposited it on the Corpus side. It was easy to climb over the railings at the Merton Street end, and, having retrieved my hat, it would have been wise to climb back the same way, but the ground being high on the Corpus side it was a very easy jump over the rails into the path, and I just popped over almost without effort. On landing, however, a weird impulse seized my young and foolish brain to jump out again into the Merton Churchyard just opposite the chapel entrance into the old mob quad. I got over with a fall, but with the quite undeserved luck of not being hung on the spikes." Those who remember the railings mentioned by the ever-famous Old Blue will agree that his modesty is quite as pronounced as his earlier agility!

Mr. Tom James, the Squire of Otterburn, gained much kudos while at Oriel College, Oxford, by jumping both the Iffley Lock and the turnpike gate at Magdalen Bridge. The latter feat was remarkable, but not unique. Several undergraduates have been credited with the same jump, notably Mr. H. V. Lascelles (Exeter), Mr. C. J. Ottoway (Brasenose College), and Mr. E. B. Mitchell. To this day, however, most people doubt the

F. H. GOOCH, THE FAMOUS OXFORD ATHLETE, WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED FOR HIS FAMOUS JUMP IN AND OUT OF THESE SPIKED RAILINGS.
Photo. Hills & Saunders.

possibility of any man having jumped Iffley Lock, with its short run, yawning gulf, and sharp-edged granite landing-places. The old squire was chaffed about it considerably, but stuck to his guns, and on his death-bed told the story of the feat anew, with this remarkable addition: There was a barge of hay in the lock at the time. Simple enough—as the barge not only hid the yawning gulf and the exceedingly difficult edges of the lock, but the hay was a soft place to fall back on in case of slipping on landing. The old squire retained his love of jumping in his old age, and nothing pleased him more than to witness some daring leap. He was out with a young friend on one occasion at Redesdale, and came across a well-known ten-barred gate, when he suddenly stopped the carriage and said, "Get out, Frank, and jump that gate." Although in shooting-boots, his young friend jumped the gate, and jumped it back again, and the squire promptly said, "I thank you, Frank. I've wanted that d——d gate jumped for the last two years."

William Codrington's famous leap over Chalvey Brook at Eton is remembered to this day by many of his contemporaries, and will doubtless preserve his fame even when he is forgotten as Master of the Old Berkshire. The leap is by no means difficult under normal conditions. It offers no special obstacle to a good cross-country runner. But its width varies greatly at different places, and it is most formidable when the floods are out and it is full of water. William Wyndham Codrington's feat was accomplished at such a time, and the leap—specially mentioned in "Etonia Ancient and Modern"—is now a valued tradition at "the best of schools." Conaughten Brook (probably known as Colenorton Brook to-day) was always considered an insurmountable obstacle by Etonians owing to its wretched take-off. It was the last jump in the school steeplechase, yet George Greaves, a son of Mr. Henley Greaves, another well-known Master of the Old Berkshire, is credited with clearing it into the winning field when winning the school steeplechase in 1863 (about).

Harrow, too, has its traditions of famous leaps. Four boys at least have accomplished the dangerous feat of jumping over the wall between the school yard and the milling ground: Herbert Praed, Norman Macleod of Macleod, G. K. Webster, and R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Much depended upon where the leap was taken; the nearer to the wall at the end of the yard, the lower the wall to be leapt and the less the drop. But, at its best, it was a most dangerous exploit, and legion is the number of lads who came badly to grief in attempting it. Nowadays the buttresses have been removed, and it is difficult to make out quite where they were. A fifth boy to (later) accomplish the feat was Mr. Henry Gribble, still affectionately remembered as "Pandy." Mr. Praed subsequently remarked to a friend, "I have taken a leap at which I would not put a horse"—personal testimony to its immense difficulty. All these leaps are fully authenticated, however, and are now generally classed with the equally dangerous and equally stupid feats accomplished by C. F. Reid and E. S. Garnier in diving off the Sixth Form shed at "Ducker."

Mr. Charles Stuart Calverley, the poet, the brilliant "C. S. C.," who added so much to the gaiety of nations, also enjoyed wonderful jumping powers. Like Matthew Arnold, many anecdotes are told of his remarkable

insouciance, reckless daring, and brilliancy in this respect. He was known as "Blayds"* in his Harrow and Oxford days, and Sir Walter Sendall tells of one occasion when, *with his hands in his pockets*, he also leaped the wall between school yard and the milling ground, alighting, after a drop of some nine or ten feet, squarely on the top of his head, a result with which he was so little satisfied that he at once returned and repeated the jump, reaching ground this time normally on his feet. An eye-witness vouches for the following incident which happened during his undergraduate days at Cambridge. A horse in a cart was drawn up on the pavement, the horse on the pavement, the cart in the street. With his cap and gown on, and his hands in his pockets, he cleared the astonished steed, and alighted smiling on the other side. Many other of his remarkable leaps, notably one on Parker's Piece, seem to have been accomplished either with his hands in his pockets or in some unorthodox fashion. Calverley it was, by the way, who insisted that the "Ducker" feat might well be considered a leap, since taking a header off the Sixth Form shed, from an eave about six to seven feet from the water-level, with an intervening pavement and brick coping, meant one of two evils—either the diver had to make his leap standing, close-footed, or he had to take what doubtful advantage he could get from two or three steps down a sloping slate roof.

Mr. Garnier adopted the latter course, and was within an ace of coming to awful grief, as, just as he jumped, his foot went through the slates and spoiled his leap. He luckily escaped with a grazed chest. The same gentleman, when at Oxford, was daring enough to plunge off the monument at Sandford Lasher, and again to escape serious injury. It has for years been considered a veritable death-spot, as there is a fatal undercurrent, from which if you dive too deep you do not come out. The very monument from off which the University College man dived was erected to the memory of two undergraduates, one of them the son of Dr. Gaisford, of Christ Church, who perished there in similar circumstances some years previously.

Fear has, it appears, often driven folk to accomplish sensational leaps. A farmer's son named Pauline is credited with having jumped an enormous distance into the Bablock Hythe ferry-boat, while on the move, to escape the charge of a savage young bull. Ordinarily he was not an athlete, and certainly not famed for agility, but that his leap was an extraordinary one the accompanying photograph will show.

A pretty similar case is reported from the Day's Lock district, near to Wallingford and Abingdon. It seems that a boat containing three young fellows somehow got athwart the lock while the water was pouring in. One of them, named Jordan, incited by fear, presumably, took a flying leap from the boat, and landed fairly and squarely on to the edge of the lock, and so scrambled out. It looked an impossible leap, and Jordan himself used often to say, "How I did it goodness only knows." He had had no previous experience in jumping.

A third case took place at Oxford in the "'sixties," as a sort of corollary of some town and gown riots. In George Street, just off the Cornmarket, now adjoining the New Theatre, there is a high wall running for about a hundred yards, which forms a sort of terrace. A Brasenose undergraduate, hotly pursued by the proctor's men, or "bull-dogs," as they are called, deliberately jumped over this wall to the road beneath to escape

IN ORDER TO ESCAPE A SAVAGE BULL A FARMER'S SON ONCE TOOK A FLYING LEAP FROM THE ROAD HERE SHOWN ON TO THE RAPIDLY-MOVING FERRY-BOAT AT BABLOCK HYTHE. [*Photo.*] [*P. G. Collcott.*

* He quitted Oxford as Mr. Blayds in 1852 and entered Cambridge as Mr. Calverley in the same year.

them. He was severely shaken, but managed to evade his pursuers, who stood aghast at the daring of one whom they quite thought they had run to earth.

People are apt to talk of exaggeration nowadays when, on the authority of Eustathius, Phaulus of Crotona is said to have leaped fifty-five feet at the ancient Olympic Games, and Chionis, the Spartan, fifty-two feet. The implied exaggeration is considerably lessened, however, when it is remembered that artificial aid was employed by both jumpers. Modern instances of apparently exaggerated leaps, with assistance, are common enough. As recently as 1854, J. Howard, using dumb-bells and a specially prepared take-off, jumped the amazing distance of twenty-nine feet seven inches on the Chester racecourse. In 1892, "Professor" J. Darby high-jumped six feet six inches, assisted by weights. To his credit, be it said, he shortly afterwards jumped six feet five and a half inches without any extraneous aid, a performance infinitely more wonderful. Many leaps of the astounding order have been credited to various music-hall and circus performers, including divers freak jumps verging on the miraculous, but very few of them, if any, have ever been properly authenticated. A legitimate leap, with weights, is ascribed to Mr. P. Kirwan, the ever-famous Irish amateur athlete. He is said to have exceeded Howard's above-mentioned leap at some sports held in the vicinity of Kilmacthomas. It is probable enough, inasmuch as he several times won the English Championship long jump with leaps well over twenty-three feet, while in practice he has beaten twenty-four feet. Mr. Kirwan's leaps were the more remarkable because he invariably competed in an untrained, or only a half-trained, condition, owing to business exigencies. A Cumberland guide, named Taylor, is also credited with an exceptionally wonderful leap over a portion of bouldered craggy ground in the Grasmere Valley district. He, too, is a well-known athlete, and the hero of many a sensational victory in the guides' races connected with the Cumberland and Westmorland Carnivals. Squire Osbaldeston's alleged leap over several horses, by the aid of a pole, and Mr. S. S. Nicklin's daring jump in the Alps, off Chamonix, relying only on his alpenstock, are further instances of these assisted leaps which come legitimately within the scope of this article. Opinions differ about the leap ascribed to an artisan on the Wey Navigation Canal. He is said to have jumped most of the fourteen locks from Weybridge to Godalming, unassisted by weights, etc. Others insist that he used artificial aid, but in either case the feat was a notable one.

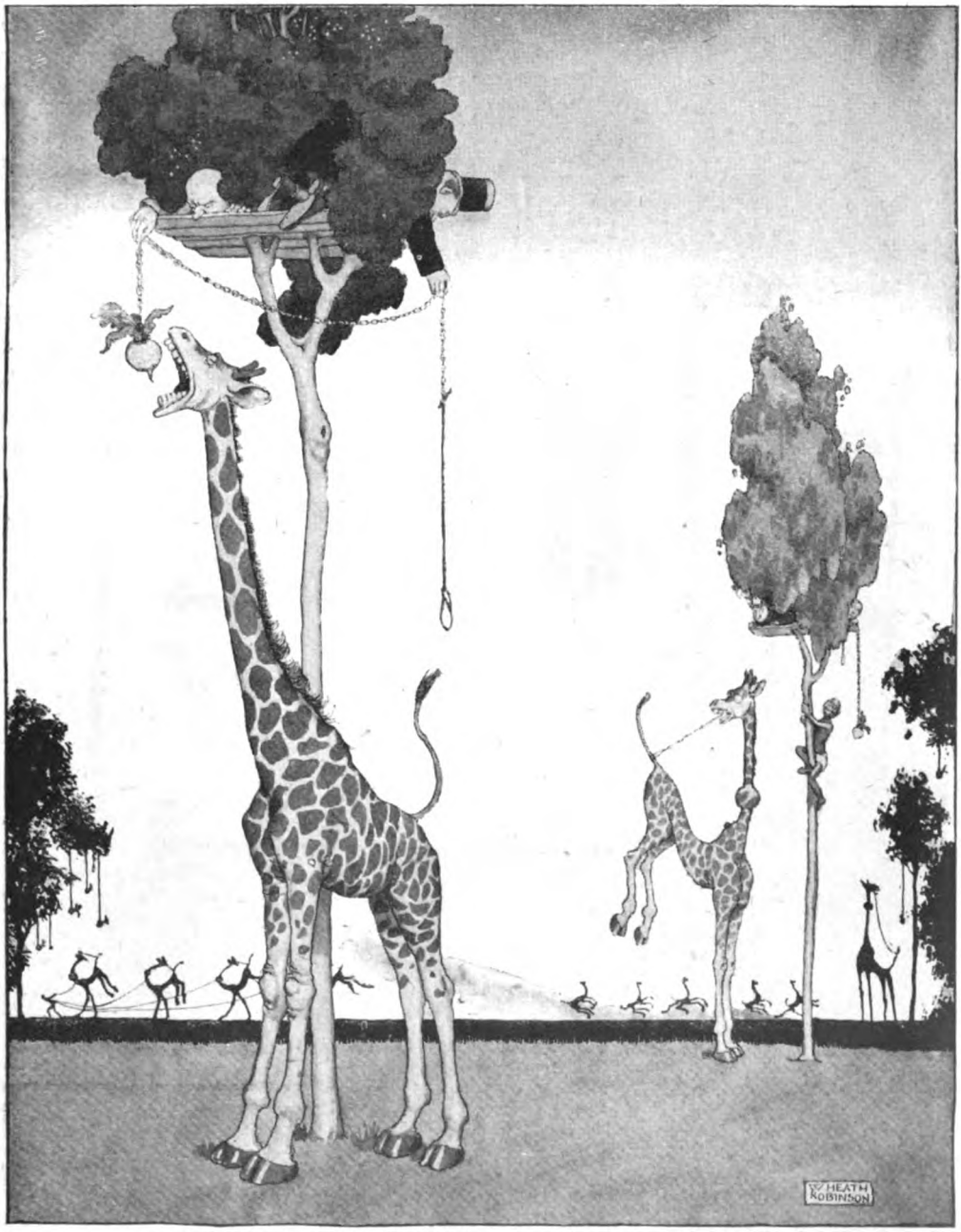
Other leaps deserving emphasis are those of the late Dr. W. G. Grace, over a five-barred gate at Eltham, in pursuit of a pickpocket; Mr. W. H. Savignay's great jump, begat of desperation, at the O.U.A.C. Sports of 1887; a famous Cantab's experiences at that brook of fearsome depth on the Thames Hare and Hounds' Steeplechase Course at Roehampton, in which he was nearly drowned; the late Sir John Astley's leap for life in the Highlands; the doughty deeds of a Bradfield lad "up the sluice" at the finish of the school steeplechase some years ago; Mr. Tom Mantell's clearance of a double hedge, with a five feet fence beyond, at Lewes; and the various sensational feats of the late Captain Barclay Allardice. A characteristically freak leap was that of an Irishman who, out of sheer bravado, attempted to jump from the lintel of one room to another, quite sixteen feet apart, overlooking a courtyard. Rumour has it that the Trinity College, Dublin, authorities immediately sent him down to ruminate on the folly of such a foolhardy undertaking. The only wonder is that fatal accidents have been so rare!

Let me conclude with mentioning a sensational leap—properly authenticated—made by the great American, George Washington, during the French and Indian War, when he was a colonel in the British Army. While on some military errand in Virginia he came across a number of young men jumping on a village green, and upon inquiry found that a well-to-do farmer was deciding in this novel fashion which of them should marry his daughter, the belle of the district. He asked and obtained permission to join in, and, having dismounted and tightened his belt, succeeded in badly beating the village champion, Henry Carroll, with a leap of twenty-two feet one inch. "Pro*dee*gious!" It is clear that if Washington could thus dismount after a long ride, and, in his riding kit, jump over twenty-two feet on a village green, he was fully capable of covering well over twenty-four feet under normal conditions of track and dress. There is at least two feet—even three—of difference involved between a good track and take-off and a bad one. He did not claim the lady, by the way, but the spot where this historic leap was accomplished is still preserved inviolate.

The Inventor as Sportsman.

SOME NOVEL (AND UNPATENTED) IDEAS.

By W. HEATH ROBINSON.



AN UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SNARING GIRAFFES.

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TRAPPING THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

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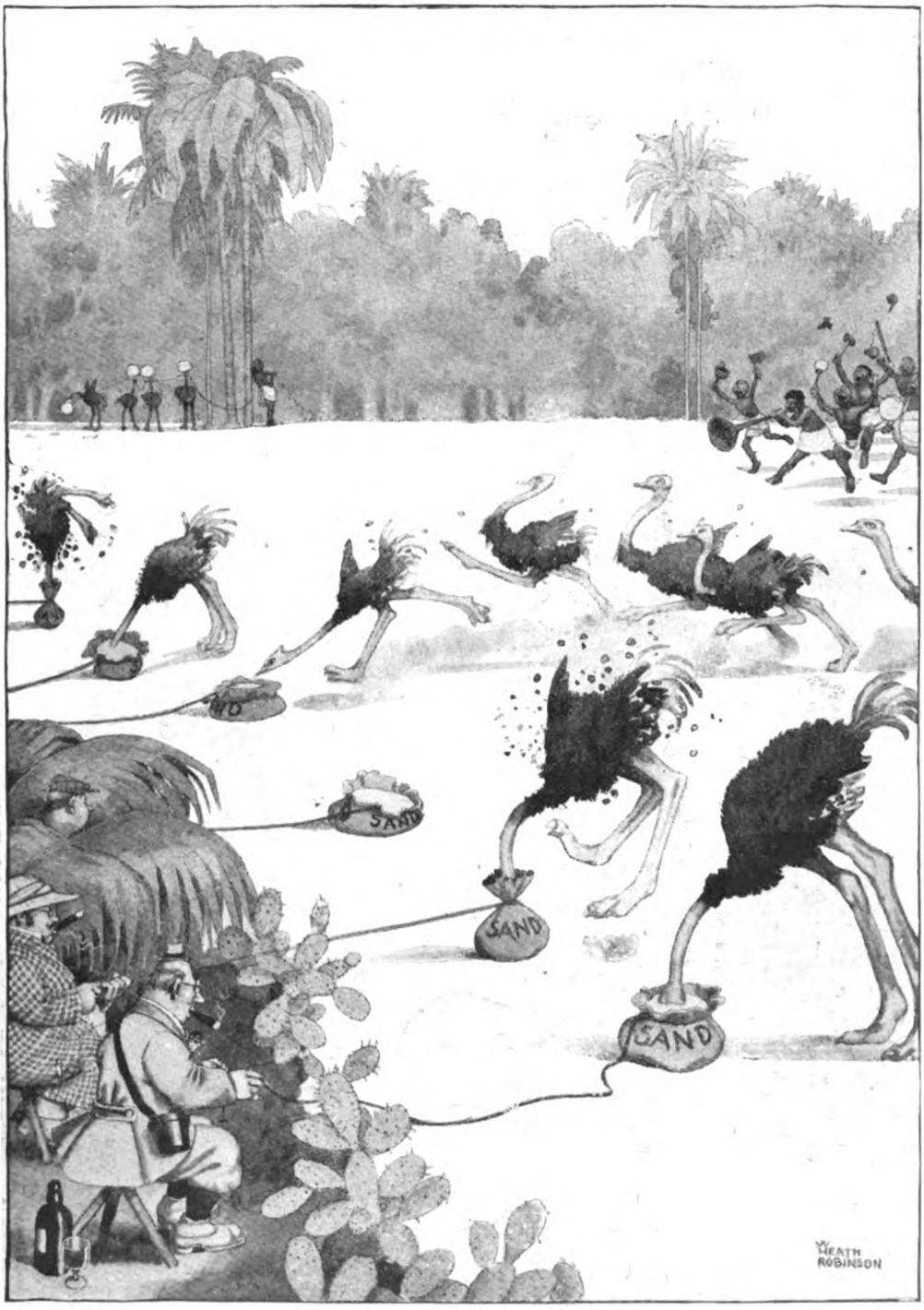

SAND-BAGGING OSTRICHES.

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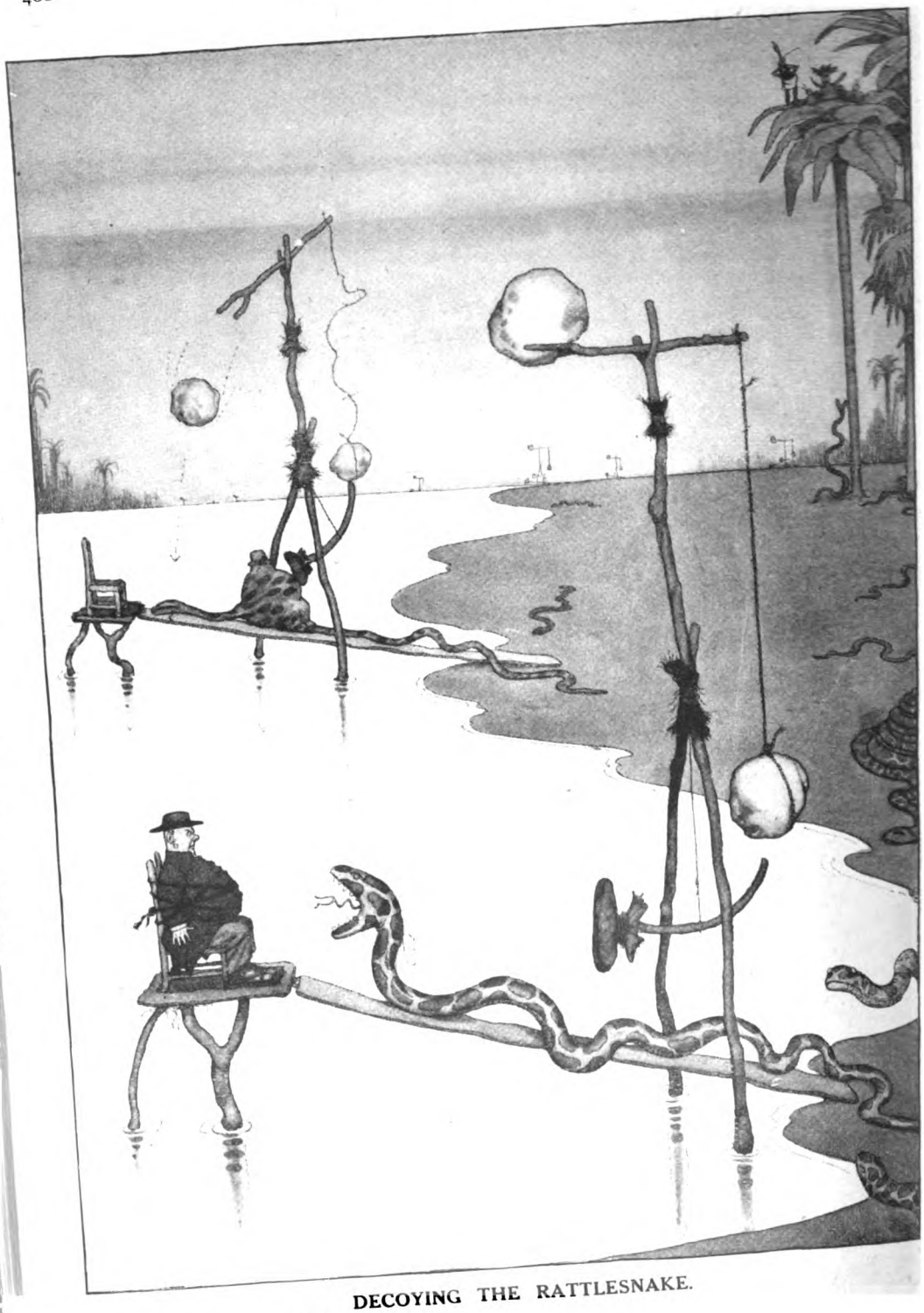

DECOYING THE RATTLESNAKE.

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JANE.

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

Illustrated by Gladys Peto.

I.

HAVING retired to a hospital to sulk, Jane remained there. The family came and sat by her bed uncomfortably and smoked, and finally retreated with defeat written large all over it, leaving Jane to the continued possession of Room 33, a pink kimono with slippers to match, a hand-embroidered lace pillow with a rose-coloured bow on the corner, and a young nurse with a gift of giving Jane daily the appearance of a strawberry and vanilla ice rising from a meringue of bed-linen.

Jane's complaint was temper. The family knew this, and so did Jane, although she had an annoying way of looking hurt, and a gentle heart-brokenness of speech that made the family, under the pretence of getting a match, go out into the hall and swear softly under its breath. But it was temper, and the family was not deceived. Also, knowing Jane, the family was quite ready to believe that while it was swearing in the hall Jane was biting holes in the hand-embroidered lace pillow in Room 33.

It had finally come to be a test of endurance. Jane vowed to stay at the hospital until the family on bended knee begged her to emerge and to brighten the world again with her presence. The family, being her father, said it would be hanged if it would, and that if Jane cared to live on anæmic chicken broth, oatmeal wafers, and massage twice a day for the rest of her life—why, let her.

The dispute, having begun about whether Jane should or should not marry a certain person, Jane representing the affirmative and her father the negative, had taken on new aspects, had grown and altered, and had, to be brief, become a contest between the masculine Johnson and the feminine Johnson as to which would take the count. Not that this appeared on the surface. The masculine Johnson, having closed the summer house on

"STANDING UNCERTAINLY JUST OUTSIDE HER DOOR WAS A STRANGE MAN, STRANGELY ATTIRED."

Jane's defection and gone back to the city, sent daily telegrams, novels, and hothouse grapes, all three of which Jane devoured indiscriminately. Once, indeed, Father Johnson had motored the forty miles from town, to be told that Jane was too ill and unhappy to see him, and to have a glimpse, as he drove furiously away, of Jane sitting pensive at her window in the pink kimono.

So we find Jane, on a frosty morning in late October, in triumphant possession of the field—aunts and cousins routed, her father sulking in town, and the victor herself (or is "victor" feminine? And if it isn't, shouldn't it be?) sitting up in bed staring blankly at her watch.

Jane had just wakened—an hour later than usual; she had rung the bell three times and no one had responded. Jane's famous temper began to stretch and yawn. At this hour Jane was accustomed to be washed with tepid water, scented daintily with violet, alcohol-rubbed, talcum-powdered, and finally fresh-linened, coifed, and manicured, to be supported with a heap of fresh pillows and fed with creamed sweetbread and golden-brown coffee and toast.

Jane rang again, with a line between her eyebrows. The bell was not broken. She could hear it distinctly. This was an outrage! She would report it to the superintendent. She had been ringing for ten minutes. That little minx of a nurse was flirting somewhere with one of the doctors.

Jane angrily flung the covers back and got out on her small bare feet. Then she stretched her slim young arms above her head, her spoiled red mouth forming a scarlet O as she yawned. In her sleeveless and neckless nightgown, with her hair over her shoulders, minus the puffs which later in the day helped her to poise and firmness, she looked a pretty young girl; almost—although Jane herself never suspected this—almost an amiable young person.

Jane saw herself in the glass, and assumed immediately the two lines between her eyebrows which were the outward and visible token of what she had suffered. Then she found her slippers, a pair of stockings to match, and two round bits of pink silk elastic of private and feminine use, and sat down on the floor to put them on.

The floor was cold. To Jane's wrath was added indignation. She hitched herself along the carpet to the radiator and put her hand on it. It was even colder than Jane.

The family temper was fully awake by this time and ready for business. Jane, sitting on the icy floor, jerked on her stockings,

snapped the pink bands into place, thrust her feet into her slippers, and rose, shivering. She went to the bed, and by dint of careful manœuvring so placed the bell-push between the head of the bed and the wall that during the remainder of her toilet it rang steadily.

The remainder of Jane's toilet was rather casual. She flung on the silk kimono, twisted her hair on the top of her head and stuck a pin or two in it, thus achieving a sort of Billie Burke effect a thousand times more bewitching than she had ever managed with the puffs, and, flinging her door wide, stalked into the hall.

At the first stalk—or stamp—she stopped. Standing uncertainly just outside her door was a strange man, strangely attired. Jane clutched her kimono about her, and stared.

"Did—did you—are you ringing?" asked the apparition. It wore a pair of white duck-trousers, much soiled, a coat that bore the words "furnace-room" down the front in red letters on a white tape, and a clean and spotless white apron. There was coal-dust on its face, and streaks of it in its hair, which appeared normally to be red.

"There's something the matter with your bell," said the young man. "It keeps on ringing."

"I intend it to," said Jane, coldly.

"You can't make a racket like that round here, you know," he asserted, looking past her into the room.

"I intend to make all the racket I can until I get some attention."

"What have you done—put a book on it?"

"Look here"—Jane added another line to the two between her eyebrows. In the family this was generally a signal for a retreat, but, of course, the young man could not know this, and besides he was red-headed. "Look here," said Jane, "I don't know who you are, and I don't care either, but that bell is going to ring until I get my bath and some breakfast. And it's going to ring then unless I stop it."

The young man in the coal-dust and the white apron looked at Jane and smiled. Then he walked past her into the room, jerked the bed from the wall, and released the bell.

"Now," he said, as the din outside ceased, "I'm too busy to talk just at present, but if you do that again I'll take the bell out of the room altogether. There are other people in the hospital besides yourself."

At that he started out and along the hall, leaving Jane speechless. After he'd gone about a dozen feet he stopped and turned, looking at Jane reflectively.

"Do you know anything about cooking?" he asked.

"I know more about cooking than you do about politeness," she retorted, white with fury, and went into her room and slammed the door. She went directly to the bell and put it behind the bed and set it ringing again. Then she sat down in a chair and picked up a book. Had the red-haired person opened the door she was perfectly prepared to fling the book at him. The fact that it was "Lorna Doone" would have made no difference. She would have thrown a hatchet had she had one.

As a matter of fact, however, he did not come back. The bell rang with a soul-satisfying jangle for about two minutes, and then died away, and no amount of poking with a hairpin did any good. It was clear that the bell had been cut off outside.

For fifty-five minutes Jane sat in that chair breakfastless, very casually washed, and with the aforesaid Billie Burkness of hair. Then hunger gained over temper; she opened her door and peered out. From somewhere near at hand there came a pungent odour of burning toast. Jane sniffed; then, driven by hunger, she made a short sally down the hall to the parlour where the nurses on duty made their headquarters. It was empty. The dismantled bell register was on the wall, with the bell unscrewed and lying on the mantel beside it, and the odour of burning toast was stronger than ever.

"'I KNOW MORE ABOUT COOKING THAN YOU DO ABOUT POLITENESS,' SHE RETORTED."

Jane padded softly to the odour, following her small nose. It led her to the pantry, where in ordinary circumstances the patients' trays were prepared by the pantry-maid, the food being shipped there from the kitchen on a lift. Clearly the circumstances were not ordinary. The pantry-maid was not in sight.

Instead the red-haired person was standing by the window scraping busily at a blackened piece of toast. There was a rank odour of boiling tea in the air.

"Confound it!" said the red-haired person, and flung the toast into a corner where there already lay a small heap of charred breakfast hopes. Then he saw Jane.

"I fixed the bell, didn't I?" he remarked. "I say, since you claim to know so much about cooking, I wish you'd make some toast."

"I didn't say I knew much," snapped Jane, holding her kimono round her. "I said I knew more than you knew about politeness."

The red-haired person smiled again, and then, making a deep bow, with a knife in one hand and a toaster in the other, he said:—

"Madam, I prithee forgive me for my untoward conduct of an hour since. Say but the word and I replace the bell."

"I won't make any toast," said Jane, looking with famished eyes at the bread.

"Oh, very well," said the red-haired person, with a sigh. "On your head be it."

"But I'll tell you how to do it," conceded Jane, "if you'll explain who you are and what you are doing in that costume, and where the nurses are."

The red-haired person sat down on the edge of the table and looked at her.

"I'll make a bargain with you," he said. "There's a convalescent typhoid in a room near yours, who swears he'll go to the village for something to eat in his—er—hospital attire unless he's fed soon. He's dangerous, empty. He's reached the cannibalistic stage. If he should see you in that ravishing pink thing, I—I wouldn't answer for the consequences. I'll tell you everything if you'll make him six large slices of toast and boil him four or five eggs, enough to hold him for a while. The tea's probably ready; it's been boiling for an hour."

Hunger was making Jane human. She gathered up the tail of her kimono, and stepping daintily into the pantry proceeded to spread herself a slice of bread and butter.

"Where is everybody?" she asked, licking some butter off her thumb with a small pink tongue.

"Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig,"

recited the red-haired person.

"You!" said Jane, with the bread halfway to her mouth.

"Even I," said the red-haired person. "I'm the superintendent, the staff, the training-school, the cooks, the furnace-man, and the ambulance driver."

Jane was pouring herself a cup of tea, and she put in milk and sugar and took a sip or two before she would give him the satisfaction of asking him what he meant. Anyhow, probably she had already guessed. Jane was no fool.

"I hope you're getting the salary list," she said, sitting on the pantry-girl's chair and, what with the tea inside and somebody to quarrel with, feeling more like herself. "My father's one of the directors, and somebody gets it."

The red-haired person sat on the radiator and eyed Jane. He looked slightly stunned, as if the presence of beauty in a Billie Burke chignon and little else except a kimono was almost too much for him. From somewhere near by came a terrific thumping, as of someone pounding a hairbrush on a table. The red-haired person shifted along the radiator a little nearer Jane and continued to gloat.

"Don't let that noise bother you," he said: "that's only the convalescent typhoid banging for his breakfast. He's been shouting for food ever since I came at six last night."

"Is it safe to feed him so much?"

"I don't know. He hasn't had anything yet. Perhaps, if you're ready, you'd better fix him something."

Jane had finished her bread and tea by this time and remembered her kimono.

"I'll go back and dress," she said, primly. But he wouldn't hear of it.

"He's starving," he objected, as a fresh volley of thumps came along the hall. "I've been trying at intervals since daylight to make him a piece of toast. The minute I put it on the fire I think of something I've forgotten, and when I come back it's in flames."

So Jane cut some bread and put on eggs to boil, and the red-haired person told his story.

"You see," he explained, "although I appear to be a furnace-man from the waist up and a doctor from the waist down, I am really the new superintendent."

"I hope you'll do better than the last one," she said, severely. "He was always flirting with the nurses."

"I shall never flirt with the nurses," he promised, looking at her. "Anyhow, I sha'n't have any immediate chance. The other fellow left last night and took with him everything portable except the ambulance—nurses, staff, cooks. I wish to Heaven he'd taken the patients! And he did more than that. He cut the telephone-wires!"

"Well?" said Jane. "Are you going to stand it?"

The red-haired man threw up his hands. "The village is with him," he declared. "It's a factional fight—the village against the fashionable summer colony on the hill. I cannot telephone from the village—the telegraph operator is deaf when I speak to him; the village milkman and grocer sent boys up this morning—look here." He fished a scrap of paper from his pocket and read:—

"I will not supply the Valley Hospital with any fresh meats, canned oysters, and sausages, or do any plumbing for the hospital until the reinstatement of Dr. Sheets.—T. CASHDOLLAR, Butcher."

Jane took the paper and read it again. "Humph!" she commented. "Old Sheets wrote it himself. Mr. Cashdollar couldn't think 'reinstatement,' let alone spell it."

"The question is not who wrote it but what we are to do," said the red-haired person. "Shall I let old Sheets come back?"

"If you do," said Jane, fiercely, "I shall hate you the rest of my life."

And as it was clear by this time that the red-haired person could imagine nothing more horrible, it was settled then and there that he should stay.

"There are only two wards," he said. "In the men's a man named Higgins is able to be up, and is keeping things straight. And in the woman's ward Mary O'Shaughnessy is looking after them. The furnaces are the worst. I'd have forgiven almost anything else. I've sat up all night nursing the fires, but they breathed their last at six this morning, and I guess there's nothing left but to call the coroner."

Jane had achieved a tolerable plate of toast by that time and four eggs. Also she had a fine flush, a combination of heat from the gas-stove and temper.

"They ought to be ashamed," she cried, angrily, "leaving a lot of sick people!"

"Oh, as to that," said the red-headed person, "there aren't any very sick ones. Two or three neurasthenics like yourself, and a convalescent typhoid, and a D.T. in the private rooms. If it wasn't that Mary O'Shaughnessy——"

But at the word "neurasthenics" Jane had put down the toaster, and by the time the unconscious young man had reached the "O'Shaughnessy" she was going out of the door with her chin up. He called after her, and finding she did not turn, he followed her, shouting apologies at her back until she went into her room. And as hospital doors don't lock from the inside, she pushed the washstand against the knob and went to bed to keep warm.

He stood outside and apologized again, and later he brought a tray of bread and butter and a pot of the tea, which had been boiling for two hours by that time, and put it outside the door on the floor. But Jane refused to get it, and finished her breakfast from a jar of candied ginger that someone had sent her, and read "Lorna Doone."

Now and then a sound of terrific hammering would follow the steampipes, and Jane would smile wickedly. By noon she had finished the ginger and was wondering what the person about whom she and the family had disagreed would think when he heard the way she was being treated. And by one o'clock she had cried her eyes entirely shut

"FINISHED HER BREAKFAST FROM A JAR OF CANDIED GINGER."

and had pushed the washstand back from the door.

II.

Now, a hospital full of nurses and doctors, with a bell to summon food and attention, is one thing. A hospital without nurses and doctors, and with only one person to do everything, and that person mostly in the cellar, is quite another. Jane was very sad and lonely, and to add to her troubles the delirium-tremens case down the hall began to sing the "Chocolate Soldier" in a falsetto voice, and kept it up for hours.

At three Jane got up and bathed her eyes. She also pinned on her puffs, and thus fortified she started out to find the red-haired person. She intended to say that she was paying sixty-five dollars a week and belonged to a leading family, and that she didn't intend to endure for a moment the treatment she was getting, and being called a neurasthenic and made to cook for the other patients.

She went slowly along the hall. The convalescent typhoid heard her and called.

"Hey, doc!" he cried. "Hey, doc! Great Scot, man, when do I get some dinner?"

Jane quickened her steps and made for the pantry. From somewhere beyond the delirium-tremens case was singing happily :—

"I—love you o—own—ly,
I love—but—you."

Jane shivered a little. The person in whom she had been interested and who had caused her precipitate retirement, if not to a nunnery, to what answered the same purpose, had been very fond of that song. He used to sing it, leaning over the piano and looking into her eyes.

Jane's nose led her again to the pantry. There was a sort of soupy odour in the air, and sure enough the red-haired person was there, very immaculate in fresh ducks, pouring boiling water into three teacups out of a kettle and then dropping a beef capsule into each cup.

Now, Jane had intended, as I have said, to say that she was being outrageously treated, and belonged to one of the best families, and so on. What she really said was, piteously :—

"How good it smells!"

"Doesn't it!" said the red-haired person, sniffing. "Beef capsules. I've made thirty cups of it so far since one o'clock—the more they have the more they want. I say, be a good girl and run up to the kitchen for some more crackers while I carry food to the convalescent typhoid patient. He's murderous!"

"Where are the crackers?" asked Jane, stiffly, but not exactly caring to raise an issue until she was sure of something to eat.

"Store-closet in the kitchen, third drawer on the left," said the red-haired man, shaking some cayenne pepper into one of the cups. "You might stop that howling lunatic on your way, if you will."

"How?" asked Jane, pausing.

"Ram a towel down his throat, or—but don't bother. I'll dose him with this beef-tea and red pepper, and he'll be too busy putting out the fire to want to sing."

"You wouldn't be so cruel!" said Jane, rather drawing back. The red-haired person smiled, and to Jane it seemed that he was actually ferocious. She ran all the way up for the crackers, and down again, carrying the tin box. There is no doubt that Jane's family would have promptly swooned had it seen her.

When she came down there was a sort of after-dinner peace reigning. The convalescent typhoid, having filled up on milk and beef-soup, had floated off to sleep. The "Chocolate Soldier" had given way to deep-muttered imprecations from the singer's room. Jane made herself a cup of bouillon and drank it scalding. She was making the second when the red-haired person came back with an empty cup.

"I forgot to explain," he said, "that beef-tea and red pepper's the treatment for our young friend in there. After a man has been burning his stomach daily with a quart or so of raw booze——"

"I beg your pardon," said Jane, coolly. Booze was not considered good form on the hill—the word, of course. There was plenty of the substance.

"Raw booze," repeated the red-haired person. "Nothing short of red pepper or dynamite is going to act as a substitute. Why, I'll bet the inside of that chap's stomach is of the general sensitiveness and consistency of my shoe."

"Indeed!" said Jane, coldly polite.

In Jane's circles they did not discuss the interiors of other people's stomachs. The red-haired person sat on the table with a cup of bouillon in one hand and a cracker in the other.

"You know," he said, genially, "it's awfully bully of you to come out and keep me company like this. I never put in such a day. I've given up fussing with the furnace and got out extra blankets instead. And I

think by night our troubles will be over." He held up the cup and glanced at Jane, who was looking entrancingly pretty. "To our troubles being over," he said, draining the cup, and then found that he had used the red pepper again by mistake. It took five minutes and four cups of cold water to enable him to explain what he meant.

"By our troubles being over," he said, finally, when he could speak, "I mean this: There's a train from town at eight to-night, and if all goes well it will deposit in the village half-a-dozen nurses, a cook or two, a furnace-man—— Good heavens, I wonder if I forgot a furnace-man!"

It seemed, as Jane discovered, that the telephone-wires being cut he had sent Higgins from the men's ward to the village to send some telegrams for him.

"'TO OUR TROUBLES BEING OVER,' HE SAID."

"I couldn't leave, you see," he explained, "and having some small reason to believe that I am *persona non grata* in this vicinity, I sent Higgins."

Jane had always hated the name Higgins. She said afterwards that she felt uneasy from that moment. The red-haired person, who was not bad-looking, being tall and straight, and having a very decent nose, looked at Jane, and Jane, having been shut away for weeks, Jane preened a little, and was glad she had put on her puffs.

"You looked better without them," said the red-haired person, reading her mind in a most uncanny manner. "Why should a girl with as pretty hair as yours cover it up with a chignon, anyhow?"

"You are very disagreeable and—and impertinent," said Jane, sliding off the table.

"It isn't disagreeable to tell a girl she has pretty hair," the red-haired person protested, "or impertinent either."

Jane was gathering up the remnants of her temper, scattered by the events of the day.

"You said I was a neurasthenic," she accused him. "It—it isn't being a neurasthenic to be nervous and upset and hating the very sight of people, is it?"

"Bless my soul!" said the red-haired man. "Then what is it?" Jane flushed, but he went on tactlessly. "I give you my word, I think you are the most perfectly——" He gave every appearance of being about to say "beautiful," but he evidently changed his mind. "The most perfectly healthy person I have ever looked at," he finished.

It is difficult to say just what Jane would have done in any other circumstances, but just as she was getting her temper really in hand and preparing to launch something, shuffling footsteps were heard in the hall and Higgins stood in the doorway.

He was in a sad state. One of his eyes was entirely closed, and the corresponding ear stood out large and bulbous from his head. Also he was coated with mud, and he was carefully nursing one hand with the other.

He said he had been met at the near end of the railroad bridge by the ex-furnace-man and one of the ex-orderlies, and sent back firmly, having, in fact, been kicked back part of the way. He'd been told to report at the hospital that the tradespeople had instituted a boycott, and that either the former superintendent went back or the entire place could starve to death.

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It was then that Jane discovered that her much-vaunted temper was not one-two-three to that of the red-haired person. He turned a sort of blue-white, shoved Jane out of his way as if she had been a chair, and she heard him clatter down the stairs and slam out of the front door.

Jane went back to her room and looked down the drive. He was running toward the bridge, and the sunlight on his red hair and his flying legs made him look like a comet with a double duck-tail. Jane was weak in the knees. She knelt on the cold radiator and watched him out of sight, and then got trembly all over and fell to snivelling. This was, of course, because, if anything happened to him, she would be left entirely alone. And anyhow, the D.T. case was singing again, and had rather got on her nerves.

In ten minutes the red-haired person appeared. He had a wretched-looking creature by the neck, and he alternately pushed and kicked him up the drive. He—the red-haired person—was whistling, and clearly immensely pleased with himself.

Jane put a little powder on her nose and waited for him to come and tell her all about it. But he did not come near. This was quite the cleverest thing he could have done, had he known it. Jane was not accustomed to waiting in vain. He must have gone directly to the cellar, half-pushing and half-kicking the luckless furnace-man, for about four o'clock the radiator began to get warm.

At five he came and knocked at Jane's door, and on being invited in he sat down on the bed and looked at her.

"Well, we've got the furnace going," he said.

"Then that was the——"

"Furnace-man—yes?"

"Aren't you afraid to leave him?" queried Jane. "Won't he run off?"

"Got him locked in a padded cell," he said. "I can take him out to coal up. The rest of the time he can sit and think of his sins. The question is, what are we to do next?"

"I should think," ventured Jane, "that we'd better be thinking about supper."

"The beef capsules are gone."

"But surely there must be something else about—potatoes, or things like that?"

He brightened perceptibly. "Oh, yes, carloads of potatoes, and there's canned stuff. Higgins can pare potatoes, and there's Mary O'Shaughnessy. We could have potatoes and canned tomatoes and eggs."

"Fine!" said Jane, with her eyes gleaming, although the day before she would have said they were her three abominations.

And with that he called Higgins and Mary O'Shaughnessy, and the four of them went to the kitchen.

Jane positively shone. She had never realized before how much she knew about cooking. They built a fire and got kettles boiling and everybody pared potatoes, and although in excess of zeal the eggs were ready long before everything else and the tomatoes scorched slightly, still they made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in ability, and when Higgins had carried the trays to the lift and started them on their way Jane and the red-haired person shook hands on it and then ate a boiled potato from the same plate, sitting side by side on a table.

They were ravenous. They boiled one egg each and ate it, and then boiled another and another, and when they finished they found that Jane had eaten four potatoes, four eggs, and unlimited bread and butter, while the red-haired person had eaten six saucers of stewed tomatoes and was starting on the seventh.

"You know," he said, over the seventh, "we've got to figure this thing out. The entire town is solid against us—no use trying to get to a telephone. And, anyhow, they've got us surrounded. We're in a state of siege."

Jane was beating up an egg in milk for the D.T. patient, the capsules being exhausted, and the red-haired person was watching her closely. She had the two vertical lines between her eyes, but they looked really like lines of endeavour and not temper.

She stopped beating and looked up.

"Couldn't I go to the village?" she asked.

"They would stop you."

"Then I think I know what we can do," she said, giving the egg-nog a final whisk. "My people have a summer place on the hill. If you could get there you could telephone to the city."

"Could I get in?"

"I have a key."

Jane did not explain that the said key had been left by her father, with the terse hope that if she came to her senses she could get into the house and get her clothes.

"Good girl," said the red-haired person, and patted her on the shoulder. "We'll euchre the old skate yet." Curiously, Jane did not resent either the speech or the pat.

He took the glass and tied on a white apron.

"If our friend doesn't drink this I will," he continued. "If he'd seen it in the making, as I have, he'd be crazy about it."

He opened the door and stood listening. From below floated up the refrain :—

"I—love you o—own—ly,
I love—but—you."

"Listen to that!" he said. "And I gather he's one of the hill colony! Blood will tell, won't it?"

Higgins came up the stairs heavily and stopped close by the red-haired person, whispering something to him. There was a second's pause. Then the red-haired person gave the egg-nog to Higgins and both disappeared.

Jane was puzzled. She rather thought the furnace-man had got out, and listened for a scuffle, but none came. She did, however, hear the singing cease below, and then commence with renewed vigour, and she heard Higgins slowly remounting the stairs. He came in, with the empty glass and a sheepish expression. Part of the egg-nog was distributed over his person.

"He wants his nurse, ma'am," said Higgins.

"THE YOUNG MAN ON THE BED SWALLOWED IT ALL PASSIVELY."

"Wouldn't let me near him. Flung a pillow at me."

"Where is the doctor?" demanded Jane.

"Busy," replied Higgins. "One of the women is sick."

Jane was provoked. She had put some labour into the egg-nog. But it shows the curious evolution going on in her that she got out the eggs and milk and made another one without protest. Then with her head up she carried it to the door.

"You might clear things away, Higgins," she said, and went down the stairs. Her heart was going rather fast. Most of the men Jane knew drank more or less, but this was different. She would have turned back half-way there had it not been for Higgins and for owning herself conquered. That was Jane's real weakness—she never owned herself beaten.

The singing had subsided to a low muttering. Jane stopped outside the door and took a fresh grip on her courage. Then she pushed the door open and went in

The light was shaded, and at first the tossing figure on the bed was only a misty outline of greys and whites. She walked over, expecting a pillow at any moment and shielding the glass from attack with her hand.

"I have brought you another egg-nog," she began, severely, "and if you spill it——"

Then she looked down and saw the face on the pillow.

To her everlasting credit Jane did not faint. But in that moment, while she stood staring down at the flushed young face with its tumbled dark hair and deep-cut lines of dissipation, the man who had sung to her over the piano, looking love into her eyes, died to her, and Jane, cold and steady, sat down on the side of the bed and fed the egg-nog, spoonful by spoonful, to his corpse!

When the blank-eyed young man on the bed had swallowed it all passively, looking at her with dull, incurious eyes, she went back to her room, and closing the door put the washstand against it. She did nothing theatrical. She went over to the window and stood looking out where the trees along the drive were fading in the dusk from green to grey, from grey to black. And over the transom came again and again monotonously the refrain :—

"I—love you o—own—ly,
I love—but—you."

Jane fell on her knees beside the bed and buried her wilful head in the hand-embroidered pillow, and said a little prayer because she had found out in time.

"JANE FELL ON HER KNEES BESIDE THE BED AND BURIED HER WILFUL HEAD IN THE PILLOW."

III.

THE full realization of their predicament came with the dusk. The electric lights were shut off. Jane, crawling into bed tearfully at half-after-eight, turned the reading-light switch over her head, but no flood of rosy radiance poured down on the hand-embroidered pillow with the pink bow.

Jane sat up and stared round her. Already the outline of her dressing-table was faint and shadowy. In half an hour black night would settle down, and she had not even a candle or a box of matches. She crawled out, panicky, and began in the darkness to don her kimono and slippers. As she opened the door and stepped into the hall the convalescent typhoid heard her and set up his usual cry.

"Hey!" he called, "whoever that is, come in and fix the lights. They're broken. And I want some bread and milk. I can't sleep on an empty stomach."

Jane padded on past the room where love lay cold and dead, down the corridor with its alarming echoes. The house seemed very quiet. At a corner unexpectedly she collided with someone going hastily. The result was a crash and a deluge of hot water. Jane got a drop on her bare ankle, and as soon as she could breathe she screamed.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" demanded the red-haired person, angrily. "I've been an hour boiling that water, and now it has to be done over again."

"It would do a lot of good to look," retorted Jane. "But if you wish I'll carry a bell."

"The thing for you to do," said the red-haired person, severely, "is to go back to bed like a good girl and stay there until morning. The light is cut off."

"Really!" said Jane. "I thought it had just gone out for a walk. I dare say I may have a box of matches, at least."

He fumbled in his pockets without success.

"Not a match, of course," he said, disgustedly. "Was anyone ever in such an infernal mess? Can't you get back to your room without matches?"

"I sha'n't go back at all unless I have some sort of light," maintained Jane. "I'm—horribly frightened."

The break in her voice caught his attention, and he put his hand out gently and took her arm.

"Now, listen," he said. "You've been brave and fine all day, and don't stop it now I—I've got all I can manage. Mary O'Shaughnessy is——" He stopped. "I'm going to be very busy," he said, with half a groan. "I surely do wish you were forty for the next few hours. But you'll go back and stay in your room, won't you?"

He patted her arm, which Jane particularly hated generally. But Jane had altered considerably since the morning

"Then you cannot go to the telephone?"

"Not to-night."

"And Higgins?"

"Higgins has gone," he said. "He slipped off an hour ago. We'll have to manage to-night somehow. Now will you be a good child?"

"I'll go back," she promised, meekly. "I'm sorry I'm not forty."

He turned her round and started her in the right direction with a little push. But she had only gone a step or two when she heard him coming after her quickly.

"Where are you?"

"Here," quavered Jane, not quite sure of him or of herself perhaps.

But when he stopped beside her he didn't

try to touch her arm again. He only said :—

" I wouldn't have you forty for anything in the world. I want you to be just as you are, very beautiful and young."

Then, as if he was afraid he would say too much, he turned on his heel, and a moment after he kicked against the fallen pitcher in the darkness and awoke a thousand echoes. As for Jane, she put her fingers to her ears and ran to her room, where she slammed the door and crawled into bed with burning cheeks.

Jane was never sure whether it was five minutes later or five seconds when somebody in the room spoke, from a chair by the window.

" Do you think," said a mild voice, " do you think you could find me some bread and butter ? Or a glass of milk ? "

Jane sat up in bed suddenly. She knew at once that she had made a mistake, but she was quite dignified about it. She looked over at the chair, and the convalescent typhoid was sitting in it, wrapped in a blanket and looking wan and ghostly in the dusk.

" I'm afraid I'm in the wrong room," Jane said, very stiffly, trying to get out of bed with dignity, which is difficult. " The hall is dark, and all the doors look so alike."

She made for the door at that and got out into the hall with her heart going a thousand a minute again.

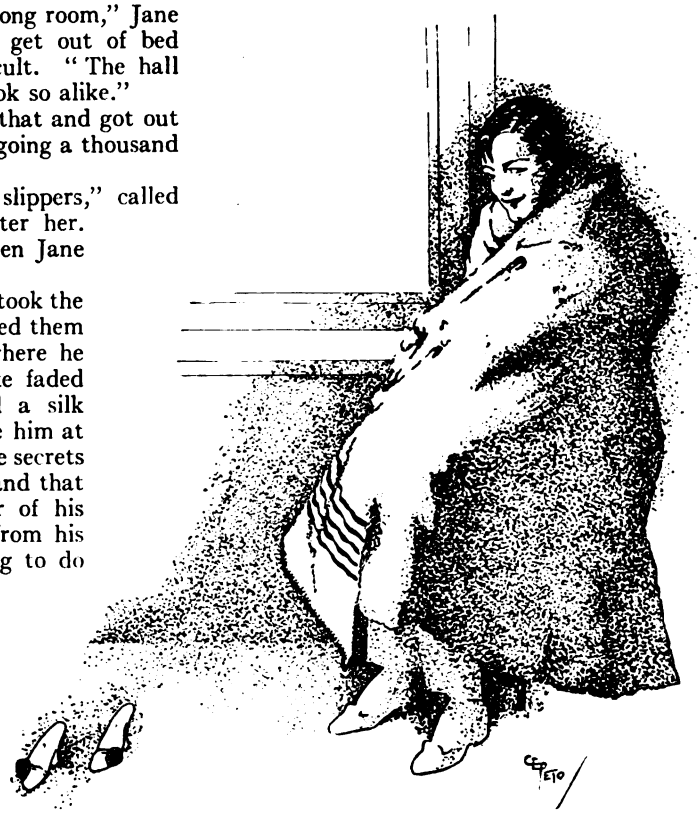
" You've forgotten your slippers," called the convalescent typhoid after her. But nothing would have taken Jane back.

The convalescent typhoid took the slippers home later and locked them away in an inner drawer, where he kept one or two things like faded roses and old gloves, and a silk necktie that a girl had made him at college, things that are all the secrets a man keeps from his wife, and that belong in the small corner of his heart, which he also keeps from his wife. But that has nothing to do with Jane.

Jane went back to her own bed, thoroughly demoralized. And sleep being pretty well banished by that time, she sat up in bed and thought things over. Before this she had not thought much, only raged and sulked alternately. But now she thought. She thought about the man in the room down the hall with the lines of dissipation on his face. And she thought a great deal about what a silly she had been, and that it was not too late yet, she being not forty and " beautiful." It must be confessed that she thought a great deal about that. Also she reflected that what she deserved was to marry some person with even a worse temper than hers, who would bully her at times and generally keep her straight. And from that, of course, it was only a step to the fact that red-haired people are proverbially bad-tempered.

She thought, too, about Mary O'Shaughnessy without another woman near, and not even a light, except perhaps a candle. Things were always so much worse in the darkness. And perhaps she might be going to be very ill and ought to have another doctor !

Jane seemed to have been reflecting for a long time when the church clock far down in the village struck nine. And with the chiming of the clock was born, full-grown, an idea which before it was sixty seconds of age was a determination.



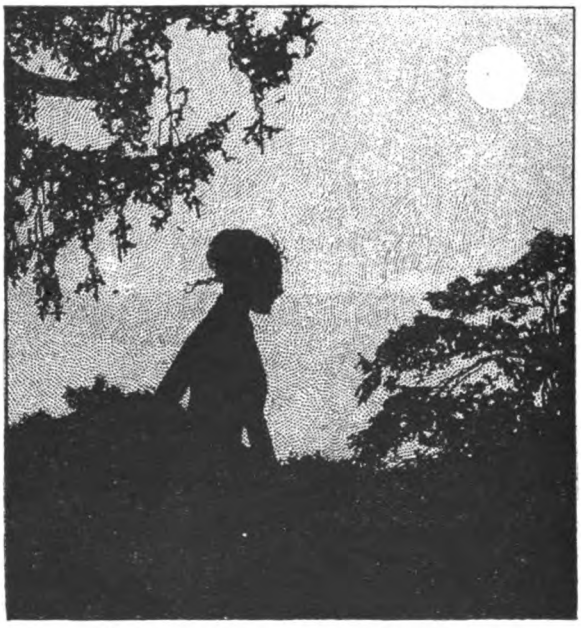
" ' YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR SLIPPERS,' CALLED THE CONVALESCENT TYPHOID AFTER HER."

In pursuance of the idea Jane once more crawled out of bed and began to dress; she put on heavy shoes and a short skirt, a coat, and a motor-veil over her hair. The indignation at the defection of the hospital staff, held in subjection during the day by the necessity for doing something, now rose and lent speed and fury to her movements. In an incredibly short time Jane was feeling her way along the hall and down the staircase, now a well of unfathomable blackness and incredible rustlings and creakings.

The front doors were unlocked. Outside there was faint starlight, the chirp of a sleepy bird, and far off across the valley the gasping and wheezing of a freight climbing the heavy grade to the village.

Jane paused at the drive and took a breath. Then, at her best gymnasium pace, arms close to sides, head up, feet well planted, she started to run. At the sundial she left the drive and took to the lawn gleaming with the frosts of late October. She stopped running then and began to pick her way more cautiously. Even at that she collided heavily with a wire fence marking the boundary, and sat on the ground for some time after, whimpering over the outrage and feeling her nose. It was distinctly scratched and swollen. No one would think her beautiful with a nose like that!

She had not expected the wire fence. It was impossible to climb and more difficult to get under. However, she found one place where the ground dipped, and wormed her way under the fence in most undignified fashion. It is perfectly certain that had Jane's family seen her then and been told that she was doing this remarkable thing for a woman she had never seen before that day, named Mary O'Shaughnessy, and also for a certain red-haired person of whom they had never heard, they would have considered Jane quite irrational. Personally, I believe Jane became really rational that night for the first time in her spoiled young life.



"STARTED BACK FOR THE HOSPITAL."

Jane never told the details of that excursion. Those that came out in the paper were only guesswork, of course, but I believe it is quite true that a reporter found scraps of her motor-veil on three wire fences, and there seems to be no reason to doubt, also, that her puffs were discovered a week later in a cow-pasture on her own estate. But as Jane never wore puffs afterwards, anyhow——

Well, Jane got to her own house about eleven and crept in like a thief to the telephone. There were more rustlings and creakings and rumblings in the empty house than she had ever imagined, and she went backwards through the hall for fear of something coming after her. But, which is to the point, she got to the telephone and called up her father in the city.

The first message that astonished gentleman got was that a red-haired person at the hospital was very ill, having run into a wire fence and bruised a nose, and that he was to bring out at once from town two doctors, six nurses, a cook, and a furnace-man!

After a time, however, as Jane grew calmer, he got it straightened out, and said a number of things over the telephone anent the deserting staff that are quite forbidden by the rules both of the club and of the telephone company. He gave Jane full instructions about sending to the village and having somebody come up and stay with her, and about taking a hot foot-bath and going to bed between blankets, and when Jane replied meekly to everything, "Yes, father," and "All right, father," he was so stunned by her mildness that he was certain she must be really ill.

Not that Jane had any idea of doing all these things. She hung up the telephone and

gathered all the candles from all the candlesticks on the lower floor, and started back for the hospital. The moon had come up, and she had no more trouble with fencing, but she was desperately tired. She climbed the drive slowly, coming to frequent pauses.

The hospital, long and low and sleeping, lay before her, and in one upper window there was a small yellow light.

Jane climbed the steps and sat down on the top one. She felt very tired and sad and dejected, and she sat down on the upper step to think of how useless she was, and how much a man must know to be a doctor, and that perhaps she would take up nursing in earnest and amount to something and——

It was about three o'clock in the morning when the red-haired person, coming down belatedly to close the front doors, saw a shapeless heap in the porch, surrounded by a radius of white wax candles, and going up shoved at it with his foot; whereat the heap moved slightly and muttered, "Lemme shleep."

The red-haired person said "Good heavens!" and bending down held a lighted match to the sleeper's face and stared, petrified. Jane opened her eyes, sat up, and put her hand over her mutilated nose with one gesture.

"You!" said the red-haired person. And then mercifully the match went out.

"Don't light another," said Jane. "I'm an alarming sight. Would—would you mind feeling if my nose is broken?"

He didn't move to examine it. He just kept on kneeling and staring.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

"Over to telephone," said Jane, and yawned. "They're bringing everybody in automobiles—doctors, nurses, furnace-man—oh, dear me! I hope I mentioned a cook!"

"Do you mean to say," said the red-haired person, wonderingly, "that you went by yourself across the fields and telephoned to get me out of this mess?"

"Not at all," Jane corrected him, coolly. "I'm in the mess myself."

"You'll be ill again."

"I never was ill," said Jane. "I was here for a mean disposition."

Jane sat in the moonlight with her hands in her lap and looked at him calmly. The red-haired person reached over and took both her hands.

"You're a heroine," he said, and bending down he kissed first one and then the other. "Isn't it bad enough that you are beautiful without your also being brave?"

Jane eyed him, but he was in deadly earnest. In the moonlight his hair was really not red at all, and he looked pale and very, very tired. Something inside of Jane gave her a curious thrill that was half pain. Perhaps it was the dying of her temper; perhaps——

"Am I still beautiful with this nose?" she asked.

"You are everything that a woman should be," he said, and dropping her hands he got up. He stood there in the moonlight, straight and young and crowned with despair, and Jane looked up from under her long lashes.

"Then why don't you stay where you were?" she asked.

At that he reached down and took her hands again and pulled her to her feet. He was very strong.

"Because if I do I'll never leave you again," he said. "And I must go."

He dropped her hands, or tried to, but Jane wasn't ready to be dropped.

"You know," she said, "I've told you I'm a sulky, bad-tempered——"

But at that he laughed suddenly, triumphantly, and put both his arms round her and held her close.

"I love you," he said, "and if you are bad-tempered, so am I, only I think I'm worse. It's a shame to spoil two houses with us, isn't it?"

To her eternal shame, be it told, Jane never struggled. She simply held up her mouth to be kissed.

That is really all the story. Jane's father came with three automobiles that morning at dawn, bringing with him all that goes to make up a hospital, from a pharmacy clerk to absorbent cotton, and having left the new supplies in the office, he stamped upstairs to Jane's room and flung open the door.

He expected to find Jane in hysterics and the pink silk kimono.

What he really saw was this: A coal-fire was lighted in Jane's grate, and in a low chair before it, with her nose swollen level with her forehead, sat Jane, holding on her lap Mary O'Shaughnessy's baby, very new and magenta-coloured and yelling like a trooper. Kneeling beside the chair was a tall, red-headed person holding a bottle of olive-oil.

"Now, sweetest," the red-haired person was saying, "turn him on his tummy, and we'll rub his back. Gee! isn't that a fat back?"

And as Jane's father stared, and Jane anxiously turned the baby, the red-haired person leaned over and kissed the back of Jane's neck.

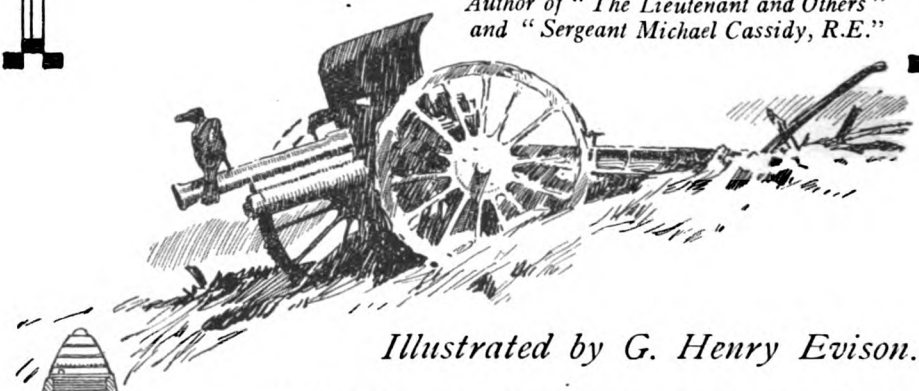
"Jane!" he whispered.

"Jane!" said her father.

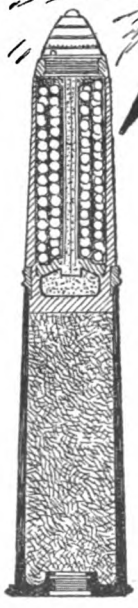
SHRAPNEL

By "SAPPER"

Author of "The Lieutenant and Others" and "Sergeant Michael Cassidy, R.E."



Illustrated by G. Henry Evison.



TWO days ago a dear old aunt of mine asked me to describe to her what shrapnel was like.

"What does it feel like to be shelled?" she demanded. "Explain it to me."

Under the influence of my deceased uncle's most excellent port I did so. Soothed and in that expansive frame of mind induced by the old and bold, I drew her a picture—vivid, startling, wonderful. And when I had finished, the dear old lady looked at me.

"Dreadful!" she murmured. "Did I ever tell you of the terrible experience I had on the front at Eastbourne, when my bath-chair attendant became inebriated and upset me?"

Slowly and sorrowfully I finished the decanter—and went to bed.

But seriously, my masters, it is a hard thing which my aunt asked of me. There are many things worse than shelling—the tea-party you find in progress on your arrival on leave; the utterances of war experts; the non-arrival of the whisky from England. But all of those can be imagined by people who have not suffered; they have a standard, a measure of comparison. Shelling—no.

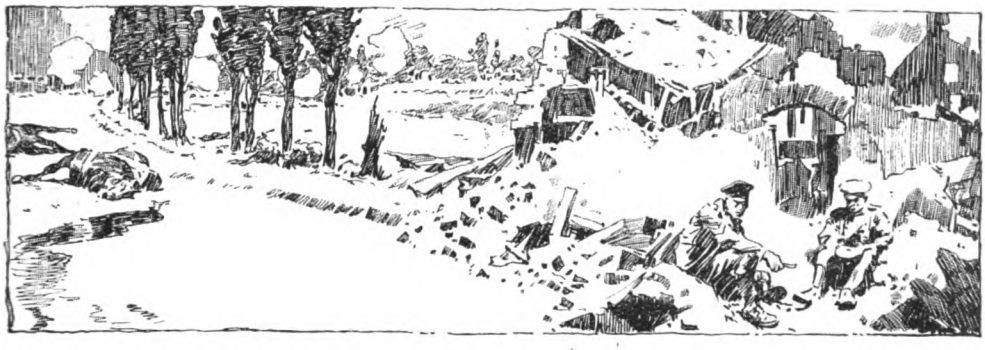
The explosion of a howitzer shell near you is a definite, actual fact—which is unlike any other fact in the world, except the explosion of another howitzer shell still nearer. Many have attempted to describe the noise it makes as the most explainable part about it. And then you're no wiser.

Listen. Stand with me at the Menin Gate of Ypres and listen. Through a cutting a train is roaring on its way. Suddenly you hear it. With inconceivable rapidity it rises in a great swelling crescendo as it dashes out, and then its journey stops; stops in a peal of deafening thunder just overhead. The shell has burst, and the echoes in that town of death die slowly away—reverberating like a sullen sea that lashes against a rock-bound coast.

And yet what does it convey to anyone who patronizes inebriated bath-chair men?

Similarly—shrapnel! "The Germans were searching the road with 'whizz-bangs.'" A common remark, an ordinary utterance in a letter, taken by fond parents as an unpleasing affair such as the cook giving notice.

Come with me to a spot near Ypres; come, and we will take our evening walk together.



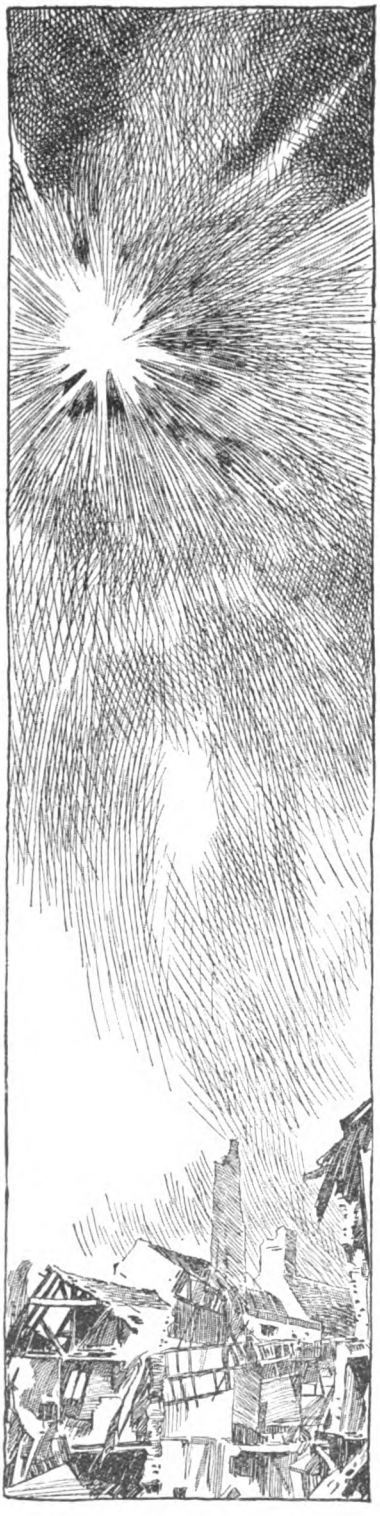
"They're a bit lively farther up the road, sir." The corporal of military police stands gloomily at a cross-roads, his back against a small shrine by the roadside. A passing shell unroofed it many weeks ago; it stands there surrounded by *débris*—the image of the Virgin inside, chipped and broken. Just a little monument of desolation in a ruined country, but pleasant to lean against when it's between you and German guns.

Let us go on, my masters; there's some way yet before we reach the dug-out by the third dead horse. In front of us stretches a long, straight road, flanked on each side with tall poplars. In the middle there is *pavé*, in which, at intervals, a few small holes occur, where the stones have been shattered and hurled away by a bursting shell and only the muddy grit remains hollowed out to a depth of two feet or so, and perhaps half-full of water. At the bottom there lies an empty tin of bully, ammunition clips, numbers of biscuits—sodden and muddy. Altogether a good obstacle to take with the front wheel of a car at night.

A little farther on, beside the road, in a ruined, desolate cottage two men are resting for awhile, smoking. The dirt and mud of the trenches is thick on them, and one of them is contemplatively scraping his boot with his knife and fork. Otherwise, not a soul, not a living soul in sight; though away to the left front, through glasses, you can see two people, a man and a woman, labouring in the fields. And the only point of interest about them is that between you and them run the two motionless, stagnant lines of men who for months have faced one another. Those two labourers are the other side of the German trenches.

The setting sun is glinting on the little crumbling village two or three hundred yards ahead, and in the still evening air your steps ring loud on the *pavé*, as you walk towards it. On each side the flat, neglected fields stretch away from the road; the drains beside it are choked with weeds and refuse; and here and there one of the gaunt trees, split in two halfway up by a shell, has crashed into its neighbour or fallen to the ground. A peaceful summer's evening which seems to give the lie to our shrine-leaner. And yet, to one used to the peace of England, it seems almost too quiet, almost unnatural.

Then, suddenly, out of the blue there comes a sharp, whizzing noise, and almost before you've heard it there is a crash, and from the village in front there rises a cloud of dust. A shell has burst on impact on one of the few remaining houses; some slates and tiles fall into the road, and round the hole torn out of the sloping roof there hangs a whitish-yellow cloud of smoke. In quick succession come half-a-dozen more, some



bursting on the ruined cottages as they strike, some bursting above them in the air. Little clouds of dust rise from the village, small avalanches of *débris* cascade into the road, and above, three or four thick white smoke-clouds drift slowly across the sky.

This is the moment at which it is well — unless time is urgent—to pause and reflect awhile. If time is urgent, a *détour* is strongly to be recommended. The Germans are shelling the empty village just in front with shrapnel, and who are you to interpose yourself between him and his chosen target? If not, dally gracefully against a tree, admiring the setting sun, until he desists; when you may in safety resume your walk. *But*—do not forget that he may not stick to the village, and that whizz-bangs give no time. That is why I specified a tree, and not the middle of the road. It's nearer the ditch.

Suddenly, without a second's warning, they shift their target. Whizz-bang! Duck, you blighter! Into the ditch. Quick! Move! Hang your bottle of white wine! Get down! Cover! Emulate the mole! This isn't the village in front now—he's shelling the road you're standing on! There's one burst on impact in the middle of the *pavé* forty yards in front of you, and another in the air just over your head. And there are more coming—don't make any mistake. That short, sharp whizz every few seconds — the bang! bang! bang! seems to be going on all around you. A thing hums past up in the air, with a whistling noise, leaving a trail of sparks behind it—one of the fuses. Later, the curio-hunter may find it nestling by a turnip. He may have it.

With a vicious thud a jagged piece of shell buries itself in the ground at your feet; and almost simultaneously the bullets from a well-burst one cut through the trees above you and ping against the road, thudding into the earth around. No more impact ones —they've got the range. Our pessimistic friend at the cross-roads spoke the truth; they're quite lively. Everything bursting beautifully above the road about forty feet up. Bitter thought—if only the blighters knew that it was empty save for your wretched and unworthy self cowering in a ditch, with a bottle of white wine in your pocket and your head down a rat-hole, surely they wouldn't waste their ammunition so reprehensibly!

Then, suddenly, they stop, and as the last white puff of smoke drifts slowly away you cautiously lift your head and peer towards the village. Have they finished? Will it be safe to resume your interrupted promenade in a dignified manner? Or will you give them another minute or two? Almost have you decided to do so, when to your horror you perceive coming towards you through the village itself two officers. What a position to be discovered in! True, only the very young or the mentally deficient scorn cover when shelling is in progress. But of course, just at the moment when you'd welcome a shell to account for your propinquity with the rat-

hole, the blighters have stopped. No sound breaks the stillness, save the steps ringing towards you—and it looks silly to be found in a ditch for no apparent reason.

Then, as suddenly as before comes salvation. Just as with infinite stealth you endeavour to step out nonchalantly from behind a tree, as if you were part of the scenery—bang, crash! from in front. Cheer-oh! the village again, the church this time. A shower of bricks and mortar comes down like a landslip, and if you are quick you may just see two black streaks go to ground. From the vantage-point of your tree you watch a salvo of shells explode in, on, or about the temporary abode of those two officers. You realize from what you know of the Hun that this salvo probably concludes the evening hate; and the opportunity is too good to miss. Edging rapidly along the road—keeping close to the ditch—you approach the houses. Your position, you feel, is now strategically sound, with regard to the wretched pair cowering behind rubble heaps. You even desire revenge for your mental anguish when discovery in the rodent's lair seemed certain. So light a cigarette—if you didn't drop them all when you went to ground yourself; if you did—whistle some snappy tune as you stride jauntily into the village.

Don't go too fast or you may miss them; but should you see a head peer from behind a kitchen-range express no surprise. Just—"Good evening. Getting furniture for the dug-out—what?" To linger is bad form, but it is quite permissible to ask his companion—seated in a torn-up drain—if the rat-shooting is good. Then pass on in a leisurely manner, *but*—when you're round the corner, run like a hare. With these cursed Germans, you never know.

Night—and a working-party stretching away over a ploughed field are digging a communication trench. The great green flares lob up half a mile away, a watery moon shines on the bleak scene. Suddenly a noise like the tired sigh of some great giant, a scorching sheet of flame that leaps at you out of the darkness, searing your very brain, so close does it seem; the ping of death past your head; the clatter of shovel and pick next you as a muttered curse proclaims a man is hit; a voice from down the line: "Gawd! Old Ginger's took it. 'Old up, mate. Say, blokes, Ginger's done in!" Aye—it's worse at night.

Shrapnel! Woolly, fleecy puffs of smoke floating gently down wind, getting more and more attenuated, gradually disappearing, while below each puff an oval of ground has been plastered with bullets. And it's when the ground inside the oval is full of men that the damage is done. Not you perhaps—but someone. Next time—maybe you.

The Man With Two Left Feet.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Lewis Baumer.

STUDENTS of the folk-lore of the United States of America are no doubt familiar with the quaint old story of Clarence MacFadden. Clarence MacFadden, it seems, was "wishful to dance, but his feet wasn't gaited that way. So he sought a professor and asked him his price, and said he was willing to pay. The professor" (the legend goes on) "looked down with alarm at his feet and marked their enormous expanse; and he tacked on a five to his regular price for teaching MacFadden to dance."

I have often been struck by the close similarity between the case of Clarence and that of Henry Wallace Mills. One difference alone presents itself. It would seem to have been mere vanity and ambition that stimulated the former; whereas the motive-force which drove Henry Mills to defy Nature and attempt dancing was the purer one of love. He did it to please his wife. Had he never gone to Ye Bonnie Briar-Bush Farm, that popular holiday resort, and there met Minnie Hill, he would doubtless have continued to spend in peaceful reading the hours not given over to work at the New York bank at which he was employed as paying-cashier. For Henry was a voracious reader. His idea of a pleasant evening was to get back to his little flat, take off his coat, put on his slippers, light a pipe, and go on from the point where he had left off the night before in his perusal of the BIS-CAL volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—making notes as he read in a stout note-book. He read the BIS-CAL volume because, after many days, he had finished the A-AND, AND-AUS, and the AUS-BIS. There was something admirable—and yet a little horrible—about Henry's method of study. He went after Learning with the cold and dispassionate relentlessness of a stoat pursuing a rabbit. The ordinary man who is paying instalments on the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is apt to get over-excited and to skip impatiently to Volume Twenty-eight (VET-ZYM) to see how it all comes out in the end. Not so Henry. His was not a frivolous mind. He intended to read the "Encyclopædia" through, and he was not going to spoil his pleasure by peeping ahead.

It would seem to be an inexorable law of Nature that no man shall shine at both ends. If he has a high forehead and a thirst for wisdom, his fox-trotting (if any) shall be as the staggerings of the drunken; while, if he is a good dancer, he is nearly always petrified from the ears upward. No better examples of this law could have been found than Henry Mills and his fellow-cashier, Sidney Mercer. In New York banks paying-cashiers, like bears, tigers, lions, and other fauna, are always shut up in a cage in pairs, and are consequently dependent on each other for entertainment and social intercourse when business is slack. Henry Mills and Sidney simply could not find a subject in common. Sidney knew absolutely nothing of even such elementary things as Abana, Aberration, Abraham, or Acrogenæ; while Henry, on his side, was scarcely aware that there had been any developments in the dance since the polka. It was a relief to Henry when Sidney threw up his job to join the chorus of a musical comedy, and was succeeded by a man who, though full of limitations, could at least converse intelligently on Bowls.

Such, then, was Henry Wallace Mills. He was in the middle thirties, temperate, studious, a moderate smoker, and—one would have said—a bachelor of the bachelors, armour-plated against Cupid's well-meant but obsolete artillery. Sometimes Sidney Mercer's successor in the teller's cage, a sentimental young man, would broach the topic of Woman and Marriage. He would ask Henry if he ever intended to get married. On such occasions Henry would look at him in a manner

which was a blend of scorn, amusement, and indignation; and would reply with a single word:—

"Me!"

It was the way he said it that impressed you.

But Henry had yet to experience the unmanning atmosphere of a lonely summer resort. He had only just reached the position in the bank where he was permitted to take his annual vacation in the summer. Hitherto he had always been released from his cage during the winter months, and had spent his ten days of freedom at his flat, with a book in his hand and his feet on the radiator. But the summer after Sidney Mercer's departure they unleashed him in August.

It was meltingly warm in the city. Something in Henry cried out for the country. For a month before the beginning of his vacation he devoted much of the time that should have been given to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in reading summer-resort literature. He decided at length upon Ye Bonnie Briar-Bush Farm because the advertisements spoke so well of it.

Ye Bonnie Briar-Bush Farm was a rather battered frame building many miles from anywhere. Its attractions included a Lovers' Leap, a Grotto, golf-links—a five-hole course where the enthusiast found unusual hazards in the shape of a number of goats tethered at intervals between the holes—and a silvery lake, only portions of which were used as a dumping-ground for tin cans and wooden boxes. It was all new and strange to Henry and caused him an odd exhilaration. Something of gaiety and reckless abandon began to creep into his veins. He had a curious feeling that in these romantic surroundings some adventure ought to happen to him.

At this juncture Minnie Hill arrived. She was a small, slim girl, thinner and paler than she should have been, with large eyes that seemed to Henry pathetic and stirred his chivalry. He began to think a good deal about Minnie Hill.

And then one evening he met her on the shores of the silvery lake. He was standing there, slapping at things that looked like mosquitoes, but could not have been, for the advertisements expressly stated that none were ever found in the neighbourhood of Ye Bonnie Briar-Bush Farm, when along she came. She walked slowly, as if she were tired. A strange thrill, half of pity, half of something else, ran through Henry. He looked at her. She looked at him.

"Good evening," he said.

They were the first words he had spoken to her. She never contributed to the dialogue of the dining-room, and he had been too shy to seek her out in the open.

She said "Good evening," too, tieing the score. And there was silence for a moment.

Commiseration overcame Henry's shyness.

"You're looking tired," he said.

"I feel tired." She paused. "I overdid it in the city."

"It?"

"Dancing."

"Oh, dancing. Did you dance much?"

"Yes; a great deal."

"Ah!"

A promising, even a dashing start. But how to continue? For the first time Henry regretted the steady determination of his methods with the "Encyclopædia." How pleasant if he could have been in a position to talk easily of Dancing. Then memory reminded him that, though he had not yet got up to Dancing, it was only a few weeks before that he had been reading of the Ballet.

"I don't dance myself," he said, "but I am fond of reading about it. Did you know that the word 'ballet' incorporated three distinct modern words, 'ballet,' 'ball,' and 'ballad,' and that ballet-dancing was originally accompanied by singing?"

It hit her. It had her weak. She looked at him with awe in her eyes. One might almost say that she gaped at Henry.

"I hardly know anything," she said.

"The first descriptive ballet seen in London, England," said Henry, quietly, "was 'The Tavern Bilkers,' which was played at Drury Lane in—in seventeen—something."

"Was it?"

"And the earliest modern ballet on record was that given by — by someone to celebrate the marriage of the Duke of Milan in 1489."

There was no doubt or hesitation about the date this time. It was grappled to his memory by hoops of steel owing to the singular coincidence of being also his telephone number. He gave it out with a roll, and the girl's eyes widened.

"What an awful lot you know!"

"Oh, no," said Henry, modestly. "I read a great deal."

"It must be splendid to know a lot," she said, wistfully. "I've never had time for reading. I've always wanted to. I think you're wonderful!"

Henry's soul was expanding like a flower and purring like a well-tickled cat. Never

in his life had he been admired by a woman. The sensation was intoxicating.

Silence fell upon them. They started to walk back to the farm, warned by the distant ringing of a bell that supper was about to materialize. It was not a musical bell, but distance and the magic of this unusual moment lent it charm. The sun was setting. It threw a crimson carpet across the silvery lake. The air was very still. The creatures, unclassified by science, who might have been mistaken for mosquitoes had their presence been possible at Ye Bonnie Briar-Bush Farm, were biting harder than ever. But Henry heeded them not. He did not even slap at them. They drank their fill of his blood and went away to put their friends on to this good thing; but for Henry they did not exist. Strange things were happening to him. And, lying awake that night in bed, he recognized the truth. He was in love.

"THEY SAT BY THE SILVERY LAKE. HE POURED OUT THE TREASURES OF HIS LEARNING FOR HER."

After that, for the remainder of his stay, they were always together. They walked in the woods, they sat by the silvery lake. He poured out the treasures of his learning for her, and she looked at him with reverent eyes, uttering from time to time a soft "Yes?" or a musical "Gee!"

In due season Henry went back to New York.

"You're dead wrong about love, Mills," said his sentimental fellow-cashier, shortly after his return. "You ought to get married."

"I'm going to," replied Henry, briskly. "Week to-morrow."

Which stunned the other so thoroughly that he gave a customer who entered at that moment fifteen dollars for a ten-dollar cheque, and had to do some excited telephoning after the bank had closed.

Henry's first year as a married man was the happiest of his life. He had always heard this period described as the most perilous of matrimony. He had braced himself for clashings of tastes, painful adjustments of character, sudden and unavoidable quarrels. Nothing of the kind happened. From the very beginning they settled down in perfect harmony. She merged with his life as smoothly as one river joins another. He did not even have to alter his habits.

Every morning he had his breakfast at eight, smoked a cigarette, and walked to the Underground. At five he left the bank, and at six he arrived home, for it was his practice to walk the first two miles of the way, breathing deeply and regularly. Then dinner. Then the quiet evening. Sometimes the moving-pictures, but generally the quiet evening, he reading the "Encyclopædia"—aloud now—Minnie darning his socks, but never ceasing to listen.

Each day brought the same sense of grateful amazement that he should be so wonderfully happy, so extraordinarily peaceful. Everything was as perfect as it could be. Minnie was looking a different girl. She had lost her drawn look. She was filling out.

Sometimes he would suspend his reading for a moment, and look across at her. At first he would see only her soft hair, as she bent over her sewing. Then, wondering at the silence, she would look up, and he would meet her big eyes. And then Henry would gurgle with happiness, and demand of himself, silently:—

"Can you beat it!"

It was the anniversary of their wedding. They celebrated it in fitting style. They dined at a crowded and exhilarating Italian restaurant on a street off Seventh Avenue, where red wine was included in the bill, and excitable people, probably extremely clever, sat round at small tables and talked all together at the top of their voices. After dinner they saw a musical comedy. And then—the great event of the night—they went on to supper at a glittering restaurant near Times Square.

There was something about supper at an expensive restaurant which had always appealed to Henry's imagination. Earnest devourer as he was of the solids of literature, he had tasted from time to time its lighter fare—those novels which begin with the hero supping in the midst of the glittering throng and having his attention attracted to a distinguished-looking elderly man with a grey imperial who is entering with a girl so strikingly beautiful that the revellers turn, as she passes, to look after her. And then, as he sits and smokes, a waiter comes up to the hero and, with a soft "Pardon, m'sieu!" hands him a note.

The atmosphere of Geisenheimer's suggested all that sort of thing to Henry. They had finished supper, and he was smoking a cigar—his second that day. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the scene. He felt braced-up, adventurous. He had that feeling, which comes to all quiet men who like to sit at home and read, that this was the sort of atmosphere in which he really belonged. The brightness of it all—the dazzling lights, the music, the hubbub, in which the deep-throated gurgle of the wine-agent surprised while drinking soup blended with the shriller note of the chorus-girl calling to her mate—these things got Henry. He was thirty-six next birthday, but he felt a youngish twenty-one.

A voice spoke at his side. Henry looked up, to perceive Sidney Mercer.

The passage of a year, which had turned Henry into a married man, had turned Sidney Mercer into something so magnificent that the spectacle for a moment deprived Henry of speech. Faultless evening dress clung with loving closeness to Sidney's lissom form. Gleaming shoes of perfect patent leather covered his feet. His light hair was brushed back into a smooth sleekness on which the electric lights shone like stars on some beautiful pool. His practically chinless face beamed amiably over a spotless collar.

Henry wore blue serge.

"What are you doing here, Henry, old top?" said the vision. "I didn't know you ever came among the bright lights."

His eyes wandered off to Minnie. There was admiration in them, for Minnie was looking her prettiest.

"Wife," said Henry, recovering speech. And to Minnie: "Mr. Mercer. Old friend."

"So you're married? Wish you luck. How's the bank?"

Henry said the bank was doing as well as could be expected.

"You still on the stage?"

Mr. Mercer shook his head importantly.

"Got better job. Professional dancer at this show. Rolling in money. Why aren't you dancing?"

The words struck a jarring note. The lights and the music had until that moment had a subtle psychological effect on Henry, enabling him to hypnotize himself into a feeling that it was not inability to dance that kept him in his seat, but that he had had so much of that sort of thing that he really preferred to sit quietly and look on for a change. Sidney's question changed all that. It made him face the truth.

"I don't dance."

"For the love of Mike! I bet Mrs. Mills does. Would you care for a turn, Mrs. Mills?"

"No, thank you, really."

But remorse was now at work on Henry.

"'WIFE,' SAID HENRY, RECOVERING SPEECH. AND TO MINNIE: 'MR. MERCER. OLD FRIEND.'"

He perceived that he had been standing in the way of Minnie's pleasure. Of course she wanted to dance. All women did. She was only refusing for his sake.

"Nonsense, Min. Go to it."

Minnie looked doubtful.

"Of course you must dance, Min. I shall be all right. I'll sit here and smoke."

The next moment Minnie and Sidney were treading the complicated measure; and simultaneously Henry ceased to be a youngish twenty-one and was even conscious of a fleeting doubt as to whether he was really only thirty-five.

Boil the whole question of old age down, and what it amounts to is that a man is young as long as he can dance without getting lumbago, and, if he cannot dance, he is never young at all. This was the truth that forced itself upon Henry Wallace Mills, as he sat watching his wife moving over the floor in the arms of Sidney Mercer. Even he could see that Minnie danced well. He thrilled at the sight of her gracefulness; and for the first time since his marriage he became introspective. It had never struck him before how much younger Minnie was than himself. When she had signed the paper at the City Hall on the occasion of the purchase of the marriage licence, she had given her age, he remembered now, as twenty-six. It had made no impression on him at the time. Now, however, he perceived clearly that between twenty-six and thirty-five there was a gap of nine years; and a chill sensation came upon him of being old and stodgy. How dull it must be for poor little Minnie to be cooped up night after night with such an old fogy? Other men took their wives out and gave them a good time, dancing half the night with them. All he could do was to sit at home and read Minnie dull stuff from the "Encyclopædia." What a life for the poor child! Suddenly, he felt acutely jealous of the rubber-jointed Sidney Mercer, a man whom hitherto he had always heartily despised.

The music stopped. They came back to the table, Minnie with a pink glow on her face

that made her younger than ever; Sidney, the insufferable ass, grinning and smirking and pretending to be eighteen. They looked like a couple of children—Henry, catching sight of himself in a mirror, was surprised to find that his hair was not white.

Half an hour later, in the cab going home, Minnie, half asleep, was aroused by a sudden stiffening of the arm that encircled her waist and a sudden snort close to her ear.

It was Henry Wallace Mills resolving that he would learn to dance.

Being of a literary turn of mind and also economical, Henry's first step towards his new ambition was to buy a fifty-cent book entitled "The A B C of Modern Dancing," by "Tango." It would, he felt—not without reason—be simpler and less expensive if he should learn the steps by the aid of this treatise than by the more customary method of taking lessons. But, quite early in the proceedings, he was faced by complications. In the first place, it was his intention to keep what he was doing a secret from Minnie, in order to be able to give her a pleasant surprise on her birthday, which would be coming round in a few weeks. In the second place, "The A B C of Modern Dancing" proved on investigation far more complex than its title suggested.

These two facts were the ruin of the literary method, for, while it was possible to study the text and the plates at the bank, the home was the only place in which he could attempt to put the instructions into practice. You cannot move the right foot along dotted line A B and bring the left foot round curve C D in a paying-cashier's cage in a bank, nor, if you are at all sensitive to public opinion, on the pavement going home. And, while he was trying to do it in the parlour of the flat one night when he imagined that Minnie was in the kitchen cooking supper, she came in unexpectedly to ask how he wanted the steak cooked. He explained that he had had a sudden touch of cramp, but the incident shook his nerve.

After this, he decided that he must have lessons.

"SHE CAME IN UNEXPECTEDLY TO ASK HOW HE WANTED THE STEAK COOKED."

Complications did not cease with this resolve. Indeed, they became more acute. It was not that there was any difficulty about finding an instructor. The papers were full of their advertisements. He selected a Mme. Gavarni because she lived in a convenient spot. Her house was in a side street, with a station within easy reach. The real problem was when to find time for the lessons. His life was run on such a regular schedule that he could hardly alter so important a moment in it as the hour of his arrival home without exciting comment. Only deceit could provide a solution.

"Min, dear," he said at breakfast.

"Yes, Henry?"

Henry turned mauve. He had never lied to her before.

"I'm not getting enough exercise."

"Why, you look so well."

"I get a kind of heavy

"HENRY NEVER CLASPED HER TRIM WAIST WITHOUT FEELING A BLACK-HEARTED TRAITOR TO HIS ABSENT MINNIE."

feeling sometimes. I think I'll put on another mile or so to my walk on my way home. So—so I'll be back a little later in future."

"Very well, dear."

It made him feel like a particularly low type of criminal, but, by abandoning his walk, he was now in a position to devote an hour a day to the lessons; and Mme. Gavarni had said that that would be ample.

"Sure, Bill," she had said. She was a breezy old lady with a military moustache and an unconventional manner with her *clientèle*. "You come to me an hour a day, and, if you haven't two left feet, we'll make you the pet of society in a month."

"Is that so?"

"It sure is. I never had a failure yet with a pupe, except one. And that wasn't my fault."

"Had he two left feet?"

"Hadn't any feet at all. Fell off of a roof after the second lesson, and had to have 'em cut off him. At that, I could have learned him to tango with wooden legs, only he got kind of discouraged. Well, see you Monday, Bill. Be good."

And the kindly old soul, retrieving her chewing-gum from the panel of the door where she had placed it to facilitate conversation, dismissed him.

And now began what, in later years, Henry unhesitatingly considered the most miserable period of his existence. There may be times when a man who is past his first youth feels more unhappy and ridiculous than when he is taking a course of lessons in the modern dance, but it is not easy to think of them. Physically, his new experience caused Henry acute pain. Muscles whose existence he had never suspected came into being for—apparently—the sole purpose of aching. Mentally, he suffered even more.

This was partly due to the peculiar method of instruction in vogue at Mme. Gavarni's, and partly to the fact that, when it came to the actual lessons, a sudden niece was produced from a back room to give them. She was a blonde young lady with laughing blue eyes, and Henry never clasped her trim waist

without feeling a black-hearted traitor to his absent Minnie. Conscience racked him. Add to this the sensation of being a strange, jointless creature with abnormally large hands and feet, and the fact that it was Mme. Gavarni's custom to stand in a corner of the room during the hour of tuition, chewing gum and making comments, and it is not surprising that Henry became wan and thin.

Mme. Gavarni had the trying habit of endeavouring to stimulate Henry by frequently comparing his performance and progress with that of a cripple whom she claimed to have taught at some previous time.

She and the niece would have spirited arguments in his presence as to whether or not the cripple had one-stepped better after his third lesson than Henry after his fifth. The niece said no. As well, perhaps, but not better. Mme. Gavarni said that the niece was forgetting the way the cripple had slid his feet. The niece said yes, that was so, maybe she was. Henry said nothing. He merely perspired.

He made progress slowly. This could not be blamed upon his instructress, however. She did all that one woman could to speed him up. Sometimes she would even pursue him into the street in order to show him on the sidewalk a means of doing away with some one of his numerous errors of *technique*, the elimination of which would help to make him definitely the cripple's superior. The misery of embracing her indoors was as nothing to the misery of embracing her on the sidewalk.

Nevertheless, having paid for his course of lessons in advance and being a determined man, he did make progress. One day, to his surprise, he found his feet going through the motions without any definite exercise of will-power on his part—almost as if they were endowed with an intelligence of their own. It was the turning-point. It filled him with a sinful pride such as he had not felt since his first rise of salary at the bank.

Mme. Gavarni was moved to dignified praise.

"Some speed, kid!" she observed. "Some speed!"

Henry blushed modestly. It was the accolade.

Every day, as his skill at the dance became more manifest, Henry found occasion to bless the moment when he had decided to take lessons. He shuddered sometimes at

"THE MISERY OF EMBRACING HER INDOORS WAS AS NOTHING TO THE MISERY OF EMBRACING HER ON THE SIDEWALK."

the narrowness of his escape from disaster. Every day now it became more apparent to him, as he watched Minnie, that she was chafing at the monotony of her life. That fatal supper had wrecked the peace of their little home. Or perhaps it had merely precipitated the wreck. Sooner or later, he told himself, she was bound to have wearied of the dullness of her lot. At any rate, dating from shortly after that disturbing night, a lack of ease and spontaneity seemed to creep into their relations. A blight settled on the home.

Little by little Minnie and he were growing almost formal towards each other. She had lost her taste for being read to in the evenings, and had developed a habit of pleading a headache and going early to bed. Sometimes, catching her eye when she was not expecting it, he surprised an enigmatic look in it. It was a look, however, which he was able to read. It meant that she was bored.

It might have been expected that this state of affairs would have distressed Henry. It gave him, on the contrary, a pleasurable thrill. It made him feel that it had been worth it, going through the torments of learning to dance. The more bored she was now, the greater her delight when he revealed himself dramatically. If she had been contented with the life which he could offer her as a non-dancer, what was the sense of losing weight and money in order to learn the steps? He enjoyed the silent, uneasy evenings which had supplanted those cheery ones of the first year of their marriage. The more uncomfortable they were now, the more they would appreciate their happiness later on. Henry belonged to the large circle of human beings who consider that there is acuter pleasure in being suddenly cured of toothache than in never having toothache at all.

He merely chuckled inwardly, therefore, when, on the morning of her birthday, having presented her with a purse which he knew she had long coveted, he found himself thanked in a perfunctory and mechanical way.

"I'm glad you like it," he said.

Minnie looked at the purse without enthusiasm.

"It's just what I wanted," she said, listlessly.

"Well, I must be going. I'll get the tickets for the theatre while I'm in town."

Minnie hesitated for a moment.

"I don't believe I want to go to the theatre much to-night, Henry."

"Nonsense. We must have a party on your birthday. We'll go to the theatre, and then we'll have supper at Geisenheimer's again. I may be working after hours at the bank to-day, so I guess I won't come home. I'll meet you at that Italian place at six."

"Very well. You'll miss your walk, then?"

"Yes. It doesn't matter for once."

"No. You're still going on with your walks, then?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"Three miles every day?"

"Never miss it. It keeps me well."

"Yes."

"Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye."

Yes, there was a distinct chill in the atmosphere. Thank goodness, thought Henry, as he walked to the station, it would be different to-morrow morning. He had rather the feeling of a young knight who has done perilous deeds in secret for his lady, and is about at last to receive credit for them.

Geisenheimer's was as brilliant and noisy as it had been before, when Henry reached it that night, escorting a reluctant Minnie. After a silent dinner and a theatrical performance during which neither had exchanged more than a word between the acts, she had wished to abandon the idea of supper and go home. But a squad of police could not have kept Henry from Geisenheimer's. His hour had come. He had thought of this moment for weeks, and he visualized every detail of his big scene. At first they would sit at their table in silent discomfort. Then Sidney Mercer would come up, as before, to ask Minnie to dance. And then—then—Henry would rise and, abandoning all concealment, exclaim grandly: "No! *I* am going to dance with my wife!" Stunned amazement of Minnie, followed by wild joy. Utter rout and discomfiture of that pin-head, Mercer. And then, when they returned to their table, he breathing easily and regularly as a trained dancer in perfect condition should, she tottering a little with the sudden rapture of it all, they would sit with their heads close together and start a new life. That was the scenario which Henry had drafted.

It worked out—up to a certain point—as smoothly as ever it had done in his dreams. The only hitch which he had feared—to wit, the non-appearance of Sidney Mercer, did not occur. It would spoil the scene a little, he had felt, if Sidney Mercer did not present himself to play the *rôle* of foil; but he need have had no fears on this point. Sidney had the gift, not uncommon in the chinless, smooth-haired type of man, of being able to see a

pretty girl come into the restaurant even when his back was towards the door. They had hardly seated themselves, when he was beside their table, bleating greetings.

"Why, Henry! Always here!"

"Wife's birthday."

"Many happy returns of the day, Mrs. Mills. We've just time for one turn before the waiter comes with your order. Come along."

The band was staggering into a fresh tune, a tune that Henry knew well. Many a time had Mme. Gavarni hammered it out of an aged and unwilling piano in order that he might dance to it with her blue-eyed niece. He rose.

"No!" he exclaimed, grandly. "*I* am going to dance with my wife!"

He had not underestimated the sensation which he had looked forward to causing. Minnie looked at him with round eyes. Sidney Mercer was obviously startled.

"I thought you couldn't dance."

"You never can tell," said Henry, lightly. "It looks easy enough. Anyway, I'll try."

"Henry!" cried Minnie, as he clasped her.

He had supposed that she would say something like that, but hardly in that kind of voice. There is a way of saying "Henry!" which conveys surprised admiration and remorseful devotion; but she had not said it in that way. There had been a note of horror in her voice. Henry's was a simple mind, and the obvious solution, that Minnie thought that he had drunk too much red wine at the Italian restaurant, did not occur to him.

He was, indeed, at the moment too busy to analyze vocal inflections. They were on the floor now, and it was beginning to creep upon him like a chill wind that the scenario which he had mapped out was subject to unforeseen alterations.

At first all had been well. They had been almost alone on the floor, and he had begun moving his feet along dotted line A B with the smooth vim which had characterized the last few of his course of lessons. And then, as if by magic, he was in the midst of a crowd—a mad, jigging crowd that seemed to have no sense of direction, no ability whatever to keep out of his way. For a moment the tuition of weeks stood by him. Then, a shock, a stifled cry from Minnie, and the first collision had occurred. And with that all the knowledge which he had so painfully acquired passed from Henry's mind, leaving it an agitated blank. This was a situation for which his slidings round an empty room had not prepared him. Stage-fright at its worst came upon him. Somebody charged him in the back and asked querulously where he thought he was going. As he turned with a half-formed notion of apologizing, somebody else rammed him from the other side. He had a momentary feeling as if he were going down the Niagara Rapids in a barrel, and then he was lying on the floor with Minnie on top of him. Somebody tripped over his head.

He sat up. Somebody helped him to his feet. He was aware of Sidney Mercer at his side.

"Do it again," said Sidney, all grin and sleek immaculateness. "It went big, but lots of them didn't see it."

The place was full of demon laughter.

"Min!" said Henry.

They were in the parlour of their little flat. Her back was towards him, and he could not see her face. She did not answer. She preserved the silence which she had maintained since they had left the restaurant. Not once during the journey home had she spoken.

The clock on the mantelpiece ticked on. Outside, an Elevated train rumbled by. Voices came from the street.

"Min, I'm sorry."

Silence.

"I thought I could do it. Oh, Lord!" Misery was in every note of Henry's voice. "I've been taking lessons every day since that night we went to that place first. It's no good. I guess it's like the old woman said. I've got two left feet, and it's no use my ever trying to do it. I kept it secret from you, what I was doing. I wanted it to be a wonderful surprise for you on your birthday. I knew how sick and tired you were getting of being married to a man who never took you out, because he couldn't dance. I thought it was up to me to learn, and give you a good time, like other men's wives. I——"

"Henry!"

She had turned, and with a dull amazement he saw that her whole face had altered. Her eyes were shining with a radiant happiness.

"Henry! Was *that* why you went to that house to take dancing lessons?"

He stared at her without speaking. She came to him, laughing.

"So that was why you pretended you were still doing your walks?"

"You knew!"

"I saw you come out of that house. I was just going to the station at the end of the street, and I saw you. There was a girl with you, a girl with yellow hair. You hugged her!"

Henry licked his dry lips.

"Min," he said, huskily. "You won't believe it, but she was trying to teach me the Jelly Roll."

She held him by the lapels of his coat.

"Of course I believe it. I understand it all now. I thought at the time that you were just saying good-bye to her! Oh, Henry, why ever didn't you tell me what you were doing? Oh, yes, I know you wanted it to be a surprise for me on my birthday, but you must have seen there was something wrong. You must have seen that I thought something. Surely you noticed how I've been these last weeks?"

"I thought it was just that you were finding it dull."

"Dull! Here, with you!"

"It was after you danced that night with Sidney Mercer. I thought the whole thing out. You're so much younger than I, Min. It didn't seem right for you to have to spend your life being read to by a fellow like me."

"But I loved it!"

"You had to dance. Every girl has to. Women can't do without it."

"This one can. Henry, listen! You remember how ill and worn out I was when you met me first at that farm? Do you know why it was. It was because I had been slaving away for years at one of those places where you go in and pay five cents to dance with the lady instructresses. I was a lady instructress, Henry! Just think what I went through! Every day having to drag a million heavy men with large feet round a big room. I tell you, you are a professional compared with some of them! They trod on my feet and leaned their two hundred pounds on me and nearly killed me. Now perhaps you can understand why I'm not crazy about dancing! Believe me, Henry, the kindest thing you can do to me is to tell me I must never dance again."

"You—you——" He gulped. "Do you really mean that you can—can stand the sort of life we're living here? You really don't find it dull?"

"Dull!"

She ran to the bookshelf, and came back with a large volume.

"Read to me, Henry, dear. Read me something now. It seems ages and ages since you used to. Read me something out of the 'Encyclopædia'!"

Henry was looking at the book in his hand. In the midst of a joy that almost overwhelmed him, his orderly mind was conscious of something wrong.

"But this is the MED-MUM volume, darling."

"Is it? Well, that'll be all right. Read me all about 'Mum.'"

"But we're only in the CAL-CHA——" He wavered. "Oh, well——!" he went on, recklessly. "I don't care. Do you?"

"No. Sit down here, dear, and I'll sit on the floor." Henry cleared his throat.

"'Milicz, or Militsch (d. 1374), Bohemian divine, was the most influential among those preachers and writers in Moravia and Bohemia who, during the fourteenth century, in a certain sense paved the way for the reforming activity of Huss.'"

He looked down. Minnie's soft hair was resting against his knee. He put out a hand and stroked it. She turned and looked up, and he met her big eyes.

"Can you beat it?" said Henry silently to himself.

"SHE TURNED AND LOOKED UP, AND HE MET HER BIG EYES."

"THE PIED PIPER."

By VIOLET M. METHLEY.

Illustrated by L. Hocknell.

"GOT my children, Ellis?"

"Yes—five-and-twenty of 'em. Quite a nice little family."

"Good! Pretty kids?"

"An extra special lot, I fancy, reely, when Mrs. Cullen has washed and dressed 'em. There's one little girl who's a peach; quite a baby, too! They're all ready to rehearse at once, if you like, Mr. Curragh."

There was a hint of deference in the manager's voice, as he addressed this tall, lean man, with the tweed cap drawn down over tired, grey eyes. James Curragh was the star turn at the Poolchester Pantheon that week, and stars, as Ellis very well knew, needed humouring to make them twinkle their brightest.

Curragh nodded with satisfaction.

"Good! It needs a bit of rehearsal, I can tell you, and the prettiest kids are sometimes the most stupid, when it comes to acting. I wish I could tour with a troupe of children of my own, and save the fag of drilling new ones each week. But funds won't allow that at present."

"Well, a good many of these children are used to pantomime, so I don't think you'll have much trouble. Besides, our Poolchester infants are fairly bright specimens," Ellis claimed, proudly.

On the big stage, behind the shaded rose-velvet curtains, where the workmen were creating an almost unbearable din, the children were waiting.

They made a pretty group enough in their quaint, mediæval dresses, with faces freshly washed and hair freshly brushed. Plump Mrs. Cullen, the dresser, loomed smilingly in the background, like a motherly presiding goddess, and there was pardonable satisfaction in Ellis's air, as he pointed out the good qualities of the boys and girls, for all the world like a benevolent slave-dealer with his stock-in-trade.

"Daisy lot, aren't they? Oh, there's the little kid I was telling you about! Isn't she a peach?"

He indicated one of the smallest children, a mite of perhaps three or four years old. In her long frock, and quaint close cap, she somewhat resembled that delicious baby "Princess of England" whom Van Dyck immortalized, and there was the same air of wise solemnity in the big, grey eyes which stared back into Curragh's.

But the rosy mouth was compressed, the soft forehead puckered; plainly the small creature was just on the brink of frightened tears.

Without moving from where he stood, Curragh smiled at her.

For a moment more she hesitated, irresolute; then her lips parted to show tiny, even teeth as she smiled back at the tall man.

"*Isn't* she a peach?" Ellis repeated, admiringly. "And she's took quite a fancy to you, Mr. Curragh."

Something deeper than a highly-developed sense of the picturesque had resulted in the music-hall sketch which was charming London and the provinces by its artistic beauty.

It was an actress who had called James Curragh the "Pied Piper," and, half-laughingly at first, he had adopted the name. Indeed, it was almost absurdly appropriate. Curragh's lean length, his thin face, with the humorous mouth and melancholy eyes, scarcely needed the help of his parti-coloured stage dress. He was the very embodiment of Browning's "Piper."

And beyond this, he held a secret which made the true charm of his performance.

"Bless me, 'e can do hanythink with children, 'e can!" Mrs. Cullen remarked, admiringly, as she watched from the wings, and saw how he called the boys and girls around him, explaining by word and gesture, with his soft Irish voice and his swiftly-moving hands, telling them the simple story of the simple play.

"I'm the Piper, you know, children, and when I play my tunes ye can't help but come to me—dancing and laughing and running, because, ye see, the very sound of my pipe makes you happy. And so you feel that you'd follow—follow—follow me anywhere, to the very ends of the earth. And now, clear off the stage, every one of ye, and I'll play this wonderful tune."

He threw aside his cap and light overcoat, and produced a slender, silvery pipe from his pocket.

Putting it to his lips, he played, very softly and sweetly. It was a strange, haunting air, and it was played by a master of his delicate instrument. Curragh was a musician, body and soul; it had not been with him a case of learning to play the pipe in order to undertake the part.

He played—and it did not seem strange or impossible that such music should charm rats and children alike.

The little Van Dyck Princess, as Curragh had inwardly christened her, standing motionless in the wings, listened, with parted lips and eyes which grew wider and wider. Before the signal came for which the children had been told to wait, she began to move towards the player, as though literally fascinated.

An officious bigger maiden pulled the child back, with a little shake and a whispered reproof, then stopped short, arrested by Curragh's sharp command.

"Let her be! Don't ye see, that's exactly how I want all of you to feel! Come here, baby thing—ah! you like the music, don't you—that's right, sweetheart! Now, I'll play it again for you."

It was significant that at the end of the rehearsal the children departed, happy, laughing, and excited, as though the strenuous couple of hours had been just the merriest game in the world. Curragh had worked very hard to produce that exact impression.

"COME HERE, BABY THING—AH! YOU LIKE THE MUSIC, DON'T YOU—

The play was a simple little adaptation, which Curragh himself had made, from Browning's story, with few dramatic pretensions. Nevertheless, at Poolchester that night it won the hearts of the audience, wholly and completely, perhaps from that very simplicity.

The Piper was summoned before the curtain again and again, after it had been raised half-a-dozen times to show him standing amongst the children. It was when taking the last call that he scored perhaps his greatest success.

Suddenly he realized that the eyes of the tiny Van Dyck girl were fixed upon him with adorable solemnity. Catching her up in his arms he carried her forward, with quite evident unconsciousness of the pretty picture which they made in their quaint costumes. Curragh's face was flushed, his uncovered fair hair ruffled; he laughed as he held her high. As for the little girl, she slipped her soft arms about his neck with a confiding gesture, staring up into his face with her intent, serious eyes.

Curragh kissed the child as he set her down behind the scenes.

"I believe you're my mascot, little lady," he said. "The show never went so well before."

The flush faded from the actor's face and the light from his eyes as he turned away to his dressing-room. He sat down wearily before attempting to remove his stage dress, lighted a cigarette, and then forgot its existence. He looked far older than his five-and-thirty years, as he stared before him unseeingly; he looked like a man desperately tired, and tired in more than body.

His grey eyes seemed haunted by memories, clouded by shadows from the past. Yet that past, to all seeming, had been more than commonly successful. Outsiders counted him a happy man, light-hearted—Irish, in short. As the thought passed through his mind, Curragh laughed softly and very bitterly, then bent to unfasten his pointed shoes. Successful!

Ellis appeared in the doorway, red-faced and perspiring, seeming to exude congratulations.

"Tremendous success! Tremendous! At the office they tell me any number of people have booked again for other performances, and that speaks for itself." He puffed at his gorgeously-banded cigar and added, admiringly, "It passes me how you manage all those children, it reelly does."

"Oh, I suppose 'tis because I'm so fond of

THAT'S RIGHT, SWEETHEART! NOW, I'LL PLAY IT AGAIN FOR YOU."

kiddies," Curragh answered, lightly, unbuttoning his tunic as he spoke. "It helps you to understand them, and that goes a long way."

"Course it would. Got kids of your own, I expect?"

"No." The other man's voice was utterly unemotional.

"No? Pity. I'll let you have half-a-dozen o' mine cheap, if you like, without the bother of matrimony. I could spare 'em," he laughed, boisterously. "Perhaps your wife might object, though."

"I haven't one."

"No? Pity. Can't be for want of opportunities. Or perhaps it's a case of too many, eh? Prefer your freedom, I s'pose. Well, perhaps I'd better be saying good night."

Suddenly Ellis had realized that Curragh's silence was rather disconcerting in its lack of response.

"Good night," the other answered. "That's a dear little girl, by the way, the one you pointed out to me. What's she called, I wonder?"

"I don't know her surname. One of the bigger girls brought her, I fancy. They live in the same block of flats. Cathleen, or something, I think they call her."

"Oh, Irish. Perhaps that's why we got on so well together, a case of racial sympathy."

"Plenty of Cathleens aren't Irish," Ellis laughed. "Same as millions of Gladyses and Gwens have never seen Wales. Well, good night, Mr. Curragh."

Twice nightly, for three days, the Piper and his little band of children repeated their success to increasing audiences. It was, quite appropriately, on Friday that the stroke of ill-luck fell.

The curtain had dropped for the last time. Curragh, a big box of chocolates in his hands, stood in the wings distributing them to the boys and girls who clustered round him. Closest of all stood the little Princess, her dimpled hands clasped excitedly over each other, in almost the selfsame attitude as the pictured child, her wide eyes fixed adoringly upon his face.

Suddenly there was a shout from one of the scene-shifters, a hurried rush forward.

"Mr. Curragh—look out, sir! For Heaven's sake, look out!"

Simultaneously there came a cracking, rending sound from overhead. Curragh glanced up, and saw that a huge iron girder swayed immediately above them, on the very verge of falling.

The children scattered, with shrill cries, like frightened rabbits, all except little Cathleen. She stood motionless, terrified. Curragh was only just in time. It was by a mere hair's-breadth that the girder missed both, as he snatched her up and leaped backwards.

The crash was thunderous, deafening; blinding clouds of dust and plaster rose around them. Curragh, blinking his smarting eyes, could scarcely see the child in his arms, but he felt the trembling of her little body, her strangling clasp about his neck.

Dimly through the dust appeared the shapes of men and Ellis's red, perturbed face.

"You're not hurt, Mr. Curragh? Thank goodness for that! And the kiddies seem all right. It didn't catch this little lass, surely?"

"No, she's only frightened out of her wits, poor girleen—eh, sweetheart? There, there, don't shiver so; 'tis all over, and no bones broken."

He kissed the soft, silky head, from which the quaint cap had slipped away. But the little girl made no response, except to tighten her clasp.

Several of the other children were crying whole-heartedly. The baby in Curragh's arms had not made a sound, but when the actor gently raised her face from his shoulder, he was startled by the wide stare of her eyes, almost black now with fear.

"She ought to go straight home to bed," Ellis suggested.

"Yes, to her mother, if she has one, poor kid," said Curragh.

"She has, I believe. We send 'em all back to their homes in a motor-bus after the show, you know, with Mrs. Cullen as chaperon, so she'll be in safe hands."

"I see. Well, I hope the poor little lass will be all right in the morning. It's been a nasty shock for such a baby. Now, my child, I'll have to leave you with kind Mrs. Cullen."

It was easier said than done. The tiny arms clung tenaciously about his neck, the little face burrowed into his shoulder. The child's very soundlessness made it all the more piteous, and Curragh felt a brute as he unclasped the small fingers and delivered her into Mrs. Cullen's capacious arms.

He slipped a sovereign into the woman's hand.

"Get her something with that—a doll—sweets; you know best what a kiddie of that age likes. Good-bye, little pal. There, give me a nice kiss."

Curragh felt a brute still, as he hurried away to his dressing-room. The feeling deepened and increased as the night wore on. Probably the accident had been more of a shock to his

"IT WAS BY A MERE HAIR'S-BREADTH THAT THE GIRDER MISSED BOTH, AS HE SNATCHED HER UP."

own nerves than he would have cared to allow, for he found it impossible to sleep for many hours. And when, towards dawn, he dozed, it was only to be haunted by the child's white face and wide, piteous eyes.

Next evening Curragh could almost have laughed at himself for the keen anxiety with which he awaited the gathering of his troupe of children in the wings. They came hastening from the dressing-room, in clusters of twos and threes, giggling and laughing together as usual. But the little Princess was not amongst them.

The children only knew that she "wasn't coming." The bus had called for her as usual, but May Daunton had brought down word from Cathie's mother.

It seemed to Curragh that all the life had gone out of the performance. He missed the lovely baby face absurdly; the other children became, of a sudden, commonplace and uninspiring. He knew himself that his acting and piping were flat and tame, knew with the uncomfortable certainty of the artistic temperament that the audience were unmoved by his performance.

Afterwards, in the wings, he encountered Ellis and questioned him.

"Where does that kiddie live—little Cathleen, you know?"

"I can find out for you, of course. Why?"

"She wasn't here to-night, and I'm afraid something may be wrong. Besides"—rather awkwardly Curragh tried to conceal his interest—"she is a clever mite—fits the play. It might suit me to engage her for a bit, if her people didn't object."

He coloured over the lame excuse boyishly, and Ellis laughed.

"Your leading lady, eh? Well, I'll find out the address at once."

"Do. I'll just go round there to-night, on my way to the hotel."

Ten minutes later, after changing hurriedly, Curragh was in a taxi on his way to the address which Ellis had provided. A strangely keen anxiety gripped at his heart, an anxiety that surprised himself. After all, what was the child to him, sweet little creature though she might be. He leant back, drumming with his hand upon the seat beside him; it seemed an immensely long distance.

At last the taxi drew up before a block of tall modern tenement houses, looking clumsily bulky amongst small, old-fashioned buildings, not yet demolished.

Curragh glanced at the number upon the scrap of paper which Ellis had given him, and made his way up chilly but excessively sanitary iron-railed stone staircases. Some three or four storeys up, he came to a standstill before a black-painted door and rang the bell.

Almost at once swift, light footsteps sounded within, and a bolt was withdrawn. A tall woman stood in the opening, her face plainly visible by the light of an unshaded gas-jet.

And Curragh started back, clutching at the iron stair-rail, his face white and amazed.

"Mertie!" he gasped; and again, "Mertie!"

"Yes, Jim." The girl spoke quietly, but there was strained tension in her face and voice. "Yes. Why are you here?"

He did not answer. Standing with bent head and clenched hands, he spoke as though the words were wrung from him in agony.

"She is *your* child, then?"

"My child—and yours."

"Mertie!" He stared at her helplessly—pain, amazement, joy, all contending in his face and voice. "Why didn't I know? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I did not know myself, until—*that* day. And then—I was waiting to tell you; I thought that you would be—so glad. Then you came. And you know what you said—the things of which you accused me."

"I know—and I know now that they were false—Heaven forgive me!" Curragh's face was white and drawn. "Mertie—I was just mad—mad with jealousy and unhappiness. And—Calhoun made mischief between us deliberately—curse him!"

"Yes; I learnt that afterwards. But—you had believed those things, Jim; you had thought them—possible. I could not forgive that—from my husband. And so I swore that you should not even know of Cathleen's existence."

"And I had so longed for a child!"

"Yes; I knew that."

"It was cruel, Mertie."

"You were cruel to me, Jim."

"Yes; I deserved it, Heaven knows! That or anything. I don't expect forgiveness, but—won't you let me see the child?"

"She is ill."

"Ah! I was afraid of that. Now I know why I cared for her so, from the first minute I saw her—why I was so anxious when she didn't turn up to-day. Something told me that she was my child—mine——" He broke off, then spoke again, with wistful eagerness.

"Mertie—you remember what I swore? That I'd not be the first to ask forgiveness—that I'd never come to you. I'm breaking that oath here—now."

"No, you weren't first, Jim!" It seemed almost that there was a strange competition between them. "Because—oh, don't you understand! When I heard you were in the town, I sent little Cathleen—*our* child——"

"Mertie!" Suddenly he caught her unresisting hands in his. "Ah, did you know how I've wanted you!"

"I knew how I wanted *you*, Jim." Her voice was low, almost shamed. An instant later, she raised her head from his shoulder.

"Oh, Jim, come to her at once! Perhaps—perhaps you may be able to do something." A sob broke short her words.

"It wasn't that accident—she wasn't hurt, surely?"

"Not actually hurt. It is shock, the doctor says. She is—dying of fright—just that."

"Mertie! Ah, don't say that!"

"Yes. She won't eat or sleep—scarcely speak. Oh, it's terrible to see a baby suffer like that. My little, little child!"

In the tiny sleeping-room, Curragh's little Princess was crouched against the pillows on the bed in a strange, unnatural attitude. In her wide eyes there was still that look of shrinking terror, most pitiful and unchildlike.

"The doctor says he can do nothing more," Mertie whispered. "He has tried everything to soothe her, to make her sleep."

Curragh bent over the little girl, with infinite tenderness in his voice and touch.

"There's nothing to fear, little lass," he said, softly. "Mother's here to keep you safe, and your Piper, too. Won't you speak to him?"

The grey, dark-fringed eyes, so like his

own, stared at Curragh without recognition; the tight-pressed lips did not relax. Then the shadow of fear crept back, and she shrank away into the corner of the bed, with a little moan.

Curragh felt his wife's fingers tighten upon his arm, heard her little heart-broken sob.

The little girl turned her head towards him; for the first time she seemed to realize his presence and a new look crept into her eyes.

Curragh went on playing that little, haunting, appealing melody, played as he would never have dreamed that it was in him to play. Before it had never mattered—now, it meant life or death.

"CURRAGH WENT ON PLAYING THAT LITTLE, HAUNTING, APPEALING MELODY, PLAYED AS HE WOULD NEVER HAVE DREAMED THAT IT WAS IN HIM TO PLAY."

"I'd hoped so much—I thought that the sight of you might rouse her," she whispered. "But—she doesn't even know you."

For a moment Curragh stood motionless, his face white and drawn with anxiety. Then suddenly he thrust a hand into his pocket and drew out the silver pipe.

Putting it to his lips, he played a few notes, softly and sweetly. It was the phrase which preluded his summons to the children.

It meant life. Suddenly a smile parted the child's lips, lighted her eyes. The fear died from out her face; she nestled down into the bed, with one of her mother's hands cuddled in both her small ones.

For the Pied Piper's playing had summoned his little Princess back from the very brink of the dark river, near which she had strayed.

"ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT."

"My Reminiscences"

By

ALFRED LESTER.

ALFRED LESTER SINGING HIS FAMOUS SONG, "I'VE GOT A MOTTO—ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT," IN "THE ARCADIANS."

Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

THOSE responsible for theatre bills have been kind enough to describe me as a "comedian." Whether I am deserving of so flattering a description it is not for me to say. But I may perhaps be permitted to remark that if ever there was an actor whose destinies were swayed by blind chance, I am that man.

Why by "blind chance"? Well, you see, although I was more or less born to the stage, for my paternal grandmother was an actress and my father and mother were both on the stage, I played serious parts for so many years that early in my career the odds were guineas to pounds on my eventually becoming a serious actor.

But let me tell you how this chance came about. My father was an actor of considerable repute, for under the name of "Alfred Leslie" he was the singing comedian at Covent Garden. Whenever children were required I was requisitioned, and I well remember playing little Willie—nothing particularly comic about this part—in "East Lynne" at Nottingham, the two leading parts, by the way, being played by those distinguished artistes, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

So long as my father remained on the stage I found it a comparatively easy matter to secure work, but, alas! shortly after my fourteenth birthday Fate decreed that I should, as an orphan, be thrown into the cold, hard world to fight my own way in life. Thanks, however, to the kindness of Sir Charles Wyndham, who had known my father for many years, a place was made for me as a junior clerk at the Criterion Theatre, where I remained for some time.

But somehow or other, when I was farther

ALFRED LESTER WHEN TWO AND A HALF YEARS OLD.

advanced in my teens, the dormant microbe of acting began to develop in my blood, and I decided to resign a subordinate position in a box-office, and to return to the stage as a means of living.

"Now's the time," I thought. "I'll go to America as an English boy actor. I'm sure to impress them there, and after I've made a lot of money I'll come back and take a London theatre and astonish everybody."

If there was any astonishment going about this plan, it was I who acquired the whole of it. To begin with, I found I had not sufficient money to pay my fare to the States. But was I down-hearted? Not a bit of it. I went down to the docks, and after having met a number of extremely impolite people I eventually secured a berth as a steward's boy on an oil tramp steamer.

What a delightful pleasure trip! The washing up and scrubbing down, the smell of the oil, the uninviting appearance, to say nothing of the still more unpleasant flavour of the food, *mal de mer* unlimited, a bunk fitted with more implements of torture than any chamber of horrors, and a rough sea all the way, combined to induce me to form the opinion that there was not much in the life of a sailor.

Eventually, more or less in a stupor, and terribly dispirited and down on my luck, I did arrive in America after a seventeen days' voyage. To my surprise, however, managers did not seem the least pleased to see me, except when I left the room, and after tramping round New York it was a positive joy to creep back to the docks and work my passage back to old England, where I hoped to build a theatre.

Arrived home, after obtaining a handsome situation in an architect's office at almost less than nothing a week, I turned myself towards the stage once more, and after many ups and downs secured an engagement in a pantomime chorus and to understudy the Demon King at eighteen shillings a week. Then I was engaged to play in the "fit-up" theatres in Ireland at a salary of twenty shillings a week, which I never got.

From that company I drifted to another, from the second to a third, and so on, living the usual life of the provincial actor, and playing nearly every line of business from dame in pantomime to the heavy villain in thrilling melodrama—an experience, by the way, which has proved to me beyond conviction that stock-work well done is the finest of all training for a beginner.

I can recall many a catastrophe in my career. Thus, once upon a time, at a dusty

A PRESENT-DAY PORTRAIT OF ALFRED LESTER.

Photo. by Claude Harris.

little theatre in a small Irish town, it was my duty as a parched and famished sailor hero on a plunging, prancing raft to clutch convulsively at the chest-opening of a shirt already sufficiently *décolleté*, and to gasp foggily for "watah." Nothing could have been more plainly calculated than this to move the people in front to tears—and yet they laughed.

I could not understand it. Here I was, a handsome hero, dying of hunger and thirst, whispering tragically for "watah, watah, watah," too weak to raise a wasted arm to hail a passing ship, the sea growing higher every second—and the people in front were laughing!

But the louder they laughed the harder I worked to win the tribute of the tear—for I had grown by now as angry as the sea itself, and anger had put me on my mettle. But they had no tears for me, except tears of laughter, and these they dropped copiously until the curtain itself dropped upon the pathetic scene and I had left the ocean for my dressing-room.

The wreck scene was, I believe, generally considered my best, and I was naturally amazed, as well as pained, that it should have been received by the audience as a successful effort on the part of the low comedian. The mystery was solved by the manager. It appeared that a scene-shifter, instead of lowering a back-cloth of limitless space, had introduced into the scene of turbulent waters the peaceful picture of a country inn with fields of poppies in the distance! The spectacle of a thirsty mariner calling huskily for "watah" while there were "licensed premises" almost at his elbow in the raging ocean naturally struck the audience as having its humorous aspect.

ALFRED LESTER IN HIS WELL-KNOWN SCENE-SHIFTER MONOLOGUE—A PART WHICH STARTED HIS LONDON CAREER.
Photo. by] *[Davidson Bros.*

My first big success in London was brought about by my playing a comedy part in a musical comedy at a suburban theatre—a part not originally in the piece at all, but which I myself introduced after the play had been running some little time.

And herein lies a tale—a tale which should be of inspiring omen to many a young actor down on his luck, for, amazing though it may sound, it was a gag which actually secured my first West-end engagement.

Being stage-manager of the musical comedy in question, it was my business to think out a way of filling up five minutes while the dancers changed their dresses. It occurred to me that it might be rather quaint if I strolled casually on to the stage, as if by accident, as a scene-shifter battling with a piece of scenery. Once facing the footlights, I proposed giving the audience a melancholy recital of my stage career.

This idea was carried out, and my little gag scene became remarkably popular. In fact, from a few sentences it grew and grew —of course, by the management's request— until it ended as the longest part in the play. And not one word of it was ever written in the prompt book! The whole thing was pure gag.

Let me hasten to say at once that I am claiming no particular gifts as a "gagger." I merely mention the incident to show that a lucky gag may be of immense value in getting a laugh, or, maybe, in saving a situation.

For instance, I always take my hat off to a certain showman who once saved a most desperate situation by boldly launching a happy thought which crossed his mind just at the right moment.

The showman in question was a famous circus proprietor of years ago, and finding in a certain South-country town that business on ordinary lines promised to be far from good, he decided to bill the town with an announcement that "for the first time in England" he would present the marvellous performing elephant, Baby, the only elephant in the world who could play a sonata on the piano.

Needless to say, the elephant could do nothing of the sort. But the unscrupulous showman's announcement served its purpose, and the big tent was that evening filled to overflowing. The docile Baby was, in due course, led into the arena and conducted to the open piano, which it seemed to mistake for a scratching-post, and for fully a quarter of an hour stood there, seemingly suffering from stage-fright, but showing no knowledge of the noble art of "domino thumping." Disgusted at being tricked, the audience began to groan and hiss, some of them loudly demanding their money back. The proprietor saw that things were desperate. The moment called for rapid action. The happy thought arrived in time. First of all going to the piano, he carefully examined the keys. He next had a whispered consultation in the elephant's ear, immediately afterwards advancing to the centre of the arena and announcing in a loud voice that he deeply regretted that Baby could not, on this occasion, carry out her usual programme. "Her own piano failed to arrive from the Continent this evening," he said, in tones of deep regret; "in consequence we had to hire another piano. In the ivory keys of this instrument Baby, most sympathetic and affectionate of creatures, has recognized the tusks of its mother."

The audience roared—and went away.

But to return to my own sad story. One night Mr. Alfred Butt, of the Palace Theatre, came down, saw the show, and incidentally my gag scene. He asked me if I would open at the Palace Theatre the following Monday, doing my scene-shifter gag in the revue then running. I did. And that was the beginning of my London career.

A little later Mr. George Edwardes came to the Palace, and there and then engaged me for the "lost policeman" in "The New Aladdin" at the Gaiety.

From the Gaiety I returned to the variety world, only to go back to the Gaiety later on to play Sam Nix in "Havanna." The time I spent under Mr. Edwardes's management was a very happy one, for I always found in him a most kind and sympathetic friend.

Of "George Edwardes" stories there are no end. Here is one which relates to a peculiarity of Mr. Edwardes—his sometimes complete forgetfulness that luxuries easy of access to the rich are a long way out of reach of the poor.

He was taking a country walk one afternoon with a friend in the neighbourhood of his training stables at Ogbourne. Breaking stones at the roadside, he came upon an old labourer of the type who pays heavy rent and keeps a wife and six—sometimes sixteen—children on under thirty shillings a week, who was literally groaning each time he wielded his hammer.

"What's the matter with you, my man?" remarked Mr. Edwardes, sympathetically, to the suffering son of the soil.

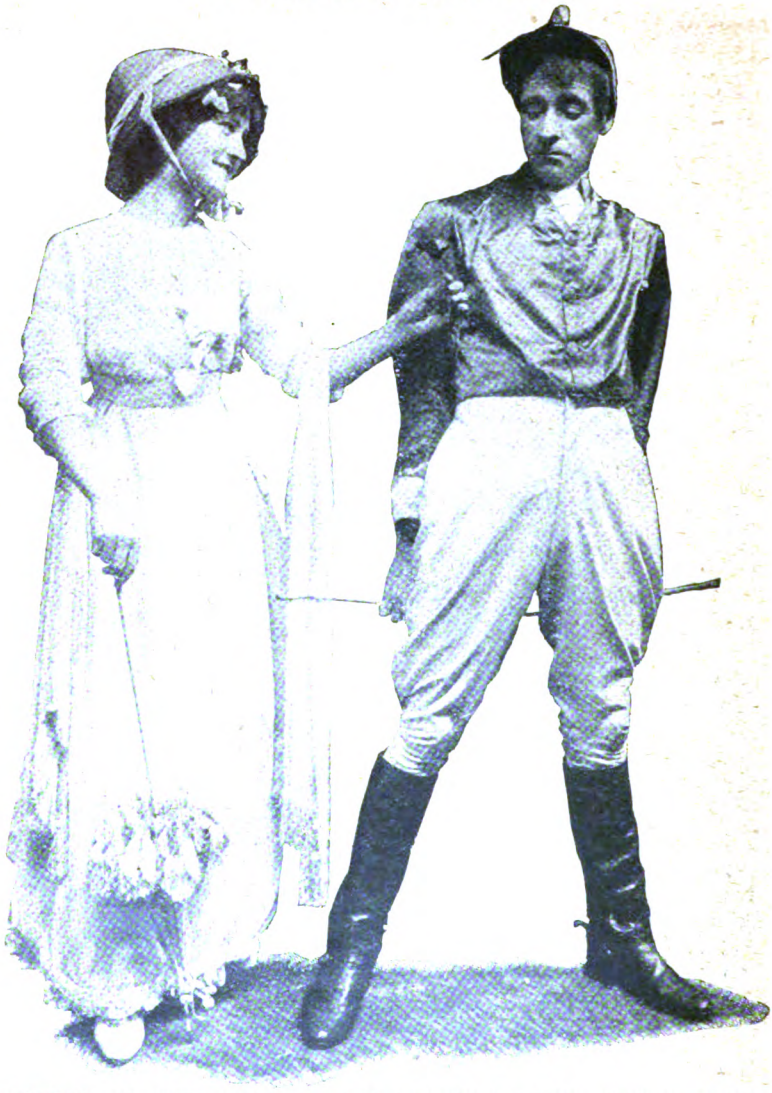
A lengthy discourse brought to light the fact that the stone-breaker was afflicted with a few trifling ailments, such as rheumatism, gout, backache, and other maladies.

"Do you eat well?"

"Yes, I eats and drinks fine—takes me vittles and beer as well as any o' the young 'uns. Plenty of beer and beef is my motto."

"Beer and beef? Good heavens!" almost shouted Mr. Edwardes, aghast at the diet of one suffering from the aforesaid complaints. "You're literally killing yourself. Knock off meat altogether; plenty of fish, light hock with your meals, then a month at Harrogate, and you'll be as fit as a fiddle."

Soon after leaving the Gaiety I was en-



ALFRED LESTER AS THE JOCKEY WHO NEVER SMILES, BUT WHOSE MOTTO IS "ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT." WITH PHYLLIS DARE IN "THE ARCADIANS."

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

gaged for "The Arcadians," where I was fortunate enough to succeed in adding a new and exuberant catch-phrase to the language, "I've got a motto—always merry and bright."

In this super-successful musical comedy I played the part of Peter Doody, a jockey who has never ridden a winner and who never smiles, but whose motto is, "Always merry and bright," despite the hardships he has to put up with in order to keep his weight down, such as continually having his hair cut and never being allowed to eat dinner, but only to read the menu and stand on a chair and smell the fumes of the hot soup.

In bringing to a close these brief reminiscences I may mention that almost daily I receive letters from well-meaning, but unknown, friends, giving me tips of priceless value to help me on in life.

"I like you best when you are most gloomy," wrote a fair lady to me only a few days ago. "Why not dress up all in black, and even cover your face with black crêpe? You could easily cut slits for your mouth, nose, and eyes, and I think you will agree with me that in this costume you'd be awfully funny."

And feel awfully funny, too, no doubt.

The CASTAWAYS.

By

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by Will Owen.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST THREE INSTALMENTS.

After some twenty-five years of routine life as a bank clerk, Carstairs unexpectedly finds himself the possessor of an income of about thirty thousand pounds a year. He breaks the news to his friend and fellow-clerk, William Pope, by making him his secretary, and the story opens with the two men starting their new life of leisure. Naturally they make many fresh friends, among whom are Jack Knight and Fred Peplow, the former of whom induces Carstairs to look over an Elizabethan house in Hampshire which he describes as an ideal home for a man of wealth. Carstairs takes the house, invites his aunt, Miss Ginnell, to look after him there, and soon becomes acquainted with his neighbours, among whom are Lady Penrose, Miss Seacombe, and Miss Blake, the two latter being particular friends of Knight and Peplow, whose love-affairs are encouraged by Carstairs. Meantime, Cupid is also busy in the servants' hall, where Carstairs's butler, Markham, and his chauffeur, Biggs, are rivals for the hand of Lady Penrose's maid, Miss Mudge.

CHAPTER VII.

THE predominant note at Berstead Place was peace. It revealed itself in the placid waters of the lake, in the trim-clipped maze of yew, and the clump of tall elms with its colony of gossiping rooks; in the well-kept gardens and the green slopes of the park. The outbuildings and the yards were so peaceful that hard-working gardeners had been known to fall asleep there sitting on the handles of their barrows while evolving new monstrosities in hybridization.

The only discord in this Eden was in the bosoms of Messrs. Markham and Biggs. Seldom indeed did these gentlemen indulge in direct speech, but each knew, through the painstaking Miss Mudge, exactly what the other thought of him. The knowledge did not improve their relations, and glances, threatening on the part of Mr. Biggs and contemptuous on the part of Mr. Markham, were a source of considerable interest to their fellow-servants. The page, who regarded the butler with a respect verging on idolatry, spent considerable time in trying to devise ways and means of keeping the chauffeur in his place. As a beginning he tried the raised eyebrows and icy stare of his superior, and strolling down to the garage one morning in shirt-sleeves and green-baize apron, stood watching the foe.

"Halloa, Albert!" said Mr. Biggs, who was pulling out handfuls of grease from the gear-box and stripping it from his fingers on to a piece of brown paper, "how are we?"

"G'morning," said Albert, distantly.

"If I'd known you were coming to pay us a visit," said Mr. Biggs, rubbing an itching nose with the back of a soiled wrist, "we'd have 'ad some toffee-balls for you. Wouldn't we, Bob?"

"Or sugar-sticks," assented the second chauffeur. "Why, what's the matter with 'is little face?"

"Got a second-tooth coming through, I should think," said Mr. Biggs. "You want to rub it, Albert. Rub it with a bit o' bone, or a india-rubber ring."

"When I want your advice I'll ask you for it," said the enraged Albert.

"Right-o," said Mr. Biggs, good-humouredly. "If you want to see the inside of a gear-box, now's your time. You can't learn too much, you know. I've been at the job for years and I'm always learning something fresh."

"I don't want to learn that work," said Albert, with an affected shudder. "It's all very well for people who can't do anything else, but it wouldn't do for me."

"Hark at him!" said the amazed Mr. Biggs.

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"Reg'lar little poll-parrot," said Bob.

"I like to be *clean*," pursued Albert. "I shouldn't like to go about smelling like a gas-works, and leaving black marks on everything I touched."

"P'r'aps you're right, Albert," said Mr. Biggs, who was rubbing his hands hard with a piece of cotton-waste. "Ah, if I'd had your chances what a man I might ha' been."

He shook his head mournfully, and taking up the paper of grease crossed over to put it in a bucket. His foot slipped suddenly and, with a startled exclamation, he threw his right arm around Albert's neck to save himself from falling. Bending under the shock, the boy pitched face-foremost into the parcel of grease.

"The very place I slipped on last week, Bob," said Mr. Biggs, breathlessly. "Gave me quite a shock. Have I hurt you, Albert?"

"*P-ff!*" said the unfortunate youth. "*P-ff!*"

"Lor' bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Biggs, in startled accents. "Look what a mess he's made of himself. How did you do it, Albert?"

"*P-w-ff!*" cried the boy, still blowing. "You did it a-purpose."

"Poor little poll-parrot," said Mr. Biggs, gently. "Give me a bit of that waste, Bob, and I'll try and clean him up a bit. He'd get into trouble if it was known he'd been hanging round the garage instead of getting on with his work. Keep still, Albert!"

"I—I'll tell Mr. Markham of you," said the boy, half-crying with rage. "I'll——"

"Keep your mouth shut," said Mr. Biggs, hard at work with the cotton-waste. "How do you think I can make a good job of it while you go on talking?"

"You—you'll—get—the sack for this," spluttered the boy.

"Pure accident," murmured Mr. Biggs. "You ought to be glad that you were there to save me from a nasty fall. Are you?"

The grown-up reply that began to trickle from Albert's lips was promptly bottled up by a pad of waste.

"Another second," said Mr. Biggs, turning to his grinning junior, "and he would have said it and been ashamed of himself all his life. And in our garage, too."

"'YOU—YOU'LL—GET—THE SACK FOR THIS,' SPLUTTERED THE BOY."

"He's got no what you might call gratefulness," said Bob, "else he'd be glad that you'd got that little spot o' grease in your hand to save his nose from damage."

"I don't expect no thanks," said Mr. Biggs, simply. "There you are, Albert," he continued, giving a rotary motion to the handful of waste. "You're cleaner than I've ever seen you now, and your little cheeks are shining like Ribston pippins. Any time you like to give us a look in we shall be pleased to see you."

He turned to his work again, and Albert, after fulminating in the doorway until his jaws ached, turned towards the house in search of sympathy.

"Shouldn't wonder if Markham had something to say about this," remarked Mr. Biggs. "He's always ready to listen to himself talking."

He saw Markham later on, but the butler made no sign. Calm and dignified in preparation for his evening duties, his manner suggested an entire aloofness from such earthly things as trouble-seeking chauffeurs.

He put off this manner with his evening garb, and rising early in the morning for a dip in the lake, a privilege accorded by the thoughtful Carstairs to the few members of his staff who cared to avail themselves of it, thought out a few pungent remarks to improve Mr. Biggs's circulation before entering the water. He saw the chauffeur in front of him, and, quickening his pace, entered the dressing-shed almost at the same time.

"I want a word with you," he said, severely.

"Fire away," said Mr. Biggs, removing his coat and hanging it on a nail. "It's always a pleasure to hear you talk. I heard you talking to one o' the footmen the other day, and it was all I could do to keep from laughing."

"I want to know what you mean by messing the page-boy's face up yesterday," said the butler, sternly.

"Poor little chap!" said Mr. Biggs, with a reminiscent smile. "He did look funny; but o' course it was quite an accident. It would have been just the same if you'd been standing there instead of him."

The butler choked.

"I don't think so," he said, at last.

"Only I shouldn't have wiped it off for you," continued Mr. Biggs. "Albert's a nice little chap, only he's got wrong ideas. No ambition: he wants to be a butler when he grows up."

"I don't want to talk to you, my man," said the butler, in superior accents.

"Why, only just now you said you did," retorted Mr. Biggs. "You don't seem to know your own mind for two minutes together. Too much cellar-work, I suppose."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the butler, fiercely.

"Putting the wine away," replied Mr. Biggs, darkly. "The smell of it confuses the intellect. At least, I suppose it's the smell."

"Next time you interfere with the boy I shall report you to the guv'nor," declared Mr. Markham.

"Poor Albert!" said Mr. Biggs. "He wants to be a butler: a tell-tale. If he had any self-respect he'd want to be a man that uses his hands and his 'ead. A chauffeur, say, like me. I can drive a car, and I can mend a car. If a car goes wrong on the road I can jump off and find out what it is. If it's a small thing I can put it right on the road; if it's a big thing, and I've got the tools, I can put it right in the garage. If it's——"

"What is it?" inquired the butler, with a disdainful smile. "An anthem?"

"I was telling you about a man that can use his hands," retorted Mr. Biggs.

"I can use my hands a bit," said the butler, whose temper was beginning to take control.

"To wipe a hot plate with a napkin?" inquired the other.

"Or to knock a little sense into thick heads," said the butler, fastening his bathing-dress as he emerged from the shed. "If it was not for my position I'd do it now."

"Never mind about your position," entreated Mr. Biggs, following him up. "There couldn't be a finer morning for it, or a softer place for you to fall on. Why, it might ha' been made for it."

The butler turned a deaf ear, and rubbing his arms started to walk towards the diving-board. Mr. Biggs gave vent to a series of explosive chuckles.

"Are you making that silly noise at me?" demanded the other, turning and clenching his fists.

"What do you mean by 'silly noise'?" inquired Mr. Biggs, advancing upon him.

"A noise like a sheep with a cold," said the butler, promptly, "or an idiot boy that's lost his ma."

"I suppose talking is all you can do," sneered Mr. Biggs, and thrust his lean jaw almost into the other's face.

The temptation was too great, and Mr. Markham, forgetting his dignity, his situation, and above all the example expected of him by his inferiors, struck it. Mr. Biggs, with surprising suddenness, dropped to the ground.

It was a smart blow, and the effect on Carstairs, who was leaning out of his bedroom window to inhale the morning air, was instantaneous. The men were some distance away, but the powerful binoculars in the drawer of his dressing-table were at his eyes and focused in five seconds. Then conscience pricked him, and he dashed out of his room in search of Pope. The latter, querulous in pink pyjamas, and rubbing the sleep from his eyes, followed Carstairs to his room with his own glasses dangling over his arm.

"I thought you ought to see it," said Carstairs, who had got his glasses in action again. "I may want your advice as to how to treat the matter."

"Disgraceful!" grunted Pope, leaning out of the window. "Shocking! Markham's going to win this."

"Biggs," said Carstairs.

"Markham's got the science," said Pope. "Ha! Bra—— H'm, h'mm!"

"Markham's going in for too much footwork," grunted Pope. "Seems to think it's a ballet."

He put up his glasses again, and both gentlemen sternly surveyed the stricken field and the two men who were putting so beautiful a morning to so base a purpose.

"This has got to be stopped," said Carstairs, five minutes later. "I won't allow it. It mustn't go on. It—I can't see through your elbow, you know, Pope."

Pope apologized. "Oh, pretty!" he exclaimed. "Very pretty!"

"Yes, but Biggs has got him again," said Carstairs. "He's too strong for him. Just throw on a few things and run down to them, old man."

"Go yourself," said his faithful secretary.

"Perhaps it is best to ignore it," sighed Carstairs. "Perhaps—— Oh, well done, Biggs. Well done."

"I SUPPOSE TALKING IS ALL YOU CAN DO, SNEERED MR. BIGGS."

The glasses remained motionless, fixed on a figure that lay on its back with a slack head and drawn-up knees. Then they followed slowly the movements of Mr. Biggs as, after a glance at the prostrate butler, he bent over the edge of the water and proceeded to bathe his face.

"You've got pretty servants, upon my word," said Pope, as the chauffeur, having finished his ablutions, helped his enemy to his feet and steadied him into the shed. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I think I had better run down and stop it," said Carstairs, with his glasses glued to his eyes.

"You can't run about in pyjamas," said Pope, hastily. "It wouldn't do."

"I suppose it wouldn't," said the other. "By Jove! Markham's got it that time."

"Left hook," said Pope. "It's jolted him, but he isn't done yet."

Both gentlemen held their breath as the butler rose staggering to his feet and, moved by a common impulse, took the opportunity to wipe their glasses.

"Same as you would," said Carstairs; "give Markham a rise, but without telling him what it is for. He has given you a very enjoyable ten minutes."

Mr. Pope grinned confusedly, and, with some indistinct references to a pot and a kettle, girded up his pink pyjamas and stalked out of the room.

Unaware of his employer's benevolent ideas,

Mr. Markham spent the first part of the morning secreted in his sanctum with a looking-glass for sole company. Absence from duty was explained by that ever-useful complaint known as a bilious attack. The seventy-ninth peep into the glass at his right eye seemed to indicate that the illness would be of unheard-of duration.

At ten o'clock, Carstairs and Pope having gone off motoring for the morning, he quitted his lair and, taking advantage of all the cover that offered, steered an erratic course for the village. He had heard of black eyes being painted, and, with a vague hope that Mr. William Higgins, house-painter and decorator, might be equal to the occasion, called at his place of business.

He went round to the back of the house, and Mr. Higgins, who was sitting on a broken chair smoking a short clay and regarding the five hens kept in a wire entanglement patched with string, rose to receive him. A slight but uncontrollable start he attributed to lumbago.

Mr. Markham plunged straight into business. "Can you paint a black eye?" he inquired, abruptly.

Mr. Higgins, who had managed to exist for fifty odd years by never declining a job, and always insisting upon being paid whatever happened, eyed him calmly.

"I've done scores of 'em," he asseverated.

"And keep your mouth shut?" inquired the relieved butler.

"I shouldn't be in the position what I am in if I couldn't," said Mr. Higgins, with quiet dignity. "S'pose you take a seat while I mix up one or two shades for you to pick from."

He indicated the broken chair, and fetching some pots and colours from an outhouse seated himself on a box and mixed up paints with a stick of firewood. Satisfied at last, he extricated a piece of rough board from a pile of litter and tried the colours on it.

"They're all good," he said, simply. "Take your pick."

He held the board beside the butler's face, raising it slowly to give each tint its due appraisement. The selection made, he loaded his brush. Mr. Markham started back.

"I'm not a wall," he snapped. "You want a camel-hair brush."

"You can 'ave a smaller brush if you like," said Mr. Higgins, grudgingly, "but camel-air, no. It wouldn't do me justice."

He disappeared into the house and, returning with a smaller brush, bade the butler close his eye and started operations.

"Feels very stiff," said the butler, when he had finished.

"That shows it's a good job," said the artist. "If it didn't feel stiff I should know as there was something wrong. I only wish I'd got a bit o' looking-glass so as you could see yourself."

His gaze was so admiring that the butler's spirits rose.

"Give it a chance to dry even," said Mr. Higgins, pocketing his fee; "don't get laughing, or whistling, or winking. It'll wear off gradual, and nobody'll ever even dream you'd done anything to be ashamed of. I don't want to talk conceited, but it looks better than the other eye. More life-like."

Mr. Markham went home in the same furtive fashion that he had left it, his first two attempts to "look the whole world in the face" not having been as successful as the encomiums of Mr. Higgins had led him to expect. He managed to reach his quarters unobserved, and after one horrified glance in the glass, threw himself into a chair and tried to think out his position.

It was clear that a black eye would outlive a bilious attack, and, if he absented himself from his duties for long, he would have to submit to medical treatment. He resolved to return to duty that evening, and, if awkward questions were asked, to attribute his condition to an encounter in the dark with a knob on his bedstead.

He took up his work in the dining-room that evening, and Mrs. Ginnell, who had received a full account of his misadventure from Carstairs, gazed at him in undisguised amazement. She transferred her gaze to Pope and Carstairs, who, in endeavouring to avoid her eye, met that of the butler. Conversation, at first disjointed, ceased altogether before the spectacle of a butler whose sudden excess of dignity was obviously inspired to counteract the possession of a salmon-coloured eye. A slight squeaking noise, which everybody agreed to disregard, escaped from Mrs. Ginnell.

"Soup's good," said Pope, after a painful pause.

"Excellent," agreed Carstairs, "I think——"

Mrs. Ginnell was offending again. She ended with a moan, and her spoon slipped into her soup as she arose hurriedly and made for the door. "Not well," she gasped, as she passed. "Headache—don't trouble."

The two gentlemen resumed their seats, but the disdainful glance of the butler as he returned from the door was too much for

Pope. He got up again. "Headache," he murmured, brokenly, with a deplorable lack of invention. "Not well," and plunging at the door, disappeared.

Carstairs finished his meal alone, thankful that the simmering Markham kept out of view behind his chair. He took a cup of coffee and lit a cigar, starting as he glimpsed the butler's eye again.

"Markham," he said, suddenly.

"Yes, sir."

"Go and wash that stuff off your eye at once; you'll get blood-poisoning if you are not careful. If it looks bad to-morrow, go and see a doctor."

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," said the butler.

He poured out a glass of port with grateful care, and, being dismissed, went off to his room rejoicing.

"If he isn't a gentleman," he murmured, as he busied himself with cleansing the paint off, "he's the best imitation I've ever seen. Also, he's a sportsman."

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. GINNELL, metaphorically speaking, received Mr. Knight with open arms, Mr. Peplow, who was standing by waiting to be introduced, being almost scandalized at the warmth of their greeting. The correctness of his own left nothing to be desired.

"A great friend of mine," explained Mr. Knight. "I've been looking after him for years. I don't know where he would have been without me."

"I should have been all right," declared Mr. Peplow, indignantly.

"Gratitude was never his strong point," sighed Knight, turning to Mrs. Ginnell. "Didn't I get my adopted aunt to give you an invitation down here so that you could hang around Miss Blake?" he demanded, "Isn't that looking after you?"

"'I'M NOT A WALL,' HE SNAPPED. 'YOU WANT A CAMEL-HAIR BRUSH.'"

"Come in to lunch," interrupted Mrs. Ginnell, with a laugh. "The others are out on the car; Mr. Pope is learning to drive."

"I should like to see the performance," said Knight, seating himself. "Is it his first lesson?"

"Third," said Mrs. Ginnell. "He's got the new car to-day; something went wrong with the other. He said that the steering-gear failed suddenly."

"What did Biggs say?" inquired Knight, with a huge grin.

"Said that Mr. Pope kept his head wonderfully—and got a half-sovereign," said Mrs. Ginnell, with a twinkle.

"Biggs's own steering-gear is all right, there's no doubt about that," said Knight. "Pity I wasn't on the car; it would have taken a tenner to keep my mouth shut. Anybody hurt?"

Mrs. Ginnell shook her head.

"Sir Edward Talwyn was a little bit shaken," she replied, "but there was no harm done."

"Pity," remarked Knight. "If there had been Biggs would have got more than a half-sovereign from Freddie. Do you see much of him?"

"He comes over sometimes," said Mrs. Ginnell. "His friend, Captain Tollhurst, is staying with him, and they generally come together."

"What sort of man is Tollhurst?" inquired Knight, sharply.

"He has travelled a great deal, and had adventures all over the world," said Mrs. Ginnell. "Mr. Pope generally sits listening to him with his mouth open. You'll see him on Friday."

Mr. Knight pondered.

"Young?" he inquired. "Good-looking?"

"Thirty-five to forty, I should think. I shouldn't call him good-looking."

"Good-looking as I am?"

"Better," replied Mrs. Ginnell, without hesitation.

"If you want to laugh, Freddie, laugh," said Mr. Knight, severely. "Don't make that silly noise in your plate. When you know Mrs. Ginnell better you'll know that she often says the opposite to what she means. It's her idea of a joke."

"Quite true," murmured the repentant Mrs. Ginnell, beaming at him.

"Your apology is accepted," said Knight. "Freddie, I am waiting for yours."

"Anything you like," said Mr. Peplow, who was attacking his food with great satisfaction. "Make it up yourself, and I'll sign it."

He finished an excellent meal with a gentle sigh of satisfaction, and at Mrs. Ginnell's suggestion adjourned to the terrace for coffee and cigarettes.

"I trust you are being very nice to Lady Penrose," said Knight to his hostess.

"It is a very easy thing to do," she replied. "I like her very much."

"And Mrs. Jardine?" said Mr. Peplow.

"And Mrs. Jardine," assented Mrs. Ginnell. "I have to like her because I like her niece, Effie Blake, so much."

"Everybody does," said Mr. Peplow, with a gratified flush.

"What they will both say when they discover that I know you I can't imagine," continued Mrs. Ginnell.

"They will be surprised," said Knight, "not to say suspicious. Let me see, where did we meet? Mentone, wasn't it?"

"Let's leave it," said Mrs. Ginnell. "Don't let's take up troubles before they come. Very often they don't come at all."

"I ought to have left Freddie behind," said Knight, thoughtfully. "Two is rather overdoing it. But if you had seen the tears well up in his beautiful eyes when I suggested it——"

"Anybody would think this was your place," said the irritated Mr. Peplow.

"It's my aunt," said Knight. "I adopted her in the first instance to serve my own ends. After that I adopted her for herself."

"It's what I should have done in the first place," said Mr. Peplow, unexpectedly.

Mrs. Ginnell rose.

"I don't want to be seen blushing at my time of life," she remarked. "Come round to the stables and see my new pony and cart. James gave it to me last week."

"And now," said Knight, taking her arm after the pony had been duly admired, "come for a stroll with me 'neath yon lofty elms and talk business. What do you think Peplow ought to wear on Friday? And shall we discover ourselves at once, or mix with the crowd and be picked up later, like a couple of lovely shells on a beach?"

"Later, I think," said Mrs. Ginnell. "There will be a lot of people here, and you can emerge from them after a time and renew your acquaintance with Lady Penrose."

Mr. Knight nodded, and carried out his instructions so thoroughly that he was quite disconcerted at the measure of his success. With Mr. Peplow by his side on Friday afternoon he appeared from the direction of the lake, and observing the figure of Carstairs on the terrace, bore swiftly down upon it.

"Having a good time?" inquired Carstairs.

Mr. Knight looked at Mr. Peplow. Mr. Peplow sighed.

"Excellent," said Knight, bitterly. "This is too bad of you, Carstairs. It really is."

Carstairs raised his eyebrows.

"Of course, it's not exactly your fault," continued Knight. "We don't say that, do we, Freddie?"

Mr. Peplow, who was looking somewhat disagreeable, hesitated. "It's his lake, or pond, or whatever you call it," he said, at length.

"So it is," said Knight, nodding. "So it

is. It ought to be filled up. It's a man-trap, a positive man-trap."

"You used to admire it," said Carstairs.

"We all have our weak moments," said Knight. "My settled opinion now is that it spoils the place. If it belonged to me I should either have it filled up or keep women-eating crocodiles in it."

"It might spoil the bathing," said Carstairs. "But what is the matter?"

"Matter is we've been hurt in our finest feelings," said Knight. "We've been laughed at. We've been held up to the derision of Tollhursts and Talwyns. Not to mention others. I thought this garden-party was got up for us."

"It was, partly," said Carstairs, with a smile.

"Listen to him, Freddie," said Knight.

"I am," responded his friend.

"I've never been made such a fool of in my life," continued Knight. "I come down here to see Miss Seacombe, and Freddie came to see Miss Blake, and when they are not gummed to the dragons, we are."

"Gummed?" repeated the amazed Carstairs. "Dragons?"

"Lady Penrose and Mrs. Jardine," explained Mr. Peplow while his friend was taking breath. "Mrs. Jardine is the worst; she is an old fortune-hunter. When she is not with Miss Blake the poor girl has always got Talwyn at her elbow."

Carstairs surveyed him mildly. "But what has all this got to do with my lake?" he inquired.

"We've been on it," said Knight, savagely. "I might have guessed Lady Penrose was up to something or other; she was so agreeable. Seemed quite pleased to see me. She asked us to take her and Mrs. Jardine on the lake for five minutes, and we've been sculling round and round that idiotic little duck-pond for hours."

"Seemed like a lifetime," said Peplow, dismally. "Jack had to read poetry to Lady Penrose while I rowed."

"She brought the book with her," said Knight, reddening. "She did it on purpose; she must have known I was coming. She's been laughing at me all the time. I could see it in her eye."

"They've all been laughing at us, I believe," said Peplow. "Talwyn was looking quite intelligent. I must say I never heard the 'Lady of Shalott' read as Jack read it. Never! Sounded more like the 'Charge of the Light Brigade.'"

"Never felt such a fool in my life," affirmed Knight. "And that fellow Tollhurst had the impudence to walk along following the boat, with Miss Seacombe."

"Both smiling, and pretending not to," added Mr. Peplow, solemnly. "I never felt so sorry for Jack in all my life. He looked a perfect fool."

"You mind your own business," said his friend, sharply.

"You can't expect to have it all your own way," said Carstairs. "Lady Penrose was too smart for you that time. You should have entered into the joke and read the poem soulfully. I am disappointed in you, Knight."

"I thought he was on the wrong tack, too," said Mr. Peplow. "I did try a wink once, but Mrs. Jardine got it, and I had to pretend I'd got a fly in my eye."

"Well, run away and play," said Carstairs, interrupting a choice remark of Knight's. "You mustn't be seen weeping on my shoulder. Don't bother the girls with your attentions; make yourselves agreeable to other people."

He turned away, and Knight and Peplow after a moment's hesitation set off to make themselves agreeable to such unfortunates as might have the ill-luck to encounter them. Carstairs stood smiling, and then, seeing Lady Penrose and Mrs. Jardine approaching from the opposite direction, went to meet them.

"I want some tea," said Lady Penrose, as he turned and walked with them. "We have been on the water, and come off hungry."

"Rowing?" asked Carstairs.

Lady Penrose shook her head. "No, I have been sitting in the lap of luxury listening to poetry," she said, with a faint smile. "Mr. Knight read the 'Lady of Shalott' to us. It seemed so appropriate to float on the placid waters of the lake and have that read to one. Wasn't it sweet?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Jardine, dubiously, "but I thought that Mr. Knight hadn't quite caught the spirit of it."

"'M-m," said Lady Penrose, as Carstairs led them to chairs. "I enjoyed it tremendously; surroundings, perhaps."

"I never suspected Knight of a feeling for poetry," said Carstairs, innocently. "I thought he was quite an out-of-door man. But it is never safe to judge by appearances. Did he volunteer?"

"Not exactly," said Lady Penrose. "Yes, two lumps, please. Oh, here comes the Baron!"

"Baron!" repeated Carstairs.

"Mrs. Jardine always refers to Captain Tollhurst as Baron Munchausen, for some reason," explained Lady Penrose.

"Isabel! I never do," said the justly-shocked Mrs. Jardine.

"Well, you always know whom I mean when I do," replied her friend.

"Quite a different thing," said Mrs. Jardine, primly, as the unsuspecting captain, followed by Pope, came towards them and sat down at the next table.

"I saw you on the water, Lady Penrose," he said, leaning towards her with a significant smile.

"I am fond of the water, especially when somebody else does the hard work," was the reply.

"Not much hard work on that water," said the captain, smiling. "I should like to take you canoeing on the rapids, Lady Penrose."

"I thought they were dangerous," said Lady Penrose, sweetly.

"'NO QUESTION OF COURAGE, I ASSURE YOU,' SAID THE CAPTAIN, MODESTLY. 'A LITTLE NERVE, PERHAPS.'"

"We haven't all got your courage, Captain Tollhurst," said Mrs. Jardine.

"No question of courage, I assure you," said the captain, modestly. "A little nerve perhaps."

"Well, you've got that, Tollhurst," said the admiring Pope. "In the matter of nerve I should think you would be hard to beat. Tell them about that tiger you shot. The one that got you down, I mean. It made me go cold all over."

"Do tell us, Captain Tollhurst," said Lady Penrose, languidly. "I am so warm."

"Oh, it was nothing," said the captain, with a slight laugh. "Pope happened to get on the subject of tigers this afternoon, and it reminded me. Brute sprang out on me from the jungle and knocked me over, and I shot it from my pocket with a revolver."

"Fancy!" said Pope, with the air of a showman. "Through his pocket. He hadn't time to draw."

"Must have seemed like a conjuring trick to the poor thing," said Lady Penrose. "Was it hurt?"

"Smashed its jaw," said Pope, speaking for the captain. "His second shot killed it."

"How dreadful!" said Lady Penrose, with a careless shudder. "I'm so fond of animals. I belong to the Society, you know."

"Been more dreadful if it had killed Tollhurst," said Pope, staring at her.

"Yes," said Lady Penrose, reflectively, as Captain Tollhurst raised his cup and took a couple of hasty gulps. "Yes, I suppose it would."

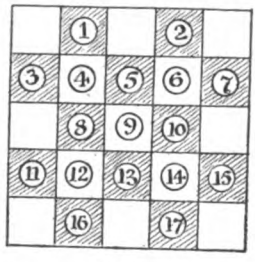
(To be continued.)

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

298.—A NEW LEAP-FROG PUZZLE.

MAKE a rough board, as shown, and place seventeen counters on the squares indicated. The puzzle is to remove all but one by a series of leaping moves, as in draughts or solitaire. A counter can be made to leap over another to the next square beyond, if vacant, and you then remove the one jumped over. It will be seen that the first leap must be made by the central counter, No. 9, and one has the choice of eight directions. A continuous series of leaps with the same counter will count as a single move. It is required to take off sixteen counters in four moves, leaving the No. 9 on its original central square. Every play must be a leap.



299.—CONVERTING THE KAISER.

LEWIS CARROLL, we think, invented the pastime of transforming a word into another by changing one letter at a time, and always leaving a word at every stage of the process. Thus, HUN may be converted into PIG, as would be expected, quite easily, thus: HUN, HUG, PUG, PIG. Or we might change TURK into PORK in this way: TURK, LURK, LURE, LORE, CORE, CORK, PORK. Now, can you convert KAISER into PORKER?

300.—AN INGENIOUS MATCH PUZZLE.

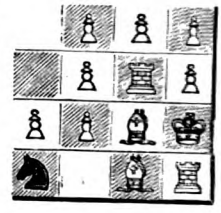
A FRENCH correspondent sends me the following ingenious poser. He does not enclose his solution, but I have not the slightest doubt that it is the same as my own. Place six matches as shown, and then shift one match without touching the others so that the new arrangement shall represent an arithmetical fraction equal to 1. The match forming the horizontal fraction bar must not be the one moved.

301.—THE MISSING LETTERS.

TAKE eight well-formed words, place them on a thin slice of paper, add two letters fresh from the alphabet, season to taste, and mix well. Then form into eight other words, turn into shape, and serve up hot. Otherwise, to each of the following words add two, and *the same*, letters, so as to form a new set of words. The letters may be transposed, but the words must be English ones in use. Christian names and other proper nouns are not allowed. CHAT, PET, RIME, RED, LET, TEA, RAT, CHIP.

302.—ANOTHER ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

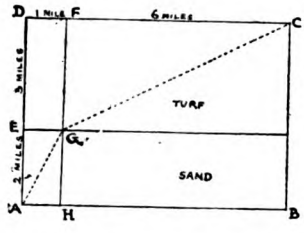
HERE is another puzzle on the same lines as our No. 30 (January, 1911). It is by Mr. W. A. Shinkman. Place the men in the bottom right-hand corner of the chessboard, as shown. The puzzle is to make the king capture the knight without moving any one of the pawns. The Black knight does not move at all, so White has all the play to himself. But beware of playing the king into check of that knight. Do it in as few moves as possible. How many moves do you require?



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

293.—THE DESPATCH-RIDER IN FLANDERS.

OF course, a straight line from A to C would not be the quickest route. It would be quicker to ride from A to E and then direct to C. The quickest possible route of all is that shown in the diagram by the dotted line from A to G (exactly one mile from E) and then direct to C. (For the benefit of the mathematical reader I will just add that it is necessary that the sine of the angle F G C shall be double the sine of A G H.)



294.—A FAMILIAR QUOTATION.

"A LITTLE more than kin, and less than kind."—*Hamlet*, Act I., scene 2.

295.—THE SMUGGLED GLYCERINE.

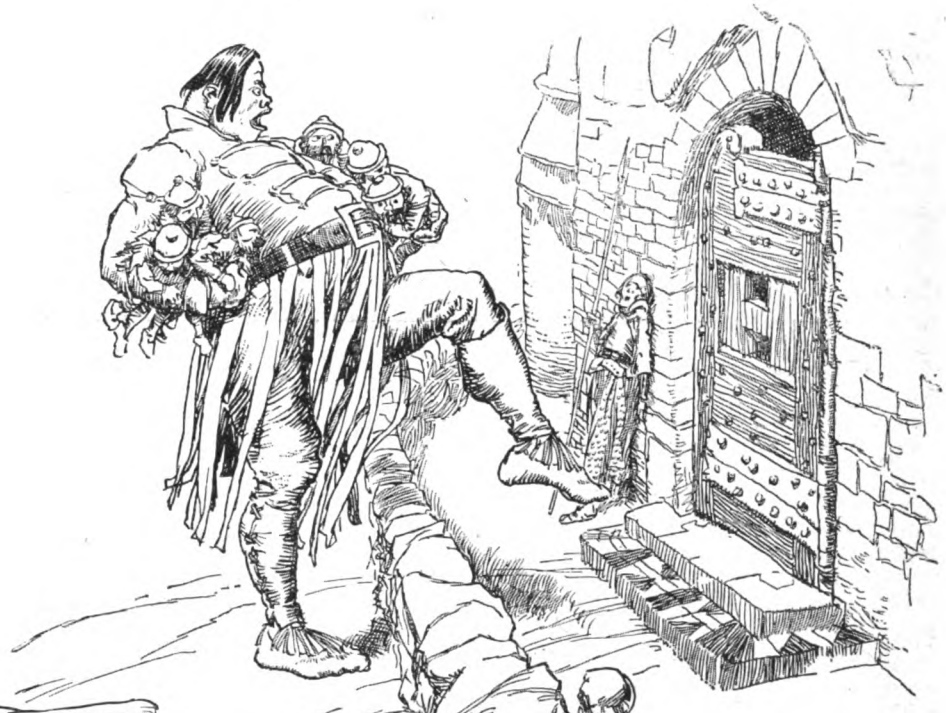
THE receiver must have sold 33 gallons (the 18-gallon and 15-gallon barrels) to one man, and 66 gallons (the 16-, 19-, and 31-gallon barrels) to the other. Thus, the barrel marked "20 gals." contained the smuggled glycerine. It could not have been otherwise under the conditions.

296.—A TIME PUZZLE.

IT was twenty-six minutes to six o'clock. Fifty minutes earlier (4.44 o'clock) was 104 minutes after 3; that is, four times 26 minutes.

297.—ANAGRAMS.

THE twelve rivers are: Rhine, Loire, Tagus, Moselle, Dniester, Tiber, Weser, Rhone, Meuse, Dnieper, Severn, and Medway.



THE TWO PRINCESSES AND THE GOLDEN HORSE

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By WILLIAM S. MURPHY.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

AQUILLA and Angela were the daughters of King Manlius, and lived with their father in Rocky Castle, the strongest castle in the kingdom. Aquilla, the elder princess, was high-spirited and headstrong, very haughty and proud naturally, and made still more imperious by the flatteries of the people who thought she would one day be queen. The younger princess was quite different from her sister. Angela was tall and fair and slender, while her sister was dark and stout. In disposition they were equally unlike, for, instead of being proud and overbearing, Angela had a gentle and kind nature. The king liked to have his younger daughter beside him while he worked at the business affairs of the State. This made Aquilla jealous, and she said that Angela was sly and cunning, pretending to be fond of helping the king, but really trying to gain his favour and to worm out all the secrets of State business, for her own ends. Nothing of the kind was in Angela's mind. Ever since she could remember, her father had been in great trouble, and the younger princess had tried to help him by her quiet sympathy and willing service.

At the time of which we speak, the kingdom of Manlius was in a very sad condition. Fifteen years before, Mucktar, the magician, had laid a terrible spell upon the land, which caused all the princes, lords, knights, and esquires, and all the horses and horsemen in the kingdom to vanish away, no one could tell whither. Manlius's sister, Miranda, and her young son, Prince Charibert, who had

been heir to the throne, had also been spirited away. Only one horse was left, and that was an old beast which had been taken into the palace yard for the purpose of teaching the young princesses to ride. In these sad circumstances, King Manlius was compelled to remove his household from the palace in the capital city, and take up his residence in Rocky Castle, ordering the servants to place great blocks of stone at every entrance, so that only one person could pass through with difficulty. Through one of the openings the people brought provisions for the castle and received the king's orders.

For fifteen years the two princesses had lived in the quiet seclusion of Rocky Castle, growing up from little girls to young women. Every day King Manlius would go up into the castle tower, which commanded a wide view of the surrounding country, and gaze mournfully over the squalid land which had once been his happy and prosperous kingdom. One day, when Manlius was looking out from the tower, he saw a great giant and six dwarfs coming towards the castle. Watching to see what the intruder would do, the king was astonished and dismayed when he saw the giant gather up the dwarfs, three under each arm, and step over the boulders blocking the entrance, carefully setting the dwarfs down in front of the castle door, at which he knocked with his great fist. King Manlius arrayed himself in his royal robes and crown, hurried downstairs into the State reception-room, and gave orders that the visitors should be admitted. The door was opened, and in walked the huge giant and six dwarfs. The giant had a shiny face, with a mouth shaped like a trumpet, and goggle eyes, and wore a suit of crimson leather trimmed with gold, while the dwarfs wore yellow suits and crimson caps. The princesses, who had also put on their royal robes, stood at each side of the king, Aquilla on his right and Angela on his left. When Manlius asked the strange intruder what he wanted, the giant replied, in a voice like a foghorn, "I am Motor, formerly hornblower to Mucktar, the magician, who is dead. Hear the will of Mucktar," and taking a scroll from his inside breast-pocket, the giant read:—

> "Whenever the golden horse shall come
> And stand a prince upon my tomb,
> The great magician's spell shall break
> And all the knights from sleep awake."

Motor handed the scroll to the king, bowed to the princesses, gathered up the dwarfs in his arms, and walked out before Manlius could say a word to stop him.

The scroll which the giant had left was written in cipher, and first King Manlius and then Aquilla tried to read it, but could not. But Angela, who had often amused herself with reading the cipher messages which neighbouring princes had sent the king in the days of his prosperity, saw at a glance that the cipher was a very simple combination of letters and figures.

"Listen," she said to her father and sister, who had watched her reading the scroll with amazement, "'Let a daughter of King Manlius follow the crimson caps at dawn alone and unattended, dressed for riding. She will find the golden horse in the silver tower, and must groom, feed, harness, and mount the horse unaided, choosing the harness most fit.'"

"Very mysterious," muttered King Manlius. "What does it mean?"

"I will go and find out," said Aquilla, haughtily, for she felt jealous of Angela, and feared the king might give her the preference.

Next morning at dawn Aquilla, dressed in her best riding habit and with a riding-switch in her hand, sallied forth. As soon as the princess stepped from the castle gate, the six dwarfs appeared with their crimson caps. Joining arms together, and looking to see that Aquilla followed them, they marched off, leading the way down a steep valley, at the far end of which was seen a high silver tower. At the door of the tower was Giant Motor, and he welcomed the princess, inviting her to enter. Aquilla went inside the tower, and saw there the most beautiful horse ever seen. It looked as though it was solid gold, yet soft and living; but the golden mane was matted, and all over the glossy skin lay specks of dust. The giant brought her a curry-comb and brush, and Aquilla recollected that the scroll had said she must groom and feed the horse herself, so she began to comb the mane. But it was hard to take out the knots; the dust got into her eyes; and she became very angry. "I am not a groom," she cried, haughtily, and flung the tools from her. "Bring me the saddle and harness." Giant Motor offered her the horse's feed of oats and beans, but she paid no attention, and turned to look at the two suits of harness which the six dwarfs had brought in on their heads. One was gold-mounted and jewelled, but dusty, and the other was plain leather, though clean and beautifully finished. Aquilla proudly chose the golden harness, and soon had the horse saddled and bridled.

Mounting the horse, the princess said to Motor, who was standing aside gloomily watching her, "Show me the way."

Motor slowly took from his breast-pocket another scroll, and said: "Hear the will of my late master, Mucktar, the magician: 'The princess shall guide the golden horse up the hill, keeping in sight the white cross at the top. She shall pass the white cross on the left, and take the path leading down to the caves of sleep, under the dark mountains. She shall enter and pass through, taking stand upon the magician's tomb, and then let the trumpet sound to awake the sleepers.'"

"Thanks!" cried Aquilla, joyfully, and was about to ride off when the giant stopped her.

"Stay and hear advice," he said. "It is written here: 'A short cut is often the longest way round.' 'Never whip a willing horse.' 'Do not refuse a kindness which costs you nothing.' 'Do not blow your trumpet till your task is done.' When you are queen," he added, "remember the poor"; and the six dwarfs sang in chorus: "Remember, remember the poor."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied Aquilla, angrily, and gave her horse a sharp cut, making it bound forward.

The path at first was straight and easy, but in a short time the ground appeared broken and the path wound round and round. Seeing the white cross in front of her, Aquilla became impatient, and urged the horse straight forward. The golden horse obeyed, and in a few moments was floundering in the ravines and gullies that were hidden from view by the long grass and reeds. In the scrambling and floundering the golden skin of the horse was ruffled and his knees were cut; but at last they reached the white cross, and there before her Aquilla saw the dark caves of sleep. Just before they entered the darksome caves an old woman, tall and gaunt and lame, came forward, crying: "Help me fair lady. I am lame and weak, and my son lies sick at the other side of the mountain. Let me sit behind you on the horse. It will cost you nothing."

The golden horse paused at the sound of the old woman's voice; but Aquilla, angry at the delay, cried, haughtily: "I have no time for such as you," and whipped up the horse.

At first the caves were dark, and Aquilla felt rather relieved after her toilsome ride; but presently a blue light shone, and revealed to her horrified gaze long lines of armed men, sitting on horses, their faces pale and threatening, their arms gleaming in the strange light. Past rank upon rank of the ghastly array the horse bore Aquilla, till she was half-dead with terror. At length, however, they emerged into the open day. Looking round her, the princess saw a wide, open space, bordered on the far side by rows of poor huts, inhabited by wild rustics. Almost beneath the horse's feet was a great marble slab, and on it was engraved: "THE MAGICIAN'S TOMB." The sight revived Aquilla's haughty spirit, and she lifted the golden trumpet hanging at her bridle and blew a blast. But the trumpet was full of dust, and only gave out a loud squeak, the effect of which astonished Aquilla. She was thrown to the ground, and instead of the golden horse there stood a young man, with a pale face, his clothes all ragged and torn, and his knees bleeding. At the same time a great crowd of rustics came running out of the huts with wild and hostile cries.

"Stand back, varlets!" cried the young man. "I am your prince."

The rustics jeered and laughed, shouting, "A prince with ragged coat and dirty face. Look! look!"

Some of them came forward to seize the pair, and the young man tried to draw his sword; but it was rusted in the scabbard. Flinging up his hands with a cry of despair, the prince sprang back into the darkness of the cave, leaving Aquilla in the hands of the mob.

For more than a week Angela and her father waited in hope of Aquilla's happy return; but at length they became anxious. One evening they were at dinner, and the server was bringing in the pudding, when he was followed by the six dwarfs, who clambered up on to the table, and holding a large scroll of parchment before them, like a huge sheet of music, began singing:—

Gold on rust,
Silk on dust,
Matted golden mane and tail.
The princess has stayed
To be a milkmaid,
And carries a milking-pail.
And carries a milking-pail.

They gave a great jump after repeating the last line, flung down the sheet of parchment, and scampered out before the astonished king and princess could say a word.

Manlius laid down his fork and spoon and began to weep. "My poor, proud daughter!" he cried.

Angela strove to comfort him, and then took up the parchment the dwarfs had dropped. She saw some writing on it. "Listen, your Majesty," she said, hopefully:—

"A BLUE LIGHT SHONE AND REVEALED TO HER HORRIFIED GAZE LONG LINES OF ARMED MEN, THEIR FACES PALE AND THREATENING, THEIR ARMS GLEAMING IN THE STRANGE LIGHT."

"If none of Man'ius' race can ride,
And groom and feed and wisely guide
The golden horse o'er plain and steep,
And through the darksome caves of sleep,
Then none the magic spell can break,
Or from their sleep the knights awake."

"My daughter, my only hope!" exclaimed the king. "Can you dare this dangerous quest?"

"Willingly, father," replied Angela, kissing him.

Having made careful preparations for her dangerous journey, Princess Angela retired to rest that night, and was up before the dawn next morning. Though it was barely light, no sooner had the princess issued from the castle than the six dwarfs, who were playing about on the greensward, formed up into a line of six little crimson caps, and marched forward, sometimes looking round to see that Angela was following them. At the door of the silver tower the giant, Motor, gave her welcome. When the princess saw the golden horse standing on the marble floor she was filled with wonder and delight. Except that the horse was living and turned its human eyes upon her as she entered, it looked like a statue of pure gold. But Angela noticed that the golden mane and tail were matted and that specks of dust clouded the lovely hide of the horse.

Taking off her riding-gloves and putting on a soft pair she had provided for the purpose, the princess accepted the brush and comb Motor had in his hands, and began to groom the horse. By gentle tugs and patient labour, Angela made the mane and tail

smooth, and polished up the glossy coat with her brush till it shone with clear lustre.

After she had fed the horse the dwarfs came and offered the princess choice of the gold or the leather harness. She chose the latter, because, though not so grand as the other, it was much cleaner and fitted the horse better. When all was ready, and Angela was seated in the saddle, the giant, whose face shone with delight, came forward and drew out the scroll from his pocket, saying: "Hear the will of my late master, Mucktar, the magician," and read out the directions. "Now hear advice," he said, and turned over the scroll. The giant looked puzzled, for the scroll was blank. "There is no advice, princess," he murmured. "When you are queen, remember the poor."

The six dwarfs chuckled mischievously.

"Thanks," replied Angela, sweetly. "I hope I shall always be kind to the poor; but Aquilla is to be queen, you know."

"Ha-a-a! Hee-ee-e! Ho-oo-ooo!" came from the giant's mouth like the derisive blast of a foghorn. The loud noise so startled the golden horse that he bounded forward with a snort, and galloped off, Angela waving her switch in farewell to the giant and the dwarfs, who were rolling on the ground in helpless merriment.

The golden horse sped on, rejoicing in his strength, and seemed as though he would have raced straight up the rough hills; but Angela gently guided him round by the safer paths. So they reached the white cross before midday, and the horse easily cantered down the slope leading to the caves of sleep. When the princess saw the dark mouth of the caves, looking so mysterious, she trembled, and thought to herself: "This is where my poor sister lost her wits, I am sure." While she was thinking thus an old woman, tall and gaunt and lame, came forward, crying, "Help me, fair lady. I am lame and weak, and my son lies sick at the other side of the mountain. Let me sit behind you on the horse."

With great gentleness and kindness Angela helped the poor old woman on to the back of the horse behind her.

"May I hold on by your waist?" asked the old woman, humbly.

"Yes," whispered Angela; "for I fear I shall need the comfort of your company."

In this fashion they entered the darksome caves of sleep. Feeling secure in companionship, though it was only a poor old lame woman, Angela did not mind the black darkness much, but when the blue light revealed the terrible rows of armed warriors with their pale faces looking so fierce and grim, her heart beat violently. Her fears increased as they still passed onward through row after row of stern and silent armed men, and when they were about to pass a strikingly fierce-looking old warrior with his sword uplifted the princess started back in horror.

"It is only old General Growler," said a voice behind her. "And though he looks so fierce, his heart is kind."

Angela looked behind her and saw that her companion was no longer a poor old woman, but a handsome lady, with diamonds in her hair, who met Angela's astonished gaze with smiling eyes.

"My dear! my dear!" said the lady, clasping Angela firmly to her breast, "I am your aunt Miranda."

The princess was too glad and astonished to speak, and she let her aunt hold her while the horse bore them steadily onwards through the terrible caves and out into the open square and into the light of day. Guiding the golden horse on to the marble slab on the magician's tomb, Angela drew rein, and both ladies dismounted.

"Now, Angela, blow your trumpet," said Princess Miranda.

"I do not know how to blow it," replied Angela, modestly.

"Then I must," said Miranda, and the stalwart princess blew a loud blast on the trumpet.

In a moment the golden horse vanished and in its stead stood a gallant young prince. It was Prince Charibert.

"Mother!" he cried, and the mother embraced her son. The prince turned to Angela and knelt to kiss her hand, saying, "Thanks for all you have done. I will love you all my life."

But now they were interrupted by loud shouts and the noise of running feet. The rustics who dwelt in the magician's land had heard the sound of the trumpet. When they saw the prince they were enraged, and came at him to take him prisoner. "Back, varlets!" cried Prince Charibert, drawing his shining sword, and taking the trumpet blew on it a loud clarion call. Instantly the sound of trampling hoofs came from the caves of sleep, and four warriors, with spears in rest, charged straight out into the open. "The knights have come!" shouted the rustics, scattering in every direction. The first four knights wheeled to the right, and the second four following wheeled to the left. Line after line of charging warriors rode swiftly from the caves, and they formed up rapidly into

"IN A MOMENT THE GOLDEN HORSE VANISHED AND IN ITS STEAD STOOD A GALLANT YOUNG PRINCE."

squadrons and regiments on the wide, open space. The procession never ceased until ten thousand warriors were assembled on the plain. Last there came out four riderless horses, saddled and bridled, one equipped like the charger of a commander. It was the king's old war-horse, Dobbin.

Assisting the ladies into their saddles, Prince Charibert mounted his own horse and, taking the reins of the king's horse, sounded the charge on the trumpet. No sooner had the sound been heard than the great mountain which held the caves of sleep fell down and formed into a great highway, leading straight to Rocky Castle, and thence to the palace in the capital city of the kingdom.

"Hurrah!" cried Prince Charibert; "the magician's spell is broken. Home!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the warriors, and then the whole great mass of horsemen began to ride swiftly homewards, Prince Charibert, Princess Miranda, and Princess Angela leading.

King Manlius heard the noise of the falling mountain and knew by that that the magician's spell was broken. He sent word to the capital city to prepare a welcome for the returned warriors, and all the wives and children and relatives of the men who had been bound in Mucktar's spell came running out to meet them. The whole kingdom of Manlius was astir with wild and joyful excitement, vast crowds gathering to welcome back the horsemen and warriors of the land. It would take too long to tell of the happy reunions of wives and husbands, fathers and children, brothers and friends, of the feastings and rejoicings, of the wild happiness of the whole people delivered from the evil spell of Mucktar. Princess Angela was honoured as the deliverer of the kingdom, and a great many of the princes and nobles wanted to make her queen there and then. But Angela would not take her father's place, and modestly said she would rather be Prince Charibert's queen. The prince and princess were married amid the rejoicings of the whole kingdom, and in course of time became king and queen over a prosperous and happy people.

FRANK REYNOLDS.
Photo. by Bertram Park.

COMEDY IN PICTURES.

THE HUMOROUS DRAWINGS OF MR. FRANK REYNOLDS.

MR. FRANK REYNOLDS, whose humorous drawings in the illustrated periodicals have delighted the public for many years past, is essentially a comedian. He avoids the broad, almost conventional, absurdities of farce, and achieves his purpose by a subtler method than that of mere exaggerated contrasts. He is concerned with the humour of persons rather than of things, and it is the perception of *character* which his drawings reveal that makes them the delicious things they are. Supplementing his power of humorous perception is an equally subtle capacity for delineation, and since he "feels" a character with such nice intuition, the resulting portrait is always convincing. One looks at a character study by Frank Reynolds and feels not only that in such wise and no other would such and such a thing have been said or done by such and such a person, but that the thing said or done is *precisely* the sentiment or act to be expected.

As an instance of this keen but unobtrusive power of observation one may suitably point to the sketch of a well-meaning but short-sighted old lady confronted with the ubiquitous effigy of that idol of the cinema, "Charlie Chaplin." Benevolently but fatuously concerned for the progress of recruiting, and arbitrarily assuming (as is the habit of elderly ladies of a certain type) that suspicion is

NEAR-SIGHTED OLD LADY (a keen recruiter): "Now, look at that young fellow. A couple of months in the Army would make a new man of him."

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"WHAT HO, CHARLIE! ANOTHER LITTLE GASOMETER?"
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little gasometer? There was an obvious temptation, to which a lesser artist might have succumbed, to give over-emphasis to the soldier's Cockney wit by gross exaggeration of the prisoner's figure. Frank Reynolds gives him an ample and generous girth—but no more. There is the touch of exaggeration needed to give point to the situation, but the situation itself

justified wherever it falls, she points to the cardboard figure of the supposed "slacker," and with triumphant indignation claims the proving of her case. The situation is one which might well draw a smile, by whatever hand depicted. But on reflection one realizes that the drawing strikes our fancy, not so much by the humour of the situation as by the sidelight which it casts upon character of a familiar type. Any humorist could have depicted the one thing; only a subtle artist could have revealed the other.

Frank Reynolds's character types are always finely observed, and this perception gives a never-failing distinction to all he does. There is never anything commonplace about his work. Consider the restraint of his sketch, "What ho, Charlie! Another

WARFARE AT THE BARBER'S.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PAPER THIS MORNING, SIR?"

"QUITE TIME WE HAD COMPULSION, EH?"

"NO GOOD SHUTTING OUR EYES TO FACTS."

"WHAT WE WANT IS MORE ENERGY."

"OF COURSE, MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN"—

"AND IT'S NO GOOD OUKING COLD WATER ON ENTHUSIASM."

"I'M HOPING FOR THAT 'FORWARD PUSH' IN THE SPRING."

"WELL, IT WILL BE A GREAT RELIEF WHEN IT'S ALL OVER."

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s kept within bounds and characterization thereby rendered possible. It is again the illustration of character which delights us — the illuminating contrast between the gay insouciance of Tommy and the humourless submissiveness of Fritz. We may smile at the mere rotundity of the Teuton, but it is the sorry figure of pomp shorn of circumstance which he cuts that really pleases us.

As with everybody else, the all-absorbing topic of the war has recently engaged Frank Reynolds's attention, but with perhaps less modification than usual of his humour. The reason is that his essential theme, the comedy of life, continues undisturbed amidst the worst of war's alarms He is concerned with war, in his capacity as humorist, only in so far as its existence serves to throw into relief the idiosyncrasies of human nature. It is no more than a circumstance, a mere background against which he sees enacted, perhaps a shade more sharply than usual, the eternal human comedy.

Amongst the drawings reproduced in these pages there are seven at least which arise out of the war, or at least out of the conditions which the war has created. Yet in the majority of cases their humour is only slightly dependent upon the immediate events which prompted them, and one can conceive of almost all so reconstituted as to eliminate all connection with the war while retaining their innate comedy.

Exceedingly neat point, for example, is given to the studies of a hyper-conversational

THE PESSIMIST: "Yes; she's off to the cinema again, and I don't blame 'er. Make the most of it, I say. Who knows? We may be 'aving peace upon us any moment!"

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HOW TO KEEP FIT—FOR THE REALLY BUSY MAN.

Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

barber by the employment of phrases which in these days are in every mouth; and no doubt it was from the idea of thus illustrating the familiar jargon that the series of sketches originated. But the fact remains that it is the sketches themselves, and the brilliant characteristics they embody of a garrulous barber and his long-suffering victim, which impress us. The studies in pose and expression remain stamped upon our memory irrespective of the captions which they carry,

THE COLONEL: "Yours is indeed a dangerous mission; but, remember, you can always hum 'Tipperary.' And, again—have you not your disguise?"

just as we recall vividly the gestures and facial play of a comedian on the stage long after the words he used have escaped us.

The great charm, and indeed the serious value, of Frank Reynolds's little comedies lies in their artistic completeness. They are not only well conceived but perfectly carried out, even to the written comment which accompanies them. Not every pictorial humorist has the literary art to entitle his drawing aptly, but Frank Reynolds has a notable gift in this direction. His excerpt from slum life called "The Pessimist" is wholly admirable as a closely-observed study of character, but without the quiet irony of the fear voiced by the contented recipient of a separation allowance that "we may have peace upon us at any moment," the full delicacy of its flavour is lost.

And for aptness of title it would be hard to beat "The Civilian," an engaging study of war-time phenomena in the London parks which has almost (remembering the fierce jealousies and sometimes tragic seriousness of childhood) pathos as well as humour, and is therefore true comedy.

Frank Reynolds has a wonderful knack of making a great deal out of very little. He handles slight material so deftly, so delicately almost, that he can mould into humorous shape what a more slap-dash, rough-and-ready craftsman would bungle. Other humorists have been tickled by the modern craze for "keeping fit," and have guyed the multifarious expedients to that end which are recommended to the busy man of affairs. But they have made the mistake of carrying their burlesques too far. Frank Reynolds's suggestions in this matter, which we reproduce, are so suave and plausible that we should not be surprised to hear that some literal-minded creatures had endeavoured seriously to adopt them!

In the drawing of a German spy receiving final instructions from his officer, comedy approaches very nearly to farce. It stops short at the border-line, however, for though exaggeration here is admitted, it is introduced not for its own laughable sake, but rather as a convention—a vehicle for satire at the expense of Teutonic pseudo-thoroughness and lack of humour. It is no bad test of comedy, as opposed to farce, that though one may laugh consumedly at the latter *once*, one can smile anew at the former

"THE CIVILIAN."

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continually. By this criterion the artist's sketch of officer and spy must be reckoned comedy, for all the farcical impression which at first sight it conveys. There is something more than a mere exaggeration of externals in these two types. Mentally *refine* them (if such a word can be appropriately used), and one gets at the end a residue of arrogant assumption and brutish subservience which represent accurately enough the essences of Prussian master and man. It is a defensible paradox that this, perhaps the broadest example of the artist's humour here reproduced, is also the subtlest.

Not many artists can succeed in investing a single figure with such character that it can stand alone as a humorous creation, complete in itself. As an instance of what can be done in this way let the reader turn to the sketch of the hall-porter at a club conducting a discreet conversation over the telephone. Granted that the purport of the conversation, when divulged, adds much to our enjoyment, it is enough merely to feast one's eyes upon this perfect specimen of the club servant. The humorist, like any other artist, is concerned with types rather than individuals, with generalities rather than particular cases. Indeed, the latter can only be interesting in so far as they admit of comparison with the average. The test, therefore, of a true humorist is the degree in which he is able to extract essentials and embody them in a visible form for universal recognition. If his perception is acute enough to allow of his doing this without the support of adventitious aids, the greater his achievement. This sketch of a club porter may seem a trivial example of the point in question to cite. But in its small way it is a complete thing, and endorses the view of the artist's peculiar capacity which we have expressed.

If we were to judge by the frantic expedients of some humorists, it would appear that humour

CLUB REGULATIONS.

FEMALE VOICE (on telephone): "Is that the hall-porter? Well, I want to know if you can give a message to my husband."

Hall-Porter: "I am sorry, madam, but your husband is not in the club."

Female Voice: "But I have not told you my husband's name yet."

Hall-Porter: "Quite unnecessary, madam. Nobody's husband is ever here by any chance."

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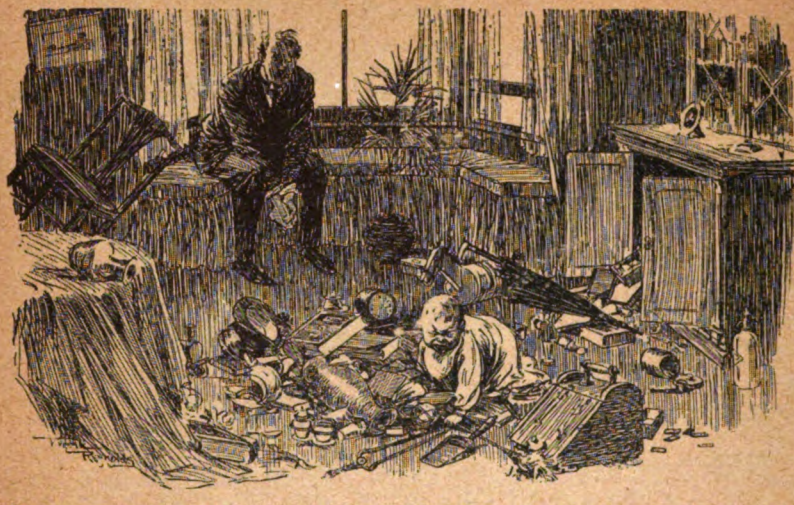

VOICE FROM UPPER REGIONS: "Dearie, if you can't keep baby quiet, why not give him something to play with?"

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actor of a corresponding *genre*, his art has ripened with time, as those who have been familiar with his drawings these last twelve years and more will be aware. And since it is the comedian's pre-eminent privilege to be everywhere and all the time amplifying his resources, we may reasonably look to Frank Reynolds to keep us smiling, unsurfeited, for many a merry day yet.

is a thing apart from everyday life, which one must set out deliberately to seek and capture by force. But the wise man knows that humour has not without reason been called the salt of life. It underlies the most humdrum of happenings and is everywhere at hand, waiting only to be seized by those who can perceive it. There is humour in every home, for instance, though few seem to realize the fact, and it is characteristic of Frank Reynolds's quiet art that in domesticity he finds one of his most fertile sources of humour. We have space here for only one example of his many drawings in this vein, but there will be few readers in whom the sketch of the desperate parent who is adjured to give baby "something to play with" does not awake a responsive smile.

At the beginning of this article it was remarked that Frank Reynolds is by nature a comedian. Like the

NOT AS WOMAN DOES IT.

ACROSTICS.

RULES.

1.—THE STRAND MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of ten guineas to the most successful solvers of the acrostics published during the quarter.

2.—Two acrostics will be published each month. The two answers should be written on separate pieces of paper, but enclosed in the same envelope.

3. Every solver must adopt a short pseudonym, which he must not change unless requested by the Acrostic Editor to do so. With his first answer he should also forward his real name and address.

4. Each light correctly answered will score one point.

5. Solvers may send in two answers to each and every light. If more than two are sent for any light, that light must be considered incorrect.

6. On all points that may arise the Acrostic Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

7. About eight days will be allowed for the solution of the acrostics, and answers must arrive not later than the date stated when the acrostics are published.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 5.

Small speed is his who hastes with such a burst;
Dolichocephalic, though, if last come first.

1. His toes inserted in far other guise,
Behold a place wherein the traveller lies.

2. You think it is a man? Well (quite in fun),
I'll say it is the opposite of one.

3. Quite elementary, and yet you'll own
That if well shaken it can make you groan.

4. A mighty work in German, but if you
Great English deeds prefer, well—just say Do.

QUÆSTOR.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 6.

Darkness and dread in awful grandeur stand,
Twin sentinels in distant ice-bound land.

1. For thirty-seven years he reigned: "the Great"
Was monarch at no very distant date.

2. The woes of exile errant youth may feel,
But someone else enjoyed a hearty meal.

3. A dissyllabic rhyme for this is heard
In novel, city, dramatist, and bird.

4. The whole includes the part, and clearly he
Who is the whole the half awhile will be.

5. A letter leave—'tis many miles away:
A letter leave—we see it here to-day.

6. Man wants a helpmeet. See—the hint is clear:
Man's colleague should be indicated here.

PAX.

Answers to Acrostics 5 and 6 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., and must arrive not later than by the first post on May 6th.*

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 3.

1.	B	r o	M
2.	O	t t r	A
3.	M	e e	D
4.	B	e a	R
5.	A	m e r i c	A
6.	Y	e	S

NOTES.—Proem. Charles II. granted Bombay to the East India Company. Light 2. Taw, marble. 3. Meed, what is deserved; need. 4. French, *ours*, bear. 5. Eric.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 4.

1.	T	i b e r i u	S
2.	H	e l e n	A
3.	U	t t e r m o s	T
4.	R	o u s s e a	U
5.	S	k i p p e	R
6.	D	e s p o n	D
7.	A	b y l	A
8.	Y	e s t e r d a	Y

NOTES.—Light 1. Reverse "a sea"; Tiberius Cæsar. 2. He, and the river Lena; Helena, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 3. Utter, say: most, not the least. 4. "Rousseau's Dream"; trousseau. 6. Slough, The Slough of Despond. 7. Calpe and Abyla, the Pillars of Hercules; Calpe—place, anagrams.

The Acrostic Editor would like to draw the attention of solvers to Rule 2, printed above. Each answer should be written on a separate piece of paper; also, each answer should be signed with a pseudonym, *at the foot.*

Two solvers have chosen the same pseudonym, "Spes." Will the one who writes from Tunbridge Wells kindly change to "Elpis"?

HINTS TO SOLVERS.

1. Solvers should read through their answers before posting them, and should also keep a copy of the answers sent.

2. When pleas for other answers are sent, they should be forwarded at once.

3. When the answer to a light is an incomplete word, it is unnecessary to give the part of the word beyond the uprights.

4. Solvers who wish to correct an answer already sent should forward a complete amended solution, and not merely the corrected light.

"THE KING'S ENEMIES": SOLUTION OF THE END-GAME IN LAST MONTH'S CHESS STORY.

THE following is the solution: 1. Q to Kt 5 (if 1. . . . . Kt to B sq., White draws by perpetual check, and if 1. . . . . Kt takes Q, White mates in three moves with the knights), Q takes P (at R 3), ch.; 2. K takes Q, P to Kt 7, dis. ch.; 3. K to R 4, R to R 6, ch.; 4. K takes R, P to Kt 8, becoming a Kt, ch., and drawing by perpetual check. If White plays for his first move any of the following: B to Kt 8, B to K 6, Kt to B 5, Q to R 5, B 5, Kt 4, or Kt 3, then Black plays the variation just given, with the difference that he can now mate with B to B 8, instead of only drawing by perpetual check.

The peculiarity of the key-move, mentioned in the story, is that White plays his unsupported queen to a square where it is attacked by several of the Black pieces

SOLUTION OF BRIDGE PROBLEM IN LAST MONTH'S ISSUE.

TRICKS 1 AND 2.—A leads small trump, and B makes his knave and king.

TRICK 3.—B leads small club; won by A.

TRICKS 4 AND 5.—A leads ace and ten of trumps; B discards two small hearts.

TRICK 6.—A leads club; won by B.

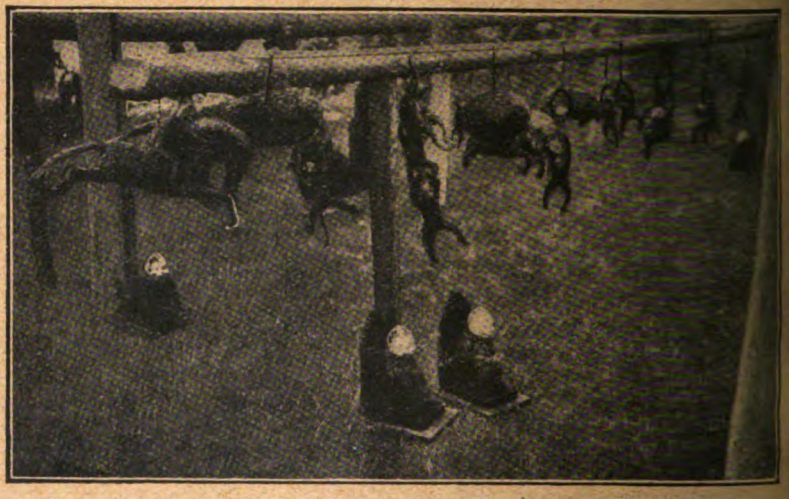
TRICK 7.—B leads diamond; A plays the 5, and Z wins with the queen.

TRICKS 8 AND 9.—A B make ace and queen of hearts, Z having no other suit to lead. Y is now reduced to two diamonds and a single club, or to two clubs and a single diamond. In the former case, A makes the 7 of clubs; in the latter case, B makes the 9 of diamonds.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

QUEER JAPANESE GARDEN ORNAMENTS.



WARRIORS on prancing steeds, monkeys clutching each other's tails, wild boars charging through the air, and peaceful billikens: these are some of the fanciful conceptions of Japanese gardeners for the beautification of our flower-beds. The queer objects are formed of tough interwoven twigs and fibres, only the heads of the billikens being of clay, and they are designed as a base for growing a short and luxuriant grass; thus the boar is given a coat of green bristles, the monkeys and billikens receive a fur coat, while the mane and tails of the war-horses are made to sprout green, the rest of the creature being left unsown and bare.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 1,353, West 36th Place, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

A THEATRE IN THE TRENCHES AND THE TRENCHES IN A THEATRE.

THERE seems to be no limit to the possibilities of diversion in the trenches, but a theatrical performance with bullets whistling about the ears of actors and audience savours somewhat of bravado. At Ville-en-Woevre, however, quite an elaborate performance took place not long ago within a few steps of the firing line. It was called "La Revue sous les Shrapnells," and dealt with all the little jokes and gossip with which French soldiers beguile the tedium of a subterranean siege. Note the *commère* with a ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and the shifted scenery on the right, and the wounded warrior with a small hurdy-gurdy doing orchestra duty—a mild orchestra compared with that which the cannons provide. All the costumes were made by a tailor who was serving under the colours. That very week, for the first time, the French trenches had also furnished a scene for the stage, as here shown, in a patriotic comedy produced at the Théâtre Antoine. — Mr. Herbert Vivian, c/o. Consolato Britannico Livorno, Italy.

A THEATRE IN THE TRENCHES.

THE TRENCHES IN A THEATRE.

HE MOTOR-GUN" A FINE WAR STORY by "SAPPER

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Thrilling Account of the

BATTLE of LE CATEAU

By

CONAN DOYLE

June, 1916.

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"THE MUNSTERS, SUFFERING HEAVILY, OVERLAPPED ON EACH FLANK, AND UTTERLY OUTNUMBERED, HELD ON BRAVELY IN THE HOPE OF HELP."

(*See page* 558.)

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE.

The Facts at Last!

The Inside Story of the War.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER II.—*(Continued.)*

THE BATTLE OF LE CATEAU.

The Fate of the 1st Gordons—Results of the Battle—Exhaustion of the Army—The Destruction of the 2nd Munsters—A Cavalry Fight—The News in Great Britain—The Views of General Joffre—Battery L—The Action of Villars-Cotteret—Reunion of the Army.

IT is impossible to doubt that the Germans, in spite of their preponderating numbers, were staggered by the resistance which they had encountered. In no other way can one explain the fact that their pursuit, which for three days had been incessant, should now, at the most critical instant, have eased off. The cavalry and guns staved off the final blow, and the stricken infantry staggered from the field. The strain upon the infantry of the Fifth Division may be gathered from the fact that up to this point they had lost roughly one hundred and forty-three officers, while the Third Division had lost ninety-two and the Fourth seventy. For the time they were disorganized as bodies even while they preserved their *moral* as individuals.

When extended formations are drawn rapidly in under the conditions of a heavy action it is often impossible to convey the orders to men in outlying positions. Staying in their trenches and unconscious of the departure of their comrades they are sometimes gathered up by the advancing enemy, but more frequently fall into the ranks of some other corps and remain for days or weeks away from their own battalion, turning up long after they have helped to swell some list of casualties. Regiments get intermingled and pour along the roads in a confusion which might suggest a rout, whilst each single soldier is actually doing his best to recover his corps. It is disorganization—but not demoralization.

THE FATE OF THE 1st GORDONS.

It has been remarked above that in the widespread formations of modern battles it is

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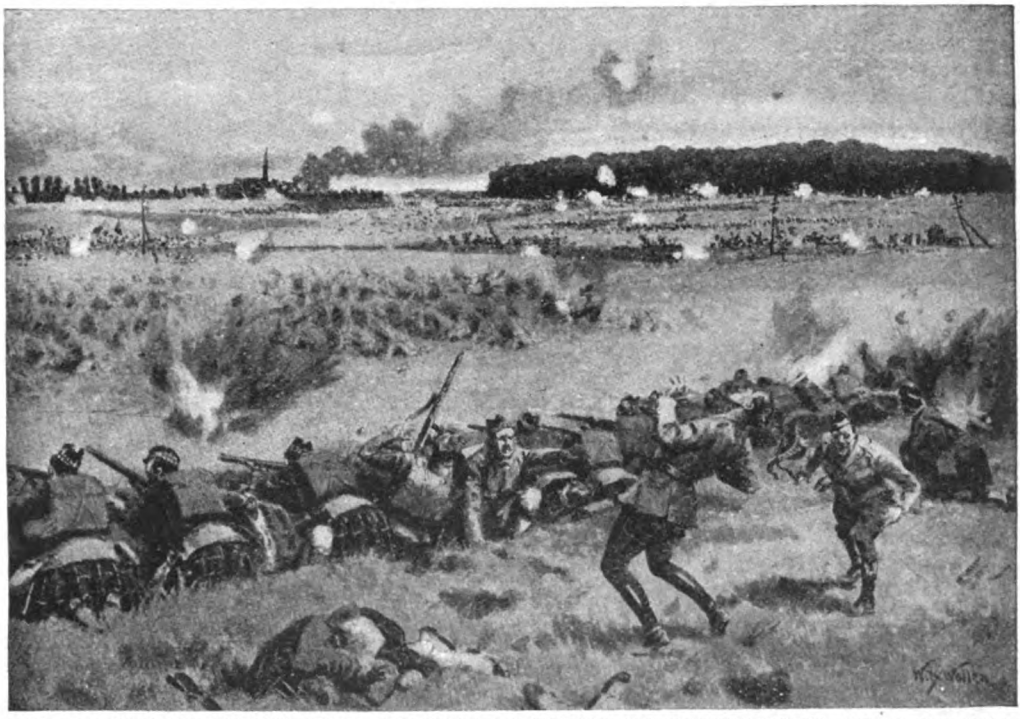
difficult to be sure of the transmission of orders. An illustration of such a danger occurred upon this occasion, which gave rise to an aftermath of battle nearly as disastrous as the battle itself. This was the episode which culminated in the loss of a body of troops, including a large portion of the 1st Gordon Highlanders. This distinguished corps had been engaged with the rest of Beauchamp Doran's Eighth Brigade at Mons and again upon the following day, after which they retreated with the rest of their division. On the evening of the 25th they bivouacked in the village of Audencourt, just south of the Cambrai-Le Cateau highway, and on the morning of the 26th they found themselves defending a line of trenches in front of this village. From nine o'clock the Gordons held their ground against a persistent German attack. About three-thirty an order was given for the regiment to retire. This message only reached one company, which acted upon it, but the messenger was wounded *en route*, and failed to reach battalion headquarters. Consequently the remainder of the battalion did not retire with the Army, but continued to hold its trenches until long after nightfall, when the enemy in great force had worked round both of its flanks. When it was nearly midnight it became clear to Colonel Neish that he and his men were separated from the Army and that he was surrounded on all sides by the advancing Germans; at that time the battalion, after supreme exertions for several consecutive days, had been in action for fourteen hours on end. A desperate attempt was made to find some passage through the enemy. The wounded, who were very numerous, were left in the trenches. The transport, machine-guns, and horses had already been destroyed by the incessant artillery fire. The remainder of the regiment made a move towards the south and actually traversed some miles of ground, but found itself hopelessly embedded in Von Kluck's army, and was compelled to surrender. Over a thousand killed, wounded, and missing were the losses in this disastrous incident. Among the officers taken were Colonel Neish and Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, V.C. The utmost discipline and gallantry were shown throughout by all ranks, but they fell victims to the accident of the lost despatch, and to the difficulty which always exists in keeping touch between units in these days of extended formations. A detachment of the Royal Irish and a handful of the Royal Scots were involved in the misfortune of the Gordons. It must be some consolation to the survivors of these famous corps to know that it is more than likely that their resistance in the trenches for so long a period facilitated the safe withdrawal of the rest of the Third Division. Major Leslie Butler, Brigade-Major of the Eighth Brigade, who had made a gallant effort to ride to the Gordons and warn them of the danger of their position, was entangled among the Germans, and only succeeded six days later in regaining the British lines.

RESULTS OF THE BATTLE.

Such was the perilous, costly, and almost disastrous action of Le Cateau. The loss to the British Army, so far as it can be extracted from complex figures and separated from the other losses of the retreat, amounted to between seven and eight thousand killed, wounded, and missing, while at the time of the action, or in the immediate retreat, a considerable quantity of transport and forty-two field-pieces, mostly in splinters, were abandoned to the enemy. It was an action which could hardly have been avoided, and from which the troops were extricated on better terms than might have been expected. It will always remain an interesting academic question what would have occurred had it been possible for the First Corps to line up with the rest of the Army. The enemy's preponderance of artillery would probably have prevented a British victory, and the strategic position would in any case have made it a barren one, but at least the Germans would have been hard hit and the subsequent retreat more leisurely. As it stood it was an engagement upon which the weaker side can look back without shame or dishonour. One result of it was to give both the Army and the country increased confidence in themselves and their leaders. Sir John French has testified to the splendid qualities shown by the troops, while his whole-hearted tribute to Smith-Dorrien, in which he said, "The saving of the left wing of the Army could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operation," will surely be endorsed by history.

It is difficult to exaggerate the strain which had been thrown upon this commander. On him had fallen the immediate direction of the action at Mons; on him also had been the incessant responsibility of the retreat. He had, as has been shown in the narrative, been hard at work all night upon the eve of the battle; he superintended that trying engagement,



THE TRENCHES OF THE 1ST GORDONS IN FRONT OF AUDENCOURT, SEPT. 26, 1914.

he extricated his forces, and finally motored to St. Quentin in the evening, went on to Noyon, reached it after midnight, and was back with his Army in the morning, encouraging everyone by the magnetism of his presence. It was a very remarkable feat of endurance.

EXHAUSTION OF THE ARMY.

Exhausted as the troops were, there could be no halt or rest until they had extricated themselves from the immediate danger. At the last point of human endurance they still staggered on through the evening and the night time, amid roaring thunder and flashing lightning, down the St. Quentin road. Many fell from fatigue, and having fallen continued to sleep in ditches by the roadside oblivious of the racket around them. A number never woke until they found themselves in the hands of the Uhlan patrols. Others slumbered until their corps had disappeared, and then, regaining their senses, joined with other straggling units so as to form bands, which wandered over the country and eventually reached the railway line about Amiens with wondrous Bill Adams tales of personal adventures which in time reached England and gave the impression of complete disaster. But the main body were, as a matter of fact, holding well together, though the units of infantry had become considerably mixed and so reduced that at least four brigades, after less than a week of war, had lost fifty per cent. of their *personnel.* Many of the men threw away the heavier contents of their packs, and others abandoned the packs themselves, so that the pursuing Germans had every evidence of a rout before their eyes. It was deplorable that equipment should be discarded, but often it was the only possible thing to do, for either the man had to be sacrificed or the pack. Advantage was taken of a forked road to station an officer there who called out, "Third Division right, Fifth Division left," which greatly helped the reorganization. The troops snatched a few hours of rest at St. Quentin, and then in the breaking dawn pushed upon their weary road once more, country carts being in many cases commandeered to carry the lame and often bootless infantry. The paved *chaussées,* with their uneven stones, knocked the feet to pieces, and caused much distress to the tired men, which was increased by the extreme heat of the weather.

In the case of some of the men the collapse was so complete that it was almost impossible to get them on. Major Tom Bridges, of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoons, being sent to round

up and hurry forward two hundred and fifty stragglers at St. Quentin, found them nearly comatose with fatigue. With quick wit he bought a toy drum, and, accompanied by a man with a penny whistle, he fell them in and marched them laughing in all their misery down the high road towards Ham. When he stopped he found that his strange following stopped also, so he was compelled to march and play the whole way to Roupy. Thus by one man's compelling personality two hundred and fifty men were saved for the Army.

Up to now nothing had been seen of the French infantry, and the exposed British force had been hustled and harried by Von Kluck's great army without receiving any substantial support. This was through no want of loyalty, but our gallant Allies were themselves hard pressed. Sir John French had sent urgent representations, especially to General Sordet, the leader of the cavalry operating upon the western side, and he had, as already shown, done what he could to screen Smith-Dorrien's flank. Now at last the retiring Army was coming in touch with those supports which were so badly needed. But before they were reached, on the morning of the 27th, the Germans had again driven in the rearguard of the First Corps.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE 2nd MUNSTERS.

Some delay in starting had been caused that morning by the fact that only one road was available for the whole of the transport, which had to be sent on in advance. Hence the rearguard was exposed to increased pressure. This rearguard consisted of the First Brigade; the 2nd Munsters were the right battalion. Then came the 1st Coldstream, the 1st Scots Guards, and the 1st Black Watch in reserve. The front of the Munsters, the regiment principally involved, was from the north of Fesmy to Chapeau Rouge, but Major Charrier, who was in command, finding no French at Bergues, as he had been led to expect, sent B and D companies of Munsters with one troop of the 15th Hussars to hold the cross-roads near that place.

At about twelve-thirty a message reached Major Charrier to the effect that when ordered to retire he should fall back on a certain line and act as flank-guard to the brigade. He was not to withdraw his two companies from Chapeau Rouge until ordered. The Germans were already in force right on the top of the Irishmen, the country being a broken one with high hedges which restricted the field of fire. A section of guns of the 118th R.F.A. were served from the road about fifty yards behind the line of the infantry. A desperate struggle ensued, in the course of which the Munsters, suffering heavily, overlapped on each flank and utterly outnumbered, held on bravely in the hope of help from the rest of the brigade. They did not know that a message had already been dispatched to them to the effect that they should fall back, and that the other regiments had already done so. Still waiting for the orders which never came, they fell back slowly through Fesmy before the attack, until held up at a small village called Etreux, where the Germans cut off their retreat. Meanwhile the Brigadier, hearing that the Munsters were in trouble, gave orders that the Coldstream should reinforce them. It was too late, however. At Oisy Bridge the Guards picked up sixty men, survivors of C Company. It was here at Oisy Bridge that the missing order was delivered at 3 p.m., the cyclist orderly having been held up on his way. As there was no longer any sound of firing, the Coldstream and remnant of Munsters retired, being joined some miles back by an officer and some seventy men. Together with the transport guard this brought the total survivors of that fine regiment to five officers and two hundred and six men. All the rest had fought to the end and were killed, wounded, or captured, after a most desperate resistance in which they were shot down at close quarters, making repeated efforts to pierce the strong German force at Etreux. To their fine work and that of the two lost guns and of a party of the 15th Hussars who covered the retreat it may have been due that the pursuit of the First Corps by the Germans from this moment sensibly relaxed. Nine gallant Irish officers were buried that night in a common grave. Major Charrier was twice wounded, but continued to lead his men until a third bullet struck him dead, and deprived the Army of a soldier whose career promised to be a brilliant one. Among others who fell was Lieutenant Chute, whose masterly handling of a machine-gun stemmed again and again the tide of the German attack. One of the most vivid recollections of the survivors was of this officer lying on his face in six inches of water—for the action was partly fought in tropical rain—and declaring that he was having "the time of his life." The moral both of this disaster and that of the Gordons must be the importance of sending a message in duplicate, or even in triplicate, where the withdrawal of a regiment is concerned. This, no doubt, is a counsel of perfection under practical conditions, but the ideal still remains.

"THE REMAINDER OF THE 12TH LANCERS, SUPPORTED BY THE SCOTS GREYS, RODE INTO THE DISMOUNTED DRAGOONS WITH SWORD AND LANCE, KILLING OR WOUNDING NEARLY ALL OF THEM."

A CAVALRY FIGHT.

During the retreat of the First Corps its rear and right flank had been covered by the Fifth Cavalry Brigade (Chetwode). On August 28th the corps was continuing its march towards La Fère and the cavalry found itself near Cerizy. At this point the pursuing German horsemen came into touch with it. At about five in the afternoon three squadrons of the enemy advanced upon one squadron of the Scots Greys which had the support of J Battery. Being fired at, the Germans dismounted and attempted to advance upon foot, but the fire was so heavy that they could make no progress and their led horses stampeded. They retired, still on foot, followed up by a squadron of the 12th Lancers on their flank. The remainder of the 12th Lancers, supported

by the Greys, rode into the dismounted dragoons with sword and lance, killing or wounding nearly all of them. A section of guns had fired over the heads of the British cavalry during the advance into a supporting body of Germans, who retired leaving two hundred of their number behind them. The whole hostile force retreated northwards, while the British cavalry continued to conform to the movements of the First Corps. In this spirited little action the German regiment engaged was, by the irony of fate, the 1st Guard Dragoons, Queen Victoria's Own. The British lost forty-three killed and wounded. Among the dead were Major Swetenham and Captain Michell of the 12th Lancers. Colonel Wormald of the same regiment was wounded. The excited troopers rode back triumphantly between the guns of J Battery, the cavalrymen exchanging cheers with the horse-gunners as they passed, and brandishing their bloodstained weapons.

On the evening before this brisk skirmish, the flank-guards of the British saw a considerable body of troops in dark clothing upon their left, and shortly afterwards perceived the shell-bursts of a rapid and effective fire over the pursuing German batteries. It was the first contact with the advancing French. These men consisted of the Sixty-first and Sixty-second French Reserve Divisions, and were the van of a considerable army under General D'Amade. From that moment the pursuit relaxed, and the British forces were at last enabled after a week of constant marching, covering sometimes a good thirty miles a day, and four days of continual fighting against extreme odds, to feel that they had reached a zone of comparative quiet.

THE NEWS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The German cavalry still followed the Army upon its southerly march, but there was no longer any fear of a disaster, for the main body of the Army was unbroken, and the soldiers were rather exasperated than depressed by their experience. On the Friday and Saturday, however, August 28th and 29th, considerable crowds of stragglers and fugitives, weary and often weaponless, appeared upon the lines of communication, causing the utmost consternation by their stories and their appearance. Few who endured the mental anxiety caused in Great Britain by the messages of Sunday, August 30th, are likely to forget it. The reports gave an enormous stimulus to recruiting, and it is worthy of record and remembrance that, in the dark week which followed before the true situation was clearly discerned, every successive day brought as many recruits to the standards as are usually gained in a year. Such was the rush of men that the authorities, with their many pre-occupations, found it very difficult to deal with them. A considerable amount of hardship and discomfort was the result, which was endured with good humour until it could be remedied. It is to be noted in this connection that it was want of arms which held back the new armies. He who compares the empty arsenals of Britain with the huge extensions of Krupp's, undertaken during the years before the war, will find the final proof as to which Power deliberately planned it.

To return to the fortunes of the men retreating from Le Cateau, the colonels and brigadiers had managed to make order out of what was approaching to chaos on the day that the troops left St. Quentin. The feet of many were so cut and bleeding that they could no longer limp along, so some were packed into a few trains available and others were hoisted on to limbers, guns, wagons, or anything with wheels, some carts being lightened of ammunition or stores to make room for helpless men. In many cases the whole kits of the officers were deliberately sacrificed. Many men were delirious from exhaustion and incapable of understanding an order. By the evening of the 27th the main body of the troops were already fifteen miles south of the Somme river and canal, on the line Nesle—Ham—Flavy. All day there was distant shelling from the pursuers, who sent their artillery freely forward with their cavalry. The Third Division lost by an unlucky shot its chief staff officer, Colonel Boileau.

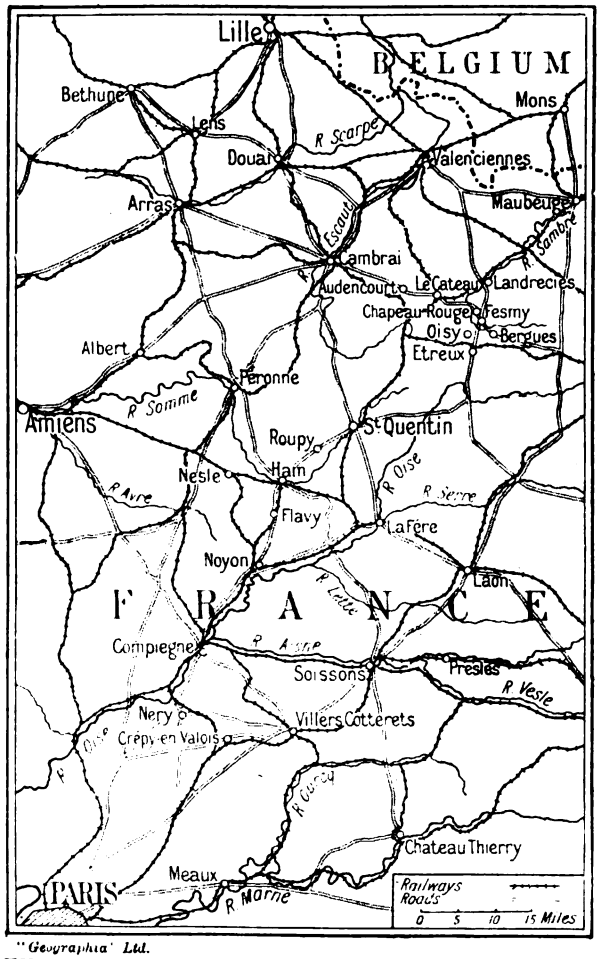
On the 28th the Army continued its retreat to the line of the Oise near Noyon. Already the troops were reforming, and had largely recovered their spirits, being much reassured by the declarations of the officers that the retreat was strategic to get them in line with the French, and that they would soon turn their faces northwards once more. As an instance of reorganization it was observed that the survivors of a brigade of artillery which had left its horses and guns at Le Cateau still marched together as a single disciplined unit among the infantry. All day the enemy's horse artillery, cavalry, and motor-infantry hung on the skirts of the British, but were unable to make much impression. The work of the staff was wonderful, for it is on record that many of them had not averaged two hours' sleep in the twenty-four for over a week.

and still they remained the clear and efficient brain of the Army.

On the next day, the 29th, the remainder of the Army got across the Oise, but the enemy's advance was so close that the British cavalry was continually engaged. Gough's Third Cavalry Brigade made several charges in the neighbourhood of Plessis, losing a number of men but stalling off the pursuit and dispersing the famous Uhlans of the Guard. On this day General Pulteney and his staff arrived to take command of the Third Army Corps, which still consisted only of the Fourth Division (Snow) and the semi-independent Nineteenth Infantry Brigade, which was now commanded by Colonel Ward, of the 1st Middlesex, General Drummond having been injured on the 26th. It was nearly three weeks later before the Third Corps was made complete.

THE VIEWS OF GENERAL JOFFRE.

There had been, as already mentioned, a French advance of four corps in the St. Quentin direction, which fought a brave covering action, and so helped to relieve the pressure upon the British. It cannot be denied that there was a feeling among the latter that they had been unduly exposed, being placed in so advanced a position and having their flank stripped suddenly bare in the presence of the main German army. General Joffre must have recognized that this feeling existed and that it was not unreasonable, for he came to a meeting on this day at the old Napoleonic Palace at Compiègne, at which Sir John French, with Generals Haig, Smith-Dorrien, and Allenby, was present. It was an assemblage of weary, overwrought men, and yet of men who had strength enough of mind and sufficient sense of justice to realize that whatever weight had been thrown upon them, there was even more upon the great French engineer whose spirit hovered over the whole line from Verdun to Amiens. Each man left the room more confident of the immediate future. Shortly afterwards Joffre issued his kindly recognition of the work done by his Allies, admitting in the most handsome fashion that the flank of the long French line of armies had been saved by the hard fighting and self-sacrifice of the British Army.



"Geographia" Ltd.

THIS MAP SHOWS THE SCENE OF THE OPERATIONS DESCRIBED IN THE PRESENT INSTALMENT.

On August 30th, the whole Army having crossed the Oise, the bridges over that river were destroyed, an operation which was performed under a heavy shell-fire, and cost the lives of several sapper officers and men. No words can exaggerate what the Army owed to Wilson's sappers of the 56th and 57th Field Companies and 3rd Signal Company, as also to Tulloch's, of the 17th and 59th Companies R.E. and 5th Signal Company, whose work was incessant, fearless, and splendid.

The Army continued to fall back on the line of the Aisne, the general direction being almost east and west through Crécy-en-Valois. The aeroplanes, which had conducted

THE THREE SURVIVORS OF "L" BATTERY, R.H.A., SILENCING THE FIRE

a fine service during the whole of the operations, reported that the enemy was still coming rapidly on, and streaming southwards in the Compiègne direction. That they were in touch was shown in dramatic fashion upon the early morning of September 1st. The epic in question deserves to be told somewhat fully, as being one of those incidents which are mere details in the history of a campaign, and yet may live as permanent inspirations in the life of an army.

BATTERY L.

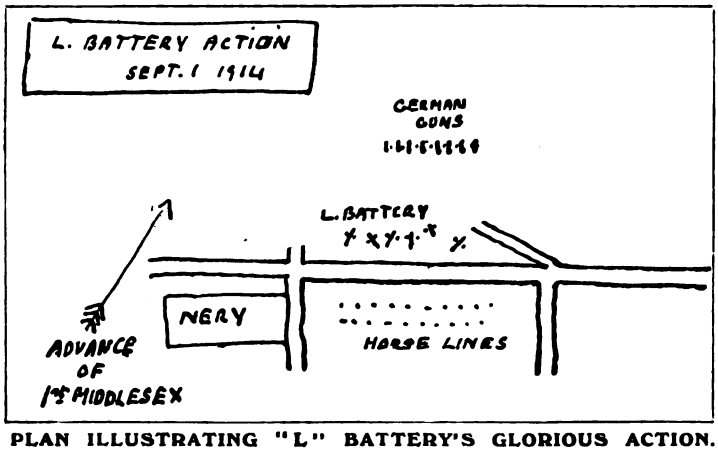
The First Cavalry Brigade, greatly exhausted after screening the retreat so long, was encamped near Nery, to the south of Compiègne, the bivouac being a somewhat extended one. Two units were close to each

OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING ODDS.

other and to the brigade headquarters of General Briggs. These were a squadron of the 2nd Dragoon Guards (the Bays) and L Battery of Horse Artillery. *Réveillé* was at four o'clock, and shortly after that hour both troopers and gunners were busy in leading their horses to water. It was a misty morning, and, peering through the haze, an officer perceived that from the top of a low hill about seven hundred yards away three mounted men were looking down upon them. They were the observation officers of two four-gun German batteries. Before the British could realize the situation the guns dashed up and came into action with shrapnel at point-blank range. The whole eight poured their fire into the disordered bivouac before them. The slaughter and confusion were horrible.

Numbers of the horses and men were killed or wounded and three of the guns were dismounted. It was a most complete surprise and promised to be an absolute disaster.

It is at such moments that the grand power of disciplined valour comes to bring order out of chaos. Everything combined to make defence difficult—the chilling hour of the morning, the suddenness of the attack, its appalling severity, and the immediate loss of guns and men. A sunken road ran behind the British position, and from the edge of this the dismounted cavalrymen brought their rifles and their machine-gun into action. They suffered heavily from the pelting gusts of shrapnel. Young Captain de Crespigny, the gallant cadet of a gallant family, and many other good men were beaten down by it. The men. But the fight went on. The bleeding men served the gun so long as they could move. Osborne and Derbyshire crawling over with the shells while Nelson loaded and Dorell laid. Osborne and Derbyshire fainted from loss of blood and lay between limber and gun. But the fight went on. Dorell and Nelson, wounded and exhausted, crouched behind the shield of the thirteen-pounder and kept up an incessant fire. Now it was that the amazing fact became visible that all this devotion had not been in vain. The cluster of Bays on the edge of the sunken road burst out into a cheer, which was taken up by the staff, who, with General Briggs himself, had come into the firing-line. Several of the German pieces had gone out of action. The dying gun had wrought terrible damage, as had the Maxim of the Bays in the hands of Lieutenant Lamb. Some at least of its opponents had been silenced before the two brave gunners could do no more, for their strength had gone with their blood. Not only had the situation been saved, but victory had been assured.



PLAN ILLUSTRATING "L" BATTERY'S GLORIOUS ACTION.

About eight in the morning news of the perilous situation had reached the Nineteenth Brigade. The 1st Middlesex, under Colonel Rowley, was hurried forward, followed by the 1st Scottish Rifles. Marching rapidly upon the firing, after the good old maxim, the Middlesex found themselves in a position to command the German batteries. After two minutes of rapid fire it was seen that the enemy had left their guns. The Middlesex then advanced, losing their machine-gun officer, Lieutenant Jeffard, from the fire of the German escort. The guns were captured, two of them still loaded. About a dozen German gunners lay dead or wounded round them. Twenty-five of the escort were captured, as was an ambulance with some further prisoners a mile in the rear. The cavalry endeavoured to follow up the success, but soon found themselves in the presence of superior forces. New wheels and new wheelers were found for the injured guns, and Battery L came intact out of action—intact save for the brave acolytes who should serve her no more. Bradbury, Nelson, and Dorell had the Victoria

sole hope lay in the guns. Three were utterly disabled. There was a rush of officers and men to bring the other three into action. Sclater-Booth, the major of the battery, and one lieutenant were already down. Captain Bradbury took command and cheered on the men. Two of the guns were at once put out of action, so all united to work the one that remained. What followed was Homeric. Lieutenant Gifford in rushing forward was hit in four places. Bradbury's leg was shattered, but he lay beside the trail encouraging the others and giving his directions. Lieutenant Mundy, standing wide as observation officer, was mortally wounded. The limber could not be got alongside and the shell had to be man-handled. In bringing it up Lieutenant Campbell was shot. Immediately afterwards another shell burst over the gun, killed the heroic Bradbury, and wounded Sergeant Dorell, Driver Osborne, and Gunners Nelson and Derbyshire, the only remaining

Cross, and never was it better earned. The battery itself was recalled to England to refit and the guns were changed for new ones. It is safe to say that for many a long year these shrapnel-dinted thirteen-pounders will serve as a monument of one of those deeds which, by their self-sacrifice and nobility, do something to mitigate the squalors and horrors of war.

The success was gained at the cost of many valuable lives. Not only had the *personnel* of the battery been destroyed, but the Bays lost heavily, and there were some casualties among the rest of the brigade who had come up in support. The 5th Dragoon Guards had fifty or sixty wounded, and lost its admirable commander, Colonel Ansell, who was shot down in a flanking movement which he had initiated. Major Cawley, of the Staff, also fell. The total British loss was not far short of five hundred killed and wounded, but the Germans lost heavily also, and were compelled to abandon their guns.

THE LATE
CAPT. BRADBURY, V.C.
Photo by Lafayette.

GUNNER DAVID NELSON, V.C., AND SERGT. DORELL, V.C.
(Both of whom have since received commissions). *Photo by Gale & Polden.*

THREE HEROES OF "L" BATTERY, R.H.A.

THE ACTION OF VILLARS-COTTERET.

The German advance guards were particularly active upon this day, September 1st, the anniversary of Sedan. Although the Soissons Bridge had been destroyed they had possession of another at Vic, and over this they poured in pursuit of the First Corps, overtaking about 8 a.m. near Villars-Cotteret the rearguard, consisting of the Irish Guards and the 2nd Coldstream. The whole of the Fourth Guards Brigade was drawn into the fight, which resolved itself into a huge rifle duel amid thick woods, Scott-Kerr, their Brigadier, riding up and down the firing line. The Guards retired slowly upon the Sixth Infantry Brigade (Davies), which was aided by Lushington's Forty-first Brigade of Artillery, just south of Pisseleux. The Germans had brought up many guns, but could make no further progress, and the British position was held until 6 p.m., when the rearguard closed up with the rest of the Army.* Lushington's guns had fought with no infantry in front of them, and it was a matter of great difficulty

* British losses are often hard to estimate where the field has not been held. In this instance, through the energy of Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Ian Malcolm, the dead guardsmen were exhumed and their remains reburied with pious care. There were ninety-eight bodies, including Colonel Morris and Captain Tisdall of the Irish, Lieutenant Lambton (Coldstream), and Lieutenant Cecil (Grenadiers).

in the end to get them off, but it was accomplished by some very brilliant work under an infernal fire. After this sharp action, in which Colonel Morris of the Irish Guards lost his life, the retreat of the First Army Corps was not seriously interfered with. The losses at that date in this corps amounted to eighty-one officers and two thousand one hundred and eighty of all ranks.

So much attention is naturally drawn to the Second Army Corps, which both at Mons and at Le Cateau had endured most of the actual fighting, that there is some danger of the remarkable retreat effected by the First Corps having less than its fair share of appreciation. The actual fighting was the least of the difficulties. The danger of one or both flanks being exposed, the great mobility of the enemy, the indifferent and limited roads, the want of rest, the difficulty of getting food cooked, the consequent absolute exhaustion of the men, and the mental depression combined to make it an operation of a most trying character, throwing an enormous strain upon the judgment and energy of General Haig, who so successfully brought his men intact and fit for service into a zone of safety.

REUNION OF THE ARMY.

On the night of September 1st, the First and Second Army Corps were in touch once more at Betz, and were on the move again by 2 a.m. upon the 2nd. On this morning the German advance was curiously interlocked with the British rear, and four German guns were picked up by the cavalry near Ermenonville. They are supposed to have been the remaining guns of the force which attacked Battery L at Nery. The movements of the troops during the day were much impeded by the French refugees, who thronged every road in their flight before the German terror. In spite of these obstructions, the rearward services of the Army—supply columns, ammunition columns, and medical transport—were well conducted, and the admiration of all independent observers. The work of all these departments had been greatly complicated by the fact that, as the Channel ports were now practically undefended and German troops, making towards the coast, had cut the main Calais-Boulogne line at Amiens, the base had been moved farther south from Havre to St. Nazaire, which meant shifting seventy thousand tons of stores and changing all arrangements. In spite of this the supplies were admirable. It may safely be said that if there is one officer more than another for whom the whole British Army felt a glow of gratitude, it was for the Chief of the Commissariat, who saw that the fighting man was never without his rations.

A difficult move lay in front of the Army which was to cross the Marne, involving a flank march in the face of the enemy. A retirement was still part of the general French scheme of defence, and the British Army had to conform to it, though it was exultantly whispered from officer to sergeant and from sergeant to private that the turn of the tide was nearly due. On this day it was first observed that the Germans, instead of pushing forward, were swinging across to the east in the direction of Château-Thierry. This made the task of the British a more easy one, and before evening they were south of the Marne and had blown up the bridges. The movement of the Germans brought them down to the river but at a point some ten miles east of the British position. They were reported to be crossing the river at La Ferté, and Sir John French continued to fall back towards the Seine, moving after sundown, as the heat had been for some days very exhausting. The troops halted in the neighbourhood of Presles, and were cheered by the arrival of some small drafts, numbering about two thousand, a first instalment towards refilling the great gaps in the ranks, which at this date could not have been less than from twelve to fifteen thousand officers and men. Here for a moment this narrative may be broken, since it has taken the Army to the farthest point of its retreat and reached that moment of advance for which every officer and man, from Sir John French to the drummer-boys, was eagerly waiting. With their left flank resting upon the outer forts of Paris, the British troops had finally ended a retreat which will surely live in military history as a remarkable example of an army retaining its cohesion and *moral* in the presence of an overpowering adversary, who could never either cut them off or break in their rearguard. The British Army is a small force when compared with the giants of the Continent, but when tried by this supreme test it is not mere national complacency for us to claim that it lived up to its own highest traditions. "It was not to forts of steel and concrete that the Allies owed their strength," said a German historian, writing of this phase of the war, "but to the magnificent qualities of the British Army." We desire no compliments at the expense of our brothers-in-arms, nor would they be just, but at least so generous a sentence as this may be taken as an advance from that

ontemptuous view of the British Army with which the campaign had begun.

Before finally leaving the consideration of his historical retreat, where a small army successfully shook itself clear from the long and close pursuit of a remarkably gallant, mobile, and numerous enemy, it may be helpful to give a chronology of the events, that the reader may see their relation to each other.

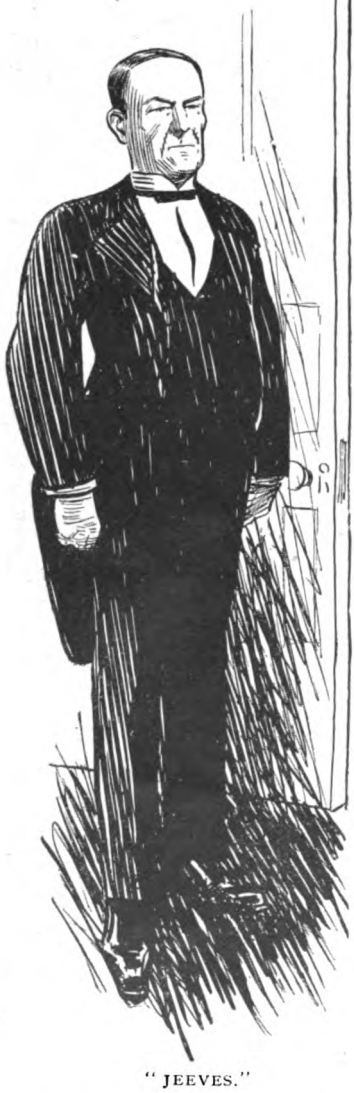
HAIG'S 1st CORPS.	SMITH-DORRIEN'S 2nd CORPS.
August 22nd.	
Get into position to the east of Mons, covering the line Mons-Bray.	Get into position to the west of Mons, covering the line Mons-Condé.
August 23rd.	
Artillery engagement, but no severe attack. Ordered to retreat in conformity with 2nd Corps.	Strongly attacked by Von Kluck's army. Ordered to abandon position and fall back.
August 24th.	
Retreat with no serious molestation upon Bavaye. Here the two Corps diverged and did not meet again till they reached Betz upon September 1st.	Retreat followed up by the Germans. Severe rearguard actions at Dour, Wasmes, Fremeries. Corps shook itself clear and fell back on Bavaye.
August 25th.	
Marching all day. Overtaken in evening at Landrecies and Maroilles by the German pursuit. Sharp fighting.	Marching all day. Reinforced by 4th Division. Continual rearguard action becoming more serious towards evening, when Cambrai-Le Cateau line was reached.
August 26th.	
Rearguard actions in morning. Marching south all day, halting at the Venerolles line.	Battle of Le Cateau. German pursuit stalled off at heavy cost of men and guns. Retreat on St. Quentin.
August 27th.	
Rearguard action in which Munsters lost heavily. Marching south all day.	Marching south. Reach the line Nesle-Ham-Flavy.
August 28th.	
Cavalry actions to stop German pursuit Marching south on La Fère.	Marching south, making for the line of the Oise near Noyon. Light rearguard skirmishes.
August 29th, 30th, and 31st.	
Marching on the line of the Aisne, almost east and west.	Crossed Oise. Cavalry continually engaged. General direction through Crécy-en-Valois.
September 1st.	
Sharp action at Nery with German vanguard. Later in the day considerable infantry action at Villars-Cotteret. Unite at Betz.	Retreat upon Paris continued. Late this night the two Corps unite once more at Betz.
September 2nd.	
Crossed the Marne and began to fall back on the Seine. Halted near Presles.	Crossed the Marne and began to fall back on the Seine.

(To be continued.)

LEAVE IT TO JEEVES.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.



"JEEVES."

JEEVES—my man, you know—is really a most extraordinary chap. So capable. Honestly, I shouldn't know what to do without him. On broader lines he's like those chappies who sit peering sadly over the marble battlements at the Pennsylvania Station in the place marked "Enquiries." You know the Johnnies I mean. You go up to them and say: "When's the next train for Melonsquashville, Tennessee?" and they reply, without stopping to think, "Two-forty-three, track ten, change at San Francisco." And they're right every time. Well, Jeeves gives you just the same impression of omniscience.

As an instance of what I mean, I remember meeting Monty Byng in Bond Street one morning, looking the last word in a grey check suit, and I felt I should never be happy till I had one like it. I dug the address of the tailors out of him, and had them working on the thing inside the hour.

"Jeeves," I said that evening, "I'm getting a check suit like that one of Mr. Byng's."

"Injudicious, sir," he said, firmly. "It will not become you."

"What absolute rot! It's the soundest thing I've struck for years."

"Unsuitable for you, sir."

Well, the long and the short of it was that the confounded thing came home, and I put it on, and when I caught sight of myself in the glass I nearly swooned. Jeeves was perfectly right. I looked a cross between a music-hall comedian and a cheap bookie. Yet Monty had looked fine in absolutely the same stuff. These things are just Life's mysteries, and that's all there is to it.

But it isn't only that Jeeves's judgment about clothes is infallible, though, of course, that's really the main thing. The man knows everything. There was the matter of that tip on the "Lincolnshire." I forget now how I got it, but it had the aspect of being the real, red-hot tabasco.

"Jeeves," I said, for I'm fond of the man, and like to do him a good turn when I can, "if you want to make a bit of money, have something on Wonderchild for the Lincolnshire."

He shook his head.

"I'd rather not, sir."

"But it's the straight goods. I'm going to put my shirt on him."

"I do not recommend it, sir. The animal is not intended to win. Second place is what the stable is after."

Perfect piffle, I thought, of course. How the deuce could Jeeves know anything about it? Still, you know what happened. Wonder-child led till he was breathing on the wire, and then Banana Fritter came along and nosed him out. I went straight home and rang for Jeeves.

"After this," I said, "not another step for me without your advice. From now on consider yourself the brains of the establishment."

"Very good, sir. I shall endeavour to give satisfaction."

And he has, by Jove! I'm a bit short on brain myself: the old bean would appear to have been constructed more for ornament than for use, don't you know; but give me five minutes to talk the thing over with Jeeves, and I'm game to advise anyone about anything. And that's why, when Bruce Corcoran came to me with his troubles, my first act was to ring the bell and put it up to the lad with the bulging forehead.

"Leave it to Jeeves," I said.

I first got to know Corky when I came to New York. He was a pal of my cousin Gussie, who was in with a lot of people down Washington Square way. I don't know if I ever told you about it, but the reason I left England was because I was sent over by my Aunt Agatha to try to stop young Gussie marrying a girl on the vaudeville stage, and I got the whole thing so mixed up that I decided that it would be a sound scheme for me to stop on in America for a bit instead of going back and having long cosy chats about the thing with aunt. So I sent Jeeves out to find a decent apartment, and settled down for a bit of exile. I'm bound to say that New York's a topping place to be exiled in. Everybody was awfully good to me, and there seemed to be plenty of things going on, and I'm a wealthy bird, so everything was fine. Chappies introduced me to other chappies, and so on and so forth, and it wasn't long before I knew squads of the right sort, some who rolled in dollars in houses up by the Park, and others who lived with the gas turned down mostly around Washington Square—artists and writers and so forth. Brainy coves.

Corky was one of the artists. A portrait-painter, he called himself, but he hadn't painted any portraits. He was sitting on the side-lines with a blanket over his shoulders, waiting for a chance to get into the game. You see, the catch about portrait-painting—I've looked into the thing a bit—is that you can't start painting portraits till people come along and ask you to, and they won't come and ask you to until you've painted a lot first. This makes it kind of difficult for a chappie. Corky managed to get along by drawing an occasional picture for the comic papers—he had rather a gift for funny stuff when he got a good idea—and doing bedsteads and chairs and things for the advertisements. His principal source of income, however, was derived from biting the ear of a rich uncle—one Alexander Worple, who was in the jute business. I'm a bit foggy as to what jute is, but it's apparently something the populace is pretty keen on, for Mr. Worple had made quite an indecently large stack out of it.

Now, a great many fellows think that having a rich uncle is a pretty soft snap; but, according to Corky, such is not the case. Corky's uncle was a robust sort of cove, who looked like living for ever. He was fifty-one, and it seemed as if he might go to par. It was not this, however, that distressed poor old Corky, for he was not bigoted and had no objection to the man going on living. What Corky kicked at was the way the above Worple used to harry him.

Corky's uncle, you see, didn't want him to be an artist. He didn't think he had any talent in that direction. He was always urging him to chuck Art and go into the jute business and start at the bottom and work his way up. Jute had apparently become a sort of obsession with him. He seemed to attach almost a spiritual importance to it. And what Corky said was that, while he didn't know what they did at the bottom of a jute business, instinct told him that it was something too beastly for words. Corky, moreover, believed in his future as an artist. Some day, he said, he was going to make a hit. Meanwhile, by using the utmost tact and persuasiveness, he was inducing his uncle to cough up very grudgingly a small quarterly allowance.

He wouldn't have got this if his uncle hadn't had a hobby. Mr. Worple was peculiar in this respect. As a rule, from what I've observed, the American captain of industry doesn't do anything out of business hours. When he has put the cat out and locked up the office for the night, he just relapses into a state of coma from which he emerges only to start being a captain of industry again. But Mr. Worple in his spare time was what

is known as an ornithologist. He had written a book called "American Birds," and was writing another, to be called "More American Birds." When he had finished that, the presumption was that he would begin a third, and keep on till the supply of American birds gave out. Corky used to go to him about once every three months and let him talk about American birds. Apparently you could do what you liked with old Worple if you gave him his head first on his pet subject, so these little chats used to make Corky's allowance all right for the time being. But it was pretty rotten for the poor chap. There was the frightful suspense, you see, and, apart from that, birds, except when broiled and in the society of a cold bottle, bored him stiff.

To complete the character-study of Mr. Worple, he was a man of extremely uncertain temper, and his general tendency was to think that Corky was a poor chump and that whatever step he took in any direction on his own account was just another proof of his innate idiocy. I should imagine Jeeves feels very much the same about me.

So when Corky trickled into my apartment one afternoon, shooing a girl in front of him, and said, "Bertie, I want you to meet my *fiancée*, Miss Singer," the aspect of the matter which hit me first was precisely the one which he had come to consult me about. The very first words I spoke were, "Corky, how about your uncle?"

The poor chap gave one of those mirthless laughs. He was looking anxious and worried, like a man who has done the murder all right but can't think what the deuce to do with the body.

"We're so scared, Mr. Wooster," said the girl. "We were hoping that you might suggest a way of breaking it to him."

"THE VERY FIRST WORDS I SPOKE WERE, 'CORKY, HOW ABOUT YOUR UNCLE?'"

Muriel Singer was one of those very quiet, appealing girls who have a way of looking at you with their big eyes as if they thought you were the greatest thing on earth and wondered that you hadn't got on to it yet yourself. She sat there in a sort of shrinking way, looking at me as if she were saying to herself, "Oh, I do hope this great strong man isn't going to hurt me." She gave a fellow a protective kind of feeling, made him want to stroke her hand and say, "There, there, little one!" or words to that effect. She made me feel that there was nothing I wouldn't do for her. She was rather like one of those innocent-tasting American drinks which creep imperceptibly into you

system so that, before you know what you're doing, you're starting out to reform the world by force if necessary and pausing on your way to tell the large man in the corner that, if he looks at you like that, you will knock his head off. What I mean is, she made me feel alert and dashing, like a jolly old knight-errant or something of that kind. I felt that I was with her in this thing to the limit.

"I don't see why your uncle shouldn't be most awfully bucked," I said to Corky. "He will think Miss Singer the ideal wife for you."

Corky declined to cheer up.

"You don't know him. Even if he did like Muriel, he wouldn't admit it. That's the sort of pig-headed guy he is. It would be a matter of principle with him to kick. All he would consider would be that I had gone and taken an important step without asking his advice, and he would raise Cain automatically. He's always done it."

I strained the old bean to meet this emergency.

"You want to work it so that he makes Miss Singer's acquaintance without knowing that you know her. Then you come along——"

"But how can I work it that way?"

I saw his point: That was the catch.

"There's only one thing to do," I said.

"What's that?"

"Leave it to Jeeves."

And I rang the bell.

"Sir?" said Jeeves, kind of manifesting himself. One of the rummy things about Jeeves is that, unless you watch like a hawk, you very seldom see him come into a room. He's like one of those weird chappies in India who dissolve themselves into thin air and nip through space in a sort of disembodied way and assemble the parts again just where they want them. I've got a cousin who's what they call a Theosophist, and he says he's often nearly worked the thing himself, but couldn't quite bring it off, probably owing to having fed in his boyhood on the flesh of animals slain in anger and pie.

The moment I saw the man standing there, registering respectful attention, a weight seemed to roll off my mind. I felt like a lost child who spots his father in the offing. There was something about him that gave me absolute confidence.

Jeeves is a tallish man, with one of those dark, shrewd faces. His eye gleams with the light of pure intelligence.

"Jeeves, we want your advice."

"Very good, sir."

I boiled down Corky's painful case into a few well-chosen words.

"So you see what it amounts to, Jeeves. We want you to suggest some way by which Mr. Worple can make Miss Singer's acquaintance without getting on to the fact that Mr. Corcoran already knows her. Understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, try to think of something."

"I have thought of something already, sir."

"You have!"

"The scheme I would suggest cannot fail of success, but it has what may seem to you a drawback, sir, in that it requires a certain financial outlay."

"He means," I translated to Corky, "that he has got a pippin of an idea, but it's going to cost a bit."

Naturally the poor chap's face dropped, for this seemed to dish the whole thing. But I was still under the influence of the girl's melting gaze, and I saw that this was where I started in as the knight-errant.

"You can count on me for all that sort of thing, Corky," I said. "Only too glad. Carry on, Jeeves."

"I would suggest, sir, that Mr. Corcoran take advantage of Mr. Worple's attachment to ornithology."

"How on earth did you know that he was fond of birds?"

"It is the way these New York apartments are constructed, sir. Quite unlike our London houses. The partitions between the rooms are of the flimsiest nature. With no wish to overhear, I have sometimes heard Mr. Corcoran expressing himself with a generous strength on the subject I have mentioned."

"Oh! Well?"

"Why should not the young lady write a small volume, to be entitled—let us say—'The Children's Book of American Birds,' and dedicate it to Mr. Worple? A limited edition could be published at your expense, sir, and a great deal of the book would, of course, be given over to eulogistic remarks concerning Mr. Worple's own larger treatise on the same subject. I should recommend the dispatching of a presentation copy to Mr. Worple, immediately on publication, accompanied by a letter in which the young lady asks to be allowed to make the acquaintance of one to whom she owes so much. This would, I fancy, produce the desired result, but, as I say, the expense involved would be considerable."

I felt like the proprietor of a performing

dog on the vaudeville stage when the tyke has just pulled off his trick without a hitch. I had betted on Jeeves all along, and I had known that he wouldn't let me down. It beats me sometimes why a man with his genius is satisfied to hang around pressing my clothes and what not. If I had half Jeeves's brain, I should have a stab at being Prime Minister or something.

"Jeeves," I said, "that is absolutely ripping! One of your very best efforts."

"Thank you, sir."

The girl made an objection.

"But I'm sure I couldn't write a book about anything. I can't even write good letters."

"Muriel's talents," said Corky, with a little cough, "lie more in the direction of the drama, Bertie. I didn't mention it before, but one of our reasons for being a trifle nervous as to how Uncle Alexander will receive the news is that Muriel is in the chorus of that show 'Choose Your Exit' at the Manhattan. It's absurdly unreasonable, but we both feel that that fact might increase Uncle Alexander's natural tendency to kick like a steer."

I saw what he meant. Goodness knows there was fuss enough in our family when I tried to marry into musical comedy a few years ago. And the recollection of my Aunt Agatha's attitude in the matter of Gussie and the vaudeville girl was still fresh in my mind. I don't know why it is—one of these psychology sharps could explain it, I suppose—but uncles and aunts, as a class, are always dead against the drama, legitimate or otherwise. They don't seem able to stick it at any price.

But Jeeves had a solution, of course.

"I fancy it would be a simple matter, sir, to find some impecunious author who would be glad to do the actual composition of the volume for a small fee. It is only necessary that the young lady's name should appear on the title page."

"That's true," said Corky. "Sam Patterson would do it for a hundred dollars. He writes a novelette, three short stories, and ten thousand words of a serial for one of the all-fiction magazines under different names every month. A little thing like this would be nothing to him. I'll get after him right away."

"Fine!"

"Will that be all, sir?" said Jeeves. "Very good, sir. Thank you, sir."

I always used to think that publishers had to be devilish intelligent fellows, loaded down with the grey matter; but I've got their number now. All a publisher has to do is to write cheques at intervals, while a lot of deserving and industrious chappies rally round and do the real work. I know, because I've been one myself. I simply sat tight in the old apartment with a fountain-pen, and in due season a topping, shiny book came along.

I happened to be down at Corky's place when the first copies of "The Children's Book of American Birds" bobbed up. Muriel Singer was there, and we were talking of things in general when there was a bang at the door and the parcel was delivered.

It was certainly some book. It had a red cover with a fowl of some species on it, and underneath the girl's name in gold letters. I opened a copy at random.

"Often of a spring morning," it said at the top of page twenty-one, "as you wander through the fields, you will hear the sweet-toned, carelessly-flowing warble of the purple finch linnet. When you are older you must read all about him in Mr. Alexander Worple's wonderful book, 'American Birds.'"

You see. A boost for the uncle right away. And only a few pages later there he was in the limelight again in connection with the yellow-billed cuckoo. It was great stuff. The more I read, the more I admired the chap who had written it and Jeeves's genius in putting us on to the wheeze. I didn't see how the uncle could fail to drop. You can't call a chap the world's greatest authority on the yellow-billed cuckoo without rousing a certain disposition towards chumminess in him.

"It's a cert!" I said.

"An absolute cinch!" said Corky.

And a day or two later he meandered up the Avenue to my apartment to tell me that all was well. The uncle had written Muriel a letter so dripping with the milk of human kindness that if he hadn't known Mr. Worple's handwriting Corky would have refused to believe him the author of it. Any time it suited Miss Singer to call, said the uncle, he would be delighted to make her acquaintance.

Shortly after this I had to go out of town. Divers sound sportsmen had invited me to pay visits to their country places, and it wasn't for several months that I settled down in the city again. I had been wondering a lot, of course, about Corky, whether it all turned out right, and so forth, and my first evening in New York, happening to pop into a quiet sort of little restaurant which I

"I WANT YOU TO MEET MY HUSBAND, MR. WOOSTER. MR. WOOSTER IS A FRIEND OF BRUCE'S, ALEXANDER."

go to when I don't feel inclined for the bright lights, I found Muriel Singer there, sitting by herself at a table near the door. Corky, I took it, was out telephoning. I went up and passed the time of day.

"Well, well, well, what?" I said.

"Why, Mr. Wooster! How do you do?"

"Corky around?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You're waiting for Corky, aren't you?"

"Oh, I didn't understand. No, I'm not waiting for him."

It seemed to me that there was a sort of something in her voice, a kind of thingummy, you know.

"I say, you haven't had a row with Corky, have you?"

"A row?"

"A spat, don't you know—little misunderstanding—faults on both sides—er—and all that sort of thing."

"Why, whatever makes you think that?"

"Oh, well, as it were, what? What I mean is—I thought you usually dined with him before you went to the theatre."

"I've left the stage now."

Suddenly the whole thing dawned on me. I had forgotten what a long time I had been away.

"Why, of course, I see now! You're married!"

"Yes."

"How perfectly topping! I wish you all kinds of happiness."

"Thank you so much. Oh, Alexander," she said, looking past me, "this is a friend of mine—Mr. Wooster."

I spun round. A chappie with a lot of stiff grey hair and a red sort of healthy face was standing there. Rather a formidable Johnnie, he looked, though quite peaceful at the moment.

"I want you to meet my husband, Mr. Wooster. Mr. Wooster is a friend of Bruce's, Alexander."

The old boy grasped my hand warmly, and that was all that kept me from hitting the floor in a heap. The place was rocking. Absolutely.

"So you know my nephew, Mr. Wooster," I heard him say. "I wish you would try to knock a little sense into him and make him quit this playing at painting. But I have an idea that he is steadying down. I

noticed it first that night he came to dinner with us, my dear, to be introduced to you. He seemed altogether quieter and more serious. Something seemed to have sobered him. Perhaps you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner to-night, Mr. Wooster? Or have you dined?"

I said I had. What I needed then was air, not dinner. I felt that I wanted to get into the open and think this thing out.

When I reached my apartment I heard Jeeves moving about in his lair. I called him.

"Jeeves," I said, "now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. A stiff b.-and-s. first of all, and then I've a bit of news for you."

He came back with a tray and a long glass.

"Better have one yourself, Jeeves. You'll need it."

"Later on, perhaps, thank you, sir."

"All right. Please yourself. But you're going to get a shock. You remember my friend, Mr. Corcoran?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the girl who was to slide gracefully into his uncle's esteem by writing the book on birds?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, she's slid. She's married the uncle."

He took it without blinking. You can't rattle Jeeves.

"That was always a development to be feared, sir."

"You don't mean to tell me that you were expecting it?"

"It crossed my mind as a possibility."

"Did it, by Jove! Well, I think you might have warned us!"

"I hardly liked to take the liberty, sir."

Of course, as I saw after I had had a bite to eat and was in a calmer frame of mind, what had happened wasn't my fault, if you came down to it. I couldn't be expected to foresee that the scheme, in itself a cracker-jack, would skid into the ditch as it had done; but all the same I'm bound to admit that I didn't relish the idea of meeting Corky again until time, the great healer, had been able to get in a bit of soothing work. I cut Washington Square out absolutely for the next few months. I gave it the complete miss-in-baulk. And then, just when I was beginning to think I might safely pop down in that direction and gather up the dropped threads, so to speak, time, instead of working the healing wheeze, went and pulled the most awful bone and put the lid on it. Opening the paper one morning, I read that Mrs. Alexander Worple had presented her husband with a son and heir.

I was so darned sorry for poor old Corky that I hadn't the heart to touch my breakfast. I told Jeeves to drink it himself. I was bowled over. Absolutely. It was the limit.

I hardly knew what to do. I wanted, of course, to rush down to Washington Square and grip the poor blighter silently by the hand; and then, thinking it over, I hadn't the nerve. Absent treatment seemed the touch. I gave it him in waves.

But after a month or so I began to hesitate again. It struck me that it was playing it a bit low-down on the poor chap, avoiding him like this just when he probably wanted his pals to surge round him most. I pictured him sitting in his lonely studio with no company but his bitter thoughts, and the pathos of it got me to such an extent that I bounded straight into a taxi and told the driver to go all out for the studio.

I rushed in, and there was Corky, hunched up at the easel, painting away, while on the model throne sat a severe-looking female of middle age, holding a baby.

A fellow has to be ready for that sort of thing.

"Oh, ah!" I said, and started to back out.

Corky looked over his shoulder.

"Halloa, Bertie. Don't go. We're just finishing for the day. That will be all this afternoon," he said to the nurse, who got up with the baby and decanted it into a perambulator which was standing in the fairway.

"At the same hour to-morrow, Mr. Corcoran?"

"Yes, please."

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon."

Corky stood there, looking at the door, and then he turned to me and began to get it off his chest. Fortunately, he seemed to take it for granted that I knew all about what had happened, so it wasn't as awkward as it might have been.

"It's my uncle's idea," he said. "Muriel doesn't know about it yet. The portrait's to be a surprise for her on her birthday. The nurse takes the kid out ostensibly to get a breather, and they beat it down here. If you want an instance of the irony of fate, Bertie, get acquainted with this. Here's the first commission I have ever had to paint a portrait, and the sitter is that human poached egg that has butted in and bounced me out of my inheritance. Can you beat it! I call it rubbing the thing in to expect me to spend

"THERE WAS CORKY, HUNCHED UP AT THE EASEL, PAINTING AWAY, WHILE ON THE MODEL THRONE SAT A SEVERE-LOOKING FEMALE HOLDING A BABY."

my afternoons gazing into the ugly face of a little brat who to all intents and purposes has hit me behind the ear with a black-jack and swiped all I possess. I can't refuse to paint the portrait, because if I did my uncle would stop my allowance; yet every time I look up and catch that kid's vacant eye, I suffer agonies. I tell you, Bertie, sometimes when he gives me a patronizng glance and then turns away and is sick, as if it revolted him to look at me, I come within an ace of occupying the entire front page of the evening papers as the latest murder sensation. There are moments when I can almost see the headlines: 'Promising Young Artist Beans Baby With Axe.'"

I patted his shoulder silently. My sympathy for the poor old scout was too deep for words.

I kept away from the studio for some time after that, because it didn't seem right to me to intrude on the poor chappie's sorrow. Besides, I'm bound to say that nurse intimidated me. She reminded me so infernally of Aunt Agatha. She was the same gimlet-eyed type.

But one afternoon Corky called me on the 'phone.

"Bertie."

"Halloa?"

"Are you doing anything this afternoon?"

"Nothing special."

"You couldn't come down here, could you?"

"What's the trouble? Anything up?"

"I've finished the portrait."

"Good boy! Stout work!"

"Yes." His voice sounded rather doubtful. "The fact is, Bertie, it doesn't look quite right to me. There's something about it—— My uncle's coming in half an hour to inspect it, and—I don't know why it is, but I kind of feel I'd like your moral support!"

I began to see that I was letting myself in for something. The sympathetic co-operation of Jeeves seemed to me to be indicated.

"You think he'll cut up rough?"

"He may."

I threw my mind back to the red-faced chappie I had met at the restaurant, and tried to picture him cutting up rough. It was only too easy. I spoke to Corky firmly on the telephone.

"I'll come," I said.

"Good!"

"But only if I may bring Jeeves!"

"Why Jeeves? What's Jeeves got to do with it? Who wants Jeeves? Jeeves is

the fool who suggested the scheme that has led——"

"Listen, Corky, old top! If you think I am going to face that uncle of yours without Jeeves's support, you're mistaken. I'd sooner go into a den of wild beasts and bite a lion on the back of the neck."

"Oh, all right," said Corky. Not cordially, but he said it; so I rang for Jeeves, and explained the situation.

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves.

That's the sort of chap he is. You can't rattle him.

We found Corky near the door, looking at the picture, with one hand up in a defensive sort of way, as if he thought it might swing on him.

"Stand right where you are, Bertie," he said, without moving. "Now, tell me honestly, how does it strike you?"

The light from the big window fell right on the picture. I took a good look at it. Then I shifted a bit nearer and took another look. Then I went back to where I had been at first, because it hadn't seemed quite so bad from there.

"Well?" said Corky, anxiously.

I hesitated a bit.

"Of course, old man, I only saw the kid once, and then only for a moment, but—but it *was* an ugly sort of kid, wasn't it, if I remember rightly?"

"As ugly as that?"

I looked again, and honesty compelled me to be frank.

"I don't see how it could have been, old chap."

Poor old Corky ran his fingers through his hair in a temperamental sort of way. He groaned.

"You're quite right, Bertie. Something's gone wrong with the darned thing. My private impression is that, without knowing it, I've worked that stunt that Sargent and those fellows pull—painting the soul of the sitter. I've got through the mere outward appearance, and have put the child's soul on canvas."

"But could a child of that age have a soul like that? I don't see how he could have managed it in the time. What do you think, Jeeves?"

"I doubt it, sir."

"It—it sort of leers at you, doesn't it?"

"You've noticed that, too?" said Corky.

"I don't see how one could help noticing."

"All I tried to do was to give the little brute a cheerful expression. But, as it has worked out, he looks positively dissipated."

"Just what I was going to suggest, old man. He looks as if he were in the middle of a colossal spree, and enjoying every minute of it. Don't you think so, Jeeves?"

"He has a decidedly inebriated air, sir."

Corky was starting to say something, when the door opened and the uncle came in.

For about three seconds all was joy, jollity, and good will. The old boy shook hands with me, slapped Corky on the back, said that he didn't think he had ever seen such a fine day, and whacked his leg with his stick. Jeeves had projected himself into the background, and he didn't notice him.

"Well, Bruce, my boy; so the portrait is really finished, is it—really finished? Well, bring it out. Let's have a look at it. This will be a wonderful surprise for your aunt. Where is it? Let's——"

And then he got it—suddenly, when he wasn't set for the punch; and he rocked back on his heels.

"Oosh!" he exclaimed. And for perhaps a minute there was one of the scaliest silences I've ever run up against.

"Is this a practical joke?" he said at last, in a way that set about sixteen draughts cutting through the room at once.

I thought it was up to me to rally round old Corky.

"You want to stand a bit farther away from it," I said.

"You're perfectly right!" he snorted. "I do! I want to stand so far away from it that I can't see the thing with a telescope!" He turned on Corky like an untamed tiger of the jungle who has just located a chunk of meat. "And this—this—is what you have been wasting your time and my money for all these years! A painter! I wouldn't let you paint a house of mine! I gave you this commission, thinking that you were a competent worker, and this — this — this extract from a comic coloured supplement is the result!" He swung towards the door, lashing his tail and growling to himself. "This ends it! If you wish to continue this foolery of pretending to be an artist because you want an excuse for idleness, please yourself. But let me tell you this. Unless you report at my office on Monday morning, prepared to abandon all this idiocy and start in at the bottom of the business to work your way up, as you should have done half-a-dozen years ago, not another cent—not another cent—not another —— Boosh!"

Then the door closed and he was no longer with us. And I crawled out of the bomb-proof shelter.

"Corky, old top!" I whispered, faintly.

Corky was standing staring at the picture. His face was set. There was a hunted look in his eye.

"Well, that finishes it!" he muttered, brokenly.

"What are you going to do?"

"Do? What can I do? I can't stick on here if he cuts off supplies. You heard what he said. I shall have to go to the office on Monday."

I couldn't think of a thing to say. I knew exactly how he felt about the office. I don't know when I've been so infernally uncomfortable. It was like hanging round trying to make conversation to a pal who's just been sentenced to twenty years in quod.

And then a soothing voice broke the silence.

"If I might make a suggestion, sir!"

It was Jeeves. He had slid from the shadows and was gazing gravely at the picture. Upon my word, I can't give you a better idea of the shattering effect of Corky's uncle Alexander when in action than by saying that he had absolutely made me forget for the moment that Jeeves was there.

"I wonder if I have ever happened to mention to you, sir, a Mr. Digby Thistleton, with whom I was once in service? Perhaps you have met him? He was a financier. He is now Lord Bridgnorth. It was a favourite saying of his that there is always a way. The first time I heard him use the expression was after the failure of a patent depilatory which he promoted."

"Jeeves," I said, "what on earth are you talking about?"

"I mentioned Mr. Thistleton, sir, because his was in some respects a parallel case to the present one. His depilatory failed, but he did not despair. He put it on the market again under the name of Hair-o, guaranteed to produce a full crop of hair in a few months. It was advertised, if you remember, sir, by a humorous picture of a billiard-ball, before and after taking, and made such a substantial fortune that Mr. Thistleton was soon afterwards elevated to the peerage

"AND THEN HE GOT IT—SUDDENLY, WHEN HE WASN'T SET FOR THE PUNCH; AND HE ROCKED BACK ON HIS HEELS."

for services to his Party. It seems to me that, if Mr. Corcoran looks into the matter, he will find, like Mr. Thistleton, that there is always a way. Mr. Worple himself suggested the solution of the difficulty. In the heat of the moment he compared the portrait to an extract from a coloured comic supplement. I consider the suggestion a very valuable one, sir. Mr. Corcoran's portrait may not have pleased Mr. Worple as a likeness of his only child, but I have no doubt that editors would gladly consider it as a foundation for a series of humorous drawings. If Mr. Corcoran will allow me to make the suggestion, his talent has always been for the humorous. There is something about this picture—something bold and vigorous, which arrests the attention. I feel sure it would be highly popular."

Corky was glaring at the picture, and making a sort of dry, sucking noise with his mouth. He seemed completely overwrought.

And then suddenly he began to laugh in a wild way.

"Corky, old man!" I said, massaging him tenderly. I feared the poor blighter was hysterical.

He began to stagger about all over the floor.

"He's right! The man's absolutely right! Jeeves, you're a life-saver! You've hit on the greatest idea of the age! Report at the office on Monday! Start at the bottom of the business! I'll buy the business if I feel like it. I know the man who runs the comic section of the *Sunday Star*. He'll eat this thing. He was telling me only the other day how hard it was to get a good new series. He'll give me anything I ask for a real winner like this. I've got a gold-mine. Where's my hat? I've got an income for life! Where's that confounded hat? Lend me a fiver, Bertie. I want to take a taxi down to Park Row!"

Jeeves smiled paternally. Or, rather, he had a kind of paternal muscular spasm about the mouth, which is the nearest he ever gets to smiling.

"If I might make the suggestion, Mr. Corcoran—for a title of the series which you have in mind—'The Adventures of Baby Blobbs.'"

Corky and I looked at the picture, then at each other in an awed way. Jeeves was right. There could be no other title.

"Jeeves," I said. It was a few weeks later, and I had just finished looking at the comic section of the *Sunday Star*. "I'm an optimist. I always have been. The older I get, the more I agree with Shakespeare and those poet Johnnies about it always being darkest before the dawn and there's a silver lining and what you lose on the swings you make up on the roundabouts. Look at Mr. Corcoran, for instance. There was a fellow, one would have said, clear up to the eyebrows in the soup. To all appearances he had got it right in the neck. Yet look at him now. Have you seen these pictures?"

"I took the liberty of glancing at them before bringing them to you, sir. Extremely diverting."

"They have made a big hit, you know."

"I anticipated it, sir."

I leaned back against the pillows.

"You know, Jeeves, you're a genius. You ought to be drawing a commission on these things."

"I have nothing to complain of in that respect, sir. Mr. Corcoran has been most generous. I am putting out the brown suit, sir."

"No, I think I'll wear the blue with the faint red stripe."

"Not the blue with the faint red stripe, sir."

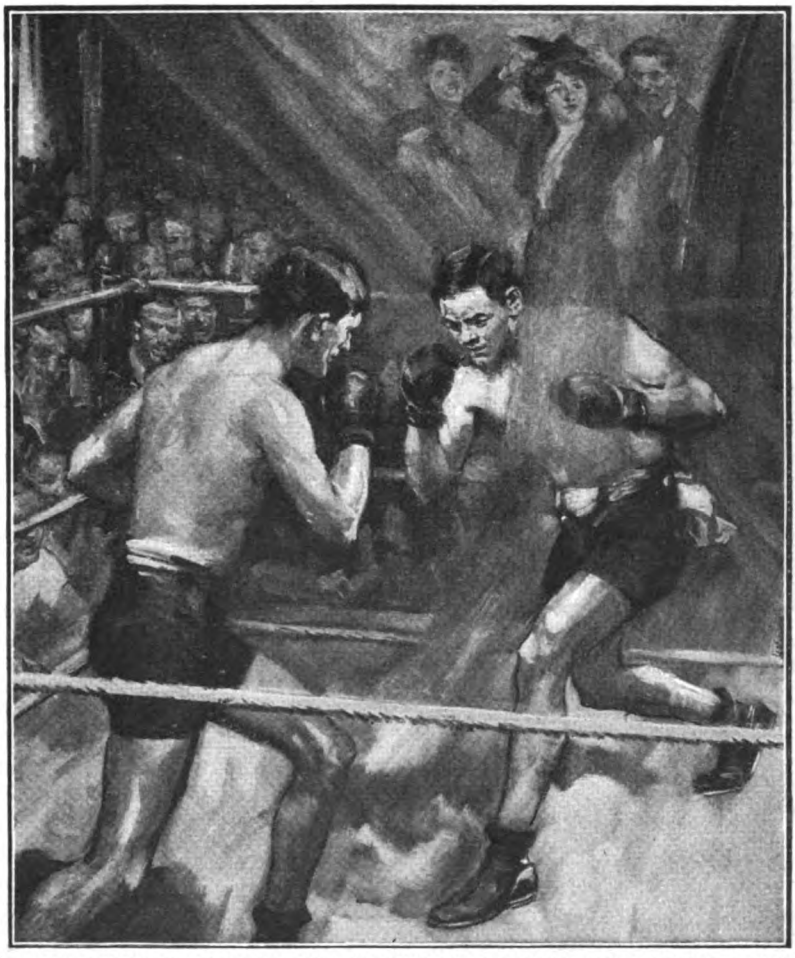
"But I rather fancy myself in it."

"Not the blue with the faint red stripe, sir."

"Oh, all right, have it your own way."

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir."

Of course, I know it's as bad as being hen-pecked; but then Jeeves is always right. You've got to consider that, you know. What?



"I WAS THINKING OF WHAT SORT OF PRESENT I SHOULD GIVE MY WIFE AFTER THE REFEREE HAD DECIDED IN MY FAVOUR."

The Brain of the Boxer.

The Psychology of the Ring told specially for "The Strand Magazine" by the World's leading Boxing Champions:—

FRED WELSH, JAMES J. CORBETT, SERGEANT WELLS, WILLIE RITCHIE, and JIMMY BRITT.

THE man in the street will probably tell you that the mind of the boxer must assuredly be governed largely by instincts possessing not a little of the brutal. But is it? In the most strenuous moments in his contests is the instinct of the modern boxer dominated by physical rather than by mental qualities, or are these qualities independent? The subject is one of such obvious interest in these days when boxing is one of the most popular of all pastimes that we have collected from leading world's champions and ex-champions their views on the psychological side of the boxer's art.

FRED WELSH.
Photo. Central News

FRED WELSH

(Lightweight Champion of the World).

I think I can safely say that the most important moment in my career arrived when I faced Willie Ritchie for the twentieth round of my contest with him at Olympia for the World's Lightweight Championship some two years ago. And, strangely enough, although my brain was urging me all the time to seize an opportunity to knock Ritchie out, or at all hazards to prevent myself from being knocked out, at the same time, in a sort of subconscious way, I was thinking of an entirely different matter altogether, and one certainly not associated with the Ring—namely, what sort of present I should give my wife after the referee had decided in my favour, for I was well ahead on points, and knew that nothing but a knock-out could rob me of victory.

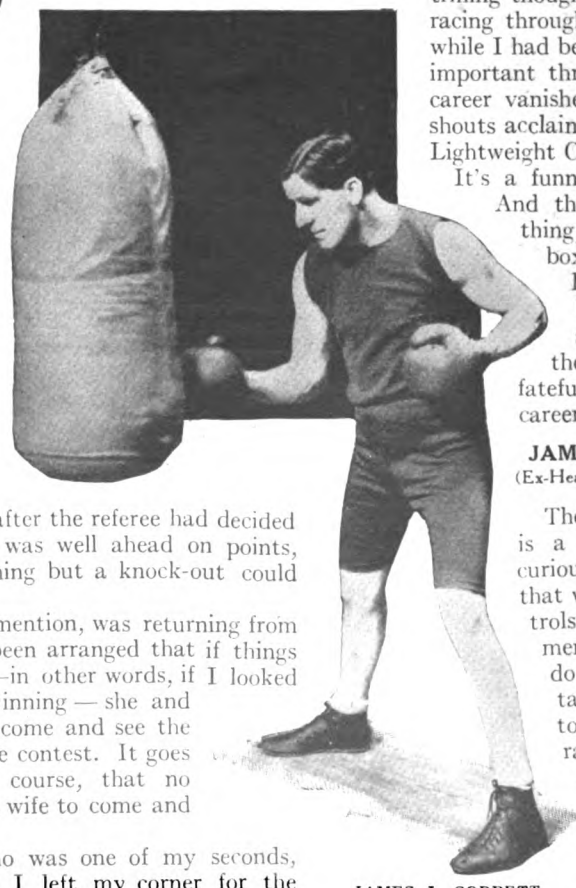
My wife, I would mention, was returning from abroad, and it had been arranged that if things were going my way—in other words, if I looked almost certain of winning—she and some friends should come and see the last few rounds of the contest. It goes without saying, of course, that no boxer would wish his wife to come and see him lose.

Harry Pollock, who was one of my seconds, told me just before I left my corner for the last round that my wife was in the house. "She's come to see you win, Freddy," he said. "Barring an accident, the World's Championship is as good as in your pocket." And throughout the whole of those last fateful three minutes, although muscles and brain were co-ordinating together, I was also working out several little schemes which I knew would please her.

Ritchie was trying all he knew for a knock-out, his one and only chance of victory. "Firstly, to-morrow afternoon I'll take her to Bond Street and buy her a couple of new costumes," I was thinking as I dodged a vicious right. "Then we'll go on to that hat shop that Pollock tells me his wife always goes to. Extra good hats they sell, so Harry says," I thought, as we fell into a clinch. "And then a new ring wouldn't probably come amiss, and later on in the week"—here Ritchie got in a light left to the head—"we'll take a trip home to Pontypridd."

Suddenly my train of thought broke off: dresses, rings, trips home, hats, and other trifling thoughts which had been racing through my mind all the while I had been living the most important three minutes of my career vanished as I heard the shouts acclaiming me the World's Lightweight Champion.

It's a funny world, isn't it? And the mind's a funny thing, too, and the boxer's mind not the least funny. Anyhow, I often think so when I recall my thoughts at the most fateful moment in my career.



JAMES J. CORBETT.
Photo. Topical.

JAMES J. CORBETT

(Ex-Heavyweight Champion of the World).

The boxer's brain-box is a curious machine; curious in this way, in that while the brain controls his physical movements, inspiring as it does every action he takes, it also seems to work quite separately and to be able at the same time to "figure out" matters quite irrelevant to the contest in which he is taking part.

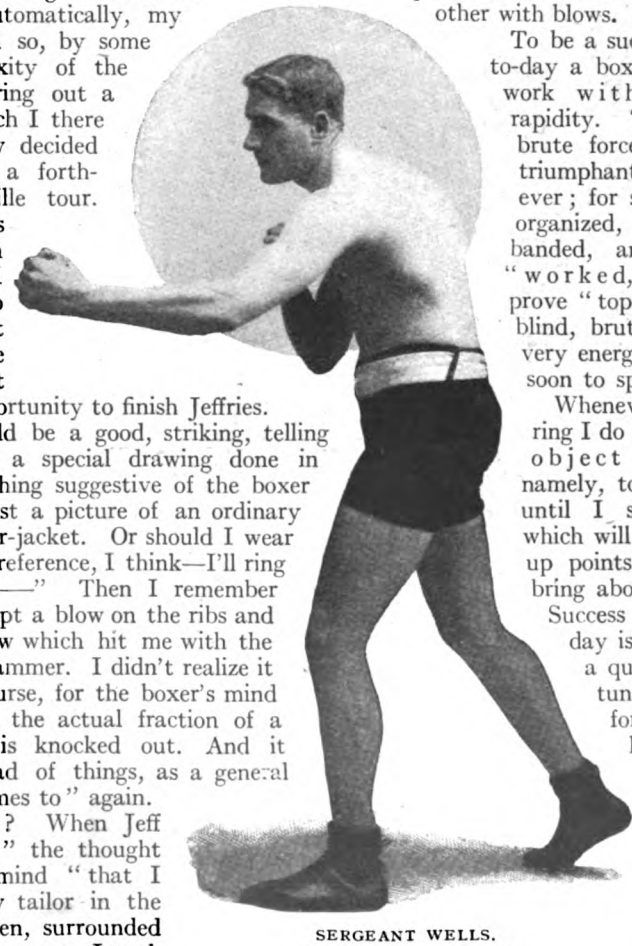
In my long career in the Ring I think I may say that the most important moment occurred during the twenty-third round of my contest for the world's heavyweight championship with James J. Jeffries at Coney Island some sixteen years ago. Now, the winning or losing of a world's championship means practically everything to a boxer, inasmuch as his earnings depend almost entirely on his drawing powers. In this particular contest, up to the twenty-third round I had been piling up point after point, and it looked New York to a settler's hut on my being returned an easy winner.

When I faced Jeffries in the twenty-third and final round of this match I can recall the working of my mind just as clearly as if I had met him yesterday. "I've got the big fellow whacked to the world," I thought, as I faced him in the centre of the ring. "Everything is dead easy for me now." Jeff at that second shot out a straight left which I side-stepped automatically, my thoughts as I did so, by some strange complexity of the boxer's mind, figuring out a striking poster which I there and then mentally decided I would use on a forthcoming vaudeville tour. Hammer and tongs we went at each other, the while I still continued to think out that poster, at the same time as alert as ever for an opportunity to finish Jeffries.

"Yes, that would be a good, striking, telling poster — I'll have a special drawing done in evening dress—nothing suggestive of the boxer about it at all—just a picture of an ordinary civilian in a dinner-jacket. Or should I wear tails? Tails for preference, I think—I'll ring up my tailor in——" Then I remember nothing more, except a blow on the ribs and a crash on the jaw which hit me with the force of a sledge-hammer. I didn't realize it at the time, of course, for the boxer's mind ceases to work at the actual fraction of a second when he is knocked out. And it takes up the thread of things, as a general rule, when he "comes to" again.

Strange, isn't it? When Jeff "put me to sleep" the thought was crossing my mind "that I would ring up my tailor in the morning," and when, surrounded by my seconds, I came to I took up the thread of those thoughts just as if I'd never been knocked out at all. It was only, indeed, when I was told that I had taken the count that my mind switched off that poster—which the Fates, and Jeffries, decreed I was never to use.

Yes—from a purely psychological point of view I think that the working of a boxer's mind during an important contest is one of the most interesting studies to be found in many a long day's march.



SERGEANT WELLS.
Photo. "Health and Strength."

SERGEANT WELLS

(Heavyweight Champion of Great Britain).

In my own case during a boxing contest my mind works very much in the same way as must the mind of a barrister when defending the interests of a client. In fact, it seems to me that the scientific boxer of to-day maps out his contest much in the same way in the ring as does a leading advocate in court. The one parries and thrusts with words; the other with blows.

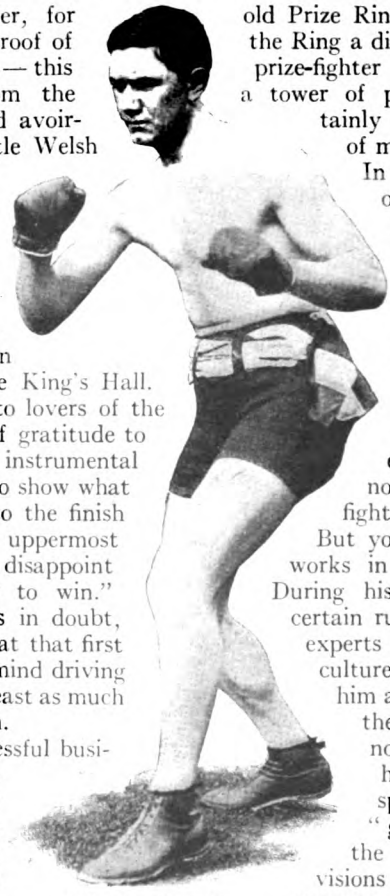
To be a success in the ring to-day a boxer's brain must work with extraordinary rapidity. The days when brute force was generally triumphant are dead for ever; for science, properly organized, carefully husbanded, and skilfully "worked," will always prove "top dog" over mere blind, brute force, whose very energy must cause it soon to spend its power.

Whenever I go into the ring I do so with one fixed object in my mind: namely, to bide my time until I see an opening which will help me to pile up points, or, maybe, to bring about a knock-out. Success in the ring to-day is almost entirely a question of opportunity—not of brute force at all, for have not many skilful boxers given away literally stones in weight and "won in a canter," from opponents of far greater

physical strength? Carpentier, for example, provides a striking proof of the superiority of cleverness — this quality obviously springs from the brain—over mere strength and avoirdupois, while has not the little Welsh wonder, Jimmy Wilde, also proved that the brainy boxer with a mind sufficiently alert to plan a clever campaign can give away any weight in reason to a less brainy opponent?

How well do I remember one of my early contests in London with Sergeant Sunshine at the King's Hall. I was a comparative stranger to lovers of the Ring, and owed a great debt of gratitude to Eugene Corri, who was largely instrumental in giving me an opportunity to show what I could do. From the start to the finish of that bout the one thought uppermost in my mind was: "I mustn't disappoint Mr. Corri. I've literally *got* to win." More than once the issue was in doubt, and to this day I still think that that first success was largely due to my mind driving me on all the time to win, at least as much for Mr. Corri's sake as my own.

I have read that a very successful business man has said that success in commerce is largely a matter of mental resolve. With the scientific rules which govern boxing to-day success in the ring is, I think, almost equally largely dependent on the mind. And, given two men of almost equal skill, my own personal opinion is that it is the psychologies of those men who wield the gloves which will decide the issue.



WILLIE RITCHIE.
Photo. Morton.

WILLIE RITCHIE

(Ex-Lightweight Champion of the World).

It may sometimes be overlooked by those not connected with the sport, though it is obviously recognized by every real boxing expert, that the Ring derives much of the fascination it exercises over the general public from the psychological side of the men engaged rather than their mere physical skill—in other words, the glamour of a big contest between leading lights of the fistic world lies probably quite as much in its mental as in its material aspect.

The many changes which have taken place in the rules governing boxing contests, changes which have entirely obliterated the brutal side of boxing—and there assuredly must have been a brutal side to it under the old Prize Ring rules—have attracted to the Ring a different type of man to the prize-fighter of old, who, maybe, was a tower of physical strength but certainly possessed a different type of mind.

In days gone by I have heard old champions declare that, month in and month out, the one topic of conversation was "fight" and fight all the time. They talked fight, thought fight, and, for all I know, dreamt fight. In other words, the one food which they regarded as essential to the proper nourishing of their mind was fight.

But your modern boxer's mind works in an entirely different way. During his training he follows out certain rules laid down by athletic experts and students of physical culture which he knows will make him as fit as well may be. But, the day's work over, he does not sit in the back parlour of his training quarters and spin yarn upon yarn of "glorious victories won in the past" and conjure up visions of future triumphs to come as the old-time fighter was wont to do.

Rather does your modern boxer do his best to dismiss the thought of fight altogether from his mind when his daily preparation is over. He knows he's done his best each day to get ready for the fray, and so after a hot bath and a thorough course of massage he more often than not leaves thoughts of fight behind him altogether, dresses for dinner, and spends the evening as cheerfully and healthily as circumstances permit.

A visit to the theatre, a musical evening, a game of bridge—luxuries which are common with other folk are also common to the boxer. His day's work is over and, provided he does not transgress the rules laid down by his trainer, he is allowed to amuse himself in any way he will—and that way certainly does not lie in the direction of either talking or thinking fight.

To the skilled exponent of boxing, attack and defence are very largely automatic actions. During my own contests, while

all the time my mind is trying to think out the best plan of campaign to bring me success, I do so much in the same way as a skilful exponent at billiards thinks out strokes ahead on the green cloth. There is nothing vicious, cruel, or brutal about the train of a boxer's thought when he is in action. He just realizes that he is engaged in a contest where skill—and skill alone—can bring him victory.

It may perhaps seem a bold thing to say, but I venture to hazard a strong opinion that a champion boxer must exercise as much brain-power as a leading light in the majority of other professions.

The "star" of the mere "fighter" has, to all practical intents and purposes, set—probably for ever—and to-day the psychology of the individual combatant is becoming ever more and more a permanent factor in the game. And the psychology of a really skilful boxer to-day seldom, if ever, works on the same lines as that of the flat-nosed exponents of the art of years ago.

JIMMY BRITT

(Ex-Lightweight Champion of the World).

I take it that it is almost a truism that what lies at the back of every experienced boxer's mind is the primitive instinct—the desire to win at all fair costs—so long as that result is attained by not infringing the rules, and, I think I may say, without causing one's opponent unnecessary punishment.

It is ancient history now for me to say that my days in the ring are memories of the past. At the same time, the working of my mind in what, to me, were the most important moments of my life—those minutes full of excitement, thrill, and untiring energy—still stand out, each letter written in capitals.

There was a time in my career when a meeting in the States with that well-known boxer, Young Corbett, meant everything to me—a rapid advance or an inglorious retreat. And in the last two rounds what thoughts do you think loomed most largely in my mind? Just this. That I might win so that I should have the means to pay my two little sisters' school-fees. Towards the finish of that contest I took and gave many a hard blow, but I do know that while it was the physical "side" of your humble servant which actually delivered the said punches, each and every blow was speeded on its way by a shaft from my mind urging it on to bring victory to me so that my sisters might be able to enjoy the first-class education I had always mentally mapped out for them.

Time afterwards decreed that neither should live long to enjoy whatever benefits a good education may carry in its train. And, in consequence, what to me was then a triumph has since been robbed of all its temporary glory. But I do remember as clearly as ever that as Young Corbett and I stood face to face, behind every move I made in either attack or defence my mind seemed to conjure up a picture few people would expect to find in a boxing ring—that of two little girls trotting off to school.

JIMMY BRITT.
Photo. Hana.

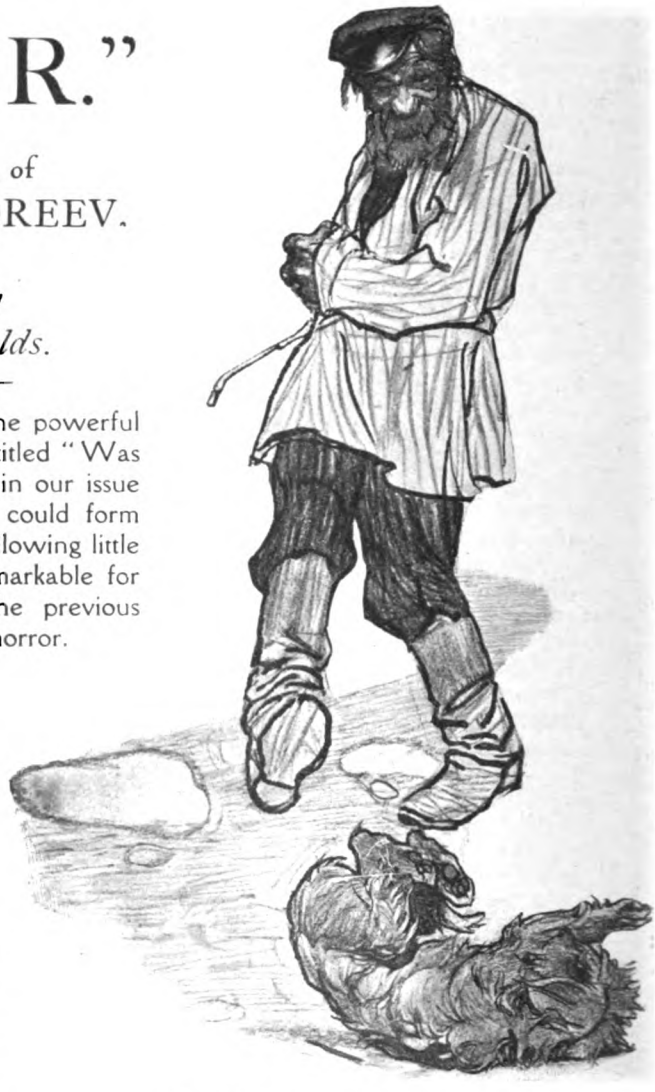
Yes, past all manner of doubt, the mind, be it that of boxer or emperor, is a very, very funny thing. I can at least speak for the boxer's mind from personal experience. Exactly how and why it works as it does neither I nor probably any other living soul could possibly explain. It is my firm belief that we are not intended by the Fates to understand these things. But, anyway, if anyone asks you in the future whether you think that the mind of the boxer is of a brutal order, you can, like your leading Parliamentary lights, reply with the deepest conviction: "The answer is in the negative."

"BITER."

From the Russian of
LEONIDAS ANDREEV.

Illustrated by
Warwick Reynolds.

Our readers will remember the powerful problem story by Andreev, entitled "Was He Mad?" which appeared in our issue for January, 1915. Nothing could form a greater contrast than the following little story of a dog, which is as remarkable for charm and tenderness as the previous story was for its grim horror.



"THERE, TAKE THAT, YOU CUR!"

HE had no master, no name, and no one knew whence he came, nor how, until now, he had existed. Other dogs no better than he, but full of arrogance, because they had a master, growled ferociously at his approach. When he wandered in the streets, pressed by hunger or by an imperious desire to mix with living creatures, boys pelted him with stones and men hailed his approach jeeringly with shrill and prolonged whistles. In a dazed way he trotted, first in one direction, then in another, stumbling against railings and people, and finally stampeded towards a familiar spot in a large deserted garden on the outskirts of the village. There he would lick his sores and wounds and harbour fear and hatred in his solitary heart.

One day he had an adventure. He came across a compassionate man, a drunken *moujik*, who was coming out of a drink-shop. The drunkard was in high good temper with the whole world, and in a friendly loquacious mood. His misty glance alighted on the ugly, filthy dog, and he was filled with commiseration.

"Medor!" he shouted, giving him the first canine name he could think of. "Medor! Come here! Don't be afraid!"

The dog felt doubtful. Should he obey? Sorely tempted, he wagged his tail, neither advancing nor retreating.

The *moujik* slapped his knee and repeated, angrily:—

"Come here, you idiot! I tell you I won't hurt you."

Still hesitating, the dog wagged his tail more and more, then finally began to advance cautiously and slowly. Meanwhile a new

sensation was awakening in the drunkard's soul. Suddenly remembering all he had suffered at the hands of those who are generally called "good people," a savage rage took possession of him, and when the dog at last rolled on its back at the man's feet the man dealt it a violent kick in the ribs.

"There, take that, you cur!"

The dog howled, not so much from pain as from distress. The *moujik* went his way, reeling from side to side, and, after knocking his wife about, reduced to shreds the new shawl he had given her a week before.

From that day forth the dog especially avoided those who tried to caress him. But all people provoked his ire. He would either run away from them, or, snarling furiously, attempt to bite them, and desisted only when he was driven away with kicks and blows.

Throughout an entire winter he took refuge in a deserted villa, of which he constituted himself the guardian. During the night he prowled about the vicinity of the house, howling, until he could howl no more. Then, still growling, he would go inside, apparently very proud and satisfied with himself.

Through the endless winter nights the dark windows of the deserted house stared blindly into the solitary and chilly garden. Occasionally a pane of glass shimmered with a flitting, pale, bluish light the reflection of the moon or of a falling star.

With the advent of spring the approaches to the villa grew strangely animated. There was a constant noise of wheels, of heavy footsteps, of rough voices, and one day the house was taken possession of by a whole lot of nice and lively people, whom the mild, cheerful spring weather predisposed to gaiety. They talked and sang, and a woman's warm, tender laugh rose upon the air.

The first being the dog encountered was a dear little girl, who was racing about the garden in a pinafore. She was all eagerness to reconnoitre and take possession of everything; she gazed at the luminous sky, the red branches of the cherry-trees, then threw herself upon the grass, her face exposed to the full radiance of the sun. But, almost immediately, she jumped up again, and hugged herself with her little arms. Her red lips smiled at the sweet spring, and she ardently exclaimed: "Oh, how happy I am!"

Then she made a pirouette. At that very instant the dog, who had been standing close by, snapped at her whirling skirt, wrenched a piece off, and disappeared with it behind the thick bushes.

"Oh, you naughty dog!" cried the little girl, taking to her heels. And for some time after her excited little voice was heard:—

"Mother—children—don't go into the garden! There's a big dog there—a nasty dog that bites."

When the household had gone to bed the dog made its appearance and lay down in its favourite place, under the veranda. Sweet scents floated in the air, and through the open

"THE DOG SNAPPED AT HER WHIRLING SKIRT AND WRENCHED A PIECE OFF."

window came a soft noise of breathing. Everyone was asleep, exposed to danger; but the dog remained on the alert. He only closed one eye. At the least rustle he showed his teeth, and his eyes glistened in the dark, emitting a phosphorescent light. There was much that was disquieting in the calm spring night. In the grass an invisible insect stirred under the dog's very nose. A dead branch crackled and broke under the weight of a sleeping bird. A distant cart squeaked and heavy vans rumbled over the cobble-stoned highway.

The owners of the villa were very worthy people. The influence of the country, the soothing effect of the pure air, and the blue and green environment tended to make them still better. They were predisposed to enjoyment, to general good-will. At first they resolved to drive the dog away, and even to shoot it, if it refused to go; then, gradually, they grew accustomed to the nightly barking, and often in the morning somebody would inquire:—

"Where's our Biter?"

And so the dog was henceforth called.

At first he kept almost exclusively to the bushes, into which he disappeared so soon as a crust of bread was hurled at him like a stone, but gradually he grew more and more familiar. He became the dog of the house, and caused great amusement by his uncompromising manners and his exaggerated distrust.

"'MOTHER—CHILDREN!' CRIED LELIA. 'COME AND SEE ME STROKING BITER!'"

With time he became bolder. He made timid overtures to his hosts, as though he were trying to divine their thoughts and habits. Half an hour before meals he was at his post in the bushes, gazing up at the windows with tender wistfulness. Thanks to Lelia, the little girl he had so ill-treated at their first encounter, he was admitted into the society of these privileged people, who found such unalloyed happiness in peace and harmless amusement.

"Biter, come here," cried Lelia one day. "Come here, doggie; come along. Here's some sugar. Would you like it? I'll give you some. Come along."

But Biter stood still, not daring to approach. He was abjectly afraid. Lelia spent herself in endless cajoleries, spoke her sweetest, and smiled her prettiest—all in vain.

She took a step nearer, and struck one hand against the other. She also was afraid to be bitten a second time.

"I love you, Biter; I love you truly. You have such a queer little nose and such clever eyes. You believe me, dear, don't you?"

Then—for the second time in his life—he lay on his back and waited. Would he be caressed or thrashed?

He was caressed.

A warm little hand passed timidly over his big head, then, as though to show that the dog henceforth belonged to it, the little hand gradually moved quicker and quicker along the rest of the body, rubbing it with vigour.

"Mother—children!" cried Lelia. "Come and see me stroking Biter!"

The children rushed up in a band, laughing, dancing, shouting. And Biter did not budge. With closed eyes, he went on expecting he knew not what. But he felt that if anyone struck him now he could no longer bite his tormentor. A little warm hand had robbed

him of his old anger. And when the others patted him also, he quivered each time a friendly hand passed over his shaggy skin. These new demonstrations of tenderness hurt him like the old blows.

A great happiness dawned in his poor dog-soul. He had a name. At its sound he rushed from the other end of the garden. He had masters whom he could oblige. What more could a dog want to be happy?

Very frugal, of necessity, during his miserable career, he ate little; yet he grew to look quite different. His long hair, which formerly hung in untidy yellow strands, always streaked with mud, now looked clean and as glossy as satin. No one ever dreamed of molesting him now, or pelting him with stones.

"HE WENT THROUGH A SERIES OF GROTESQUE SOMERSAULTS."

Yet he was conscious of his new dignity and good fortune only when he was alone. Fear had not entirely left him. If somebody approached he grew nervous, and cringed, expecting a blow. Caresses still surprised him as something miraculous and bewildering and altogether puzzling. He knew not how to requite tenderness with tenderness. There are dogs expert in the art of pleasing, who can sit on their hind paws, rub against their master, and even smile, but that art was strange to Biter.

All that he could do was to roll on his back and, closing his eyes, bark softly. This, he felt, was no adequate way to express his deep content, his gratitude, and his love. And one day, prompted by a sudden impulse, Biter did what he had seen other dogs do, and which he had forgotten long ago. He went through a series of grotesque somersaults; he jumped awkwardly, and turned over again and again, and his body, usually so supple and so wiry, seemed heavy and clumsy during these exercises.

"Come and see Biter playing the fool!" Lelia cried out, and laughed until she cried.

"Again, Biter, again!" she encouraged the dog.

Everyone came to look on. They all laughed to see him jumping and turning over, but no one understood the strange supplication which was in the depth of the dog's eyes.

Hearing the Kaiser Preach in Jerusalem.

By

SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES, M.P.

IT was late in the year 1898 that arrangements were made for me to be one of a group of special correspondents to visit Palestine and Syria on the occasion of the Kaiser's trip or tour, which was known as the "High-pressure Pilgrimage."

MR. S. L. HUGHES, M.P.
("Sub Rosa.")
Photo. by Clark's Press Studio.

A few days before I started I heard with pleasure that my entertaining friend, Mr. Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*, was to be one of the party. He was a very experienced traveller, having been in a dozen campaigns, and on other missions of importance all over the world, so I consulted him as to what I ought to take with me. He was most helpful, and his advice was sound. I remember how he impressed on me the wisdom of not taking too much in the way of baggage, saying that some men encumbered themselves with twice the necessary number of things because they feared that some might be lost on the journey. And as to that, I well remember how he stood in Fleet Street and smote the pavement with his stick, crying aloud that only a fool lost things when travelling. He took great pains to explain particularly what sort of a fool he meant, and he succeeded in making his point quite clear.

"I have been all over the world," he exclaimed, "and I have never lost even a collar—no, nor a stud either."

After I had thanked and congratulated him, we parted, and I agreed to look out for him at Brindisi, for I was leaving London a day before he left, as I meant to go to Paris first, and then to travel to Brindisi, whereas he and most of the others meant to go direct from Calais to Brindisi without touching Paris. I crossed on a Thursday night, visited Paris, and then journeyed on, reaching Brindisi on the Sunday morning. And then in the evening the through train from Calais came in, and I soon saw my friend Melton Prior. I also saw that something was wrong. He was annoyed—nay, he was furious about something, and I may say that when Melton Prior was vexed he let everyone know all about it, using great plainness of speech. The fact was that he had lost all his luggage, except the things he was wearing, and a little handbag that he clutched and swung about in a dangerous manner!

That night, when all the others dressed for dinner on the *Isis*, poor Prior was wearing a jacket that was either a blazer or part of his pyjamas. There was little real consolation in knowing that his smart clothing was jogging along only forty-eight hours behind him. It was at Haifa, near the foot of Mount Carmel, and not far from Acre, where we were encamped for a week, that at last Prior and his long-lost garments were re-united, and Melton was himself again.

Much has been said about the careful manner in which this tour had been planned, about the praiseworthy way in which the time-table was kept, and the foresight shown in making all the necessary arrangements for camping out and for transport. All these tributes are well deserved, but when it is further suggested that this shows how superior the Germans are to ourselves in regard to all this sort of thing, I demur. The fact is that all these

THE LANDING OF THE KAISER AT HAIFA.
(*From a sketch by Melton Prior*)

arrangements had been made and were carried out by Thos. Cook and Son, as British an institution as the Bank of England. And so it was that the Kaiser, personally conducted by Cook, accompanied by me—and by some others—journeyed through a land that had been surveyed and mapped out by one who was to be years later one of the chief instruments of his destruction, no other, in fact, than Lieut. H. H. Kitchener, the Secretary for War of to-day. It is only natural that one or two scenes that I have witnessed in my well-spent career should stand out more vividly than others. One of them is the landing of the Kaiser at Haifa. I believe a French journalist was responsible for the rumour spread at the time that His Majesty, when coming ashore, had tried to walk on the water, and, having failed, declared that he did not believe it had ever been done. Nothing of the sort really happened. He landed in the usual way—that is to say, his usual way—amid the firing of guns and the blare of trumpets, surrounded by huge German officers, carefully selected because of their height, and received by Turkish pashas who seemed to have been chosen because of their girth. Haifa made as brave a show as it could in the way of bunting, and I was amused and surprised to find that among the flags of all nations that had been found for the occasion was an Isle of Man flag showing the well-known design of three legs and the usual Latin motto. Some idea of the size of the procession may be obtained from the fact that in addition to all the Turkish cavalry Messrs. Cook had eight hundred muleteers, twelve hundred horses and mules, and ninety-seven carriages, some of them marvellous survivals of a past age. The horses also varied in regard to size, quality, and action—some holding up their heads like giraffes, and others preferring to nose the ground like bloodhounds on the trail. Of course, there was a band. It did not play "It's a long, long way to Cæsarea," as that inspiring air was not then known, but the bandsmen set to work with almost epileptic fury. And then the great, unwieldy show moved off along a road almost knee-deep in dust as fine as snuff—Emperor, Empress, officers, pashas, soldiers, Arab drivers and muleteers, hangers-on, and a most notable group of journalists of many nations, some riding on mules. I remember writing at the time: "Nothing equal to this

THE GERMAN EMPEROR PASSING THROUGH JERUSALEM ON HIS WAY TO BETHLEHEM.

has been seen on earth since Noah came out of the Ark, or since Barnum entered London." I repeat that one of the scenes that I shall never forget is the start of this show as it began to sway and stagger along the appalling road, sending up a huge cloud of dust that could be seen for miles.

And another scene that will never fade from my memory is that of the Kaiser entering Jerusalem at a quarter-past three on the afternoon of Saturday, October 29th, 1898. Here, again, my regard for accuracy compels me to contradict another rumour spread by the merry French journalists, and even described in print and confirmed by pictures, to the effect that His Majesty entered Jerusalem riding on a donkey, while the people strewed palm branches in the way and shouted "Hosanna." It was not like that at all. He was mounted on a big white, or very light grey, horse, and he was arrayed in what may be called Crusader costume. A white silk robe stretched from his shoulders over the hind-quarters of the horse, and altogether he reminded one of a pantomime edition of Richard the Lion-hearted. It was not safe for anyone to laugh, as His Majesty took himself and the whole affair very seriously—indeed, his general bearing suggested that he was saying to himself, "I am more than the limit—I am absolutely IT!" One of those who were looking on was that notable alderman, Sir William Treloar, who, though he had not then been Lord Mayor, had seen many civic shows. I asked him if he could remember any man in tin armour, or indeed anyone taking part in a Lord Mayor's Show, who had ever done it better. Sir William thought not; he was of opinion that the Kaiser had beaten the lot—always excepting the Lord Mayor's coachman, who is, of course, *sui generis*, and out of the competition. I may add that the Emperor did not enter, as has been said, through the Jaffa gate, as, in order to avoid an awkward corner, the Turks had thoughtfully knocked a great breach in the historic walls of Jerusalem and prepared a special road for him. In order to do this they had demolished about a dozen little shops, and had sent the shopkeepers about their business—supposing that the poor wretches had any business left. There is no security of tenure and no compensation for disturbances in Jerusalem under the rule of the gentle Turk.

And now for another memorable scene in that old, old city. A day or two later I

might have been seen—nay, I was seen—arrayed in what is called evening dress, walking through the white, dusty, and sun-baked streets of Jerusalem a little before eight in the morning. To march out at that hour dressed as if one were going to the opera at night gives one the appearance of dissipation—but I was going to church. It had been noised abroad that the Kaiser was going to preach a sermon at the dedication of a church, and I felt that this was something too good to miss. As Gilbert has put it, "Such an opportunity might ne'er occur again." I have attended many religious services in my time, but this was unique. Nearly all those in the crowded church had to stand in stifling heat for more than an hour before the show arrived, but at last the chief performer and the members of his troupe came in. They were in full uniform, armed to the teeth, and they goose-stepped and rake-walked up the church, a sight for gods and men—and special correspondents. As they came in, the choir, composed of men from the *Hohenzollern*, and powerful singers, sang this pleasing and appropriate anthem: "Rejoice, daughter of Zion, for behold thy King cometh unto thee." His Majesty accepted this tribute as a very proper attention, and saluted in a very gracious manner. There were three sermons—all long—and I thought once more of Gilbert and those who are condemned

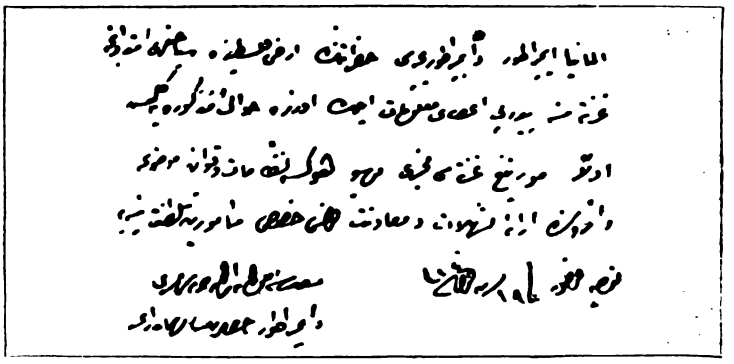
To listen to sermons
By mystical Germans
Who preach from ten till four.

First came a local German pastor, and one could not blame the good man for saying all he knew, as it was his only chance of preaching to his Emperor. When he had finished one of the Court chaplains did a turn, and managed to keep on a little longer than his humbler brother. But then came the star turn, for the Kaiser rose quickly from a gilded chair, marched up to the altar, turned round, clicked together his heels—and then he began to preach as hard as he could. I was unable to follow His Majesty as he addressed us in German, but he was evidently telling us all about it, and his discourse sounded like a series of words of command at a review. I recognized one word—

THE KAISER PREACHING IN THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER AT JERUSALEM.

(Drawn by H. M. Paget from a sketch by Sydney P. Hall, who accompanied the Royal party.)

"ah-men"—and as it was the last I was glad to hear it. While the two chaplains had been preaching, the Emperor, sitting in front, had his back to the congregation and could not see what was going on, and many of the officers had shown that they were bored, yawning and looking at their watches. There were no such displays, however, when the Kaiser was up. Everyone was rigidly at attention, and even the two chaplains looked as if they thought, "Now, this is real preaching." There was only one person there who seemed to be unimpressed—the Empress! She appeared to take it all as a matter of course, as if saying, "Well, well—it's only William. He will do this sort of thing. He often talks like this at home." But all the others seemed to hang on the words of the Imperial preacher. Perhaps I ought to make one other exception, as near to me stood a young Turkish officer, and now and then he sighed gently. But he was quite polite, looking at the people through his glasses in a curious "What have we here?" manner that reminded me of Mr. Balfour surveying friends and opponents alike in the House of Commons. At last the long performance was over. The procession formed up again, and with spurs clinking and sabres rattling they goose-stepped down the church and out into the hot streets again, where the patient Turkish troops had been standing all the time. It was a trying experience, but it was worth enduring, for one does not every day have a chance of hearing an Emperor, and such an Emperor, preach a sermon in a church, and in Jerusalem. And I ought in fairness to add two extenuating circumstances that afforded some relief. In the first place the singing was very good, especially when they sang with immense gusto and effect that great hymn, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" Everyone joined in except the young Turkish officer, who seemed startled, and one or two of my journalistic colleagues, who were apparently not accustomed to hymn-singing. And then there was absolutely no collection, either during the service or at the door as we went out. Of course, I had to rely on others to learn what the Kaiser's sermon was about, and I was told that it had to do chiefly with the sacredness of discipline and the beauty of obedience—favourite themes of his. That being his subject I can testify to the fact that his style of delivery was thoroughly in keeping with it. His sentences were rapped out like a series of words of command to troops in the field, or even of orders to a gang of convicts in a prison yard. The whole affair was a rather trying experience, and yet I have never regretted having gone through it, though if I were invited to attend another service of the sort I should not accept the invitation.



MR. HUGHES'S TURKISH PASSPORT.

(Translation.)

Mr. Hughes having arrived in Palestine at the time of the visit of the German Emperor and Empress to give information to the Press, it is necessary that he shall be given every help and facility within the laws and regulations.

Chief Aide-de-Camp and Marshal to His Majesty and Host to the German Emperor and Empress,

SHAKIR PASHA.

She ordered strawberry jam
—and toasted muffins,
—and tea ;
And he, poor chap, had only

Eighteenpence, Plus.

But that "plus" made all the difference !

By ELIZABETH JORDAN.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg.

A YOUNG man strode briskly along a country highway. As he walked he whistled, and as he whistled he swung his stick ineffectually toward the swaying purple asters and the goldenrod of the hedges at his right and left. Around him hung the soft mists of an autumnal twilight, and in his ear the tinkle of a near-by cowbell and the honk of a distant motor-horn blended pleasantly. One spoke of the rural delights he was leaving—the other of the urban joys to which he was so soon to return. Also, and almost simultaneously, another sound reached him, the creaking of a weather-beaten sign-board, swinging lightly in the evening breeze. Stopping short, he read it :—

> YE WAYSIDE INN
> OFFERING COMFORT ALIKE TO MAN AND BEAST.

Appreciatively his eyes travelled from the sign to the gate below it, then up a garden walk to a brown cottage over whose latticed veranda the vines of a morning glory climbed. For a moment he regarded the place with pleasure, his elbows on the gate-post, an anticipatory smile on his lips. Then, on a sudden reflection, his brow darkened. He stepped back from the gate, thrust his hand into the right pocket of his trousers, and drew forth its contents—subsequently regarding with severe disapproval the varied collection of articles that lay upon his open palm. It comprised a shilling, six pennies, a match-box, and a penny stamp, the freshness of the latter being considerably dimmed by intimate association with its neighbours. Still cherishing these articles he set his lips and plunged an eager hand into the left pocket of his trousers, producing a silver cigarette-case which seemingly dwelt there in a splendid isolation.

The young man returned it to its place and muttered something under his breath. It sounded like a rude word, wholly out of harmony with the brooding peace around him. Hurriedly, he went through the pockets of his coat, even through the tiny one over his heart. He found a silver key-ring with keys, a newspaper clipping, and a letter addressed to Mr. George Eddington at a London club. With another word, expressing even more untrammelled emotions than the first, he thrust these objects back into their original shelter. "By Jove!" he muttered, plaintively. "And I'm hungry!"

Again he surveyed the collection of coins in his right hand. "Eighteenpence," he muttered. "What a chump I was to leave myself so short."

He recalled his balance at his banker's and a recent flurry in stocks, which had been to his advantage at the time but failed to cheer him now. Even for a walking tour, he bitterly reflected, a man with forethought would have been too well supplied with cash to find himself reduced to eighteenpence when still twenty miles from London. He had bungled his tour, just as he bungled every-

thing else that was really worth while. Resting his arms on the gate-post, he gave himself up to meditations which he imagined were philosophical but which were merely the results of a growing impulse of hunger.

What had life given him, anyway? Eighteenpence, plus twelve thousand pounds or so, and a good appetite which he was for the moment unable to satisfy. Nothing else—at least none of the big things other men had. No wife, no children, no love, no prospect of any. It was quite too harrowing—he dared not let his thoughts dwell on it further.

"Wonder how much comfort for man they give for eighteenpence?" he mused, aloud. "I'll find out."

Restoring the change to his pocket, he opened the gate and strolled up the garden walk, looking around admiringly, smelling the mignonette that edged the path, and stopping to nod at a row of dahlias that seemed coyly bowing to him a few yards away. Just such a row had graced the back fence of his mother's garden when he was a little boy. "About a thousand years ago," reflected Mr. George Eddington, drearily, "or was it twenty?"

"'IF YOU CLAP YOUR HANDS,' SHE SAID, GENTLY.

Ye Wayside Inn seemed strangely deserted. No bustle of footsteps was heard inside as he approached it, no voice was raised to greet him. But the big front door was half an inch ajar, and the young man pushed it open and entered.

He found himself in a tiny hall. At his right was a closed door. At his left, through an arch, lay an old-fashioned dining-room, long and wide, its beamed ceiling dark with age, gay rugs upon its floor, the blazing logs in a huge fireplace offering its sole illumination. Half-a-dozen small tables stood around the room, set for the service of afternoon tea,

'THE OGRE MAY COME.'"

and at one of these—the only person visible—sat a girl in a brown golf costume, eating toasted muffins and strawberry jam and drinking tea. She wore a small, close brown hat with a hint of red in it; and a golf-bag, bulging with clubs, leaned against a chair beside her. She made an attractive picture, and Mr. Eddington paused to regard it with approval. Then, as she paid no attention to him, he walked into the room, passed her with a slight bow and his cap in his hand, and carefully selecting a near-by table from which he could keep her in full view, sat down and waited for his tea.

In the fireplace a log broke and a shower of sparks flew up the wide chimney. The girl, whose charming profile was toward him, drank her tea with her eyes fixed in an abstraction which probably had to do with her excuses for missing that last putt. Mr. Eddington looked around for a bell or a bell-rope, and not seeing one coughed restlessly. Nobody came. He rose and started toward the girl in the golf costume. Without giving him time to speak she addressed him.

"If you clap your hands," she said, gently, "the Ogre may come."

Her voice was contralto, with really beautiful modulations, but under the force of her simple words the young man stopped and gaped at her.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. He had a momentary but strong impression that he was asleep and dreaming a fantastic dream. But the liberal allowance of strawberry jam the girl was spreading on that muffin was reassuring. There was nothing dream-like about her appetite, nor in the pang of hunger her chance companion experienced as he watched her.

"The Ogre," she repeated, patiently, with a courteous but impersonal glance at him. "If you clap, he may come."

Eddington clapped, feeling rather foolish. The Ogre did not come.

"Perhaps," suggested the young man, diffidently, "a loud cry of hunger might bring him. Do you mind if I try it?"

"Not in the least," said the girl, selecting another muffin and dipping anew into the pot of strawberry jam. She really had a very good appetite, Eddington reflected, with one hungry eye on the jam. He hoped it was not the last pot of jam; and then he remembered that it didn't matter, anyway, as his eighteenpence would hardly run to jam in a place like this. Tea, toast, and a microscopic tip to the waiter seemed to be his programme—assuming, that is, that the waiter, or the Ogre, ever came.

"You might beard him in his den," suggested the girl. "Through the door behind you, down that long hall, then to the right. Enter calmly, and keep your eyes on his while you speak."

"Thanks very much. Any password?" asked George, briskly, starting for the door.

"None. You must quell him by the power of the human eye."

Following her directions, Eddington found himself walking along a narrow and very dim corridor, and eventually standing before a closed door, which he opened without ceremony. He was in a small, clean kitchen, lit by a kerosene lamp which stood on a table; and in the next instant he was confronted by the largest and most unprepossessing man he had ever seen.

"Six feet five at the least," George reflected as he unconsciously gave way a step before the figure that rose from the table and towered above him. The giant's breadth was in proportion to his height, his coarse black hair stood up in a forbidding pompadour, and a deep scar furrowed one side of his face from temple to chin. He wore black trousers tucked into high boots, and a grey flannel shirt with a turned-down collar. Also, and this detail impressed his caller more than any other, he seemed extremely annoyed by the young man's appearance. The guest found himself apologizing, as if he were an intruder.

"I—excuse me," he began, uncertainly. "I'm looking for the waiter, or the proprietor."

"What you want?"

The Ogre's voice was as unattractive as his face and manner—harsh and guttural; but by this time the visitor had recovered his nerve. Also he remembered the instructions of the girl in the dining-room. He gazed steadily into the Ogre's small black eyes, and the Ogre returned an unwinking stare.

"Oh, lots of things," said Eddington airily. "A waiter first, a menu next, and then things to eat."

"There iss no menu."

"Oh," muttered Eddington, rather blankly. He had planned to cast a piercing glance at the menu and to select those dishes that lay within his humble means. He still clung to the Ogre's eyes, but there was a growing uncertainty in his own. It was humiliating, but he must ask a question.

"How—how much is tea and toast?" he inquired.

"One shillin'."

"All right. Tea and toast—and quick, please."

He threw out the last words with a forced imperiousness, designed to cover his embarrassment of the moment before. "I've been waiting fifteen minutes already," he added, as he turned to leave the room.

A shilling for his tea left twopence for the Ogre's service, and fourpence for the journey home—hardly enough, but for the moment Eddington ignored that trivial detail. He was about to be fed, and he was returning to the girl in brown. Both were pleasant reflections. He found her pouring out her last cup of tea. The muffins and jam had disappeared. She *had* an appetite! He approached her with easy *camaraderie*.

"I found him," he told her, "thanks to you."

"There are two candles on the mantel," she remarked, "Would you mind lighting them? I have no matches."

A friendly darkness, he now observed, was folding itself round them. He found the brass candlesticks on the mantelpiece, and lit the half-burned wax candles they contained. The illumination merely emphasized the dimness of the room by throwing up its shadows. He threw another log on the fire and returned to her side.

"May I ask you a few questions," he suggested, "about this place? I feel as if we were meeting in a dream or a fairy tale."

She smiled. "Poor Alexis," she said. "It is no fairy tale for him. His employer, who is a Russian woman, opened this place three years ago, and succeeded very well. When the war began her two brothers were wounded, and she returned to Russia to look after them. She left Alexis in charge, and Alexis is very honest but very stupid. He

thinks everyone who comes here is trying to rob his absent employer—so he has driven most of her customers away. When she comes back I'm afraid she'll find nothing left but her sign, swinging in the wind."

"She'll find her Alexis swinging in the wind," predicted Eddington, darkly, "if he doesn't bring me something to eat pretty quick. By Jove, I never was so hungry in my life—and I haven't even a cigarette left."

He drew out his empty case and surveyed it bitterly. She looked at it, too, casually at first, then closely and with a sudden gleam in her eye which in his abstraction he failed to observe.

"I'm sorry I've nothing left to stay you till Alexis comes," she murmured, a more cordial note in her voice than it had yet held, "but I'll give you this comforting knowledge: What Alexis deigns to prepare is really good. Your meal will be delicious."

"I'm not going to have a meal," said the young man, with unconscious pathos. "I'm going to have tea and toast—and save my appetite till I get back to town," he added, hastily. Then he leaned toward her with an appealing, boyish smile.

"May he serve my tea here?" he begged. "At your table? Say 'yes.' It wouldn't be fair to cast me into the outer darkness of a table alone, would it now?"

For a moment she studied him without replying, but with a faint smile. Under its encouragement, he went on.

"Besides, I've got to save you from the Ogre. At exactly the right moment, *after* I've had tea, I shall do it—in the showiest manner."

"Remain, then," she said, "on the distinct understanding that you will die for me."

"If *necessary*," corrected the young man, dropping into the chair opposite her, "and preferably after a lifetime of service and devotion." Seeing her eyebrows rise, he rushed into generalities. "The dramatic value of these hasty, messy deaths," he added, "has been greatly exaggerated."

Alexis brought the tea, excellent tea, as the girl had predicted, and thin slices of delicately-browned and buttered toast.

"The strawberry jam," she recommended, "is excellent."

"None for me," said her companion. "I'm positive you haven't left any in the place. But if you would only pour my tea, and share it——"

"I will pour," she agreed, beginning the task, "but not share. I have had two cups already."

"Four," corrected Eddington, incautiously.

She ignored the word.

"Do you like it weak or strong?" she inquired.

He told her, regarding with delight the picture she made. It was a wonderful experience to be sitting with her in the dim old room, in this companionable way. His heart was beating a little faster than usual.

"Sugar?" she asked, "and cream?"

"Yes, thanks. But you really ought to know," murmured the young man. "You have poured it for me every day for the past ten years."

She stared at him.

"In my dreams," explained Eddington, cheerfully, as he took the cup.

"Oh!"

For a moment she seemed at a loss, but her brown eyes still shone at him out of the firelit room with a soft brilliance in their depths, and in them lay something else, a gleam of tolerant, friendly understanding. Her face, Eddington told himself, was really beautiful. Gazing at it in rapture over a slice of buttered toast, he went on.

"Yes," he mused, "I've seen you every day for ten years, looking exactly as you do now—the same deep, wonderful brown eyes, the same beautiful mouth——"

"And I hope," she interjected, "the same expression of severe disapproval at this point. Really, you know——"

"Not at all," interrupted Eddington. "You're always heavenly kind—in my dreams. The same brown hair, too, with the same wave in it, and the same hint of red——"

"Life," she mused, "must be difficult for an impulsive temperament like yours."

"But it isn't impulsive," he protested. "I've never been impulsive before—except in my dreams."

"Because one day," she added, following her own train of thought, "some girl will take advantage of your absent-mindedness, if you prefer to call it that. Then, before you know what has happened, you will be assuring some clergyman that you *do*."

"There is exactly one woman in the world for whom I would make that promise," murmured Eddington, beginning on his last piece of toast.

"Ah, really!" She seemed interested, and also relieved. "You have found her, then."

"Of course I have," explained the young

man. "I've already mentioned that to you. But," he added, hurriedly, as she was about to speak, "of course I realize that as I know her so slightly I must not alarm her by being abrupt. I must proceed cautiously and slowly and tactfully."

"She will, no doubt, appreciate your consideration," murmured his companion, without interest.

"Of course," added Eddington, offering her his cup to be refilled, "a man knows the One Woman the first time he meets her. He doesn't always tell her so; he cannot always get her (two lumps, please); but the alarm-clock of his life strikes twelve the minute he sees her. (Yes, a little more cream.) It's his warning to wake up and win her; and if he's a man he drops everything else and, as they say in America, 'gets busy.'"

She gave him his tea in silence, and he drank it slowly while she settled back into her chair and began to search the pocket of her tweed skirt. Eddington's heart sank. Had he offended her? She was about to pay her bill and depart, and he could think of no good excuse for detaining her. However, and his spirits revived at the thought, considering the lateness of the hour, he could surely escort her to the station or to her home, if the latter happened to be in the neighbourhood. He swallowed the last of his tea, and as if in response to his frantic mental summons, Alexis now loomed darkly at his elbow, presenting his bill.

Eddington gave him a shilling, unostentatiously adding the tip. He observed that Alexis was still waiting, his heavy gaze fixed on the lady's charming face. That face was now flushed and anxious, and the girl in brown was plunging her hand excitedly into the side pockets of her coat. A small collection of feminine possessions lay on the table before her—a handkerchief, a score-card, a note-book, a gold pencil. As Eddington surveyed this she turned to him, her cheeks flushing more darkly, all her self-possession gone.

"Do you know," she gasped, "I haven't my purse with me! *What* shall I do? I've been here several times, and Alexis knows me—but he'll never let me go until I pay."

Eddington's lips curved into a reassuring smile, which suddenly froze upon them. His heart dropped a beat. He had remembered his four pennies and his postage stamp. His stupefaction, however, was but momentary, and her own excitement made his companion oblivious to it.

"Leave that to me," he said, reassuringly. "I will attend to the matter."

"But——" protested the lady.

"I beg of you." Eddington silenced her with an eloquent wave of the hand. He was glad of her protest. It gave him time to think. Alexis was still standing beside him. He appeared, under the combined effect of the situation and the darkness, to be about ten feet high. The young man had a wild thought of taking him out and slaying him and hiding his body in the cellar; but after one glance at the huge figure that seemed to fill the room, he abandoned this dream. The girl in brown was murmuring something.

"It's horribly embarrassing, but if you will be so kind—and let me send you the amount by post——"

With set teeth Eddington plunged his hand into his left pocket. It was an instinctive gesture, made to gain time. The fingers closed on his heavy silver cigarette-case. He leaned forward and picked up the lady's check. Three shillings! No wonder, he reflected bitterly—all that strawberry jam! She must have eaten jars and jars of it. And buttered muffins, too—such extravagance!

Slipping the cigarette-case under the check, he handed both to Alexis, firmly closing the latter's huge hand over them.

"And keep the change, Alexis," he added.

He rose, and taking the arm of the stunned Russian, whose mental operations seemed to have stopped, led him firmly into the hall.

"Keep your mouth shut," he hissed, when they had reached that refuge. "The cigarette-case is worth ten pounds. I'll come back and pay the bill to-morrow, and give you a sovereign for yourself."

He thrust the Ogre into the kitchen and returned hurriedly to his lady's side. He was anxious to get away, and it was a relief to find her standing ready, with her golf-bag in her hand. Taking this from her, he led the way down the garden path, haunted by fears that even yet the Ogre might pursue them. Outside of the gate he paused and looked at her.

"Which way?" he asked.

"Why, London," she told him. "That is," she added, consciously, "if you'll add to your kindness by getting me a ticket!"

Under the horrible shock of her words, Eddington stood still. He had four pennies and a stamp, and with this he was expected to get a lady and himself back to town! Then he found his voice.

"Splendid!" he cried. "I'm going back to town, too."

He strode beside her to the station, his mind working feverishly while he lent an absent ear to what she was saying. What should he do? An impulse to return to the inn, on the pretext of having forgotten something, and wrest the money from Alexis, died under a sudden appreciation of the difficulty of that enterprise. Then, like a lightning flash in a storm, the thought of his silver match-box came to him, and he walked on with a lighter step. Also, he was able to smile and make an occasional coherent remark.

He had planned his campaign by the time they reached the station, and on entering the booking-office he led his companion, with much care, to that end of it which was out of view of the ticket window and the young person in charge. Having seated her, he retraced his steps and confronted a languid youth in the booking-office. At his first words the youth's languor disappeared, and he eyed Eddington with dark suspicion. The silver match-box lay on the wooden ledge between them.

"Will you give me two tickets to Victoria for this?" asked Eddington, flushing a little.

"No, sir," said the youth, promptly, "I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because this is a cash business."

The youth grinned at his own humour, and Eddington, slightly encouraged, forced himself to grin back.

"I'm in a hole," he said, frankly. "The details wouldn't interest you, but I've got a lady with me, and I haven't a copper. The box is worth twenty times the price of the two tickets. Can't you take a chance?"

The youth stared at him, and he stared back at the youth with more appeal than he had ever thrown into his eyes before. The booking-clerk picked up the match-box and looked at it. It was a handsome box.

"I'll come back to-morrow and redeem it," urged Eddington, "and pay for the tickets. Come, help me out—like a good fellow."

The youth dropped the match-box into his pocket, and from another pocket drew a small handful of silver. Rather too ostentatiously he counted out the price of the tickets and dropped the money into his till. Then he stamped the tickets and thrust them toward the would-be traveller. Picking them up, Eddington saw that they had a little companion—a sixpenny-piece.

"What's that for?" he asked, turning redder.

"Bus fare," replied the youth, laconically. "Got to get her home, ain't you? But you can spend it on a wine supper, if you'd rather," he added. Then, repressing his tendency to levity, he went on, grimly: "This is a pers'nal matter. Understand? When you settle, if you ever do, you settle with me."

"I'll settle with you to-morrow. Thanks," said Eddington, conquering with difficulty an impulse to take the lad by the collar and shake him. Indeed, his resentment of the other's manner was so keen that he spent the ensuing ten minutes over a time-table in preference to asking an entirely proper question as to the departure of the next train.

"We leave in a quarter of an hour," he explained, as he rejoined the girl in brown, whose solitude had been disturbed by the arrival of a fretful baby and its tired mother. Having surveyed them with disfavour, he suggested that they stroll on the station platform until the train came.

Night had fallen and the stars were out. The rising autumn wind was soft and cold. It ruffled the brown hair of his companion, bringing out a curl or two from under the shelter of the little hat.

"And now," began Eddington, "now that all the sordid details are settled, let us resume our interrupted conversation. When did you say you would marry me?"

She smiled into the darkness.

"What an extraordinary person you are!" she murmured.

"I know my own mind," he admitted, complacently.

"Perhaps—though I doubt it. But you don't know me."

"We're even on that score."

"Indeed we're not. I know you, quite well."

He stared at her. "You know me?" he stammered.

"Of course. If I hadn't, do you suppose I would have let you talk to me, pay for my tea and my ticket——"

"We've never met——"

"No."

"Nor seen each other——"

"No. And yet I know you."

"Someone," mused Eddington, softly, "has described to you a superman, and quite naturally you think you recognize him now. But I am not Adolphus Cadwalader Blinks, or whatever the phenomenon's name may be."

"You are George Eddington," she said. "And it was not you I recognized, but something about you."

"Something about me? What?"

"Oh, I mustn't tell you that. It wouldn't be kind."

"Why—what—great Scot! What d'ye mean?"

The headlight of the locomotive shone out of the darkness. When the train stopped he helped her into a carriage in a daze, and during the short journey back to town he tried in vain to solve the puzzle she had offered him. To all his questions, his guesses, she responded only by a shake of the head.

"I won't discuss it," she declared. And she repeated, darkly, "It wouldn't be nice of me."

At Victoria she insisted on being put into a taxi-cab. "You will kindly *not* pay the driver," she directed, with a gleam in her eyes which he did not see. "My debt is too large already. Once home, my family will come to my rescue."

"And the address?" demanded Eddington, hopefully.

She mentioned it, and he repeated it to the driver. Then as he stood with his hand on the door he had just closed, gazing at her through the open window, something in his expression touched her.

"Good night, Mr. Eddington," she said, gently, offering him her hand, and she added, with an adorable smile, "Give my love to Ollie."

"Olivia? You know my sister?" he cried.

"Very well. So well that we often go shopping together. I was with her last Christmas"

"HE ROSE, AND TAKING THE ARM OF THE STUNNED RUSSIAN, HIM FIRMLY

WHOSE MENTAL OPERATIONS SEEMED TO HAVE STOPPED, LED INTO THE HALL."

—she hesitated—" when she bought a present for you ! "

His eyes shone as he leaned toward her. One thought filled his mind, to the exclusion of all others.

" Then it's clear sailing ! " he cried. " You must be Ruth Crowell. Ollie's been trying to bring us together for months. Will you give me a game to-morrow ? It's perfect weather for golf ! "

"To-morrow? But your work——"

" Is it possible you have forgotten so soon ? " he demanded. " The only work for a man to do when the One Woman comes——"

" To-morrow, then," she said, hastily. And just as the cab started she added, wickedly, "And while we're there, we'll redeem the cigarette-case Ollie gave you ! "

The taxicab hummed away. Eddington stood still, staring after it until it was out of sight. Then he looked up at the stars and drew a deep breath. Two hours ago he had been a lonely man whining mentally over a few coins in his hand. Since then those coins had opened a new world to him, a world in which existence was a wonderful, an indescribably beautiful experience.

" Eighteenpence," he mused, " plus love ! What a difference ! By Jove, it's great to be alive ! "

Strange Friendships Between Animals.

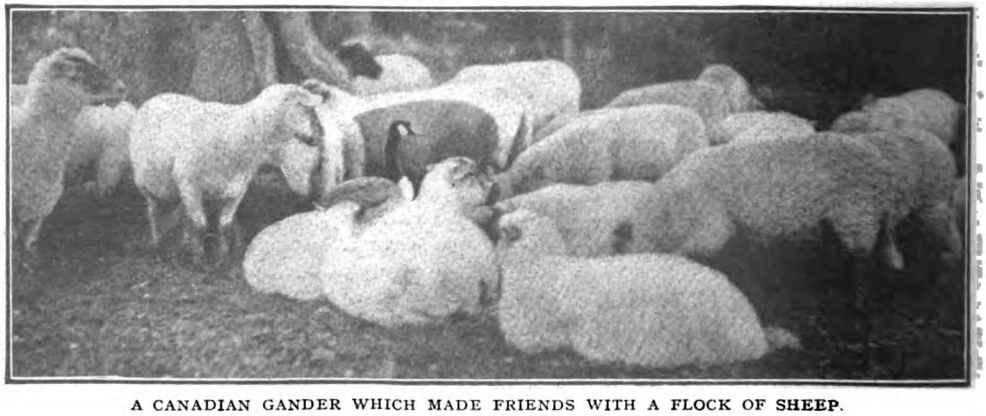
By FRANCES PITT.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

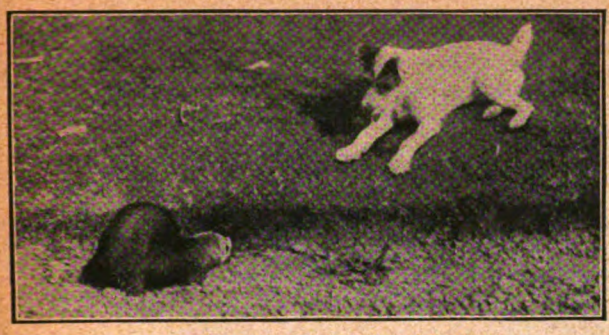
IT is curious what unexpected friendships animals and birds will sometimes strike up. The most unlikely creatures will cement an alliance when they cannot get the companionship of their own kind, and occasionally without the excuse of loneliness an animal or bird will leave the society of its own species and seek that of another. But it was certainly loneliness which drove a Canadian gander to consort with a flock of sheep. There were a pair of these birds, and they lived on some ponds in a field where a flock of sheep were turned out. During the severe winter weather the sheep were given oats, and the geese finding it out went regularly to the troughs to partake of the good fare. It was clearly a case of cupboard-love, and no one was surprised when the geese followed the sheep into the next meadow. Indeed, they followed them each time they were moved to fresh pasture, but we all thought they would go back to the water in the spring. April came, and as expected they returned to the ponds, where the goose was soon busy preparing a nest on a certain bushy island.

The gander proved a most attentive husband until the eggs were laid and the goose began to sit. Then he deserted her. Evidently he found it lonely work swimming round the pools by himself, and, seeing the sheep in the meadow, he waddled off to them, greeted them with much honking and konking, and settled down to graze among them. From that time they were inseparable. Wherever the flock went the gander went too, and if he did return to the water for a few moments it was only to wash and drink, and then hurry off to his friends. But what of the goose, deserted while doing her duty? Day after day she sat on the eggs, with short intervals when she left them to feed and drink, when she would call and honk piteously for her mate. So distressed was she that often she spent the time calling which should have been employed in feeding, but he neither replied nor returned. The time drew near when the eggs should have hatched, and I went to the island to see how they were getting on. I found the nest deserted and the eggs stone-cold, and floating in the middle of the pond was the goose—she was dead!

If it was not a case of a broken heart I do not know what else you could call it. As for the gander, he met the fate he deserved.



A CANADIAN GANDER WHICH MADE FRIENDS WITH A FLOCK OF SHEEP.



A DOG AND FERRET WHICH WERE PLAYMATES.

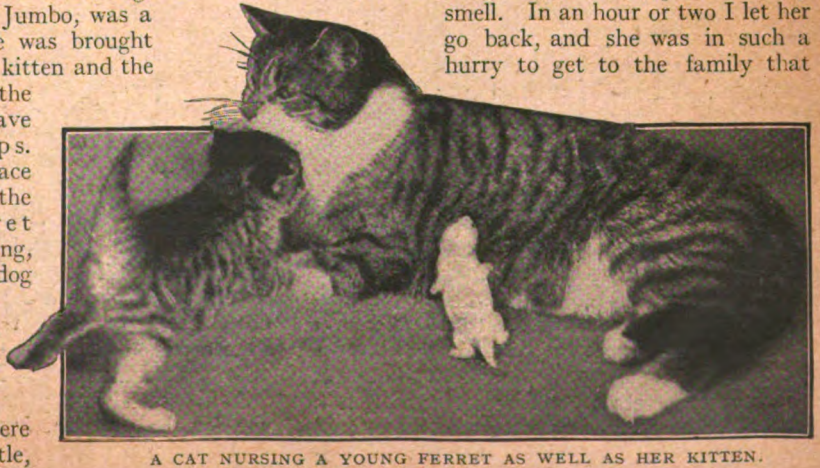
All summer he wandered about with the sheep, the autumn found him still with his friends, and so did the long, cold winter nights. One day, in the snow, he was missed, and I went to look for him, and soon found a headless carcass, amid a ring of scattered feathers. He had fallen a victim to a fox. The deserted goose was avenged!

A very different character was exhibited by a mallard. The little drake (he was of the tame breed of wild ducks) made friends with a huge duck of the ordinary barn-door kind, and year in and year out they went about together. Of course he could fly well, whereas she could not fly at all, but he nearly always waddled about with her, and in the spring-time, when the great business of nesting had to be considered, he might be seen helping her find a suitable place and then assisting in scratching out the nest. They were inseparable for many years, until the duck died of old age and the faithful little drake met with an accident.

Quite a peculiar type of friendship was that between a ferret and a dog. The ferret, called Jumbo, was a great pet, and he was brought up to play with a kitten and the fox-terrier. With the latter he would have the wildest romps. They would race about together on the lawn, the ferret hopping and skipping, and Nettle, as the dog was called, galloping round him, until they rushed at one another and rolled over together. They were wonderfully gentle, and never hurt each other, though a stranger who saw the performance for the first time always thought the ferret would bite the dog, and that Nettle would then kill him, but they thoroughly understood each other and knew the difference between play and earnest. I have seen Nettle race up to Jumbo, knock him head over heels, and then dance round him wildly, whereupon the ferret would pick himself up, bounce at her, and evidently dare her to do it again.

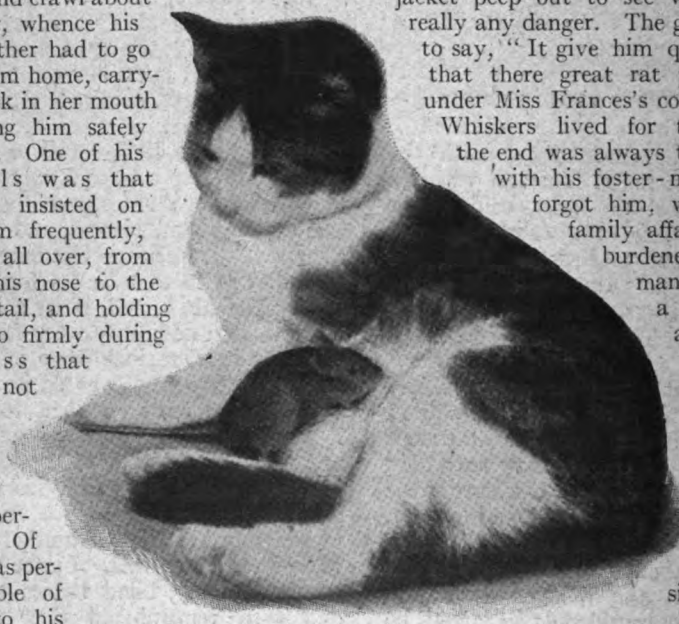
Once I had a little ferret, a baby, whose mother had such a large family that one was taken from her and foster-mothered by a cat. The cat had some kittens, and I slipped the stranger among them. She never noticed it, and allowed it to take its food along with her own children, and, when she found that there was an addition to her family, seemed quite prepared to look after it, but unfortunately an accident prevented its being reared.

Cats make most excellent foster-mothers. Different ones of mine have nursed rabbits, a fox-cub, and, last but not least, a rat! The rat, called Samuel Whiskers, was the greatest success of all. He was brought to me, together with eight brothers and sisters, to feed some pet owls. I gave the collection of tiny, skinny, blind babies to the birds, and then remembered that the cat had kittens. "What a curious thing it would be if I could persuade her to rear a rat!" I thought, so I picked up the topmost one—it was about as big as my thumb—and took it to puss. I put it among the kittens and took her away, as I thought this might give it a chance to acquire a catty smell. In an hour or two I let her go back, and she was in such a hurry to get to the family that



A CAT NURSING A YOUNG FERRET AS WELL AS HER KITTEN.

she never noticed the new-comer. With a little trouble I got the tiny mite to suck, and having done that I knew the battle was won, for once it had fed she would never hurt it. To cut a long story short, not only did puss adopt the rat, but she was a most devoted mother. He throve and grew at an amazing rate, his eyes were soon open, and then he began to climb out of the basket and crawl about on the floor, whence his adopted mother had to go and fetch him home, carrying him back in her mouth and replacing him safely in the nest. One of his great trials was that mother-cat insisted on washing him frequently, licking him all over, from the top of his nose to the tip of his tail, and holding him down so firmly during the process that he could not wriggle away, and could only protest in a faint, whimpering squeak. Of course, he was perfectly capable of attending to his own toilet, for all rats and mice clean their fur as soon as they are big enough to sit up.



THIS CAT NOT ONLY ADOPTED A RAT, BUT WAS A MOST DEVOTED MOTHER.

Puss had been allowed to keep one kitten, with which Whiskers had great games, but as soon as it was old enough to lap milk I gave it away, for I was afraid that the romps might degenerate into something more rough as the two strange bedfellows grew bigger and stronger. When the cat had only her foster-child to look after she was even more devoted to him than before, and brought him offerings of mice, small birds, and once a young rabbit. Of course, I confiscated these treasures, though Whiskers would sniff at them as if he would like to try them. The fact of the matter is that the common rat is not particular what it eats, and when the opportunity offers has no objection to a little meat!

Though puss was so devoted to the rat I was afraid the other cats might not respect him, so quarters were found for him in a small empty room upstairs, where he could run about and get plenty of exercise. Whenever I went in he rushed straight to me and hauled himself up my skirt, hand over hand, and finally reached my shoulder, where he would sit while I carried him about the house. He became an enormous rat, and was one of the most affectionate and intelligent creatures I have met with. If anything startled him he would rush to me for protection, and from beneath the shelter of my jacket peep out to see whether there was really any danger. The gardener was heard to say, "It give him quite a turn to see that there great rat peeping out from under Miss Frances's coat collar!"

Whiskers lived for two years, and to the end was always the best of friends with his foster-mother, who never forgot him, whatever other family affairs she might be burdened with, and often managed to bring him a mouse. Never, after bringing up Whiskers, did I see her with a rat, though previously she had been a very good cat for catching young rats, and even big ones occasionally.

The rat's fate was a sad one. He escaped and was out of doors for a week, when I found him, a battered wreck, and only too glad to get home to his comfortable quarters. Apparently he had had a fight with a wild rat, and the latter had punished him terribly; he was covered with bites, and he never recovered from the effects of them. He lingered on for some time, but died eventually.

Of rabbits—ordinary little wild ones—the cats have brought up quite a number, which usually escaped or disappeared mysteriously when big enough to run about. The most interesting and amusing of these mixed rabbit families, though it ended in tragedy, was that which Old Puss and Young Puss brought up together. They both had had kittens at the same time, and had been allowed to keep three between them. These babies were common property, and the cats nursed them indiscriminately. I knew of a rabbit's nest in which were young ones of the right age for the purpose, furry, just able to see and to run about, so I decided to give the

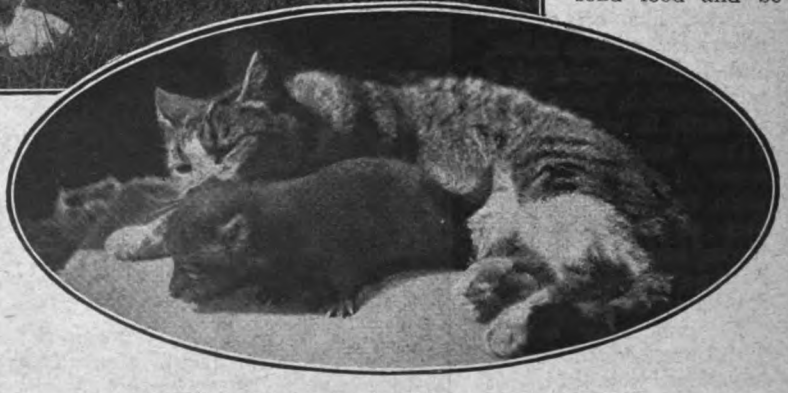
cats more to do! That afternoon I turned them both out of doors for a walk, and when they returned their family had been increased by two little rabbits, which lay with the kittens in a comfortable heap, and when the mothers got into the basket the new babies snuggled into their fur. These youngsters throve well, and were soon able to eat green food. What the two foster-mothers thought when they saw their strange children busily eating grass and lettuce I cannot say, but they ought to have considered them marvellous kittens!

The most amusing sight was when I took them all out on the lawn to be photographed, for the rabbits and kittens were soon scampering about in all directions, pursued by anxious parents, who would each pick up one by the scruff of its neck and try to carry it indoors. Oh! the trouble I had before I got them all posed nicely! I tried to bribe the rabbits with lettuce, the kittens with a saucer of milk, and the cats with morsels of meat, but even then I could not get them all at once into the right spot.

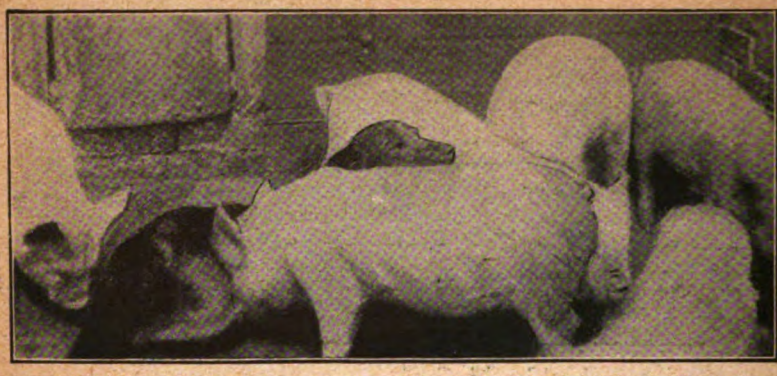
A HAPPY FAMILY OF CAT, KITTENS, AND RABBITS.

The end of these two rabbits was tragic, for I forgot how big the kittens were getting, and that they would be rough playfellows for creatures that could not scratch back; but one morning the fact was brought home to me, for going down early to look at them I found no rabbits, only some bits of fur! They had been well, lively, and playful in the evening, but something had happened during the dark hours, and this was all that was left of them to tell the tale.

There was also a sad little history to a tiny fox-cub that was brought to me one day. It was a very young one, and I hardly thought it would be possible to rear it, but our cat had had kittens a week before, which had been destroyed, and she was fretting very much for them, so I put the cub in her basket. Presently she found it and sniffed it cautiously, but when it cried out she sprang back. However, she must have felt it was a motherless baby; perhaps she thought it was one of her lost kittens returned in a strange guise; at any rate, she came back to the basket and, finding it quiet, stepped softly in, and soon was lying down with her arms round the little thing. She was very, very good to it, and it did well for several weeks, and would soon have been able to eat solid food and be independent of her. Possibly she knew it had reached the age to need warm flesh; at any rate, she went off poaching, never returned, and I can only suppose met the fate that invariably overtakes poaching cats—the keeper's gun! The poor little fox, motherless a second time, fretted and fretted.



A CAT WITH A FOX-CUB WHICH SHE ADOPTED.



A COLLIE WITH A LITTER OF PIGS WHICH SHE MOTHERED WHEN HER PUPPIES WERE TAKEN AWAY.

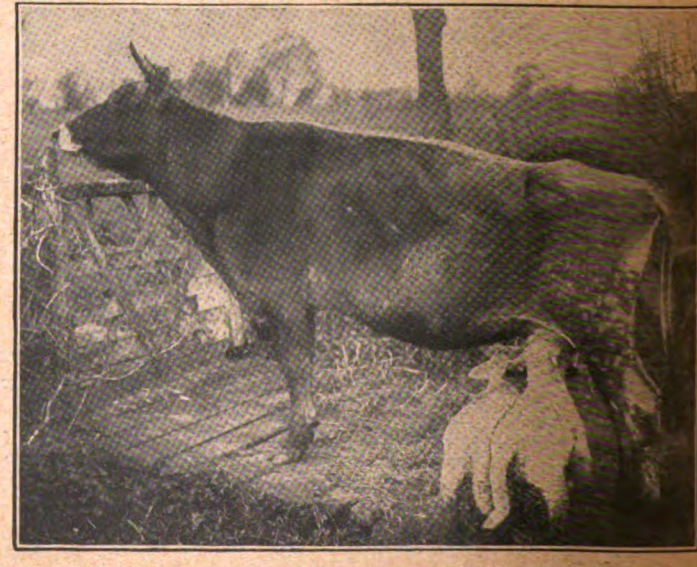
I tried to give it milk, but it refused to take any. Nothing I could do was of any avail, and a few days saw the end.

A curious case of foster-mothering which I saw at a farm in our neighbourhood was that of a collie which had adopted a family of pigs. The dog's puppies had been weaned at the same time the young pigs had been taken away from the old sow, and the former, somehow or other finding her way into the pigsty, made friends with the little pigs, which were only too glad to take her in place of their missing mother. I tried to photograph the curious group, but the space in the sty was so small that it was difficult to make an exposure. However, I did manage to take a photograph, but naturally it was not a very good one.

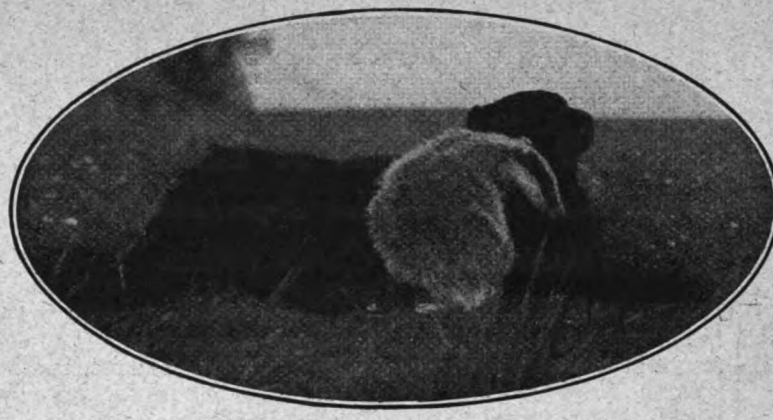
Dogs, like cats, will often adopt strange babies, and I have heard of a terrier which, going into an earth in which was a vixen and cubs, killed some of the latter, but when the excitement was over adopted the survivors and was a most loving and attentive mother to them.

I recently saw a cow with three lambs following her about the field. It turned out that the lambs were ones that had been left motherless; so the farmer, rather than bother to give them milk with a feeding-can, had taught them to suck the cow, which they now followed about, and she was so fond of them that whenever they went a little way from her she "mooed" and went after them. They certainly looked a quaint family!

Most interesting and amusing creatures were two tame badgers that I had, especially when they played with the dogs. One especially, Diana by name, was most friendly with them, and loved nothing better than a good romp. She would gallop wildly after them in her quaint, rather clumsy manner, and one day, when the spaniel did not see her coming, she ran straight into him, caught him broadside, and knocked him head over heels. The dog picked himself up and charged her in turn; then they rolled over together, and it was obvious that they thoroughly enjoyed the game. Diana was also friendly with the old retriever. The photograph on the next page shows her with him when she was a half-grown cub. As she grew up she showed so little respect for him, often catching hold of him by the ear and giving it a good tug, that he got rather shy of her rough play, but



LAMBS WHICH HAVE LEARNED HOW TO OBTAIN MILK "FRESH FROM THE COW."



A TAME BADGER-CUB WHICH WAS GREAT FRIENDS WITH THIS RETRIEVER.

the terriers were always ready for a scrimmage.

A curious example of association in the wild state of two quite different species is the alliance between cattle and starlings, and sometimes between sheep and starlings. In the hot summer weather all creatures are much worried by flies, to say nothing of other insects, and a starling may often be seen walking about on an animal's back taking toll of the unwelcome guests, while the sheep or cow stands happily and placidly and allows the bird to work its will.

Starlings frequently associate with rook flocks, apparently because the latter are so keen-eyed, watchful, and quick to note the approach of danger. Jackdaws, too, are friendly with the bigger bird, and often compose quite a large portion of a flock. My home is near a very big rookery, from which large flocks go to and fro morning and evening, and the number of jackdaws that live with the rooks is surprising. They are easily distinguished, even when flying over at a big height, by their smaller size and quicker wing-beat, and of course their voice is different.

Among domestic birds and animals one of the quaintest friendships I ever saw was that of a pet dove and a fox-terrier. Their boy-owner had taught them to do tricks together, such as the dog sitting up on a bicycle while the bird perched on his head! They seemed to enjoy this performance, rather than otherwise, and even when the camera was produced the dove did not show any wish to go away.

Association generally makes animals friendly, and many a stable cat prefers sitting on the warm, broad back of one of the horses to lying anywhere else, but the dog and cat which I saw at a farmhouse, both chained up to the same kennel, were compelled to be on good terms! It appeared that the cat, though an excellent mouse-hunter, was such a confirmed poacher that it spent nearly all its time in the woods, so the farmer got a collar and chain and tied it up along with the sheep-dog. When I saw them they were on the best of terms, eating together and sleeping in the same bed, but I thought that it was rather hard lines on poor puss to have to spend his days in this fashion.

THIS DOG AND DOVE WERE GREAT CHUMS, AND THEIR BOY-OWNER TAUGHT THEM TO DO TRICKS TOGETHER.

Instances of friendship between creatures belonging to different species have particular interest, as it is possible that it is in some such fashion that many cases of parasitism have arisen, and that what began with mutual toleration and good-fellowship degenerated into a sort of Sindbad the Sailor and the Old Man of the Sea! For instance, the cuckoo, which always trusts its eggs to the tender mercies of foster-parents, and the many species of slave-making ants.

THE MOTOR-GUN.

By "SAPPER"

Author of "The Lieutenant and Others," and "Sergeant Michael Cassidy, R.E."

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo.

NOTHING perhaps in this war has so struck those who have fought in it as its impersonal nature. From the day the British Army moved north, and the first battle of Ypres commenced—and with it trench warfare as we know it now—it has been, save for a few interludes, a contest between automatons, backed by every known scientific device. Personal rancour against the opposing automatons separated by twenty or thirty yards of smelling mud—who stew in the same discomfort as yourself—is apt to give way to an acute animosity against life in general, and the accursed fate in particular which so foolishly decided your sex at birth. But, though rare, there have been cases of isolated encounters, where men—with the blood running hot in their veins—have got down to hand-grips, and grappling backwards and forwards in some cellar or dugout, have fought to the death, man to man, as of old. Such a case has recently come to my knowledge, a case at once bizarre and unique: a case where the long arm of coincidence showed itself to a remarkable degree. Only quite lately have I found out all the facts, and now at Dick O'Rourke's special request I am putting them on paper. Though principally intended to reach the eyes of one person, they may still be of interest to others.

And now, at the very outset of my labours, I find myself—to my great alarm—committed to the placing on paper of a love scene. O'Rourke insists upon it: he says the whole thing will fall flat if I don't put it in; he states that he will supply the local colour. In advance I apologize: my own love affairs are sufficiently trying without endeavouring to describe his—and with that, here goes.

I would lift my curtain on the principals of this little drama, and open the scene at Ciro's in London. On the evening of April 21st, 1915, in the corner of that delectable resort, farthest away from the coon band, sat Dickie O'Rourke. That afternoon he had stepped from the boat at Folkestone on seven days' leave, and now in the boiled shirt of respectability he once again smelled the smell of London.

With him was a girl. I have never seen her, but from his description I cannot think that I have lived until this oversight is rectified. Moreover, my lady, as this is written especially for your benefit, I hereby warn you that I propose to remedy my omission as soon as possible.

And yet with a band that is second to none; with food wonderful and divine; with the choicest fruit of the grape, and—to top all—with the girl, Dickie did not seem happy. As he says, it was not to be wondered at. He had landed at Folkestone meaning to propose; he had carried out his intention over the fish—and after that the dinner had lost its taste. She had refused him—definitely and finally; and Dick found himself wishing for France again—France and forgetfulness. Only he knew he'd never forget.

"The dinner is to monsieur's taste?" The head-waiter paused attentively by the table.

"Very good," growled Dick, looking savagely at an ice on his plate. "Oh, Moyra," he muttered, as the man passed on, "it's meself is finished entoirely. And I was feeling that happy on the boat; as I saw the white cliffs coming nearer and nearer, I said to myself, 'Dick, my boy, in just four hours you'll be with the dearest, sweetest girl that God ever sent from the heavens to brighten the lives of dull dogs like yourself.'"

"You're not dull, Dick. You're not to say those things—you're a dear." The girl's eyes seemed a bit misty as she bent over her plate.

"And now!" He looked at her pleadingly. "'Tis the light has gone out of my life. Ah! me dear, is there no hope for Dickie O'Rourke? Me estate is mostly bog, and the ould place has fallen down, saving only the stable—but there's the breath of the seas that comes

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over the heather in the morning, and there's the violet of your dear eyes in the hills. It's not worrying you that I'd be—but is there no hope at all?"

I'd only known sooner——" She broke off abruptly and fell to gazing at the floor.

"Then there is someone else!" The man spoke almost fiercely.

"SHE HAD REFUSED HIM—DEFINITELY AND FINALLY."

The girl turned towards him, smiling a trifle sadly. There was a wealth of pity in the lovely eyes: her lips were trembling a little. "Dear old Dick," she whispered, and her hand rested lightly on his for a moment. "Dear old Dick, I'm sorry. If

Slowly she nodded her head, but she did not speak.

"Who is it?"

"I don't know that you've got any right to ask me that, Dick," she answered, a little proudly.

"What's the talk of right between you and me? Do you suppose I'll let any cursed social conventions stand between me and the woman I love?" She could see his hand trembling, though outwardly he seemed quite calm. And then his voice dropped to a tender, pleading note—and again the soft, rich brogue of the Irishman crept in—that wonderful tone that seems to bring with it the music of the fairies from the hazy blue hills of Connemara.

"Acushla mine," he whispered, "would I be hurting a hair of your swate head, or bringing a tear to them violet pools ye calls your eyes? 'Tis meself that is in the wrong entoirely—but, mavourneen, I just worship you. And the thought of the other fellow is driving me crazy. Will ye not be telling me his name?"

"Dick, I can't," she whispered, piteously. "You wouldn't understand."

"And why would I not understand?" he answered, grimly. "Is it something shady he has done to you?—for if it is, by the Holy Mother, I'll murder him."

"No, no, it's nothing shady. But I can't tell you, Dick; and oh, Dick! I'm just wretched, and I don't know what to do." The tears were very near.

A whimsical look came into his face as he watched her. "Moyra, me dear; 'tis about ten shillings apiece we're paying for them ices; and if you splash them with your darling tears, the *chef* will give notice and that coon with the banjo will strike work."

"You dear, Dick," she whispered, after a moment, while a smile trembled round her mouth. "I nearly made a fool of myself."

"Divil a bit," he answered. "But let us be after discussing them two fair things yonder while we gets on with the ices. 'Tis the most suitable course for the contemplation; and, anyway, we'll take no more risks until we're through with them."

And so with a smile on his lips and a jest on his tongue did a gallant gentleman cover the ache in his heart and the pain in his eyes, and felt more than rewarded by the look of thanks he got. It was not for him to ask for more than she would freely give; and if there was another man—well, he was a lucky dog. But if he'd played the fool—yes, by Heaven! if he'd played the fool, that was a different pair of shoes altogether. His forehead grew black at the thought, and almost mechanically his fists clenched.

"Dick, I'd like to tell you just how things are."

He pulled himself together and looked at the girl.

"It is meself that is at your service, my lady," he answered, quietly.

"I'm engaged. But it's a secret."

Involuntarily his jaw dropped. "Engaged!" he faltered. "But—who to? And why is it a secret?"

"I can't tell you who to. I promised to keep it secret; and then he suddenly went away and the war broke out and I've never seen him since."

"But you've heard from him?"

She bit her lip and looked away. "Not a line," she faltered.

"But—I don't understand." His tone was infinitely tender. "Why hasn't he written to you? Violet, girl, why would he not have written?"

"You see, he's a——" She seemed to be nerving herself to speak. "You see, he's a German!"

It was out at last.

"Mother of God!" Dick leaned back in his chair, his eyes fixed on her, his cigarette unheeded, burning the tablecloth. "Do you love him?"

"Yes." The whispered answer was hardly audible. "Oh, Dick, I wonder if you can understand. It all came so suddenly, and then there was this war, and I know it's awful to love a German, but I do, and I can't tell anyone but you; they'd think it horrible of me. Oh, Dick! tell me you understand."

"I understand, little girl," he answered, very slowly. "I understand."

It was all very involved and infinitely pathetic. But, as I have said before, Dick O'Rourke was a gallant gentleman.

"It's not his fault he's a German," she went on after a while. "He didn't start the war—and, you see, I promised him."

That was the rub—she'd promised him. Truly a woman is a wonderful thing! Very gentle and patient was O'Rourke with her that evening, and when at last he turned into his club, he sat for a long while gazing into the fire. Once only did a muttered curse escape from his lips.

"Did you speak?" said the man in the next chair.

"I did not," said O'Rourke, and getting up abruptly he went to bed.

At 3 p.m. on August 22nd Dick O'Rourke received a wire. It was short and to the point. "Leave cancelled. Return at once." He tore round to Victoria, found he'd missed the boat-train, and went down to Folkestone

on chance. For the time Moyra was almost forgotten. Officers are not recalled from short leave without good and sufficient reason; and as yet there was nothing in the evening papers that showed any activity. At Folkestone he met other officers—also recalled; and when the boat came in rumours began to spread. The whole line had fallen back—the Germans were through and marching on Calais—a ghastly defeat had been sustained.

The morning papers were a little more reassuring; and in them for the first time came the mention of the word "gas." Everything was vague, but that something had happened was obvious, and also that that something was pretty serious.

One p.m. on the 23rd found him at Boulogne, ramping like a bull. An unemotional railway transport officer told him that there was a very nice train starting at midnight, but that the leave train was cancelled.

"But, man!" howled O'Rourke, "I've been recalled. 'Tis urgent!" He brandished the wire in his face.

The R.T.O. remained unmoved, and intimated that he was busy, and that O'Rourke's private history left him quite cold. Moreover, he thought it possible that the British Army might survive without him for another day.

In the general confusion that ensued on his replying that the said R.T.O. was no doubt an excellent judge of a Lombard Street bucket-shop, but that his knowledge of the British Army might be written on a postage-stamp, O'Rourke escaped, and ensconcing himself near the barrier, guarded by French sentries, at the top of the hill leading to St. Omer, he waited for a motor-car.

Having stopped two generals and been consigned elsewhere for his pains, he ultimately boarded a flying corps lorry, and 4 p.m. found him at St. Omer. And there—but we will whisper—was a relative—one of the exalted ones of the earth, who possessed many motor-cars, great and small.

Dick chose the second Rolls-Royce, and having pursued his unit to the farm where he'd left it two days before, he chivied it round the country, and at length traced it to Poperinghe.

And there he found things moving. As yet no one was quite sure what had happened; but he found a solemn conclave of Army Service Corps officers attached to his division, and from them he gathered twenty or thirty of the conflicting rumours that were flying round. One thing, anyway, was clear: the Huns were not triumphantly marching on Calais—yet. It was just as a charming old boy of over fifty—who had perjured his soul over his age and had been out since the beginning—a standing reproach to a large percentage of the so-called youth of England—it was just as he suggested a little dinner in that hospitable town, prior to going up with the supply lorries, that with a droning roar a twelve-inch shell came crashing into the square.

That night at 11 p.m. Dick stepped out of another car into a ploughed field just behind the little village of Woesten, and, having trodden on his major's face, and unearthed his servant, with his blankets, he lay down by the dying fire to get what sleep he could. Now and again a horse whinnied near by; a bit rattled, a man cursed; for the unit was ready to move at a moment's notice and the horses were saddled up. The fire died out—from close by a battery was firing, and the sky was dancing with the flashes of bursting shells like summer lightning flickering in the distance. And with his head on a sharp stone and another in his back Dick O'Rourke fell asleep and dreamed of Ciro's.

And now for a moment I must go back and, leaving our hero, describe shortly the events that led up to the sending of the wire that recalled him.

Early in the morning of April 22nd the Germans launched at that part of the French line which lay in front of the little villages of Elverdinge and Brielen, a yellowish-green cloud of gas, which rolled slowly over the intervening ground between the trenches, carried on its way by a faint but steady breeze. I do not intend to describe the first use of that infamous invention—it has been done too often before. But, for the proper understanding of what follows, it is essential for me to go into a few details. Utterly unprepared for what was to come, the French divisions gazed for a short while spellbound at the strange phenomenon they saw coming steadily towards them. Almost like a liquid the heavy-coloured vapour poured relentlessly into the trenches, filled them, and passed on. For a few seconds nothing happened; the sweet-smelling stuff merely tickled their nostrils; they failed to realize the danger. Then, with inconceivable rapidity, the gas worked, and blind panic spread. Hundreds, after a dreadful fight for air, became unconscious and died where they lay—a death of hideous torture, with the frothing bubbles gurgling in their throats

and the foul liquid welling up in their lungs. With blackened faces and twisted limbs they drowned—only the liquid which drowned them came from inside and not from out. The others, staggering, falling, lurching on, and of their ignorance keeping pace with the gas, went back. A hail of rifle-fire and shrapnel mowed them down, and the line was broken. There was nothing on the British left—their flank was up in the air. The north-east corner of the salient round Ypres had been pierced. From in front of St. Julian, away up north towards Boesienge, there was no one in front of the Germans.

It is not my intention to do more than mention the rushing up of the cavalry corps and the Indians to fill the gap; the deathless story of the Canadians whose left was up in the air, and who, surrounded and hemmed in, fought till they died against overwhelming odds; the fate of the Northumbrian division —fresh from home—who were rushed up in support, and the field behind Fortuin where they were caught by shrapnel, and what was left. These things are outside the scope of my story. Let us go back to the gap.

Hard on the heels of the French came the Germans advancing. For a mile or so they pushed on, and why they stopped when they did is—as far as I am concerned—one of life's little mysteries. Perhaps the utter success of their gas surprised even them; perhaps they anticipated some trap; perhaps the incredible heroism of the Canadians in hanging up the German left caused their centre to push on too far and lose touch; perhaps—but, why speculate? I don't know, though possibly those in High Places may. The fact remains they did stop; their advantage was lost and the situation was saved.

Such was the state of affairs when O'Rourke opened his eyes on the morning of Saturday, April 24th. The horses were dimly visible through the heavy mist, his blankets were wringing wet, and hazily he wondered why he had ever been born. Then the cook dropped the bacon in the fire, and he groaned with anguish; visions of yesterday's grilled kidneys and hot coffee rose before him and mocked. By six o'clock he had fed, and sitting on an overturned biscuit-box beside the road he watched three batteries of French 75's pass by and disappear in the distance. At intervals he longed to meet the man who invented war. It must be remembered that, though I have given the situation as it really was, for the clearer understanding of the story, the facts at the time were not known at all clearly. The fog of war still wrapped in oblivion—as far as regimental officers were concerned, at any rate—the events which were taking place within a few miles of them.

When, therefore, Dick O'Rourke perceived an unshaven and unwashed warrior coming down the road from Woesten, garbed as a gunner officer, and, moreover, recognized him as one of his own term at the "Shop," known best to his intimates as the Land Crab, he hailed him with joy.

"All hail, oh, crustacean!" he cried, as the other came abreast of him. "Whither do you walk so blithely?"

"Halloa, Dick!" The other gunner paused. "You haven't seen my major anywhere, have you?"

"Not that I'm aware of, but as I don't know your major from Adam, my evidence may not be reliable. What news from the seat of war?"

"None that I know of—except this cursed gun, that is rapidly driving me to drink."

"What cursed gun? I am fresh from Ciro's and the haunts of love and ease. Expound to me your enigma, my Land Crab."

"Haven't you heard? When the Germans——" He stopped suddenly. "Listen!" Perfectly clear from the woods to the north of them—the woods that lie to the west of the Woesten-Oostvleteren road, for those who may care for maps—there came the distinctive boom! crack! of a smallish gun. Three more shots, and then silence. The gunner turned to Dick.

"There you are—that's the gun."

"But how nice! Only, why curse it?"

"Principally because it's German; and those four shots that you have just heard have by this time burst in Poperinghe."

"What!" O'Rourke looked at him in amazement. "Is it my leg you would be pulling?"

"Certainly not. In the first blind rush when the Germans came on after the French two small guns on motor mountings got through behind our lines. One was completely wrecked with its detachment. The motor mounting of the other you can see lying in a pond about a mile up the road. The gun is there." He pointed to the wood.

"Go on!" said O'Rourke. "D'you mean to tell me that there is a German gun in that wood firing at Poperinghe? Why, hang it, man! it's three miles behind our lines."

"Taking the direction those shells are coming from, the distance from Poperinghe to that gun must be more than ten miles—if the gun is behind the German trenches.

Your gunnery is pretty poor, I know, but if you know of any two-inch gun that shoots ten miles, I'll be obliged if you'll give me some lessons." The gunner lit a cigarette. "Man, we know it's not one of ours, we know where they all are; we know it's a Hun."

"Then, what in the name of fortune are ye standing here for talking like an ould woman with the indigestion? Away with you, and lead us to him, and don't go chivying after your bally major." Dick shouted for his revolver. "If there's a gun in that wood, bedad! we'll gun it."

"My dear old flick," said the other, "don't get excited. The woods have been searched with a line of men—twice; and devil the sign of the gun. You don't suppose they've got a concrete mounting and the Prussian flag flying on a pole, do you? The detachment are probably dressed as Belgian peasants, and the gun is dismounted and hidden when it's not firing."

But O'Rourke would have none of it. "Get off to your major, then, and have your mothers' meeting. Then come back to me, and I'll give you the gun. And borrow a penknife and cut your beard—you'll be after frightening the natives."

That evening a couple of shots rang out from the same wood, two of the typical shots of a small gun. And then there was silence. A group of men standing by an *estaminet* on the road affirmed to having heard three faint shots afterwards like the crack of a sporting-gun or revolver; but in the general turmoil of an evening hate which was going on at the same time no one thought much about it. Half an hour after Dick O'Rourke returned, and there was a strange look in his eyes. His coat was torn, his collar and shirt were ripped open, and his right eye was gradually turning black. Of his doings he would vouchsafe no word. Only, as we sat down round the fire to dinner the gunner subaltern of the morning passed again up the road.

"Got the gun yet, Dick?" he chaffed.

"I have," answered O'Rourke, "and the detachment."

The Land Crab paused. "Where are they?"

"The gun is in a pond where you won't find it, and the detachment are dead—except one who escaped."

"Yes, I don't think." The gunner laughed and passed on.

"You needn't," answered Dick, "but that gun will never fire again."

It never did. As I say, he would answer no questions, and even amongst the few people who had heard of the thing at all, it soon passed into the limbo of forgotten things. Other and weightier matters were afoot; the second battle of Ypres did not leave much time for vague conjecture. And so when, a few days ago, the question was once again recalled to my mind by no less a person than O'Rourke himself, I had to dig in the archives of memory for the remembrance of an incident I had well-nigh lost sight of.

"You remember that gun, Bill," he remarked, lying back in the arm-chair of the farmhouse where we were billeted, and sipping some hot rum, "that German gun that got through in April and bombarded Poperinghe? I want to talk to you about that gun." He started filling his pipe.

"'Tis the hardest proposition I've ever been up against, and sure I don't know what to do at all." He was staring at the fire. "You remember the Land Crab and how he told us the woods had been searched? Well, it didn't take a superhuman brain-storm to see that if what he said was right and the Huns were dressed as Belgian peasants, and the gun was a little one, that a line of men going through the woods had about as much chance of finding them as a terrier has of catching a tadpole in the water. I says to myself, 'Dick, my boy, this is an occasion for stealth, for delicate work, for *finesse*.' So off I went on my lonesome and hid in the wood. I argued that they couldn't be keeping a permanent watch, and that even if they'd seen me come in, they'd think in time I had gone out again, when they saw no sign of me. Also I guessed they didn't want to stir up a hornet's nest about their ears by killing me—they wanted no vulgar glare of publicity upon their doings. So, as I say, I hid in a hole and waited. I got bored stiff; though, when all was said and done, it wasn't much worse than sitting in that blessed ploughed field beside the road. About five o'clock I started cursing myself for a fool in listening to the story at all, it all seemed so ridiculous. Not a sound in the woods, not a breath of wind in the trees. The guns weren't firing, just for the time everything was peaceful. I'd got a caterpillar down my neck, and I was just coming back to get a drink and chuck it up, when suddenly a Belgian labourer popped out from behind a tree. There was nothing peculiar about him, and if it hadn't been for the Land Crab's story I'd never have given him a second thought. He was just picking up sticks, but

"THEY LOADED, AND, BY THE HOLY SAINTS! UNDER MY VERY NOSE, LOOSED OFF A PRESENT FOR POPERINGHE."

as I watched him I noticed that every now and then he straightened himself up, and seemed to peer around as if he was searching the undergrowth. The next minute out came another, and he started the stick-picking stunt, too."

Dick paused to relight his pipe, then he laughed. "Of course, the humour of the situation couldn't help striking me. Dick O'Rourke in a filthy hole, covered with branches and bits of dirt, watching two mangy old Belgians picking up wood. But,

having stood it the whole day, I'd made up my mind to wait, at any rate, till night. If only I could catch the gun in action—even if the odds were too great for me alone—I thought I'd be able to find the hiding-place, and come back later with a party and round them up.

"Then suddenly the evening hate started—artillery from all over the place—and with it the Belgian labourers ceased from plucking sticks. Running down a little path, so close to me that I could almost touch him, came one of them. He stopped about ten yards away where the dense undergrowth finished, and, after looking cautiously round, waved his hand. The other one nipped behind a tree and called out something in a guttural tone of voice. And then, I give you my word, out of the bowels of the earth there popped up a little gun not twenty yards from where I'd been lying the whole day. By this time, of course, I was in the same sort of condition as a terrier is when he's seen the cat he has set his heart on shin up a tree, having missed her tail by half an inch.

"They clapped her on a little mounting quick as light, laid her, loaded, and, by the holy saints! under my very nose, loosed off a present for Poperinghe. The man on guard waved his hand again, and bedad! away went another. The next instant he was back, again an exclamation in German, and in about two shakes the whole thing had disappeared, and there were the two labourers picking sticks. I give you my word it was like a clown popping up in a pantomime through a trap-door; I had to pinch myself to make certain I was awake.

"The next instant into the clearing came two English soldiers, the reason evidently of the sudden dismantling. Had they been armed we'd have had at them then and there; but, of course, so far behind the trenches, they had no rifles. They just peered round, saw the Belgians, and went off again. I heard their steps dying away in the distance, and decided to wait a bit longer. The two men seemed to be discussing what to do, and ultimately moved behind the tree again, where I could hear them talking. At last they came to a decision, and picking up their bundles of sticks came slowly down the path past me. They were not going to fire again that evening."

Dick smiled reminiscently. "Bill, pass the rum. I'm thirsty."

"What did you do, Dick?" I asked, eagerly.

"What d'you think? I was out like a knife and let drive with my hand-gun. I killed the first one as dead as mutton, and missed the second, who shot like a stag into the undergrowth. Gad! It was great. I put two more where I thought he was, but as I still heard him crashing on I must have missed him. Then I nipped round the tree to find the gun. The only thing there was a great hole full of leaves. I ploughed across it, thinking it must be the other side, when, without a word of warning, I fell through the top—bang through the top, my boy, of the neatest hiding-place I've ever thought of. The whole of the centre of those leaves was a fake. There were about two inches of them supported on light hurdle-work. I was in the robber's cave with a vengeance."

"Was the gun there?" I cried, excitedly.

"Very much so. Also the Hun. The gun of small variety; the Hun of large—very large. I don't know which of us was the most surprised—him or me; we just stood gazing at one another.

"'Halloa, Englishman,' he said; 'come to call?'"

"'Quite right, Boche,' I answered.

"And with that we were at it. Bill, my boy, you should have seen that fight. Like a fool, I never saw his revolver lying on the table, and I'd shoved my own back in my holster. He got it in his right hand, and I got his right wrist in my left. We'd each got the other by the throat, and one of us was for the count. We each knew that. At one time I thought he'd got me—we were crashing backwards and forwards, and I caught my head against a wooden pole which nearly stunned me. And, mark you, all the time I was expecting his pal to come back and inquire after his health. Then suddenly I felt him weaken, and I squeezed his throat the harder. It came quite quickly at the end. His pistol-hand collapsed, and I suppose muscular contraction pulled the trigger, for the bullet went through his head, though I think he was dead already." Dick O'Rourke paused, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"But why in the name of Heaven," I cried, irritably, "have you kept this dark all the while? Why didn't you tell us at the time?"

For a while he did not answer, and then he produced his pocket-book. From it he took a photograph, which he handed to me.

"Out of that German's pocket I took that photograph."

"Well," I said, "what about it? A very pretty girl for a German." Then I looked at

it closely. "Why, it was taken in England. Is it an English girl?"

"Yes," he answered, dryly, "it is. It's Moyra Kavanagh, whom I proposed to forty-eight hours previously at Ciro's. She refused me, and told me then she was in love with a German. I celebrate the news by coming over here and killing him, in an individual fight where it was man to man."

"But," I cried, "good heavens! man—it was you or he."

"I know that," he answered, wearily. "What then? He evidently loved her; if not—why the photo?" He slowly replaced it in his case. "So I buried him, and I chucked his gun in a pond, and said nothing about it. If I had it would probably have got into the papers or some such rot, and she'd have wanted to know all about it. Think of it! What the deuce would I have told her? To sympathize and discuss her love affairs with her in London, and then toddle over here and slaughter him. Dash it, man, it's Gilbertian! And, mark you, nothing would induce me to marry her—even if she'd have me—without her knowing."

"But——" I began, and then fell silent.

"WE'D EACH GOT THE OTHER BY THE THROAT, AND ONE OF US WAS FOR THE COUNT. WE EACH KNEW THAT."

The more I thought of it the less I liked it. Put it how you like, for a girl to take as her husband a man who has actually killed the man she loved and was engaged to—German or no German—is a bit of a pill to swallow.

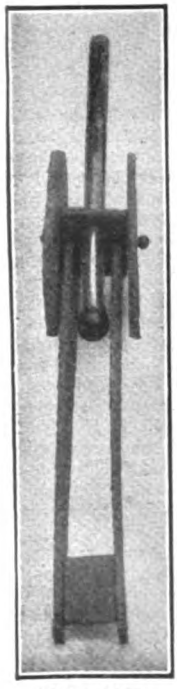
After mature consideration we decided to present the pill to her garbed in this form. On me—as a scribbler of sorts—descended the mantle of Dick O'Rourke. Moyra—what say you?

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A COMPENDIUM OF SHORT ARTICLES.

A MODEL GUN THAT FIRES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY S. LEONARD BASTIN.

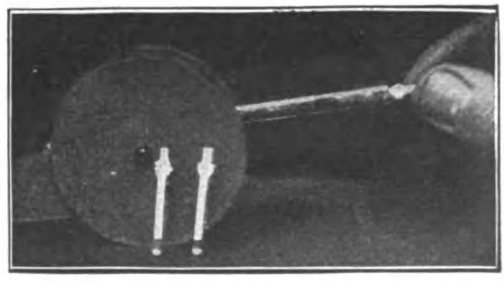


THE MODEL GUN COMPLETE.

HERE is a way of making a fascinating little cannon that not only looks like a real gun but will also fire an effective shot. The materials required can be found in any home, save perhaps the short length of glass tubing to form the barrel. This can be secured from a chemist, and it should be about five inches in length. One end must be closed up, and this is easily managed by fastening a piece of sealing-wax over the opening. We must now set about making the carriage for the gun. The best substance for the purpose is rather stout cardboard. In the first place cut out a square piece for the front portion. Exactly in the centre of this bore a hole through which the glass tube is pushed for somewhat more than half its length. Two bits of cardboard are cut so as to form the stocks, cheeks, and trail of the orthodox gun. The head ends of these should be fixed by means of pins on to the square portion already described. A small portion of cardboard is fastened at the end to keep the parts forming the trail together. The wheels are simply made out of two circular bits of the cardboard, and these are fastened through the centre with pins to act as shafts. It will be found that the pins are easily pushed into the cardboard, and there is no difficulty in fastening the various parts together. A glance at the photographs on this page will make the construction quite clear.

The charge for the model cannon consists of a common match. The best for the purpose are those wax vestas with blue tops which are often used by smokers in a wind. However, any match, even a wooden one, may be used with considerable effect. The only reason for recommending the first-named is on account of the violence with which the projectile is sent out. To prepare the match—supposing that a wax vesta is to be used—proceed as follows: Take each end between the thumb and forefinger, and, holding firmly, bend over the last quarter of an inch of the end that is farthest away from the head. Do this several times until the wax is broken, and the strands bulge out on all sides. The appearance of the match after this treatment can be gathered from a glance at the photograph, where two of the charges are seen leaning up against the wheel of the gun. To load the cannon take a charge and push it head first into the barrel; stop when the part which has been spread out closes the opening. It is important that the fit should not be too tight, as in this case the gun will not fire freely.

All is now ready for the discharge. Light a match or a taper and hold the light under the barrel just where the head of the charge is known to be. In a few moments the little gun fires with great violence, making quite a loud report and sending the projectile a considerable distance, sometimes as much as five or six yards. Indeed, the force is so great that it is best to fasten the wheels of the cannon with pins to a base to prevent a recoil. It is a wise plan to aim the gun towards some spot, such as a fireplace, where the



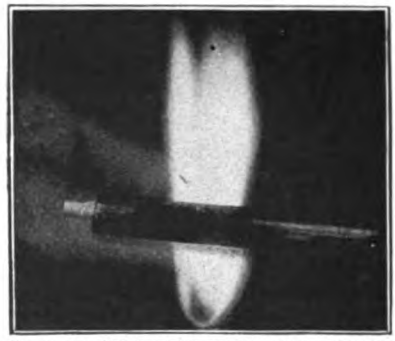
SHOWING HOW THE GUN IS LOADED AND THE WAY IN WHICH THE WAX MATCHES ARE PREPARED TO FORM THE CHARGE.

burning projectile is not likely to cause a mark, as would be the case if it fell on to a carpet.

In using other kinds of matches, the only needful thing to do is to wind a narrow band of blotting paper

a quarter of an inch from the end opposite to the head, to take the place of the spread-out strands present in the wax vesta. If this is slightly moistened with the tongue it adheres well together. The match is then used as the charge in the same manner as previously described. Even safety matches may be treated in this way, though it will be found that the light for firing the gun will have to be held under the barrel for a somewhat longer time than is the case with the matches that strike on any rough surface.

The little gun may be fired a very large number of times without injury, and the present writer has one which has been used again and again, to the delight of the numerous onlookers. The only thing to guard against is the fouling of the barrel. This occurs after about half-a-dozen shots have been fired, and the shooting will not be vigorous until the tube is cleaned out. The best thing for the purpose is a slender knitting needle round which a few strands of worsted have been twisted. A pipe-cleaner is also useful for the job where this is available. After the clearing of the tube the firing may be resumed with the best results.



TO FIRE THE GUN A LIGHTED MATCH IS HELD UNDER THE BARREL AT THE SPOT REACHED BY THE HEAD OF THE MATCH.

THE MOST VALUABLE HEN IN THE WORLD.

BY JAMES ANDERSON.

THERE is a good reason why Lady Eglantine is the highest-priced chicken that ever roamed a barnyard. Chickens who fail to attend properly to their allotted duties should derive benefit from the example set them by Lady Eglantine. This little gentlewoman, of irreproachable White Leghorn ancestry, by attending strictly to business, not only lays eggs that are worth their weight in gold, but she lays more eggs than ever hen laid before—three hundred and fourteen in three hundred and sixty-five days, to be exact. And that is why she is the most valuable chicken the world has ever known. This will be readily appreciated when it is stated that most hens think it a good year's work if they can boast of seventy eggs in that period.

There is nothing about Lady Eglantine to distinguish her from other White Leghorns, except that she is, perhaps, a trifle smaller than most of her breed. She is black-eyed, fourteen inches high, and weighs four pounds.

Now, no doubt, you will want to know the history of this wonderful bird. In the first place she has passed the period of spring chickenhood, being over two years old, having been hatched at Greensboro, Maryland, April 15th, 1914, on the Eglantine farms, run by A. A. Christian. She was one of five single-comb White Leghorns placed in a pen at the egg-laying competition on the grounds of the Delaware Agricultural Experiment Station at Newark, Delaware, from November 1st, 1914, to October 31st, 1915. In this time she astonished poultry breeders and made her wonderful record.

When this was announced, Mr. Christian was offered a great deal of money for Lady Eglantine, but he would not sell her. No price, he says, will tempt him. When his attitude on this became known, somebody said the bird was worth twenty thousand pounds, whereupon she was called the "twenty-thousand-pound hen," and Mr. Christian said that figure suited him. But she might just as well be called a million-pound hen, for she is unique and nobody can estimate her value, although it is undoubtedly considerable.

"LADY EGLANTINE," THE WORLD'S MOST VALUABLE HEN

Just before the recent National Poultry Show in New York, Lady Eglantine was tendered a banquet by three hundred leading poultry fanciers, at one of the swell hotels in Philadelphia, and although she was unable to eat lots of the good things the other banqueters did, she was royally entertained, and a procession of admirers filed past her cage during the entire evening. A special musical programme was arranged by the hotel management, and the house was elaborately decorated in her honour. Her ladyship clucked her pleasure.

The next day, accompanied by her owner, she left the hotel and was escorted by a squad of motor-cycle policemen to the railway station, where she boarded a special carriage, in which she was conveyed to New York. Upon her arrival in the metropolis she was greeted by a great crowd of spectators, photographers, and cinematograph men.

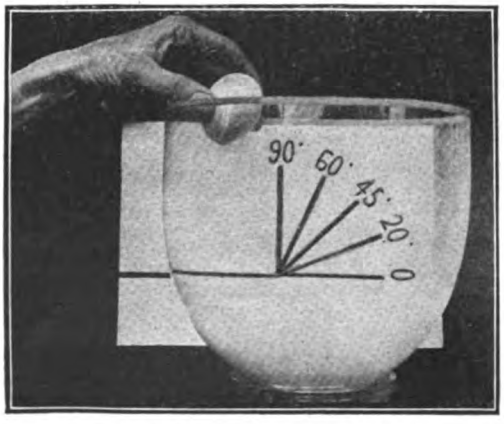
As soon as the police could make a way for her through the crowd she was lifted into an automobile and hurried to the headquarters of the poultry exhibitors. She was then taken from her travelling coop and a pen was fastened to her right foot, and she was supposed to sign the register. But nobody was fooled, as no matter what else she may be able to do, Lady Eglantine cannot write. So her custodian held and guided the pen for her.

Finally, clucking loudly, she was carried out to her private motor car and whirled to the Grand Central Palace, where she remained on exhibition through the life of the show.

This bird's eggs sell for five pounds apiece, and are eagerly bought at that price by breeders of fancy poultry. To use a slang phrase of the day, Lady Eglantine is certainly "some chicken."

TELLING THE AGE OF AN EGG.

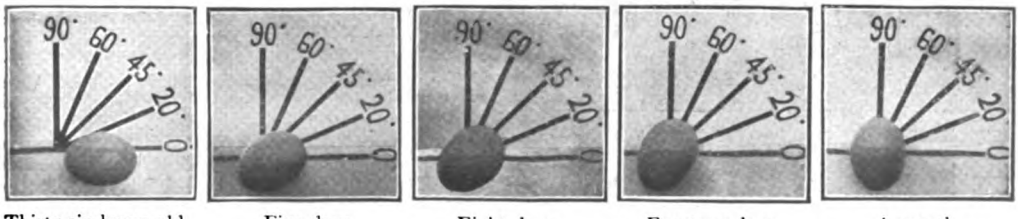
IT has been discovered that it is possible to find out the age of a hen's egg with great accuracy by the adoption of a very simple plan. In the bigger end of the egg there is always to be observed a cavity; this is to be dimly seen when the egg is held up to the light. It is quite plainly visible when an egg is put in front of a candle in an otherwise darkened room. Now, as the egg becomes older it undergoes certain changes, largely due to the fact that the moisture evaporates from it. As time goes on the air space already mentioned grows bigger, and it is this fact which influences the behaviour of the egg in the following experiment.



HOW TO USE THE EGG-TESTING CONTRIVANCE.

In the first place a solution of salt and rain (or distilled) water is prepared, in the proportion of one part of the former to two parts of the latter. Into this the egg is placed, and according to the manner in which it floats the age of the egg is indicated. An egg which is not more than thirty hours old sinks to the bottom of the vessel and lies in horizontal style. When the egg is from two to three days old it no longer goes right down. Certainly it will sink, but barely below the surface of the solution, and it will evidence a slight tendency on the part of the thicker end to rise. From thenceforward this tendency becomes more and more pronounced. On the fifth day the angle at which the lengthwise axis of the egg stands will be twenty degrees. About the eighth day it will be forty-five degrees, and on the fourteenth day sixty degrees. After three weeks the angle stands at seventy-five degrees, and when a month has elapsed the egg will be standing quite upright in the solution like a buoy, with its thick end upwards and the narrow end downwards. A good part of the egg will be right out of the solution.

An ingenious poultry fancier fixed up a little contrivance, shown in the accompanying illustrations, for the testing of eggs. A card was prepared, on which a scale was drawn out boldly. At the base was a horizontal line, and from the centre of this a perpendicular line was carried upwards to represent ninety degrees. At the right places the other angles were indicated with lines, and each line was plainly numbered. The salt solution, already described, was always put into a glass vessel and the scale of angles placed behind. The eggs were then simply laid in the solution; the height of the liquid approximating to the horizontal line representing 0°. When the eggs were put in for testing it was easy to see the angle at which they floated, and in this way find out their age.



Thirty-six hours old. Five days. Eight days. Fourteen days. A month.

SHOWING HOW THE EGG FLOATS AT A DIFFERENT ANGLE ACCORDING TO ITS AGE.

A CURIOUS MANNER OF SHOWING ANY-ONE'S AGE AND DATE OF BIRTH.

BY PROF. MILO DEYO.

I AM sending you a method of ascertaining anyone's age, which I originated myself and have repeatedly proved to be absolutely accurate. It brings the various numbers given by the person at different times in the course of the operation into a single row of figures, and in the same order as given by him, which is certainly a remarkable result, considering the varied character of the other figures involved. Perhaps some reader of THE STRAND, of a mathematical turn of mind, may be able to discover why this should be so.

1. SET down the number of the month in which the person was born (January equalling 1, February 2, etc.).
2. Multiply by two.
3. Add the number of days in a week (7).
4. Multiply by fifty.
5. Add day of month upon which the person was born (1 for the first, 2 for the second, etc.).
6. Subtract the number of days in an ordinary year (365).
7. Add the number of days in half a month (15).
8. Multiply by five.
9. Add the number of days in a full month (31).
10. Multiply by twenty.
11. Add the two right-hand figures of the year in which the person was born (for 1895 add 95, for 1900 add 00, etc.).
12. Subtract the number of acres in a square mile (640).
13. Add a score of years (20).
14. Multiply by four.
15. Add the allotted age of man, as stated in the Bible (70 years).
16. Multiply by one hundred.
17. Divide by four.
18. Add the person's age, in years (from 1 to 99, as the case may be).
19. Subtract the number of yards in a linear mile (1,760).
20. Add a decade of years (10).

Beginning at the right-hand side, divide the final number into groups of two figures each, after which (commencing at the left-hand side) read the groups as follows :—

1. The first group will show the month in which the person was born (1 representing January, 2 February, etc.).
2. The second group will show the day of the month upon which he was born.
3. The third group will show the year of his birth (95 indicating 1895, 00 indicating 1900, 05 indicating 1905, etc.).
4. The fourth group will show how old he is, thus giving the complete record in the one row of figures.

AN INSECT "GASSER."

MOST people think that the use of poison gas in warfare is purely a human—or one should perhaps say inhuman—invention. As a matter of fact, the method has been recognized by Nature as a valuable means of defence. A certain group of beetles, popularly known as Bombardiers, are experts in the use of poisonous fumes. Two species are British, and one of these, *Brachinus crepitans*, is fairly common in certain parts of England, where it is usually to be found hiding under flat stones by the sides of rivers. The other kind of Bombardier Beetle (*B. explodens*) is not so common. The defensive method employed by these beetles is extremely interesting at the present time. The late Rev. J. G. Wood has given us the following interesting description: "When this insect is alarmed, it has the power of ejecting a peculiar liquid, which, when it comes in contact with the atmosphere, bursts into a sort of pale blue green flame, followed by a kind of smoke. Sometimes, when tolerably large stones are lifted, the little explosions will go popping about it in a most curious manner." Some of the larger kinds of Bombardier Beetle to be found in the tropics grow to a considerable size. In these cases the discharge of poisonous matter is sufficiently powerful to discolour the skin of the hand.

A DISCHARGE OF POISON GAS BY A BOMBARDIER BEETLE.

Several species of the Carabidæ, or ground beetles, are great enemies of the Bombardiers. These ground beetles are very active, and it is not difficult for them to overtake the Brachinus. When the Bombardier Beetle finds itself on the point of being captured the discharge of the liquid takes place. The effect of the fumes on the pursuer is astonishing. The insect appears to be overcome and rendered quite stupid by the unexpected attack. It seems to be blinded and in other ways rendered insensible, and quite a while elapses before it regains its normal powers. By this time the Bombardier Beetle is, of course, far away.

IN THE SERVICE.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

CAPTAIN HARDS, of the *Jane Maria*, entered his house in Neptune Street with an air of importance increased by the fact that he was smoking a cigar. This he had waved, in a patronizing manner, to one or two acquaintances met on the way from the quay; their desire for conversation had been ignored. In the passage of the house he refrained from giving the usual shout that informed Mrs. Hards of his arrival. Nevertheless, she recognized his presence, and came from the back wiping soap-suds from her arms.

"Back again, James?" she inquired, superfluously.

"Come into the front room," he ordered.

"The front room!" echoed Mrs. Hards, with amazement. "Are you mad, or what? Do you think to-day's Sunday?"

"I know what the day is, well enough," he retorted. "It's a day, to tell the truth, that I'm likely to recollect for the 'ole of the rest of my life."

Mrs. Hards waited to pull down sleeves before following her husband into the apartment. An oval table there took up a good share of the space; by careful piloting, and avoidance of such rocky promontories as armchairs and sideboard, it was possible to get to the white hearthrug. Captain Hards took up the position, cleared his voice, and gazed pensively at the palm of his right hand.

"'BACK AGAIN, JAMES?' SHE INQUIRED, SUPERFLUOUSLY."

"The Admiral shook that to-day," he said, with unconcealed pride.

"No!" cried his wife.

"The Admiral hisself. I went up to him, after he'd made his speech to me, and to the rest of the captains of the steam-trawlers, and I put out my hand, and he shook it. One or two of the others reckoned I was taking rather a lot on myself in so doing, but they were only narked because they hadn't thought of it themselves."

"Was the Admiral pleased?"

"Either pleased or else astonished, I couldn't tell which."

"In my opinion you were quite right to take advantage of the opportunity."

"I don't want your opinion," roared Captain Hards. "You've got no voice in the matter at all. What you've got to do is to keep quiet, and listen whilst I talk. I'm going to tell you what 'appened." He returned to a quieter method. "We was all called up there for eleven o'clock. We stands in a line, caps off. The Admiral and one or two of his set comes along. The Admiral talks about the war, says that the trawlers have been taken over for Government work, says that they'll fly the white ensign, says that we must reckon ourselves part and parcel of the Fleet, and goes on to give us our orders. When he come to a finish, there's a slight pause, as you may say, and I goes forward and holds out my hand. Just like this!"

"You told me, James."

"And I'm telling you again," he shouted, "so as the circumstance can get properly inscribed on your so-called brain. What's occurred to-day has got to make a difference, so far as you are concerned. You are now the wife of Cap'n Hards."

"Never been no one else's."

"Cap'n Hards," he went on, "connected with the Royal Navy. In the future I can't have you mixing with or'nary people. You'll have to keep yourself to yourself, and be careful about making new acquaintances."

"Doesn't sound very lively for me," she remarked.

"It ain't meant to be lively. It's meant to be dignified. D'you know what 'dignified' means? Well, that's what it's meant to be. You've got to recollect who your 'usband is, and what he is, and act accordin'. Set about it at once. Don't go wasting no time."

"How shall I make a start, James?"

He seemed rather puzzled by the directness of the question, and, turning, affected to adjust the framed photograph of himself that hung above the mantelpiece. "In many ways," he said, vaguely. She pressed for a more definite suggestion. "What about you having a woman in to do the washin'?" Mrs. Hards pointed out that she had often recommended this, but it had been vetoed on the score of expense. "Expense be hanged!" he said, with emphasis. And hinted that this step might be accepted as a specimen of many others that were to be taken. Glancing at his watch, Captain Hards announced that he would have to run like blazes in order to keep an appointment at the Turk's Head. Mrs. Hards, at the window, noticed that he did start with something like hurry, but, appearing to remember, slackened his pace, and walked slowly, impressively.

"I suppose Parliament knows best," sighed Mrs. Hards; "but, sometimes, I'm half-inclined to wish there was no such thing as war!"

The *Jane Maria* had to submit to some repairs before taking up its new duty—a propeller-blade had been smashed by contact with wreckage, and the rudder was slightly bent—and Captain Hards was able to feel (after informing the engineers' men that they were a set of lazy dogs) that the time

"LIVELY SALLIES OFFERED BY HER ACROSS THE COUNTER WERE RECEIVED WITH A STONY GLARE."

and the conversation given at the Turk's Head were duties for the benefit of the State. The proprietress there did complain that she found him less amusing than hitherto: lively sallies offered by her across the counter were received with a stony glare; Captain Hards read the naval intelligence in the morning journal with a determined interest.

When new-comers arrived through the swing doors, he glanced up, and accepted salutations with a curt nod; only when other captains of trawlers came in did he show friendliness. They conversed aside in important undertones. As they left, the proprietress remarked to the barmaid that each one imagined himself to be little short of a Jellicoe; she added that it was a *hard trial*, in watching them, to be called upon to keep a straight face.

Captain Hards, mellowed by the day's discussion and refreshment, arrived at Neptune Street thirty minutes after the hour *fixed* for supper, and, washing hands and face in the scullery, sang a few lines that had a resemblance to "Drink to me only with

thine eyes." The kitchen, to his amazement, had no signs of a meal; he gave some of the growling noises common to lions at the Zoological Gardens, up in London, near to four o'clock in the afternoon. A gong sounded from the front room. The gong had been presented by a favourite niece upon the occasion of a birthday anniversary some years previously; the niece said, with truth, that she purchased it because she could think of nothing else to buy. Since then its music had never been heard, excepting by accident when it was being dusted.

"Good evening," said his wife, precisely, as he came into the front room. "We seem to be enjoying wonderful weather, considering the time of the year. Do you mind sitting here?" She indicated a chair, set at the oval table.

"What's this towel doing?"

"It's a table napkin," she explained. "You place it on your lap, or you tuck it in your collar, according to your fancy."

"What the deuce do I want with——" She stopped his protest by bowing her head and asking a blessing on the food. He unfolded the napkin, and imitated the management shown by her. Soup, that had, by dexterity, been kept hot, was served in large cups.

"I obtained," said Mrs. Hards, presently, still speaking in an artificial accent, "a novel from the free library this evening. It opens remarkably well. When I've done with it, James, I think you'd do well to read it."

"See myself drowned first."

"Pray excuse me," said Mrs. Hards, with an inclination of the head, "whilst I retire to the kitchen for the purpose of bringing in the next course." Captain Hards suggested that this task should be left to the third footman.

It was such a well-cooked meal that sarcasm seemed out of place. Considering the whole question, it appeared to him that he had reason to be satisfied at the promptitude with which his commands had been obeyed. A slight excess could, perhaps, be noticed, but this was better than mutiny. He nodded, half consciously, as approving thoughts went through his head, and his wife expressed anxiety lest he should be feeling tired; Captain Hards treated this as a libellous accusation, declaring that forty-five—whether you cared to admit it or not—represented the prime of life, and that he counted himself a deal more wideawake, in every respect, than most men of half his age.

"Don't go out again this evening, dear," she begged. "Stay at home and rest."

"I must have a look in at the Turk's Head first."

His wife clicked her tongue, and he demanded to know what was meant by this. She told him. "A more superior place?" he echoed. "You consider that, in the new circumstances, I ought to go to one of them large hotels on the Parade? The idea has never occurred to me!"

"'IT'S A TABLE NAPKIN,' SHE EXPLAINED."

"That was why I mentioned it."

"But the Turk's Head is comfortable. I'm known there. People who can't find me anywheres else can guess at once where I am."

"I was under the impression," remarked Mrs. Hards, "that all the officer gentlemen connected with the Navy went to the Royal."

Captain Hards mentioned that at the hotel in question he would be about as comfortable as a fish out of water.

Nevertheless, on making his way through

"WHICH IS MY SHORTEST ROUTE TO THE PRIVATE BAR?"

the town to obtain what he called a breath of fresh air, he found himself passing by the Turk's Head; the proprietress, looking through the window, spoke of the unprecedented event as one that showed the upsetting nature of the times in which we lived. Captain Hards was saluted by one or two prominent tradesmen of the Parade who seemed willing to discuss the topic of the hour, and thus add items to their stock of special knowledge to be retailed later, with the preamble of "I happen to know that the Admiralty——" He went on, showing a determined aloofness, and at the entrance to the Royal Hotel hesitated, put his pipe away, rubbed his face with a scarlet handkerchief, dusted his boots with the handkerchief, and prepared for an entry into good society.

"Tommy," said Captain Hards, beckoning to the page-boy, "you know the latitude and longitude of this establishment. Which is my shortest route to the private bar?"

"There isn't one, sir," answered page.

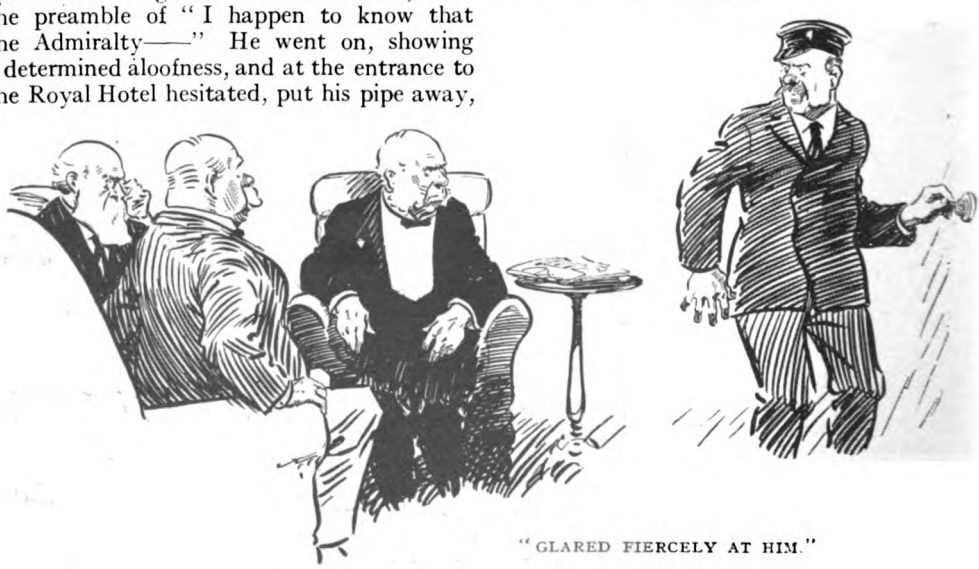
"The saloon bar, then."

"There's no saloon bar, sir."

"But where do people go when they want refreshment?"

Page said that the *table d'hôte* dinner had been served and was over; he feared there was no chance of obtaining anything to eat at the present hour. Captain Hards offered a correction. Page, giving up hopes of a prolonged debate that would have passed the time, for him, agreeably, acted as guide to the smoking-room.

The room had comfortable leather chairs, and three of them were occupied by gentlemen fast asleep. Captain Hards tip-toed to the side table, and looked through the journals there; they seemed to be devoted to such topics as vegetarianism, engineering, and Christian Science, and he found it difficult to make a selection. The page had promised to send a waiter, but no one came. Captain Hards, becoming restive, attempted to summon attendance, and found he had switched on the electric light; the three men in armchairs started up, rubbed eyes with knuckles, glared fiercely at him. After a while, one rose and, with a sigh at being called upon to undertake manual labour, pressed a white knob near the fireplace.



"GLARED FIERCELY AT HIM."

The waiter, in answering, took the commands given in an authoritative voice, but ignored the flick of finger and thumb from Captain Hards. When the waiter returned, it was only to misunderstand Captain Hards's request; he said, "Evening paper, sir? I fancy it's engaged, but I'll find out." The three gentlemen began to talk in a languid way, as though speech were an effort to them; they talked of naval affairs without the restrictions that knowledge enforces. It was when they began to develop a scheme for sending all our warships overland to the Kiel Canal that Captain Hards, with an ejaculation of annoyance, stamped from the room. He went at a good pace in the direction of the Turk's Head, and found, on arriving there, that the establishment had complied with the closing orders issued by the authorities.

"Well," he remarked, with a deep sigh, "I suppose there's nowhere to go but 'ome."

Mrs. Hards was not in the house. A neighbour said she had been called for by a private motor-car. The neighbour, urged to give more information, admitted she had none, but offered several guesses, not one of which was calculated to cheer the anxious inquirer. Captain Hards searched the house for a note of farewell; he inspected very closely the pincushion on the dressing-table, for his slight acquaintance with fiction told him that this was where such communications were usually left. The meal had been cleared away, everything was in a condition of orderliness. He augured the worst from this.

"I've upset her," he said, walking to and fro agitatedly, "that's what I've done. She made the attempt to live up to the new rules, and she finds she can't. She's gone off to her sister's, farther along the coast, and I shall be taking the *Jane Maria* out to-morrow, and not knowing for certain what's become of the missus." Captain Hards called himself by names which he would have allowed no one else to apply to him, and mentioned that he wished he had never been born. Recognizing that this aspiration was useless, he amended it by expressing a desire to be put away in a cemetery, with all convenient dispatch, daisies and buttercups, and anything else that happened to be in season, growing above him.

He had unlaced his boots, when sounds of traffic came. A car was entering Neptune Street. He hurried to the front door.

"Talk of an angel," cried Mrs. Hards, stepping out of the car, "and he's bound to appear. May I introduce him to you, my lady?"

"Why, of course," said the occupant of the car. Captain Hards, beckoned to come forward, was presented to the Admiral's wife.

"We wanted a capable business woman," explained the Admiral's wife, briskly, "who knows the people about here, to manage an association that some of us have just started to look after sailors' children. Mrs. Hards has most kindly consented to do this. Hope you don't mind; good-bye."

Captain Hards listened whilst his wife

"CAPTAIN HARDS WAS PRESENTED TO THE ADMIRAL'S WIFE."

described the meeting to which she had been taken; the compliments paid to her there. Treated, she declared, like one of themselves. Seemed as though the ladies could not make enough fuss of her.

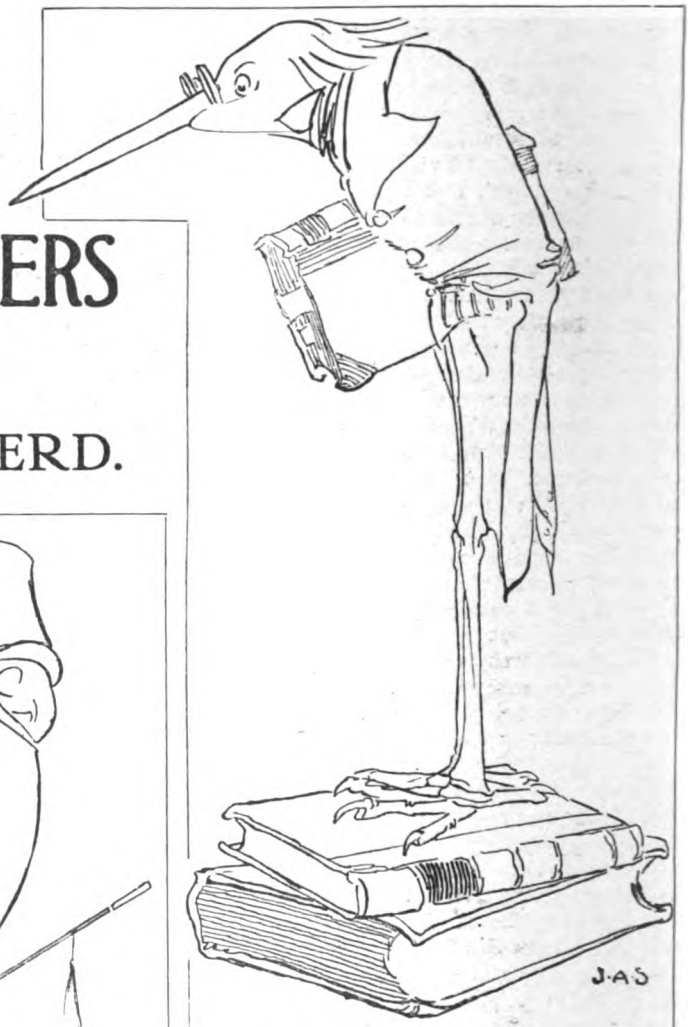
"Look here!" he said, persuasively. "This is all very well, old gel, but you mustn't let it turn your 'ead. Don't become dizzy. Keep your balance. Above all, take care not to get dignified. I shall be back in the wheelhouse of the *Jane Maria* to-morrow, and, so far as you are concerned, you've got to go on just the same as though nothing particular had happened!"

"It shall be as you wish, James," she said, dutifully.

DICKENS CHARACTERS

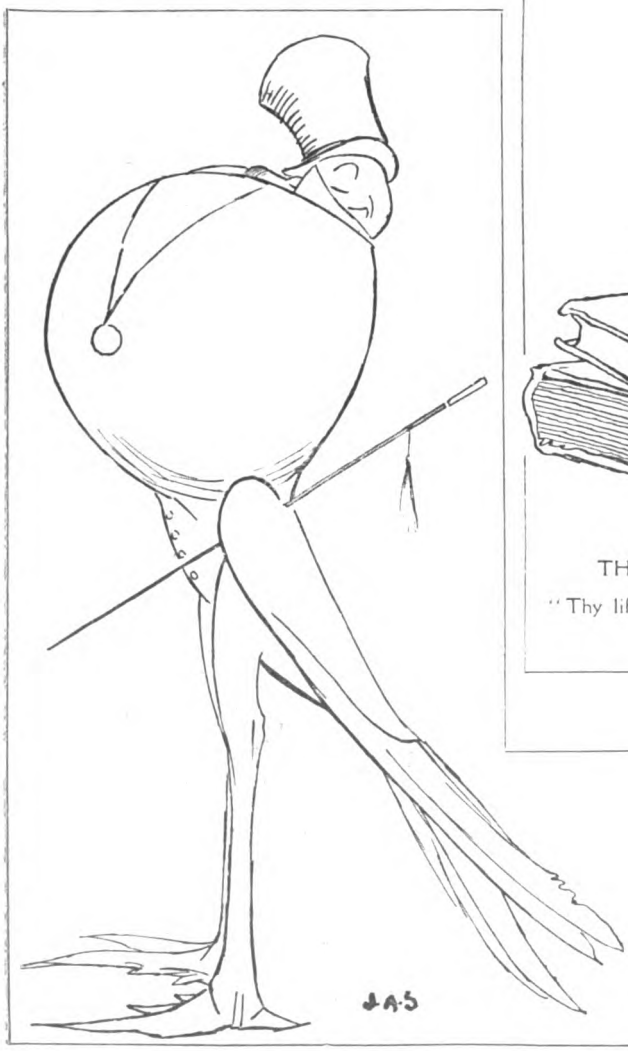
Portrayed by

J. A. SHEPHERD.



THE HERON AS TOM PINCH.

"Thy life is tranquil, calm, and happy, Tom."



THE POUTER PIGEON AS WILKINS MICAWBER.

"Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six; result—happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds ought and six; result—misery."

THE MACAW AS MRS. PIPCHIN, spoken of as "a Great Manager" of Children.

"Well, Sir," said Mrs. Pipchin to Paul, "how do you think you shall like me?"

"I don't think I shall like you at all," said Paul.

THE GAMECOCK AS SAMUEL WELLER.

"Give my compliments—Mr. Veller's compliments—to the Justice, and tell him I've spiled his beadle, and that, if he'll swear in a new 'un, I'll come back agin to-morrow and spile him."

THE PUG DOG AS SAMUEL PICKWICK.

"Mr. Pickwick beamed through his glasses."

THE PELICAN AS TONY WELLER, father of Samuel Weller.

"Be wery careful o' widders, Sammy."

THE CRAB AS SAIREY GAMP.

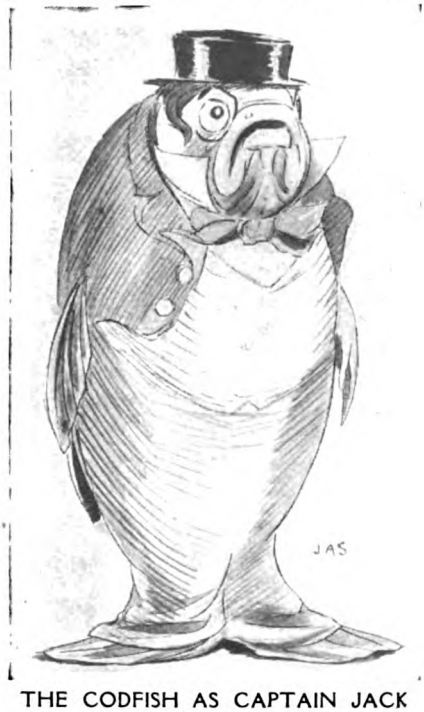
"'Mrs. Harris,' I says, 'leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged.'"

THE SPOONBILL AS MR. GUPPY.
"The young man of the name of Guppy."

THE STORK AS MR. TULKINGHORN.
"The old man of the name of Tulkinghorn."

THE TOAD AS JOHN WILLET.

"It'll clear at eleven o'clock. No sooner and no later. Not before and not arterwards."



THE CODFISH AS CAPTAIN JACK BUNSBY.

"Whereby," proceeded the voice, "why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast, then!"

THE PUFFIN AS CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

"Love! honour! and obey! Overhaul your catechism till you find that passage, and when found turn the leaf down."

THE CROW AS THE REVEREND MR. STIGGINS, called "The Shepherd."

"If," said Mr. Stiggins, "if there is any one of hem less odious than another, it is the liquor called um. Warm, my dear young friend, with three umps of sugar to the tumbler."

THE OWL AS MR. BUMBLE.

"If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble, ". . . . the law is a ass, a idiot."

THE JACKDAW AS JOHN DAWKINS, called "The Artful Dodger."

"And don't he know me? Oh, no! Not in the least! By no means! Certainly not!"

THE WART-HOG AS MAJOR JOSEPH BAGSTOCK.

"Old Joe, sir, needn't look far for a wife even now, if he was on the look-out; but he's hard-hearted, sir, is Joe—he's tough, sir, tough, and de-vilish sly!"

THE CROCODILE AS URIAH HEEP.
"I'm a very 'umble person."

THE TOMTIT AS SIMON TAPPERTIT.
"Come!" said Mr. Tappertit ". . . Do you know me, feller?"

The CASTAWAYS.

By

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by Will Owen.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was a little lull in the conversation, of which Lady Penrose, gazing dreamily at the landscape, seemed serenely unconscious. It was broken by Mr. Pope paying, in low tones, a compliment to the perfections of the tea-cake he was consuming.

"Somebody is in a hurry," said Carstairs, looking round at the sound of rapidly-approaching footsteps. "Why! Miss Blake!"

The girl, who had appeared suddenly round the side of the house, walking at a tremendous pace, took a laughing breath, and, throwing herself into a chair, pressed her hand to her side and said "Oh!"

"What is the matter, Effie?" exclaimed Mrs. Jardine.

"Oh!" said Miss Blake again. "Oh, my!" she added.

Miss Seacombe appearing at that moment, also walking with what Mrs. Jardine considered unfeminine rapidity, the two girls exchanged glances and laughed.

"What have you been doing?" demanded Mrs. Jardine.

Miss Blake's dark eyes twinkled demurely. "Nothing," she replied, softly.

"We've had a walking-race with Sir Edward," explained Miss Seacombe. "Effie won."

"Walking-race?" repeated Mrs. Jardine, rising and looking about her. "On a hot day like this? Where is Sir Edward?"

Miss Blake shook her head. "He's a bad third," she said, smiling. "He is doing his best, but I don't think he is in very good condition. Oh, here he comes. Poor man!"

A little chorus of sympathy greeted Sir Edward and added to his annoyance. He paused as he reached the group and, straightening his tall, willowy figure, essayed a smile. His hat was in his hand, and exercise on a hot day had played havoc with the thin locks trained across the top of his head.

"Oh, Sir Edward," exclaimed Mrs. Jardine, in great concern; "how inadvisable to make these girls run on such a hot day! But there — young men never will be reasonable."

"Exercise," replied Talwyn, with an effort. "I—I've quite en—enjoyed it. I am glad I didn't win, though; it wouldn't have been polite."

"It was easy for you to be polite in this case," murmured Miss Blake, as he sank into a chair and wiped his hot face. "What are you smiling at?"

"Nothing," said Talwyn, feebly.

"If you mean to suggest that you let us win," said the justly-indignant Miss Blake, "it's disgraceful."

"I didn't say so," muttered Talwyn, defensively.

"It's men all over," continued the experienced maiden. "They always pretend that they are superior in everything. A woman can do anything that a man can do. Mind that!"

"And do it better," added Miss Seacombe, with a challenging glance around.

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"THE GIRLS ROSE AND STOOD WAITING, AND TALWYN, TUGGING AT THE ENDS OF HIS LONG, DROOPING MOUSTACHE, FOLLOWED SUIT."

"We simply ran away from him," declared her friend.

"Ah! there you are," said Talwyn. "You—you oughtn't to have run in a walking-match, you know."

Miss Seacombe put her cup and saucer down with a little crash. "O-oh!" she gasped. "The idea! We'll have it over again, Effie, and Captain Tollhurst and Mr. Pope shall umpire. Come along, Sir Edward."

A faint remark of Mr. Pope's concerning the heat passed unnoticed. The girls rose and stood waiting, and Talwyn, tugging at the ends of his long, drooping moustache, followed suit.

"Effie!" said Mrs. Jardine, sharply. "I won't have such nonsense. It is much too hot, and, besides——"

"Sir Edward wants to," said her niece. "Don't you, Sir Edward?"

"Of course," said Talwyn; "if you wish it. And if you don't think it is too hot for you."

"Go ahead," breathed Tollhurst in his ear. "I'll disqualify 'em. Come along, Pope," he added, loudly.

"How absurd!" said Mrs. Jardine, as competitors and umpires moved off. "Really, I feel quite annoyed with Effie. I don't know what young women of the present day are coming to. I don't, indeed."

Carstairs shook his head in sympathy. "Don't worry, Mrs. Jardine," he said, gently. "I feel sure she will win again."

"Win!" repeated the perturbed lady. "*Win!* I don't mind a scrap whether she wins or not. That is not troubling me at all. Poor Sir Edward," she added, turning to Lady Penrose. "Such a good-natured man. Most unselfish."

"It is hard work for a man of his age," said Carstairs. "Why didn't they challenge the boys? They would have enjoyed it."

"Boys!" repeated Mrs. Jardine, with lifted eyebrows.

"Knight and Peplow," explained Carstairs. "The two young men who are staying here. You know them slightly, I think,"

Mrs. Jardine admitted the soft impeachment by a faint sniff. "Very slightly," she said, after a pause.

"Have you known the boys, as you call them, for long, Mr. Carstairs?" inquired Lady Penrose.

"Some time," said Carstairs, with nicely-graduated truthfulness. "Knight is a great friend of my aunt's. Nice, bright lads, I think."

"Lads!" exclaimed Mrs. Jardine.

"They seem like it to my advanced years," said Carstairs, with a grimace. "After all, they are not much more, are they? I suppose they have deserted the ladies in favour of a little exercise. Young men prefer sport, even to reading poetry to the most charming of audiences."

Lady Penrose laughed. "I had an idea that they were rather fond of ladies' society," she said.

"Oh, they are polite and attentive and all that sort of thing, of course," said Carstairs, carelessly; "but in their heart of hearts they prefer cricket. I know that I did."

"And don't you?" inquired Lady Penrose.

"Time has affected my tastes, as no doubt it will affect theirs," was the reply. "In another ten years or so they will probably be thinking of marrying."

"It is possible that they are thinking of it already," said Mrs. Jardine, primly.

Carstairs shook his head. "Not at their age," he said, decidedly. "They have their way to make yet."

"Young men don't always think of that," retorted Mrs. Jardine, tartly.

"True," said Carstairs. "True. You are quite right. I suppose half the misery in the world is caused by rash and improvident marriages."

"And the other half, Mr. Carstairs?" said Lady Penrose, languidly.

"By not marrying at all."

Mrs. Jardine suppressed a startled little cough, and endeavoured, but in vain, to exchange glances with her friend. She returned to the subject in hand.

"Young people are very apt to form foolish attachments," she said, shaking her head. "One might call them entanglements."

Carstairs nodded wisely. "Just so," he said, slowly. "Young people are naturally impetuous. But there are easy cures for the most desperate cases, I think."

"Cures?" said Mrs. Jardine.

"Change of scene," said Carstairs, confidently; "fresh interests, other affinities. They soon forget."

Lady Penrose regarded him with amusement. "Dear me! What a lot of experience you must have had!" she murmured.

"I never had more than a month's holiday, you know," he reminded her. "At the most dangerous age I only had a fortnight."

"And you found that sufficient for purposes of obliteration?"

"I dare say it would have been," said Carstairs.

"And how long would you give yourself now?"

Carstairs looked up, and their eyes met. "Trip round the world, I think," he said, with marked deliberation.

Lady Penrose gave a slight laugh. "You are improving," she said.

"And, of course, even that might not be successful," said Carstairs, musingly.

"It might not," said Lady Penrose, who found Mrs. Jardine's expression somewhat trying. "Still, it is no good taking up trouble before it comes."

"Let us hope it will not come," said Carstairs, piously. "The trouble part, I mean."

"Here comes Sir Edward," said Lady Penrose, with an abrupt change of subject. "He must have won, I think; he is looking very pleased with himself."

"No," said Talwyn, with an effort to look discomfited, "I didn't win. Too bad. I was disqualified almost at the start. Pope and Tollhurst were both against me, so I had to retire. They wouldn't listen to me."

Mrs. Jardine made a slight noise, intended for sympathy. "Where are the others?" she inquired.

Talwyn's grin would not be denied. "Still racing," he said, in an indistinct voice, and covered his mouth with his hand.

He lit a cigarette, and leaned back in his chair with the air of a man who had earned his rest.

"Very stiff, Pope and Tollhurst," he remarked. "No arguing with them."

"But why didn't the ladies retire when you were disqualified?" inquired Carstairs.

Talwyn suddenly caressed his moustache again. "I was a little way behind," he said, with an effort. "Perhaps they didn't know."

"Poor things!" said Lady Penrose, indignantly. "Straining every nerve to beat a man who is lolling in an easy chair, smoking."

"They're very keen," said Talwyn. "It was a pleasure to see them. Both of them looking straight to their front and slogging away for all they were worth. Pope and Tollhurst had to trot to keep up with them. Pope looked as though he might have a temperature."

He gave a little sigh of satisfaction and, stretching out his legs, sat gazing at his boots. "As a matter of fact," he said, after an interval, "I never was very fond of the strenuous life. I've had to live it when

" POPE AND TOLLHURST HAD TO TROT TO KEEP UP WITH THEM."

travelling sometimes, but it was from necessity, not choice."

" At our age——" began Carstairs.

" I was always like it," interrupted Talwyn, hastily.

Carstairs eyed him thoughtfully. " Do you like shipboard ? " he inquired. " There's not much hard work there. I've been thinking lately —— I've been wondering whether I wouldn't go for a cruise."

" P. and O. ! " said Talwyn, decidedly. " You can't beat it."

" I was thinking of something different," said Carstairs. " My idea was a yacht. If I could get a few friends to come with me and keep me company, I think it would be nice to hire a steam yacht and go cruising at our pleasure. What do you think ? "

" Ripping ! " ejaculated the other. " If you could get the right people," he added, with a glance at Mrs. Jardine.

" Everything depends upon that, of course," said Carstairs. " If Lady Penrose and Mrs. Jardine would do me the honour——"

The two ladies looked at each other in surprise. It is one thing to go to a friend's house and drink a cup of tea, but a cruise—a long cruise, perhaps ! Their thoughts flew to clothes.

" Would you be away for long ? " inquired Lady Penrose.

" As long as you like," was the reply. A reply which set Talwyn and Mrs. Jardine gazing at each other.

" When do you propose to start ? " asked Lady Penrose.

" October, I thought. Have the summer here and go South for the winter."

" It sounds delightful," said Mrs. Jardine, with another glance at Talwyn. " I suppose my niece is included in the invitation ? "

" Of course," said Carstairs; " and Miss Seacombe."

" She can't go unless I go," said Lady Penrose, thoughtfully.

" Exactly," said Carstairs.

Lady Penrose coloured a little. " It is very kind of you," she said, slowly. " I must think it over."

" We will both think it over, if we may," said Mrs. Jardine. " It is very kind of you, Mr. Carstairs. So far as I am concerned the proposal is most tempting."

" Noise heard without," said Talwyn, suddenly, with an uneasy attempt at facetiousness.

" It is Effie, principally," said Mrs. Jardine, in resigned accents.

Miss Blake's voice was certainly high, but so also was Miss Seacombe's. An apologetic, low-toned rumble appeared to belong to Messrs. Tollhurst and Pope. Talwyn shifted uneasily in his chair.

" Here is the athlete ! " exclaimed Miss

Blake, coming up and regarding him fixedly.

"I was disqualified," murmured Talwyn, rising.

Miss Blake wiped her hot face and turned to her friend, scorning to notice the amused glances that were passing between the men. Her own expression reminded one of a cat that has lost a particularly fine mouse through its own stupidity.

"Who won?" inquired the venturesome Talwyn.

Miss Blake's face took on a deeper shade, but she made no reply.

"We had to disqualify 'em both," said Pope, in tones of oily regret. "And within twenty yards of the finish. Awful pity."

"Why didn't you let us know that Sir Edward had given up?" demanded Miss Seacombe.

"Disqualified," corrected Talwyn.

"It's not usual," said Pope. "There is no reason for telling the other competitors. It is never done."

"Never," corroborated Tollhurst. "What good would it have done you?"

"Might have put you off your stroke," said Pope. "You were walking splendidly at the time. It was a pleasure to watch you. I quite enjoyed it."

"I've no doubt," said Miss Blake, bitterly. "That is men all over," she added.

She threw herself into a chair, and after a slight struggle with herself accepted a glass of iced lemonade from the hands of Carstairs. A suggestion from Pope that the race should be walked over again—with other umpires—was received with silent disdain.

"Been having a most interesting conversation while you were amusing yourselves," said Talwyn to Pope. "Carstairs is talking of chartering a yacht and taking us to foreign climes."

"O-oh!" said Miss Blake, clasping her hands and turning on Carstairs a smile that dazzled him. "If all men were like him!"

"Even only a little bit like him," said Miss Seacombe, with a hostile glance at the other three.

"Where are we going? When do we start?" inquired Miss Blake, turning to Carstairs again.

"There is nothing settled yet," said Mrs. Jardine. "Mr. Carstairs has only just mentioned it, and I am not sure that we can go. Not at all sure."

"I am going," said her niece, decisively. "If I can't go as a passenger, I shall go as a stowaway. But you are a splendid sailor, aunt, and a voyage would do you good. You haven't been looking quite yourself for a long time."

"I'm well enough, thank you," retorted Mrs. Jardine.

"And it would do me good," continued Miss Blake. "I have not said anything about it, but for some time past—— It is not a laughing matter, Mr. Pope."

"Sorry," said the offender, humbly. "You look the picture of health. And the way you walk!"

"Appearances are deceptive," said Miss Blake, coldly.

"If your health is in inverse ratio to your appearance, and performances, you ought to see a doctor," said Pope, solemnly.

"Three doctors," said Carstairs, regarding her closely.

"I am not going to quarrel with *you*," said Miss Blake, smiling at him. "Do come and sit here and tell me all about it. Is Mrs. Ginnell coming?"

"Most certainly—if we go. She is quite enthusiastic about it."

"If we go!" repeated Miss Blake.

"We don't care to go alone," said Carstairs. "You must talk to Mrs. Jardine about it. Talk to her about your health. I fancy from her manner that she does not quite realize what a serious condition you are in. A long voyage, with pleasant society, might restore you. And, of course, we will take a doctor."

CHAPTER X.

"WHAT is all this talk about a yacht?" inquired Knight, as they sat smoking in Pope's room after dinner that night.

"Yacht?" said Carstairs, looking up.

"Thing that floats on the water and is propelled by sails or steam," said Knight, dryly.

"I've read of 'em," said Pope, tenderly removing the band from a fat cigar. "In fact, I have occasionally seen them. Graceful things, most of them. Sit the water so well. There is something about a yacht——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Knight. "That's just what I want to get at. What *is* all this about a yacht?"

"I had an idea of hiring one," said Carstairs, mildly, "and sailing away to distant solitudes in search of peace."

"Far from the young and their noisy methods," added Pope, with a grin.

"Curious thing is, they haven't said anything to us about it," said Knight, with a perplexed look at Peplow. "What does it mean, Freddie—any idea?"

Mr. Peplow coughed.

"It's a perfect bombshell," pursued Knight. "It has blown all my arrangements to the winds. I was going to Scotland for two or three months in the autumn to stay with an uncle. This will be the second year I shall disappoint the old chap. He won't like it, I'm afraid."

"Who told you anything about it?" demanded Carstairs.

"Mrs. Ginnell," replied Knight. "She is quite excited about it. She has gone to the library to read books of travel and furbish up her geography. I'm afraid I rather disappointed her. I told her that I could only accept provisionally."

"Provisionally?" repeated Carstairs, staring at him.

Knight nodded. "I don't go unless Miss Seacombe goes, of course," he replied. "You couldn't expect it, Carstairs, and wild horses and a steam crane combined wouldn't get Freddie on board unless Miss Blake goes. He is quiet, but determined."

"And it is quite possible that if you go they won't," said Carstairs. "I wasn't going to say anything to you about it yet, but I forgot to warn my aunt. She is as precipitate as you are. She is much too young for her years."

"But you couldn't go without us," said Knight. "I mean, you wouldn't."

"Never knew him to put his tail down like that before," murmured Pope, who was sitting by the open window, looking at the moonlight.

"We oughtn't to have come down here," said Knight, thoughtfully. "You ought to have sprung us as a pleasant surprise at the last moment."

"Quite impossible," said Carstairs. "It would look far too much of a put-up job. I had to let Lady Penrose know that we were acquainted. Hence the reason—one of them, I mean—of your visit here."

"'NEVER KNEW HIM TO PUT HIS TAIL DOWN LIKE THAT BEFORE,' MURMURED POPE, WHO WAS SITTING BY THE OPEN WINDOW."

"It ought to be very jolly if it comes off," said Knight.

"Very," assented Carstairs. "Pope and I are looking forward to a most amusing time."

"Something like a happy family I saw once at a fair," said Pope, watching the smoke of his cigar as it floated out of the window. "It consisted of a cat, a dog, a monkey, and doves and little white mice all shut up together in a cage. I think that the peace was kept by a judicious system of overfeeding."

"Very good way, too," said Knight. "But there are sometimes conditions at sea in which any feeding at all is unwelcome. We must have this trip, if it's only to see you in a gale."

Pope laughed comfortably. "I am an excellent sailor," he retorted. "Why, five years ago, coming round the Land's End in heavy weather,

I was the only passenger aboard that turned up to meals."

"Triumph of the flesh over the spirit," said Knight.

"Even the second mate, to whom I gave a cigar, threw it away after a couple of whiffs," continued Pope. "I feel certain that half-a-dozen more would have finished him."

"We don't doubt your word for a moment," said Knight. "But when you have made an end of your boasting, we will talk business. I have a sort of hopeful idea that Lady Penrose will accept in any case."

"What makes you think so?" inquired Carstairs.

"Instinct," replied Mr. Knight. "Something seems to tell me she will. I can't explain to anybody, especially to you. I just feel it in my bones. What do your bones say, Freddie?"

Mr. Peplow's bones not being in a communicative mood, Knight turned towards Pope.

"I don't know," said that gentleman, hastily. "You leave my bones alone."

Knight nodded with a satisfied air. "I see," he said, darkly. "That's good enough for me. You are quicker than I thought. It is never safe to judge by appearances. You are a kindred spirit, Pope. We understand each other."

"I'm blest if I know what you are talking about," blustered Pope.

"No matter," said Knight, rising and going over to him. "Have you got a cigar about you? Not one of the same brand that you gave to the poor mate."

He took one from the well-filled case and, lighting it delicately, returned to his seat.

"I wonder what sort of a sailor Lady Penrose is?" he said, blowing out a cloud of smoke and regarding it thoughtfully.

"And old Mrs. Jardine," said Mr. Peplow.

"She is an excellent sailor, I understand," said Carstairs. "But I don't understand your sudden concern for her welfare."

"I was thinking of mine," said Mr. Peplow, modestly. "Things would be much brighter if Mrs. Jardine had to stay in her bunk most of the time. She has an extraordinary knack of turning up in the most unexpected places."

"You shouldn't be in unexpected places," said his friend, shaking his head at him.

"And she seems to regard me almost as though I were some dangerous animal," continued Mr. Peplow.

"Absurd!" said Pope and Knight together.

"Vanity is his besetting sin," added Knight. "My own opinion is that Mrs. Jardine regards him more in the light of a pertinacious black-beetle than anything else. One day she will put her foot down, there will be a faint apologetic pop, and Freddie will disappear."

After the frivolity of his younger friends it was a relief to Carstairs to turn to the sedate enthusiasm of Talwyn. He was as eager for the expedition as Carstairs himself, and lost no opportunity of trying to persuade Mrs. Jardine to become a member of it. He got her to consent at last, provided that Lady Penrose would also join the party.

"And she is hesitating, rather," said Mrs. Jardine.

"What is the difficulty?" inquired Talwyn.

"There are one or two possible difficulties in the way," said Mrs. Jardine, vaguely. The possible difficulties had been discussed with Lady Penrose, and both ladies had decided to do nothing in haste that they might repent of at leisure. The appearance of Knight and Peplow at Berstead had been something of a surprise to them; they had an uneasy idea that there might be a greater one in store.

"In which case I really don't think I want to go," said Lady Penrose. "The prospect of being on shipboard with Mr. Knight for some months is not alluring. I have a great objection to that young man."

"Sir Edward is very keen," said Mrs. Jardine, with a sigh. "I really don't think——"

"And I gather that Captain Tollhurst is invited," said Lady Penrose.

"Very interesting man," murmured Mrs. Jardine.

"Very," agreed her friend. "He must have been a great reader in his time, I should think, mostly of boys' books of travel and adventure."

"Sir Edward thinks a lot of him," said Mrs. Jardine, defensively. "I must say I rather like him."

Lady Penrose nodded. "Anyway, Captain Tollhurst doesn't matter much," she said. "As for the others, we must wait until we hear from Mr. Carstairs. He is coming on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Ginnell. I will sound him then."

"I will come, too, if I may," said Mrs. Jardine. "I like Mrs. Ginnell; and perhaps it would be just as well for me to hear exactly what is proposed. A hint or two might be of service."

She tried a few on Wednesday afternoon, and, as she confided to Lady Penrose afterwards, she might as well have tried them on the teapot. Her opinion of the simple-minded goodness of the man was improved,

but her respect for his intelligence was not. And Mrs. Ginnell, alert and youthful, was equally obtuse. She saw only one side of the picture: a cheerful company, a bright sun, and summer seas. It was a relief to Mrs. a box-edged path. "If you don't, I'm afraid the whole scheme will fall through."

"I don't see why it should," was the reply. "There must be plenty of people who would jump at it."

"'OF COURSE,' HE SAID, CHEERFULLY, 'I WILL GIVE YOU A LIST OF MY GUESTS, AND YOU CAN STRIKE OUT THOSE YOU DON'T LIKE.'"

Jardine's mind when Mrs. Ginnell had finished her third cup and they all adjourned to the garden.

"I do hope that you and Mrs. Jardine have made up your minds to come," said Carstairs to Lady Penrose as they walked slowly down

Carstairs shook his head. "Besides, I don't want plenty of people," he said, slowly; "although, of course, I should extend a hearty welcome to any friends of yours that you might wish to bring."

"And suppose that you didn't like

them?" said Lady Penrose, playing for an opening.

"It wouldn't matter."

"I'm afraid that I am more particular, or, if you like, more selfish," said Lady Penrose. "I shouldn't care to go for a long voyage with people that I did not like."

Carstairs stole an appraising glance at her, and as a result decided to run a slight risk of disaster. "Of course," he said, cheerfully; "so I will give you a list of my guests, and you can strike out those you don't like."

Lady Penrose laughed. "Nonsense," she said, colouring slightly. "It has nothing to do with me. I couldn't dream of doing such a thing."

"Then you will come?" said Carstairs.

Lady Penrose hesitated. "Suppose you make the same offer to Mrs. Jardine," she suggested, "and give her the list."

"I—I prefer to rely on your judgment," said Carstairs.

"Who is coming?" she asked, after a pause.

Carstairs went through the names. "And I understand that my aunt has invited Knight and Peplow," he concluded. "They are staying with us, you know."

"Yes," said Lady Penrose, slowly. "Yes—I am not very fond of Mr. Knight."

Carstairs gave a little wave of the hand. "Strike him off, then," he said, cheerfully. "I'm afraid my aunt will be very disappointed, but still——"

"I can't possibly interfere with your arrangements," said Lady Penrose, with a little laugh of annoyance. "And what do you think Mrs. Ginnell would say?"

"She is very set on your coming," said Carstairs, "and will be very much upset if the whole thing falls through, as it will if you don't come. I am sure that you will not let your plans be upset by a youngster of that age. Apart from that, you would like to come?"

"Very much."

"Then that is settled," said Carstairs. "I absolutely decline to let any half-baked boy upset my plans in that fashion. It is making far too important a person of him. Don't you feel that?"

"I don't think that *he* would," said Lady Penrose.

"You will come?" said Carstairs. "Please say 'yes.' If you don't I can never look my poor aunt in the face again."

Lady Penrose hesitated. "Thank you very much," she said at last, with a faint smile. "You have put so much responsibility upon me that I couldn't refuse, even if I wanted to."

"That's right," said Carstairs, joyfully. "And now let us go and tell Mrs. Jardine. Next Monday I shall set out in quest of the safest and sturdiest craft I can find, speed no object."

Mrs. Jardine received the news calmly and with perfect confidence in her friend's judgment, gratefully accepted the invitation. Details (partial) furnished after the visitors had departed left her less satisfied.

"It ought to be very pleasant," she said slowly. "It is a pity that Mr. Carstairs is so slow of comprehension. However, there is plenty of time for us to change our mind if we wish."

"I am going," said Lady Penrose. "I have promised."

"You have made promises before," said Mrs. Jardine, with a wise nod.

"What do you mean?" inquired her friend, with a little heat.

"And I know how binding they are," concluded Mrs. Jardine, ambiguously.

Lady Penrose looked at her, but, being blessed with an excellent memory, refrained from pursuing the subject. She sat gazing at a bed of geraniums and turning over in her mind an idea that had suddenly occurred to her.

"Do you think that Mr. Carstairs is a single-minded, ingenuous sort of man?" she inquired.

"Certainly I do," said Mrs. Jardine. "It's the only defect in his character so far as I can see. I am not sure that I wouldn't call him simple. In a nice, pleasant way, of course, but certainly simple."

"I wonder!" said Lady Penrose, knitting her brows.

At the same time Mr. Carstairs, suffering from severe twinges of conscience, was calling himself a sharper of the deepest dye.

(To be continued.)

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

303.—REFLECTED WRITING.

THE reader may at first glance be a little puzzled by the annexed scrawl, but if he holds it in front of a mirror the mystery will at once disappear. It is merely the reflection of certain English words in ordinary handwriting. To produce such reflected hand-

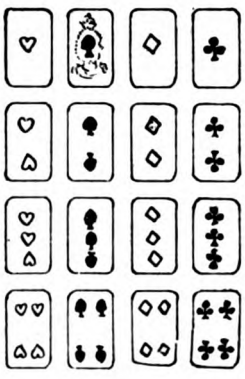
writing in a direct way, without any such trickery as tracing it against the window pane or using a mirror, seems by no means easy. But I believe it can be written straight away by anybody, without any difficulty, when I disclose my method. The idea occurred to me recently in a flash when waking out of a dream in the middle of the night. And, curiously enough, nothing in the dream led up to it. Just take a piece of paper and a pencil (nothing else) and try to write that way. Perhaps you can hit on the same curious little discovery, which is, I believe, something quite new.

304.—ACADEMIC COURTESIES.

IN a certain mixed school, where a special feature was made of the inculcation of good manners, they had a curious rule on assembling every morning. There were twice as many girls as boys. Every girl made a bow to every other girl, to every boy, and to the teacher. Every boy made a bow to every other boy, to every girl, and to the teacher. In all there were nine hundred bows made in that model academy every morning. Can you say how many boys there were in the school? It is a tricky little puzzle.

305.—THE TWENTY-TWO GAME.

HERE is a variation of our little "Thirty-one Puzzle." It was recently propounded, for his own amusement, by a valued correspondent, a septuagenarian, and his solution is perfectly correct. Lay out the sixteen cards as shown. Two players alternately turn down a card and add it to the common score, and the player who makes the score of twenty-two, or forces his opponent to go beyond that number, wins. For example, A turns down a 4, B turns down a 3 (counting 7), A turns down a 4 (counting 11), B plays a 2 (counting 13), A plays 1 (14), B plays 3 (17), and whatever A does, B scores the winning 22 next play. Again, supposing the play was 3—1, 1—2, 3—3, 1—2, 1—4, scoring 21, the second player would win again, because there is no 1 left and his opponent must go beyond 22. Now, which player should always win, and how?



306.—THE WRONG MOVE.

WHITE, by a little error which the reader will quite understand when he has solved the question, has made a wrong move, resulting in the position shown in the diagram. The point is to take back that last

BLACK.

play of White's and substitute another that checkmates Black on the move. Half of the board is omitted, merely to save space.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

298.—A NEW LEAP-FROG PUZZLE.

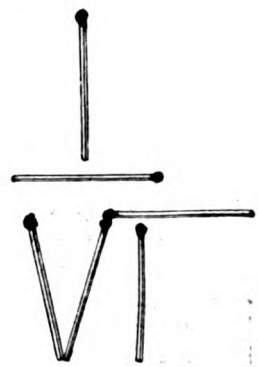
PLAY 9 over 13, 14, 6, 4, 3, 1, 2, 7, 15, 17, 16, 11. Play 12 over 8. Play 10 over 5 and 12. Play 9 over 10.

299.—CONVERTING THE KAISER.

KAISER, RAISER, RAISED, RAILED, FAILED, FOILED, COILED, COOLED, COOKED, CORKED, CORKER, PORKER.

300.—AN INGENIOUS MATCH PUZZLE.

IT will be seen that the second I in VII has been moved, so as to form the sign of square root. The square root of 1 is, of course, 1, so that the fractional expression itself represents 1.



301.—THE MISSING LETTERS.

ADD the two letters S and Y to each word, and the following new eight words may be formed: YACHTS, TYPES, MISERY, DYERS, STYLE, YEAST, SATYR, PHYSIC.

302.—ANOTHER ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

PLAY as follows: B, R, K, B, R (from Kt 2), B, R, R (from R sq.), B, R, B, K, R, B, K, B, R, B, R (from Kt 3), B, K, R, K, R (from Kt 2), B, K, K takes Kt. Twenty-seven moves in all.

"The SOUL OF FRANCE WAS IN HER."

From the French of MARCELLE TINAYRE.

Marcelle Tinayre, one of the best-known of the women-novelists of modern France, was born in 1877, and was married at a very early age to Julien Tinayre, a celebrated artist, who afterwards illustrated several of her books. Mme. Tinayre—whose first book was written before she was twenty, though it went the round of the Paris publishers for six years before it appeared—belongs to the romantic school of writers, and her works have for the most part been confined to novels of considerable length. The following powerful little story—the narrative of a girl's heroism in the present war—is, therefore, all the more interesting as a specimen of her work in shorter form.

THE post-office was shaded by half-closed shutters, and in the sultry silence of this storm-threatened afternoon Marie Morin, the little clerk temporarily taking the place of Mlle. Cantel, the invalided postmistress, was feeling very tired. With elbows resting on the ink-stained wooden table, she was almost asleep.

On account of the extreme heat, she had opened her blouse at the throat and drawn up her fair hair in Chinese fashion, displaying thus her rather thin neck and mauve-veined temples. And though she looked just a little girl, she was in reality a very wise and serious young person, upon whose frail shoulders rested a heavy burden of responsibility.

For the last two days the postmistress had been in bed, suffering from an attack of rheumatic fever, and little Marie had acted as her deputy. And since the woman-servant had left suddenly, Marie had had to undertake her duties also.

It was at this time, the beginning of September, 1914, that a breath of panic swept across the wooded country which lies between the Aisne and the Oise.

The village of Saint-Pierre, distant some four miles from Chevilly—the chief town of the district—is isolated from the rest of the world. It has neither railroad nor highway, nothing save the humble parish pathways, and the encircling forest spread over the blue hills which shut in the horizon.

During the month of August some French troops had been observed in the neighbourhood, but the great wave of the army rolled along the main roads, rarely touching this forest region.

The Chevilly people, thanks to the railway, were more favoured, and so Mlle. Cantel frequently telephoned for news to Mme. Aubert, the postmistress of Chevilly. But the news, whether good or bad, was always vague.

"The Germans have crossed the frontier. They are advancing. *How far will they advance?*"

The village folk of Saint-Pierre were greatly disturbed. They had read of the invasion of Belgium, and of the ghastly atrocities perpetrated there. In imagination, they already saw their own homes burned, their women insulted, their children slain by the soldiers of the Kaiser.

Already some who had relatives in Paris had taken their departure, despite the gibes of their neighbours. Mlle. Cantel was not leaving. The heart of an Amazon beat beneath the black alpaca bodice of the plain, gaunt old maid. When the *curé* came to see and encourage her, she said to him:—

"Each is free to act as he thinks best. Let those go who wish to do so. For my part, I do not believe there is danger."

"But if there *were?*" asked the *curé*.

"I should await it here. I am an official, a servant of the State. In times of peace I was at my post. I shall be there in time of war."

"What about little Marie?"

"That is another thing. Marie will go to her Aunt Julotte at La Ferté."

Marie, who was present, protested.

"No, mademoiselle! I will not leave you. I, too," she added, proudly, "am an official."

This was not strictly true. Marie was an unpaid assistant, an orphan who had been taken in, brought up, educated by Mlle. Cantel, and who was now preparing for a competitive examination, success in which would admit her into the "Administration of Posts and Telegraphs."

The daughter of a poor country postman, she had dreamed, even as a small child, of sitting behind a counter, in a sort of cage adorned with placards, littered with racks and files, forms and ledgers, and of exercising mysterious sway over a resigned public. To be the "postmistress"! What ambition on the part of a child whose family expected her to be nothing more than the little maid-servant of Mlle. Cantel!

A sound resembling the low growl of distant thunder vibrated through the heavy air. Little Marie raised her head. Outside, women were calling and questioning one another, and she heard the clack, clack of the shutters. Mlle. Cantel, lying on her bed in the room next to the office, called out:—

"Marie, did you hear that?"

"Yes, it is thunder."

"Or guns?"

"It is a thunderstorm. The sky is all white above our heads, and all black over the forest. It is to be hoped that they have gathered in the harvest."

"Listen again, Marie."

Again that rumbling sound. The air trembled, and Marie's heart for a moment stood still. She sprang up. The invalid began to groan.

"It is the battle coming our way. A bad sign. Ah, if I could only get up."

"But *I* am here, mademoiselle," said Marie. "What do you fear?"

"Nothing for myself, everything for you."

"Everything? That is saying too much. These Germans will not eat me alive. Oh, here is Père Bastié with the post from Chevilly."

Marie ran towards the man.

"There is no post, mademoiselle," he said. "No more trains are coming through. They say the line is cut off. Chevilly is full of the wounded. One regiment is quartered there, awaiting orders to proceed to the Front. And the firing one hears! Things look black enough for us."

Several persons anxious for news came running to the spot where the man and girl stood. Marie was very pale.

"Do not alarm everybody, Père Bastié," she whispered. "Go to the *maire*, and tell him what you have seen. Then you will take the five o'clock post for Chevilly."

"The letters will not go out."

"You will take them all the same. It is the regulation."

All the evening the guns were booming.

The villagers listened in a sort of mournful stupor to this great muffled voice, in which there seemed to be a note of despair. It was as though invaded France, in mortal peril, were sending out an anguished call for help.

But what succour could she expect?

About ten o'clock the cannonade ceased for a time. Then in the stifling but starry night the horizon took on the colour of burning brass. Volumes of purple smoke indicated that a tremendous conflagration was in progress. In a short time the whole of the sky on the eastern side glowed with so vivid a flame that the stars vanished, consumed in the awful splendour.

All the people of Saint-Pierre were in the street, with the exception of little Marie and her invalid friend. From the bedside of Mlle. Cantel the girl saw, through the window, the reflection of the fire reddening the garden. Now and then, at irregular intervals, there was a volley of musketry, and the sound of it seemed to be drawing nearer. The blood-red dawn was defiled with smoke. A cyclist passed through the village. His face was wan, his clothes were torn, he seemed half mad.

"Save yourselves!" he cried. "Escape while you can. They are coming. They are burning, killing, and destroying everything."

He flung out this ominous warning without stopping, and disappeared in the direction of Chevilly. He had infected the village with the fever of his own terror. The frightened people took to flight. Carts, vans, wagonettes, drawn by big horses, ponies, and little donkeys, were led out by peasant women who had heaped together their valuables, clothes, and beds. There were hens in cages. Children sat perched on the heaps. The dogs, excited by this unusual adventure, barked loudly, while the old men urged on the scared cattle.

Thus did this palpitating little portion of human and animal life revert to its original elements, and become again the primitive horde, the nomadic tribe.

And still the guns growled on.

As this sad procession of weeping fugitives passed out of sight, a sudden and tragic silence fell upon the almost deserted village. There remained about ten persons, besides the *maire*, the *curé*, Père Bastié, Mlle. Cantel, and little Marie.

The day passed more quietly than one might have expected. Marie telephoned frequently to Chevilly.

"No fresh news," said Mme. Aubert, in answer to the girl's inquiries. "Many persons have gone away. You must have heard the battle. Inform me if anything unusual occurs. There are soldiers in our office. Do you understand?"

Little Marie understood very well. She knew that in war-time one does not use the telephone for idle chatter, and that it behoves everybody to be prudent and careful. But the telephone can render most valuable service. For instance, should Marie 'phone to Mme. Aubert that something "unusual" had occurred in the neighbourhood of Saint-Pierre, the postmistress would be warned immediately, and would at once inform the soldiery occupying her office. This fact sufficiently justified Marie's resolution to remain at her post. Not for an empire would she have ceded to another the honour of rendering this important service, unprovided for in the regulations—the need for it being unforeseen—and, after all, exceedingly easy. It needed only courage and coolness, qualities, reflected Marie, proudly, not rare in the ranks of post-office ladies, not wanting even amongst mere unpaid assistants.

Before going to rest, Marie did what she could for the poor invalid. She gave her a good big spoonful of a soothing draught, and after some moaning and groaning Mlle. Cantel by and by fell into a peaceful sleep.

But Marie could not sleep. She lay awake, thinking of invaded France, of the Boches who defiled her soil, her air, her light, who destroyed her towns, killed her men, and caused the blood of sons, the tears of mothers, to flow.

She thought of these things with a cold and serious rage, which was neither the passion of a child nor the implacable indignation of an excited woman. It was the "holy wrath" of the angel who willed to crush the dragon, the mystical anger of virginal heroines. She recalled the pictures in an old Bible of the seventeenth century, which she had found one day in a garret. Again she saw Judith, in the heavily-draped tent, standing beside the bleeding, decapitated corpse of Holofernes. She saw Jael driving the sharp-pointed nail into the temple of Sisera. She thought also of her school-books, of the illustrated histories of France, with their glorification of Joan of Arc and Jeanne Hachette, of the white druidess with the gilded sickle. The shepherdess of Lorraine, it is true, did not actually *kill* with her own pure hands; she was but the living law, the divine faith of the soldier, incarnate in the form of a young warrior-maiden. But those others, who had not shrunk from killing as

a duty—had they not been absolved by God, and for ever extolled by man?

"Could *I* have done as they did?" little Marie asked herself.

Gentle and sensitive as she was, something like ferocity boiled up within her when she thought of France vanquished: of the enemy—the "Boche"—whom she might have the evil fortune to see with her own eyes, hear with her own ears, serve with her own hands. And then she cried with envy of the eighteen-year-old boys who had voluntarily enlisted, and were able to fight.

It was past midnight, and the moon was high in the heavens, when Marie heard the trampling of horses' feet upon the road on the other side of the garden, and presently someone rapped violently upon the shutter of the dining-room window, which overlooked a lane.

Marie rose quietly, put on a dressing-gown, thrust her bare feet into her slippers, then with her hair hanging loose upon her shoulders she opened the window half-way.

"Who is there?" she cried. "What do you want?"

A surly voice gave the order:—

"Open the door, or we will break it in."

Marie, trembling, put out her head, and saw four horse-soldiers, in uniforms of cinder-grey. They seemed anxious and fatigued. They were Uhlans, on a scouting errand, the precursors, perhaps, of a troop.

"What do you want?" said Marie, again. "I am here alone with a sick old woman."

"We are hungry and thirsty," said one of the men. "We wish to come into your house, to eat and drink. If you are wise and sensible, nobody will harm you. Do not scream or cry out for help. It would be useless. Our comrades are in the woods; they surround this place. The country is ours."

He spoke French with hesitation, but fairly correctly. Without saying another word Marie opened the kitchen door and the garden gate. The Germans tied up their horses, and with caution, holding their loaded revolvers, entered the house.

Mlle. Cantel, waking with a start, uttered a cry.

"What? There is someone hidden here?" said the Uhlan nearest to Marie. "Tell the truth, or I will kill you."

He brought down a heavy hand on her shoulder.

She gave no sign of pain or fear.

"I have told you," she said, "that there is a sick woman here. If you wish to see her, come this way."

Marie was as calm as Daniel in the lions' den. The Uhlan felt the mysterious influence of this serenity. He removed his hand from her shoulder.

"Go before," he said. "I want to search this house."

Marie was allowed to be the first to enter Mlle. Cantel's room. The German followed, and repeated to the invalid what he had already said to the girl. "We wish to eat and drink, and so long as you obey our orders we will do you no harm."

He added:—

"We are victorious everywhere. In three days' time we shall hold Paris."

Mademoiselle and Marie, clinging to one another, looked wonderingly at this stranger, this enemy, whose presence at such an hour, in such a place, seemed somehow fantastic and unreal.

"Take all you need, since you are the stronger," said Mlle. Cantel; "but at least respect this child."

"I am not a savage," said the young German, haughtily. "I am a student, an author, and a poet. You French people—it is a strange thing—you all seem to think that we are brutes—barbarians. You call us 'barbarians.'"

The two women made no reply. Then he began to question them. How many people were there in the village? Why were so many of the houses empty? Who had sent the people away? Where did the *maire*, the *curé*, the schoolmaster live? Where was the nearest railway station? And how far off was it?

Mlle. Cantel told no useless lies. She knew that there were in the house plenty of official documents which would serve to enlighten the intruders. She merely said that probably the *maire* had gone away, that she did not know where the *curé* was to be found, and that the schoolmaster was serving as a sergeant in the army.

"Then I am to understand that your village is a desert?" said the Uhlan. "Why did *you* remain here?"

"I could not move."

"You could have gone in some conveyance."

Mlle. Cantel shook her head.

"No! Living or dead, I will never leave my home. Marie, get out the bread, the cheese, wine, and fruit. It is all we have."

In the dining-room the red glimmer of a

"WITH A SPRING SUPPLE AND SWIFT AS THAT OF A CAT, MARIE RAISED HER ARM AND BURIED HER KNIFE UP TO THE HANDLE IN THE UHLAN'S THROAT."

smoky lamp contended with the blue light of dawn.

The Germans, having assured themselves that, but for two weak women, they were alone in the house, and too few in number to face the *francs-tireurs* whom they believed to be lurking in the woods, were enjoying comparative security. Although Marie did not understand their language, she guessed that they were waiting for troops who would arrive in the morning. Reassured as to the women's intentions, the soldiers ate and drank—especially drank—with their revolvers laid beside their plates. This disposal of their arms, however, was scarcely meant as a menace. The men had been marching and fighting under a burning sun. They had been tormented by hunger and thirst. Now they were very weary. Three out of the four of them had been overcome by sleep. One only remained awake, and this was the young Uhlan who had described himself as "student and poet." He amused himself by catechizing Marie, who replied in monosyllables.

The slim, pale girl was still mistress of her nerves, and calm with that abnormal calmness which we sometimes feel in nightmares.

The German held out his glass. Marie filled it. Her hair touched the soldier's cheek. He gathered the silky gold into his hands.

"Little fairy," he said; "little Loreley with the golden hair. I should like to carry you off to the Rhine."

And he quoted, in German, the words of Nietzsche: "Man is made for war, woman for the warrior."

But little Marie was not made for this warrior. All her warm young blood mounted to her face, and the pulse in her temples throbbed feverishly.

Again, as before, in a lightning flash of recollection, she saw the old Bible, Judith and Jael, the murderous nail, the reddened blade, the headless corpse beneath the draperies of the barbarian tent.

No! Assuredly Marie was not made for this warrior, for she jerked away her head and freed her hair from his insulting caress. And so fierce was her look that the Uhlan, almost sobered, rose to his feet. Face to face they stood and defied each other. Step by step the girl retreated; the man advanced, until Marie felt the table behind her. The Uhlan came on, and, further retreat being impossible, Marie stood apparently motionless, but her hand behind her was feeling for a knife.

At this moment a bell rang lightly, without disturbing the exhausted sleepers who snored amongst the bottles. It was the telephone-bell, the call of the postmistress at Chevilly.

The Uhlan, for a moment disconcerted, turned his head. Then he understood, and with an exclamation of triumph darted into the office.

Marie followed, with the tightly-clenched knife concealed in the folds of her skirt.

The Uhlan, with his ear at the receiver, listened eagerly.

"Yes, yes!" he exclaimed, and his eyes glowed with satisfaction. Then his face clouded, for how was he to reply? His male voice, his foreign accent, would betray him.

He turned to little Marie.

"Answer!" he ordered. "Repeat my words exactly, or——"

Moving like an automaton, Marie took up the second receiver, and heard a distant voice saying:—

"Are you quite sure that no one has reported the presence of German patrols?"

It was not Mme. Aubert's voice. An officer stationed at the post-office was seeking information, and doubtless, by his very questions, had already given it to the alert enemy at the end of the wire.

"Reply, 'Nobody has observed anything unusual. There are no German patrols,'" whispered the Uhlan, turning his face slightly towards her.

With a spring supple and swift as that of a cat, Marie raised her arm and buried her knife up to the handle in the Uhlan's throat.

The man leaped into the air, choking with the blood which filled his mouth. Then suddenly he fell.

He was not yet dead. Before he expired he heard Marie at the telephone.

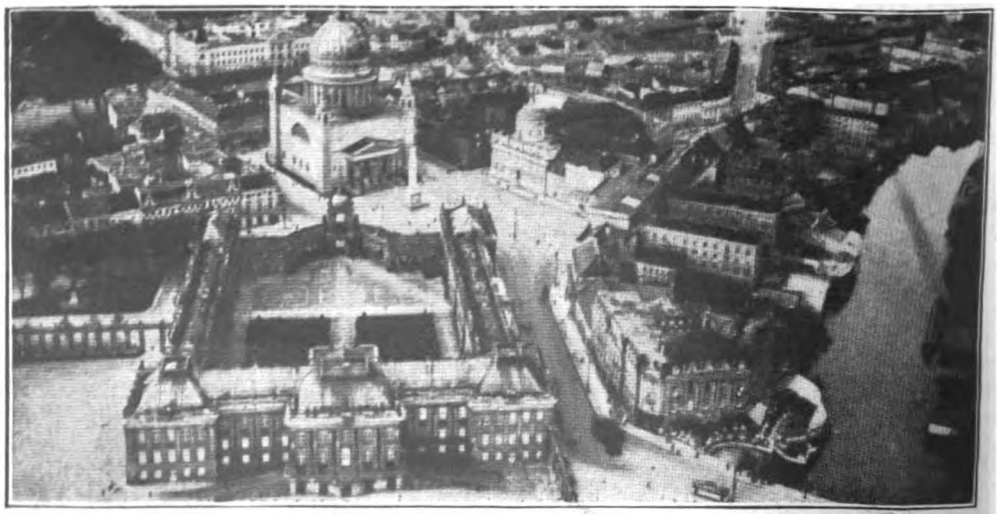
"Come at once to our aid," she was saying. "The Boches are here."

When the postman came as usual for the morning collection, he found little Marie lying in a swoon by the side of a dead Uhlan with a knife in his throat. Mlle. Cantel, miraculously restored, had bolted the door of the room wherein the three drunkards still slumbered and snored.

And on the road leading from Chevilly French soldiers, with minds set at rest, were hastening to the rescue.

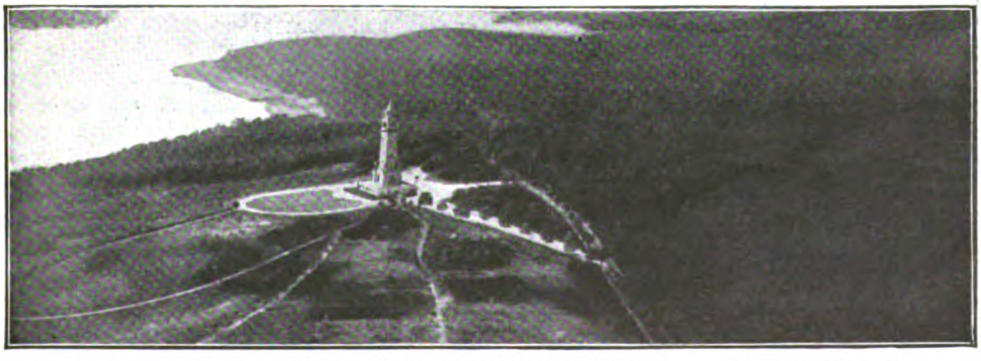
Berlin from a Zeppelin.

The following most interesting series of photographs has fallen into our hands owing to a fortunate combination of circumstances into which it is not necessary to enter here. What would be the astonishment of the Germans to see in an English magazine photographs of their capital and its environs taken from one of their own baby-killers!



A general view of Potsdam, in the environs of Berlin. Potsdam is a favourite place of residence with the Kaiser, who usually makes it his home during the summer.

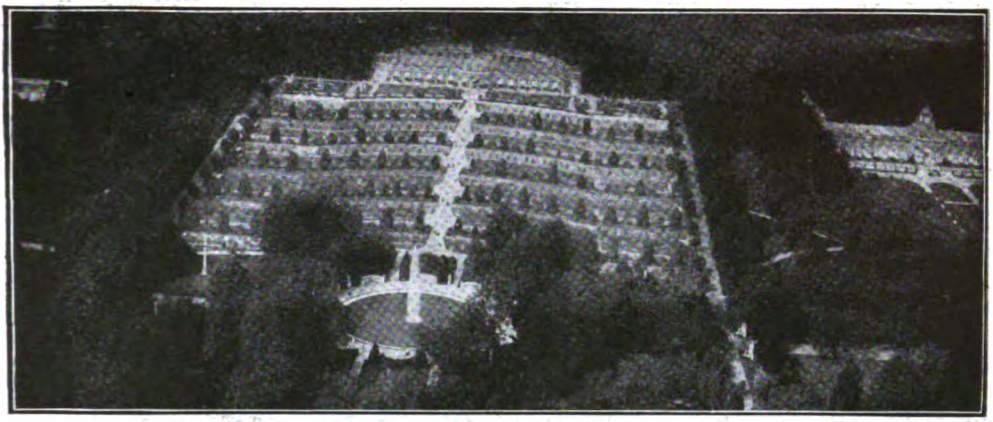
The Royal Palace of Berlin, the home of the Emperor and Empress when staying in their capital. At the left of the photograph is the River Spree, while in the lower right-hand corner is the imposing national memorial to William I.



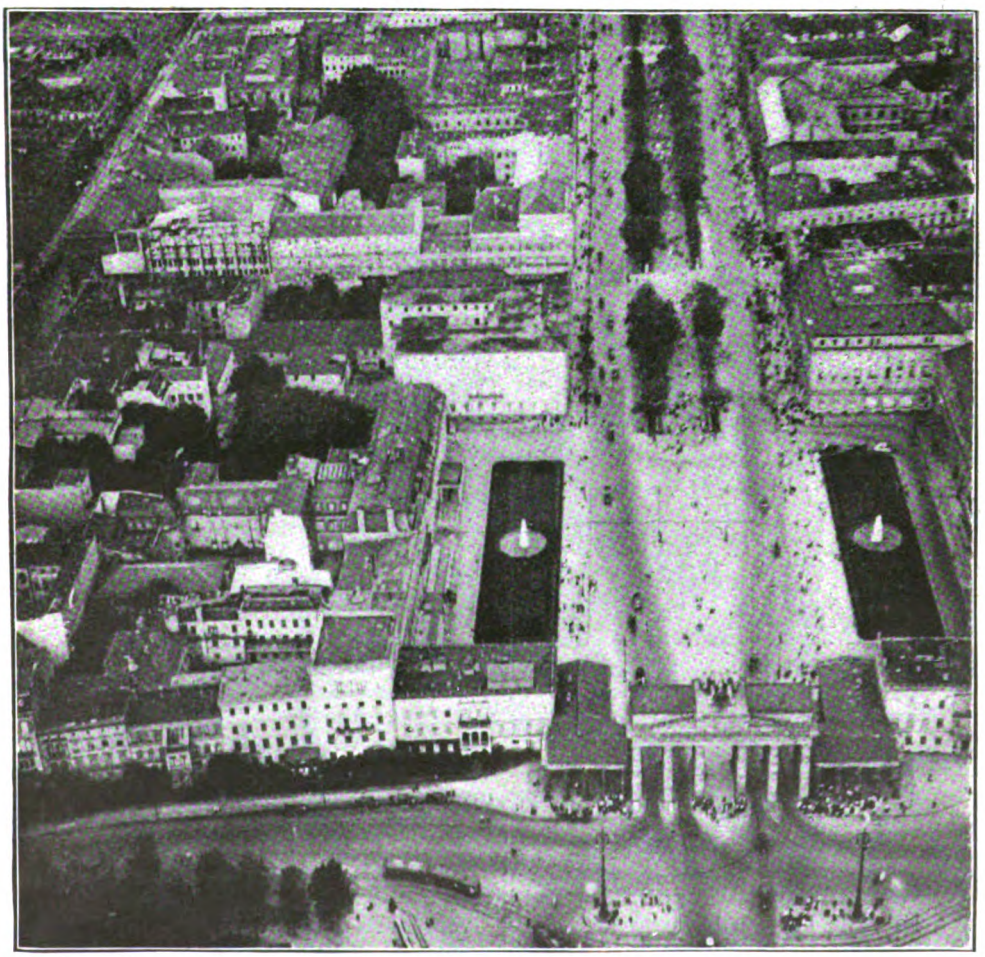
A picturesque scene a few miles outside Berlin—the Kaiser Wilhelm monument on the River Havel.

A scene in one of Berlin's busiest quarters—the Potsdamer and Leipziger-Platz, the junction of a number of important thoroughfares. In this district are situated many of the Government offices, several museums, and two of Berlin's principal railway stations.

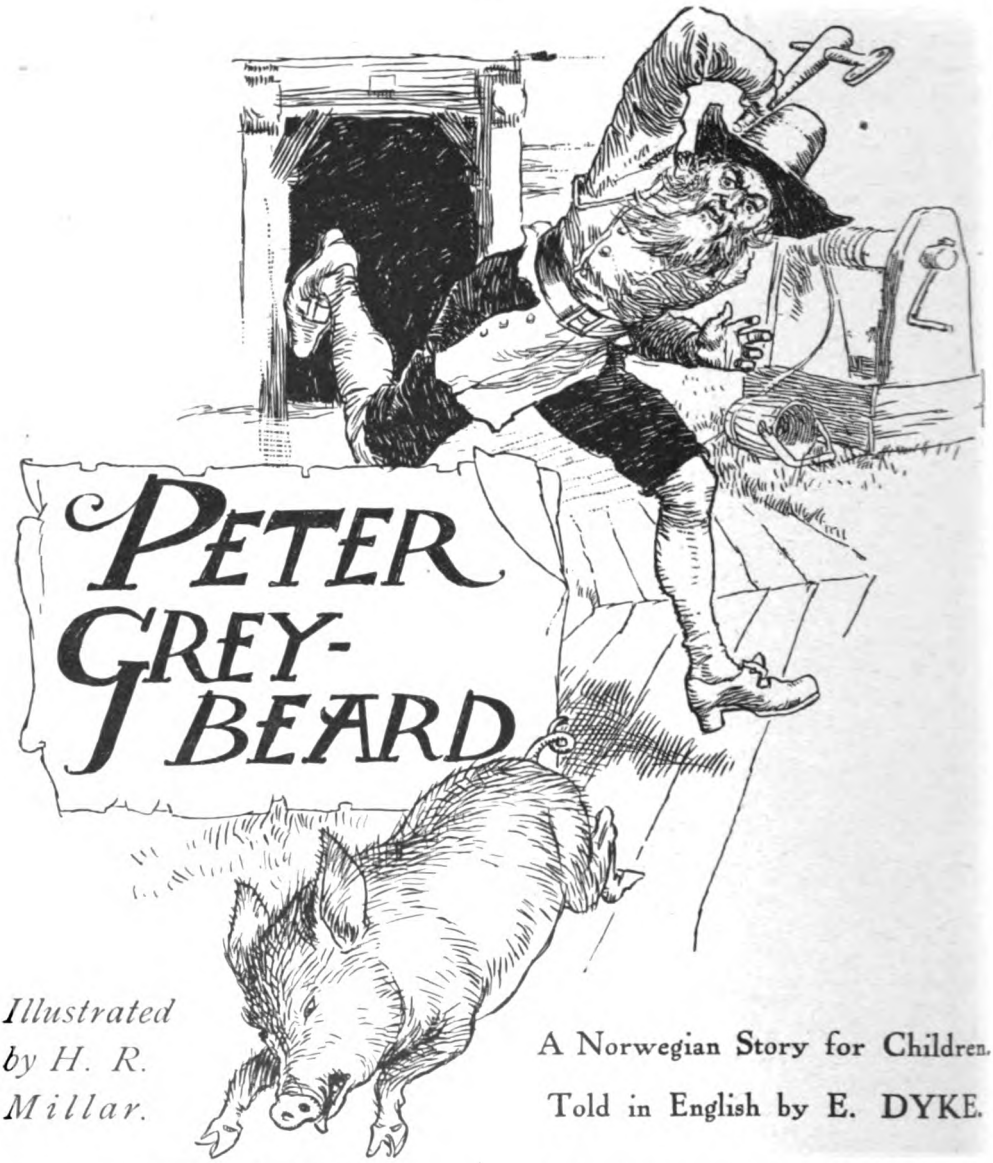
A view of one of the most imposing parts of Berlin, the large building in the centre being the Reichstag. Immediately in front of it is the national monument to Bismarck, while the tall column in the foreground is the Monument of Victory, commemorating the war of 1870 and other campaigns.



A striking view of the Palace and Park of Sans Souci at Potsdam. From the Great Fountain in the foreground six terraces, connected by a broad flight of steps, lead to the famous palace, a building of one storey, celebrated as the summer home of Frederick the Great.



The tree-lined street is the famous Unter den Linden, Berlin's handsomest thoroughfare and the centre of its fashionable life. It is entered from the Thiergarten, an attractive public park, through the Brandenburg Gate, an imposing arch surmounted by a figure of Victory.



PETER GREY-BEARD

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

A Norwegian Story for Children.

Told in English by E. DYKE.

PETER GREYBEARD was a disagreeable, grumpy sort of man, but, thanks to his wife, he was not so bad as he might have been. For her continual nagging and scolding had at least one good effect—it taught him the lesson of patience.

Sometimes, however, Peter's temper got the better of him. It did so one day in hay-making time, when, after fifteen hours of hard work, he came home and found no supper ready for him. Then he raved and stormed at his wife, declaring that all women were lazy and good for nothing.

"It's easy for you to talk, Peter," said his wife. "How would you like to change places with me? Let's try it to-morrow. I will go out and make hay, and you shall stay at home and do the house-work. Then we shall see which of us has the hardest task, and also which gets through it best."

"Good!" exclaimed Peter. "I like that idea. You shall learn by experience how hard my work is, and what I have to put up with. Perhaps that will teach you some respect for your husband—a lesson of which you stand much in need."

The next morning, at daybreak, the woman, with a rake on her shoulder and a sickle at

her side, set off for the fields, singing as she went, for the prospect of a day in the open air pleased her.

In spite of his bold words, Peter was somewhat taken aback to find himself—except for his infant son—alone in the house, with all the work to do, to say nothing of looking after the child. The duty he first attacked was the churning of the butter. He had never before tried his hand at churning, and, somehow, it seemed to make him thirsty. So Peter left his work and went down to the cellar to draw some beer. Just as he had taken the bung out of the cask, and was about to put in the tap, he heard strange, grunting sounds overhead. The pig had got into the kitchen!

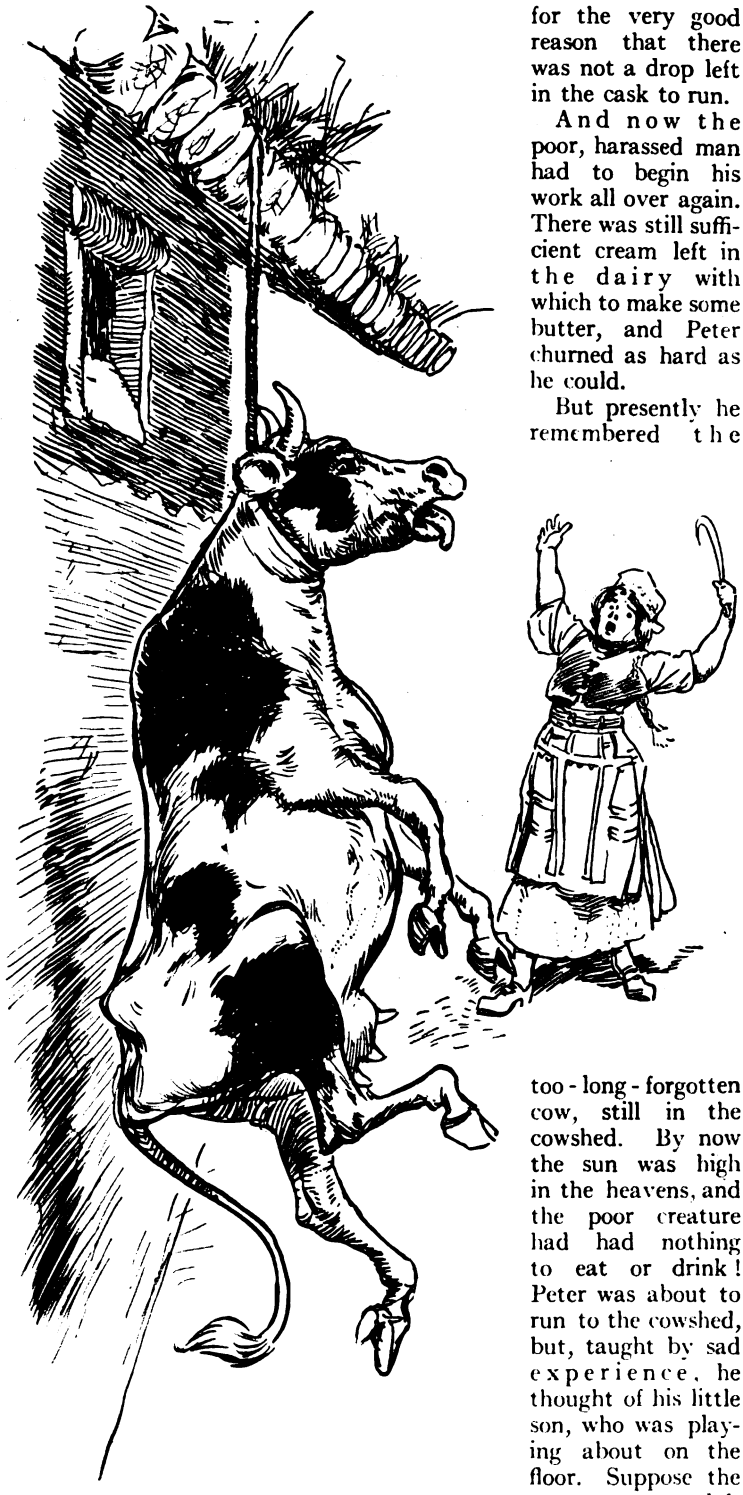
Peter, with the tap still in his hand, hurried up the stairs. "My butter will be spoiled!" he said to himself. And so it was. He found the churn upset, the cream spilt on the ground. The pig was enjoying himself.

This, certainly, was enough to make any man angry. Peter turned upon the pig, which ran away grunting. The man ran after it, and banged it on the head with the tap. The pig fell down dead.

Peter then remembered that he had left the bung-hole of the cask unstopped, and that consequently the beer would be running out. He rushed to the cellar, where the beer was no longer running, for the very good reason that there was not a drop left in the cask to run.

And now the poor, harassed man had to begin his work all over again. There was still sufficient cream left in the dairy with which to make some butter, and Peter churned as hard as he could.

But presently he remembered the too-long-forgotten cow, still in the cowshed. By now the sun was high in the heavens, and the poor creature had had nothing to eat or drink! Peter was about to run to the cowshed, but, taught by sad experience, he thought of his little son, who was playing about on the floor. Suppose the youngster, left alone, should upset



"HOW ASTONISHED SHE MUST HAVE BEEN TO SEE THE COW DANGLING IN THE AIR!"

the churn! In order to prevent such a disaster, Peter slung the churn on his back before he went to draw water for the cow.

The well was deep, and the bucket was so long in descending that impatient Peter, in order to hasten its progress, leaned upon the cord. The result of this was that the cream from the churn poured over his head and shoulders, and down into the well.

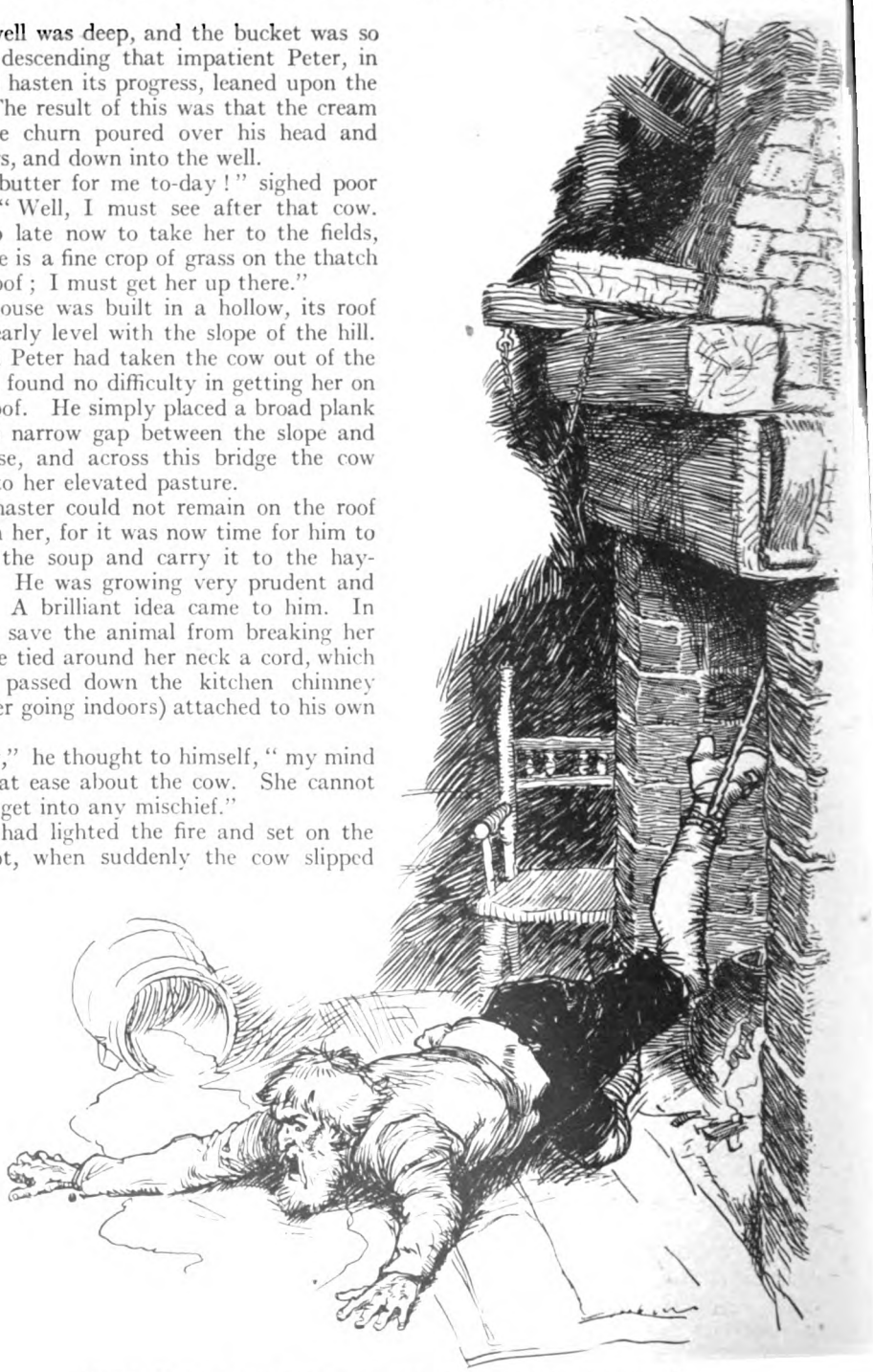
"No butter for me to-day!" sighed poor Peter. "Well, I must see after that cow. It is too late now to take her to the fields, but there is a fine crop of grass on the thatch of our roof; I must get her up there."

The house was built in a hollow, its roof being nearly level with the slope of the hill. So when Peter had taken the cow out of the shed, he found no difficulty in getting her on to the roof. He simply placed a broad plank over the narrow gap between the slope and the house, and across this bridge the cow walked to her elevated pasture.

Her master could not remain on the roof to watch her, for it was now time for him to prepare the soup and carry it to the hay-makers. He was growing very prudent and careful. A brilliant idea came to him. In order to save the animal from breaking her bones, he tied around her neck a cord, which he then passed down the kitchen chimney and (after going indoors) attached to his own leg.

"Now," he thought to himself, "my mind is quite at ease about the cow. She cannot possibly get into any mischief."

Peter had lighted the fire and set on the great pot, when suddenly the cow slipped off the roof, and in so doing hauled the unfortunate man, head downwards, up the chimney, until his progress was stopped by



"THE MOMENT THE CORD WAS CUT, DOWN TUMBLED PETER."

huge iron bar. So now both man and beast were in a most unpleasant position, one being suspended in the chimney and the other outside. Both uttered terrified cries. Luckily for Peter (and the cow), his wife was just as impatient as *he* was. She wanted her dinner, and when it did not arrive at the proper time she waited three minutes, then ran to her home. How astonished she must have been to see the cow dangling in the air! Quickly she severed the cord with her sickle, to the poor beast's great relief. Of course, the moment the cord was cut, down tumbled Peter into the soup. But as, fortunately, the fire had not burned up, the water was cold, and he was not scalded. The skin was taken off his nose, and he had a cut on his forehead. Nothing was broken but the pot.

When the woman entered the kitchen and saw her husband, with greasy water dripping from his clothes and blood from his forehead, she gave him no sympathy. She asked him to explain things, and when he had told the tale of his accidents and misfortunes, she scolded him severely.

"Was I not right?" she said. "I have been haymaking, and here *I* am, the same as usual, whilst *you*—Mr. Cook, Mr. Housekeeper, Mr. Cowherd—are in a pretty plight! Where is the butter? Where is our beer? Where is our pig? Where is our dinner? It is a mercy that my baby is still alive! No thanks to you that he is not killed!"

She snatched up the child, who had been very good and quiet all the morning, but who now, hungry, and frightened by the racket, began to howl.

"Poor darling!" exclaimed the woman, hugging him; "what would become of you if you had not a mother to look after you?"

Then she, too, began to cry and sob.

Peter wisely kept silence.

A few days later the neighbours noticed that he had altered the sign over his door. In place of two hands clasping a heart encircled with flames, he had painted a beehive with bees flying about it. Below was the following inscription:—

"Sharp are the stings of angry bees,
But the sting of the tongue is worse than these."

This was all the revenge that Peter Greybeard took on his shrill-tongued wife.

ACROSTICS.

The beginning of a new quarter.

Prizes to the value of ten guineas are offered for solutions during the quarter.

Answers to Acrostics 7 and 8 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., and must arrive not later than by the first post on June 6th.*

Two answers may be sent to every light.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 7.

Now if we show its tiny light,
Shall we by constable polite
Be placed in fetters?
Still, June is here, and firsts are last,
And aircraft dangers almost past,
So p'r'aps they'll let us!

1. A well-known type; we think you will agree
That 'tis as near perfection as can be.

2. More than half frozen; though the wind be keen,
Unmoved on the Embankment sits their queen.

3. Merry the insect, lively is the eel.
The king of games a clue may well reveal.

4. The difficulty here is plain, although
It's often done with just a rope, you know.

5. The wrong is actionable, but, behold,
Offence may surely have a heart of gold.

SOKO.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 8.

Sweeter, perhaps, than love's young dream.
A little sugar take, and cream.

1. Reverse the classic ox, and show
A sign of bitter grief and woe.

2. This ancient city by the sea
Suggests the rubber industry.

3. The Nile, the Ganges, or the Rhine,
The Mississippi, or the Tyne.

4. 'Tis distant, and will rhyme with fight,
With sailor, mark, or source of light.

5. A stream. An extra letter's aid
Would show the food of frightened maid.

PAX.

ANSWER TO No. 5.

1.	H	oste	L
2.	E	n	O
3.	A	rgo	N
4.	D	errin	G

NOTES.—Proem. More haste, less speed. Light 1. Oste, anagram of "toes." 4. Wagner, "Der Ring." Derring-do.

ANSWER TO No. 6.

1.	E	gber	T
2.	R	usticat	E
3.	E	xcneque	R
4.	B	orrowe	R
5.	U	it	O
6.	S	odo	R

NOTES.—Light 2. Rusticate; rustic ate. 3. R. L. Stevenson, "The Wrecker"; Mecca; Dekker; pecker. 4. Ower. 5. Quit O; Quito; contains "it." 6. Sodor and Man. See, bishopric.

"Ansonia" is accepted for the fifth light of No. 3, and also "Titus" for the first light of No. 4.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

WHERE BATHERS GO JOY-RIDING.

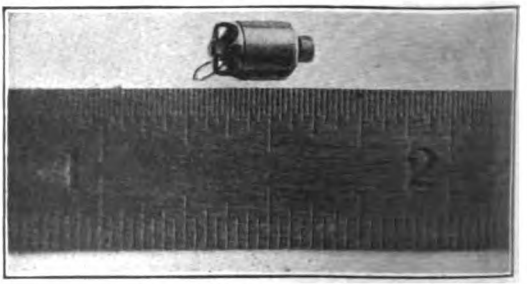
AT Manly, the well-known pleasure resort near Sydney, New South Wales, the bathers get much fun and excitement out of the thrilling sport of surf-riding. The accompanying photograph shows one of them shooting a breaker while standing on his head on the board. Though a white man, owing to the sun shining almost behind him he has every appearance of being a black.—Mr. J. E. Elliot, Box 530, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

HOUSE MOVED OVER TREE-TOPS.

THERE is real sentiment in trees to Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, especially those trees which have sheltered his fine old homestead, Immergrun, near Loretto, Pa. Mr. Schwab recently decided to build a new palatial summer residence on the site of the old home, but he did not want to destroy the beautiful frame house which has been more of a home to him than his lovely mansion on Riverside Drive, New York. The house was entirely surrounded by trees, and to move it and not destroy the trees was no great or insurmountable obstacle to the financier. "All you have to do is to jack the house over the trees. It is only thirty feet," Schwab told his engineers. So they set to work, and the picture shows them moving the residence. The Steel King intends to build a million-dollar residence in the heart of the cluster of trees that this unique operation has saved.—Mr. H. E. Zimmerman, Mt. Morris, Ill., U.S.A.

THE SMALLEST MOTOR IN THE WORLD.

IT seems almost impossible to imagine a workable electric motor so small that it weighs only five and a half grains. Yet, after many hours of patient and tedious work, such a motor has been constructed by Mr. I. T. Nedland, of Hillsboro, North Dakota. Mr. Nedland is a young man with a mechanical turn of mind who is fond of experimenting along unusual lines. One day, when he was casting about for something out of the ordinary to do, he conceived the idea of making the tiniest motor in the world, and, further, of building it exactly like the large machines. Although Mr. Nedland several times felt like giving up the task, so difficult was it, something made him persevere, and not long ago the motor was finally finished, and, much to Mr. Nedland's delight, when connected with the very smallest flashlight battery obtainable, it started to run at high speed. In brief, tiny as it was, it worked perfectly. The complete



motor is made up of forty-two parts; its length over all is nineteen sixty-fourths of an inch; height, eleven sixty-fourths of an inch; and it weighs complete, as previously stated, five and a half grains. The dimensions of the motor were taken in the presence of the superintendent of the local electric light works, who vouches for their accuracy. Mr. Nedland has run the motor at the University of North Dakota, to the amusement and delight of the students and professors, who have one and all acknowledged that they have never before seen such a tiny working piece of machinery, which is here enlarged to almost twice its actual size.—The Gilliams Service, 116, Waverly Place, New York City.

BRIDGE PROBLEM.

BY THE LATE W. H. WHITFELD.

Hearts—8, 6.
Clubs—King, 8, 7, 5, 2.

Hearts—7, 5.
Clubs—6, 4.
Diamonds—6, 5, 3.

B
Y Z
A

Hearts—Queen.
Clubs—Ace, knave, 9
Diamonds—10, 9.
Spades—Queen.

Hearts—King.
Clubs—Queen, 10.
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 7, 4.

Clubs are trumps, and A has the lead. A and B are to win six out of the seven tricks against any possible defence.

(Solution will be published in next month's issue.)

"VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

The word "Valet" on Razors, Strops, and Blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, W.C.

Just three minutes after you take your "Valet" AutoStrop from its case you have stropped it, shaved with it, cleaned it, and put it away again.

There are reasons for such speedy, comfortable shaving. Firstly, because the "Valet" "strops itself" automatically; secondly, because its keen stropped "Valet" blade slips over your chin, removing the most stubborn growth with ease; and, thirdly, because you clean it by just rinsing the blade in water without unscrewing a single part.

THE STANDARD SET consists of heavily silver-plated self-stropping Razor, twelve "Valet" blades, "Valet" horsehide strop, in leather-covered or nickel-plated case, complete **21/-**

Obtainable of all high-class dealers throughout the world.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford St., London, W.C.

"O'SULLIVAN'S"

—the Rubber Heels of which the wearer is pleasantly conscious, but which are never obvious to others. Your bootmaker fits them; ask him to put O'Sullivan's on that pair of boots he is heeling for you. Then you will add 50% to the pleasure of walking: hard pavements will feel like a mossy path. You yourself don't fit O'Sullivan's any more than you would sole or heel your boots. The bootmaker is the man to do it; ask him to-day.

Wear O'Sullivan's and feel light-footed as a fairy.

"O'Sullivan's"
SHAPED
RUBBER HEELS

LADIES', 1/- pair. MEN's, 1/6 pair. Fitting extra.

The B. F. GOODRICH CO. Ltd., 117-123, Golden Lane, E.C.

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON

This label on all garments.

In See-saw Weather
AERTEX CELLULAR
Clothing keeps the balance

Aertex Cellular Day Shirt from 4/-

AERTEX maintains the heat equilibrium of the body.

Notice the cellular texture of AERTEX. Within this open weave is retained a layer of air which intercepts sudden changes of temperature, and acts as a sure shield against discomfort in extremes of heat and cold. Thus AERTEX has the absorbency of cotton without its "clamminess," the warmth of wool without its "stuffiness." That is the scientific explanation of the comfort you enjoy in wearing AERTEX, whatever the weather or climate.

Illustrated price list of full range of AERTEX CELLULAR Goods for Men, Women and Children, with list of 1,500 depots where these goods may be obtained, sent post free on application to THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO., LTD., FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

An Ideal Suit for Summer Underwear for 5/-

A selection from list of Depots where AERTEX CELLULAR goods may be obtained:

LONDON—ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 8, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.
OLIVER BROS., Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
BELFAST—D. LYLE HALL, 19, Royal Avenue
BIRMINGHAM—JOHN RISDON & CO., High Street
BRADFORD—BROWN, MUFF & CO., Ltd., Market Street
BRISTOL—ARTHUR QUANT & CO., 9 & 10, Clare Street
EDINBURGH—JENNER'S, Princes Street
GLASGOW—ARNEIL & YUILL, 20, Gordon Street
LEEDS—HYAM & CO., Ltd., 43, Briggate
LIVERPOOL—WATSON PRICKARD, North John Street
MANCHESTER—CRASTON & SON, 33, Oldham Street
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—ISAAC WALTON & CO., Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM—A. H. GOODLIFFE, 28, Clumber Street
PLYMOUTH—PERKIN BROS., 13, Bedford Street
SHEFFIELD—R. HANBIDGE, Norfolk House
WOLVERHAMPTON—A. HALL, Queen Square

IN THE OPEN WITH 'HIS MASTER'S VOICE'

THE GRAMOPHONE OF PERFECT TONE

IF there is any joy which can be added to the delight of being in the open air—if there is anything which can enhance the quiet pleasure of an English garden in Summertime, it is surely music.

"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Music lends a further touch to Nature's own magic of softly growing greenery and perfumed breeze, and when it is in your power to select the music that you like best——the very finest in the world if you will!——your cup of outdoor happiness is surely full. With the 'His Master's Voice' gramophone and a selection of records there comes that privilege and a greater one—that of entertaining the men broken in our wars; the enjoyment of music at the front was never so keen as in the quiet of an English garden. To play some records for these men is to realize the height of pleasure.

OUR DEALERS will play our records over for you with pleasure. Ask them.

His Master's Voice

The Gramophone Co. Ltd.
Hayes, Middlesex.

From the Parents' point of view

—Every reason for satisfaction is found in Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder. The pleasant flavour of this famous dentifrice makes it easy to get children to begin taking proper care of their teeth.

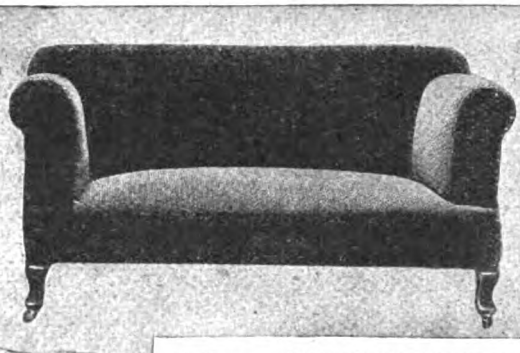
—And as they get older they, like others, will appreciate the full value of that thorough antiseptic cleansing which it provides.

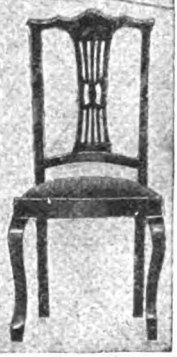
Calvert's

CARBOLIC

Tooth Powder

Your chemist sells it. 6d., 1/-, & 1/6 tins.
Made by F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester.





The "RETFORD" Suite

comprising Settee, one adjustable drop end, Pair of Divan Easy Chairs, Four Small Chairs, frames polished dark mahogany colour or Chippendale. Choice of two styles of small chairs—either A or B Pattern. Covering Moquette or Tapestry, patterns submitted for customers' own selection. The whole Suite soundly upholstered, the Settee and Easy Chairs being the acme of comfort.

Price **£18 : 10 : 0** DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

Easy Payment Terms: £1 1s. down; then **10/6** per month.

All Goods are sent Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.

Colonial and Foreign Orders specially dealt with.

FREE. **A Valuable Guide** to complete Furnishing. Whether you are immediately furnishing or not it will repay perusal. Write for it to-day. **It costs you nothing and will save you pounds.**

Orders by Post receive prompt and careful attention.

PATTERN A.

PATTERN B.

GLOBE Furnishing Co.

(J. R. GRANT, Proprietor), Dept. E.

Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL.

Guaranteed Sports Coat

For YOUNG MEN and those who FEEL YOUNG

HERE'S a stout Tweed Sports Coat that will stand the stress of weather and hard wear.

The name "STYLE-CRAFT" on the coat—the "STYLE-CRAFT" Ticket tied to the top button, and the GUARANTEE in the pocket make you triple certain of (1) quality of material; (2) expert tailoring; and (3) perfect fit and appearance. The GUARANTEE is our Bond of Faith—pledging that the coat will give you satisfaction and wear, and binding us to replace by a new one if it does not do so.

See that you have this Guarantee in the pocket of the

Price 18/6 to 25/-

Style Craft SPORTS COAT

Sold by all high-class Tailors, Hosiers, and Outfitters.
If any difficulty in obtaining, write to the sole manufacturers,

BARKER & MOODY, LTD., Paddock Works, LEEDS.

P.C.B.—3

The Adventures of a Waterman's Ideal
ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

CONTRIBUTED BY ITS OWNER.

Monday, Jan. 24th, 1916.

It is possible that you may like to know the adventures of my Ideal. It became my friend some six years ago, and I am now using it to write this letter.

Just before I was sent to Flanders, my Batman brought me some ink pellets—the brand is unknown to me, as the manufacturer neglected to put his name on the case containing them. I used these to feed my Ideal, but it is the curious mixture of drinks it took with its meals that appear to be interesting.

Of course, in England ink was forthcoming, but the absence of this was apparently easily replaced by dropping a pellet in wine, beer, rain water, Perrier water, or even trench water. These various liquids of various degrees in stickiness were used in turn and apparently appreciated, for no diminution in quality of service was apparent. Only on one occasion did it object; it was cross when a nurse dropped it on its point while I was in hospital in France. Its last refreshment before becoming a well-conducted pen and taking to ink again was the water from a vase of flowers in an English hospital.

I used it for all my writing, and even for censoring letters, and the Ideal is now going as well as ever. You will agree it has suffered great indignities, but it will still carry on.

Yours truly,
P. G. MANDER.

To the Ideal:
"O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme."—(Denham.)

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Choose the "Safety" Type for Active Service.

For the Regular Type, **10/6** and upwards. For the SAFETY Type (for Active Service) and the New Lever Pocket Self-Filling Type, **12/6** and upwards. Of Stationers and Jewellers.

In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Fullest satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs exchangeable if not suitable. Call, or send to "The Pen Corner." Full range of pens on view, for inspection and trial. Booklet free from—

L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London.

SUNBEAMS
WITH LITTLE OIL BATHS

LOCOMOTION DURING WAR

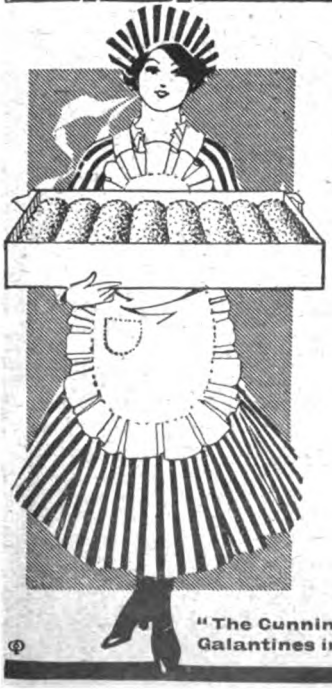
These wonderful Bicycles, that run so easily and never wear out, have become of vast service in this War Time. Motors are failing—Trains and Trams are uncertain — Errand Boys are scarce. Those who ride Sunbeams are independent of all these. Ladies' Sunbeams fitted with their own Parcel Carriers are splendid for Shopping Purposes.

For Illustrated List apply to—

JOHN MARSTON, LTD.—4, Sunbeamland—Wolverhampton.

London Showrooms { 57, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., and 157-158, Sloane Street, S.W.

Particular People prefer **De Fourier Sausettes**



The New Dainty Skinless Sausages made of celebrated De Fourier Sausage Meats with the piquant De Fourier Flavour.

De Fourier "Sausettes" are every bit delicious nutriment—a combination of freshly killed pork and tender chicken with lean home-cured bacon. There is no waste, for every morsel appeals to the most critical taste. They are crisp, free from greasiness, and delicately flavoured. They do not shrink in cooking, but, retaining a round plump shape and golden-brown colour, make a most tempting warm-weather breakfast dish.

De Fourier "Sausettes" are made under perfect hygienic conditions. They are not touched by hand, but are produced by machinery, and are carefully wrapped and packed in boxes which preserve them from contact with dust and germs.

De Fourier "Sausettes" are prepared for the table by frying them slowly in boiling fat. They look and taste just like De Fourier sausages. Cold, sliced "Sausettes" make delicious sandwiches.

Ask your dealer for De Fourier "Sausettes," carefully wrapped and packed in neat boxes containing eight "Sausettes." Look for the name De Fourier on the box - - - - - - **1/-** *per box of eight "Sausettes."*

Two Sample Boxes post free for **2/2** from makers (please mention dealer if he cannot supply).

NOTE!—Those who prefer sausages in skins should try the delicious De Fourier Cambridge for to-morrow's breakfast — **1/2** per lb., of all dealers.

The Cunningham & De Fourier Co., Ltd., Glencairn Works, West India Dock Rd., London, E.

"The Cunningham and De Fourier Pastes and Galantines in glass and tins are unsurpassed."

The Legend of CHAIRMAN Tobacco, Chapter No. 10.

IT is only necessary to modernise this scene for it to be true to-day. The wounded in their many are here, rather better shod, shorn, and shaven truly, but with just as keen a desire for tobacco as had their heroic if somewhat dilapidated predecessors.

The spirit of Sir Roger is also as potent. Gifts and more gifts, but none more welcome than the fragrant weed.

And of all tobaccos there is none better than CHAIRMAN. It pleasantly passes the time of weary waiting and encourages friendly discourse. In lack of company it imparts to the silent reverie a rosy tint and cheers the mind with the healing touch of hope.

It has a fine flavour, a pleasing aroma, and a singular and subtle charm that satisfies with every pipe. In its qualities it is unusual: in its excellence unsurpassed. It is a fine tobacco.

It is made in different strengths to meet the tastes of most men—"CHAIRMAN," medium; "BOARDMAN'S," mild; and "RECORDER," full—and is sold at 8d. per oz. in 1 and 2 oz. lead packets, and at 2/7 per ¼lb. in ¼, ½, and 1lb. tins, by all principal tobacconists and stores.

Also sold by principal dealers in India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Egypt, South Africa, France, Norway, Sweden, and the Far East.

R. J. LEA, LTD. MANCHESTER.

Flora Macdonald

A Beautiful Rebel

You can picture her—this noble sister of a Scottish Rebel Chieftain—her beautiful features, proud yet gentle bearing, undaunted courage, the marvellous purity of her complexion. Living in times as stressful as our own, she, too, knew the cost of sacrifice, and the necessity for keeping up a cheerful, dainty appearance.

Her complexion owed its striking purity to nothing but fresh air, water, and pure soap—an Irish soap, probably—certainly a plant-ash soap.

The most essential factor for the preservation of a youthful complexion is a pure soap—Colleen Soap—made entirely from the sweetest of pure, skin-nourishing vegetable oils and plant ash.

McClinton's Colleen Soap is the only soap in the world made according to the old, secret formula. It is thus supremely mild, soothing and refreshing, and incomparable for keeping even the most sensitive skins and delicate complexions soft, smooth and supple.

McClinton's
Colleen Soap
Price 4½D per Tablet, 3 Tablets 1/-

Obtainable from all high-class Chemists and Stores. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, please send us the name and address of your Chemist, or we will execute your order direct if it is accompanied by remittance to cover cost. We pay postage on first orde

McClinton's, Ltd. (Dept. F10), Donaghmore, Ireland.

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

WATERPROOF
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
PRESERVES THE LEATHER

Neither salt water nor rain affects boots which are cleaned with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

the brilliant, waterproof polish.

In Black, Brown, and TONETTE, the new dark tan stain for Boots —— and Military Equipments ——

Makers: Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., London, W.

Your friends in a hundred troubles

THE EVERYDAY NEED.

"Vaseline" (Trade Mark Registered)

PREPARATIONS.

YELLOW.
This is our regular grade, which is known as pure all over the world.
Bottles, **3d.**, **6d.**, and **10d.**

WHITE.
Highly refined.
Bottles, **6d.**, **10d.**, and **1 6**.

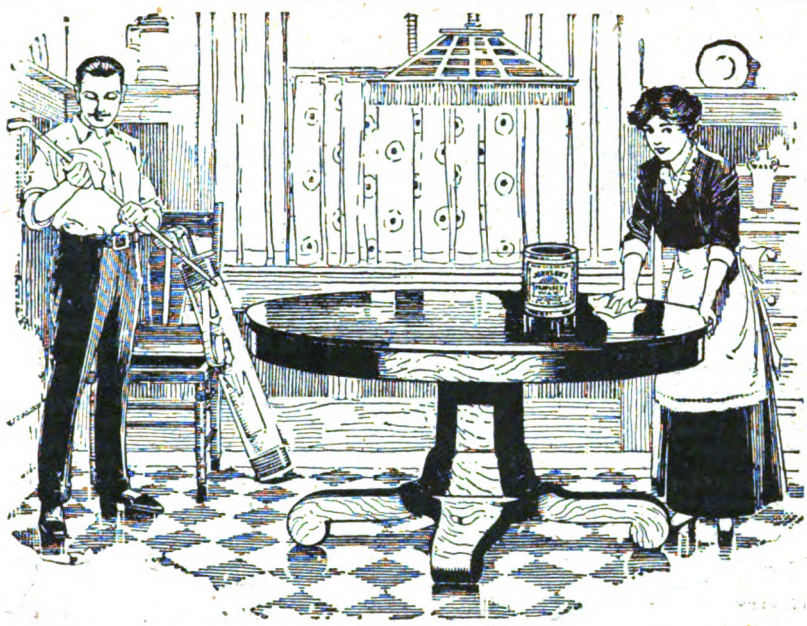
PERFUMED WHITE.
No. 1 bottle in carton ... **1 -**
No. 2 size, handsome bottle in carton, with glass stoppers ... **1 6**
White and Quinine Pomade ... **1 -**

POMADE. Blue Seal **3d.** & **7d.** Pots.
No. 1 size, bottle, in carton, **6d.**
No. 2 size, bottle, in carton, **10d.**

If not obtainable locally, any article of the value of 1/- and upwards will be sent Post Free to any address in the United Kingdom upon receipt of Postal Order or Stamps. Descriptive Booklet with complete list of "VASELINE" Preparations, and containing many household hints, post free.

ADVICE. For your own safety and satisfaction, always insist upon Chesebrough Co.'s own original bottles.

Chesebrough Manuf'g Co. (Cons'd), 42, Holborn Viaduct, London.



Beautify Your Home with

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

It Cleans, Polishes, and Finishes

with one simple application. Try it on your furniture or piano—you will be surprised at the wonderful improvement. It gives Craftsman furniture that soft, artistic polish so appropriate to the style. It entirely removes the "cloudiness" from mahogany furniture, restoring its original gloss.

Keep your dining-room table bright and tempting—it will give an added charm to your home. Hot dishes have no effect on tables polished with Johnson's Prepared Wax. It never becomes sticky or tacky in the hottest weather or from the heat of the body, consequently does not gather dust or show finger-prints.

Every family has dozens of uses for Johnson's Prepared Wax. It is just as necessary "round the house" as soap. Keep a tin always on hand ready to clean and polish your

Floors	**Piano**	**Motor Car**
Linoleum	**Furniture**	**Golf Clubs**
Woodwork	**Leather Goods**	**Gun Stocks, etc.**

It is unsurpassed for all of these purposes. Johnson's Prepared Wax is clean and easy to use and economical. It is conveniently put up—always ready to use—no tools or brushes required—all you need is a cheese-cloth rag or woollen rag.

Sold by Most Good Dealers

Insist on your tradesman supplying you. He can easily secure Johnson's Prepared Wax and Johnson's Wood Dye from us. Or **use the Coupon** for a trial tin. We shall be glad to send you gratis a copy of our beautiful new Colour Booklet, "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture." It is full of valuable ideas on Home Beautifying. No housewife should be without it.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON,
"The Wood Finishing Authorities,"
244, High Holborn, London, W.C.

COUPON.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON.—I enclose 6d. for a trial tin of Johnson's Prepared Wax, sufficient for polishing several pieces of furniture, a small floor, a square of linoleum, or a motor-car. Please also send me your new Colour Booklet **Free.**

Name .....

Address .....

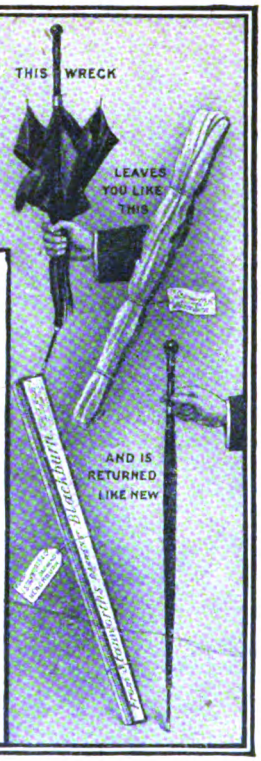
.....

My Dealer's Name .....

His address .....

"STRAND"

STANWORTHS' "Defiance" REGD UMBRELLAS.



Just Wrap Your OLD UMBRELLA in paper and post to us to-day with P.O. for 5/-. By next post it will come back "as good as new," re-covered with our "Defiance" Silk Union, and securely packed.

Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra. A postcard will bring you our illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

J. STANWORTH & CO.,
Royal Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.

Cockatoo Knitting Wools

are delightful to knit and Wear. Soft, silky finish. Purity and strength are their prime features. Sanitary Wool for Hospital Stockings—**Special.**

BUY YOUR WOOL DIRECT
from the Cockatoo Company and save money.

One lb. and upwards sent POST FREE.
Special discount for quantity.
No extra charge for winding in balls.

Write for free patterns.

The COCKATOO CO.,
Dept. 5,
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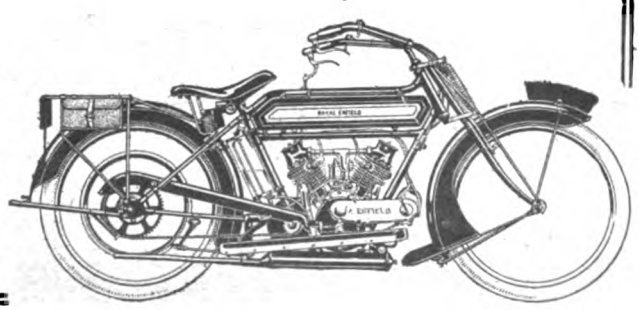

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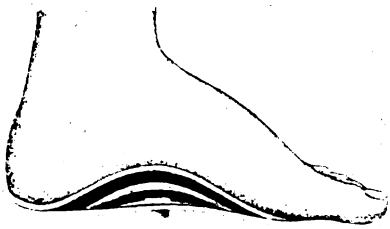

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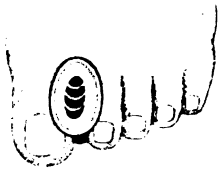

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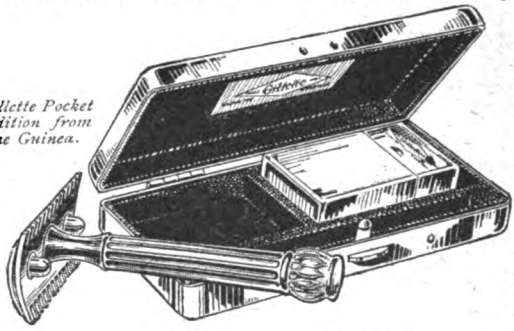

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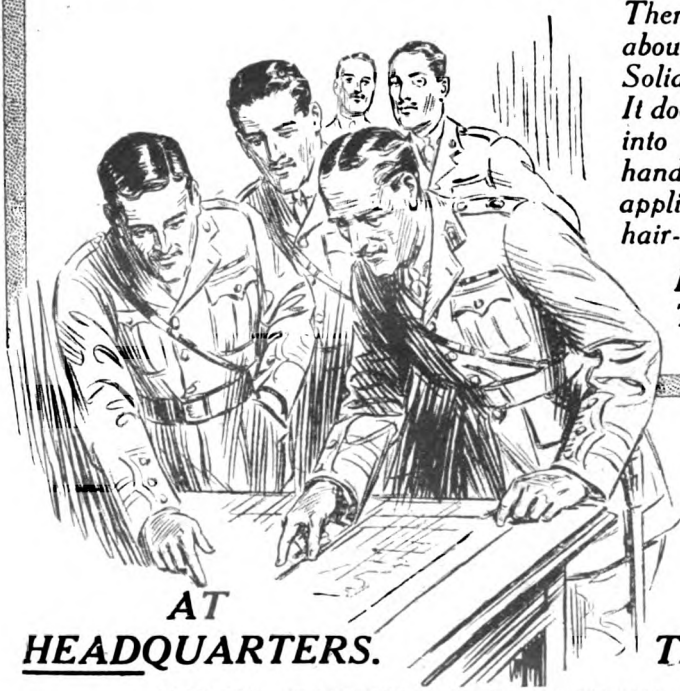

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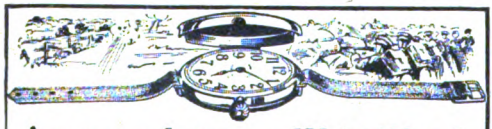

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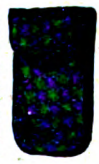

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Smaller sizes of packing at proportionate prices.

IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES.

For Wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home and for the Front at Duty Free Rates. Terms on application to JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P.611 Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Look to our Fighting-Men's Toffee-Rations

Toffee-de Luxe contains more sustenance than many things eaten solely as food. Butter, sugar, and thick rich cream are contained in it, and blended in a cunning way Mackintosh's know, to make it the most delightful, very extra special Toffee ever tasted. It's nothing but economy, any time, to eat Mackintosh's sustaining sweetmeat, that costs so little and yields so much. And it's simply a duty to treat our fighting boys to lots and lots of it. Ask a soldier or a sailor.

MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE

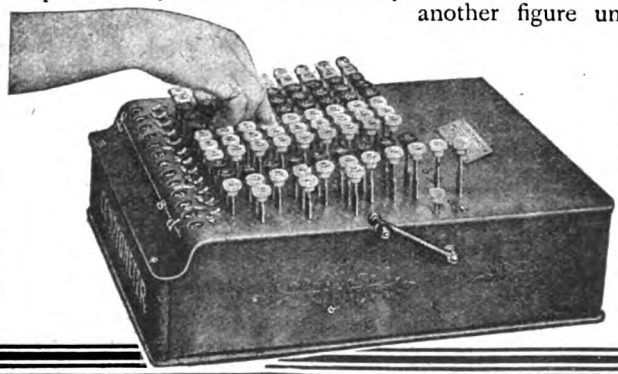
The latter is Toffee-de Luxe with the addition of Peppermint—selected as carefully as the other ingredients. Both are sold by all Confectioners.

The Test of Service is the Test We Invite

BEFORE investing in a calculating machine you want to know just what you can get out of it for every shilling you put into it. That is precisely the test which the Comptometer invites—the test upon which it won and has kept the foremost place, the test of maximum service at minimum cost on all the figure work in your office.

The Controlled Key **Comptometer** Adding and Calculating Machine

It is so simple that even a novice, working with the controlled key on guard, can make no mistake, for the first imperfect key-stroke automatically locks the machine, which refuses to add another figure until the fault is corrected.



Ask for demonstration

It costs you nothing to find out exactly how much time and money a Comptometer will save on your work. There is a Comptometer man not far from you, ready to demonstrate the economy of the Comptometer's speed and accuracy on any kind of figure work. Simply say the word, and we will arrange for a demonstration without obligation or expense to you.

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The Carpets for 1916. (Hand Made.)

To meet the times we are introducing a hand-woven Cord Carpet at an exceedingly low price, and which we can thoroughly recommend.

PATTERNS FREE.

Decidedly preferable to the plain felt carpeting, being porous, and therefore more in accordance with hygienic rules.

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2 x 2½	2 x 3	2½ x 2½	2½ x 3	3 x 3	3 x 3½ yds.
17/6	**21/-**	**22/6**	**26/-**	**31/6**	**36/6**

CARRIAGE PAID.

In usual widths for Landings and Passages. For Hospitals and Camps.

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—of fluctuating stocks and shrinking dividends, the holder of a

"STANDARD" TWENTY-YEARS GUARANTEED MINIMUM BONUS POLICY

can look to the future with confidence. After the payment of twenty annual premiums he is guaranteed a *minimum* reversionary bonus of £35 per £100 assured: it may be more, it cannot be less.

The Surrender values are liberal and at the end of the 20 years in all cases exceed the amount of premiums paid.

Write for further particulars and Booklet H 10 to

The STANDARD LIFE Assurance Company, Estd. 1825.
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WORN BY ROYALTY & SOCIETY.

Our World-Famous perfectly tailored Maternity Garments, made to measure, giving ordinary appearance. Write for book of 500 patterns and 90 designs of Gowns, Skirts, Costumes, etc., with easy self-measurement forms.

When ordering, please state the length, back and front, waist and hip measurements of your ordinary skirt, also **present measurements.**

Design No. 77. **12/11**

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EVERYTHING BABY WANTS FROM BIRTH.

Simple Gowns from **2/6** to Elegant Hand-made Outfits at **20 Gns.** 104-page Illustrated Catalogue, "Specialities for Mother and Child," Post Free from Manageress,

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CRÈME TOKALON

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The wonderful non-greasy French Toilet Cream.

NOTE.—Save the cartons and return to us. We then keep you supplied free with Poudre Tokalon, the famous Parisian face powder that does not "show," rub off, or clog the pores. Large trial tube of the cream, also packets of the powder in all shades, sent on receipt of three penny stamps.

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1/3 a pot

SOLD EVERYWHERE

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THE IDEAL LOUNGE.

Made in 5 different sizes. Lengths of seat: 23in., 27in., 30in., 33in., & 36in.

From 23/-

Special prices to Hospitals and Officers' Messes. Send for patterns of coverings and Illustrated Booklet

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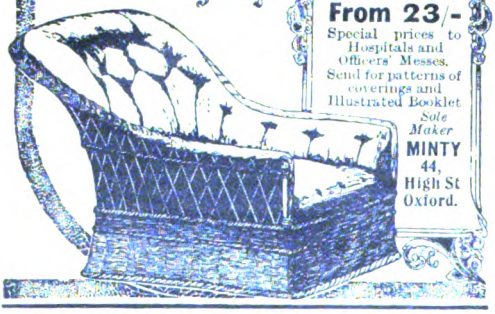

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A Watch by Day—A Clock by Night.

(A Radio-illuminated Timepiece.)

The "Aurora" Watch is sold cased in a strong leather-covered, velvet-lined cabinet, with a powerful bull's-eye lens which considerably magnifies the figures and hands, the result being an ideal and absolutely silent bedroom clock—a perfectly reliable timepiece. The Watch can be quickly taken from the case and carried in the pocket. No battery to require renewing—no artificial light required—self-contained illumination. "Aurora" Watch, Gun-metal, **30/6** post free, Colonial Post **32/-**; Solid Silver, **60/6** post free, Colonial Post **62/-**. "Aurora" Watch Clock (complete with case), Gun-metal, **40/6** post free, Colonial Post **41/6**; Solid Silver (complete with case), **70/6** post free, Colonial Post **71/6**.

Money Back Guarantee.

Write for interesting Booklet, "The Story of Radium," and fully Descriptive List (Luminous Clocks and Watches).

WAITE & SON (Watchmakers to the Admiralty),
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Bankers: Lloyds. Established Nearly a Century.

WOMEN MUNITION WORKERS.

A WARNING.

One has only to stand at the gates of any large munition factory employing women, and watch them coming out, to realise that a few months at such work will mean the ruin of most complexions. Fortunately it is a simple enough matter both to prevent the mischief and to repair it. As many women have found out already, the nightly use of Pomeroy Skin Food, by keeping the skin clean, soft, and supple, prevents that loss of facial charm which usually results from working in a factory. An eighteenpenny jar of Pomeroy Skin Food from the chemist will last one quite a long time.

A SHOE OF DISTINCTION

AND SERVICE FOR LADIES.

Regd **FIFE**

"CROMWELL"
Brogue Shoe.

19/6 Per Pair.

Carriage Paid in U.K.

All Sizes and Fittings.

It is a QUALITY SHOE of Ease and Elegance. Made from finest Black or Tan Leathers.

Smart, Stylish, and Durable for Town or Country Wear.

Send size or draw outline of foot and P.O. Illus. Catalogue free.

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The Pioneer and Leader of the "Boots by Post" trade.

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Dainty Crockery direct from the Potteries

A BARGAIN. DINNER AND TEA SERVICE, 21/-

We are making 20,000 of this entirely new shape and design in the **Famous Swansea Blue.** Send **21/-**. We will then send you these services on approval. If you are not quite satisfied return same, when your money will be instantly returned. It is only the great quantity that we intend to sell makes it possible to sell at this low price. **Sound delivery guaranteed.** We can send you a sample Pudding Size Plate for 4 penny stamps. **The "FLORENCE" Services** are as follows :—

21/- the Lot, Packed Free 21/-

6 DINNER PLATES.
6 PUDDING PLATES.
6 CHEESE PLATES.
3 MEAT DISHES (3 sizes).
2 VEGETABLE DISHES AND COVERS.
1 SAUCE BOAT.
12 TEA CUPS.
12 TEA SAUCERS.
2 CAKE PLATES.
12 TEA PLATES.
1 SLOP BASIN.
1 CREAM JUG.

Finished in Best English Gold.
Fit for Any Table.

21/- ALL TO MATCH.

Teapot to Match, 1¼ pints, 1/6. Matchings Supplied.

Goods Shipped to All Parts of the World.

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Art Pottery Album. 35 Colours and Gold, showing Dinner, Tea, Breakfast, Chamber Services, &c., &c. 500 Illustrations. Also Glass Suites and Cutlery. POST FREE. WRITE NOW.

It's not difficult

to learn Sketching. My new methods make it easy.

Drawing gives a quiet pleasure, the antidote to toil and strife. For this reason, many Officers and men on Active Service are studying my Postal Courses.

An Officer at General Head Quarters joined the other day, and wrote:—". . . *I think the first Lesson is most inspiring, fascinating and helpful, and decidedly novel. . . One point I would like to know is whether your Students can cease if they so wish, or must they complete lessons and fee?*"

I told him that each Student enrols unconditionally. He pays his fees by instalments, and should his circumstances make him want to break, he can do so at any time without incurring any further obligation whatever.

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You'll be interested in my two Prospectuses. They tell all about my Advanced Course for the Artist who can draw, but *can't* sell; and the Beginner's Course, which teaches illustrative Art by Post from rudiments to finality.

Former Pupils, men with famous names, have illustrated them. They describe Courses which teach Original Drawing from Life and Nature. A post-card request will bring you practically a free Drawing Lesson—my

TWO NEW ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUSES, Post Free.

If you send an original sketch, or a copy of this one, I will give you a helpful opinion, quite free, as well as the Prospectuses. Write to me personally to-day. PERCY V. BRADSHAW, Principal.

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3/- kind.

Jute Soles last longer than any others. Easiest for House, Shop, Factory, Travel, Hospitals, etc. D. F., Reading: "Last pair nearly 10 years in use." W. BYGRAVE, New Barnet: "Got last pair 9 years ago; now quite worn." M. H. (address on request): "**15** years ago I purchased a pair—after fairly regular wear in Africa they are still serviceable." Prices (*Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra.*)

State size and length of Walking Shoe.

Colour—Brown, Black, or White.	Children's.	Ladies'.	Gent's.
A. Plain Shoes (without Strapping)	1/9	1/10	2/-
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NOTE.—War does not affect either our Home or Colonial Trade. Parcel Post as usual. Shoes "Ideal" for Navy, Army Camps, Hospitals, etc. If to ships in Home Waters, post free; if to Foreign Waters, 9d. extra; 1/- a pair extra to Army Men anywhere Abroad. If three pairs at one time, reduction of 1d. per pair. Six pairs, 2d. Full List 1d., including Boot List; Single Pairs less than Shop or Store Prices. No shops. Send P.O. direct. 25 years Advertisers.

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In Tins and Glasses.
For Breakfast, Luncheon or Supper.
Sold Everywhere.
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If you are increasing your clerical staff to cope with Government orders, or urgent work of any kind, don't purchase new desks until you have inspected our Stock or seen our Catalogue. We make desks for every requirement (over 50 styles), and can give prompt delivery.

Globe-Wernicke Desks

Globe-Wernicke Desks have an international reputation for reliability. They are built to ENDURE. See Catalogue 5D

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Ideal for their Purpose.

Most Approved Pattern.

Prices from 23/6 to 30/-

Model Illustrated 26/-

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To places where we have no branch, goods will be sent by post on receipt of order and remittance. Foreign remittances must include cost of postage.

Over 470 Branches in England

The Leading Footwear Experts

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Regulation SAILOR SUITS From England's Naval Port

Made to measure by our expert tailors, and corresponding in every detail with the Uniforms worn by H.M. Sailors.

The Outfit in White Drill as illustrated, carriage paid, from **19/11.**

Or in the **Real Navy Serge**, as supplied to the Admiralty, from **23/-**

Send for Patterns and our Booklet "S," which contains Self-measurement form and full particulars.

We supply this regulation Serge by the yard, every length stamped with a guarantee, and twenty other makes of Serge for Ladies' and Gent's wear, at prices from **1/6½** to **12/6** per yard. Carriage Paid. Patterns Free.

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J. D. MORANT LTD.
PORTSMOUTH.

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YOU ARE FEELING OLD, AND YOU BEGIN TO LOOK IT WITH THOSE GREY AND FADED HAIRS ALWAYS SO CONSPICUOUS.

Send P.O. **1/6** at once to the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., Ltd., BEDFORD LABORATORIES, LONDON, S.E., for a bottle of their world-famed

LOCKYER'S
Hair Restorer.

This preparation gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp; it is the most perfect hair dressing. Will enable you to **look** as you did ten years ago, and you will **feel** years younger.

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THE "RIBBON AND CHRYSANTHEMUM" CURTAIN.

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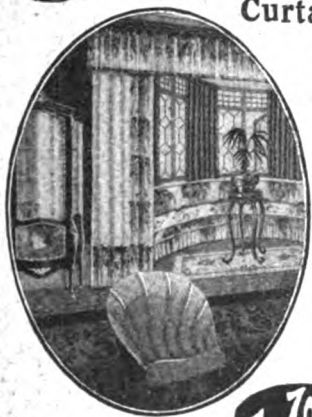

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CORD VELVET. Excellent for Curtains and Covers. 2 6 per yard, 27ins. wide.

Carpets Unique in Colour and Design, Decorative and Inexpensive.

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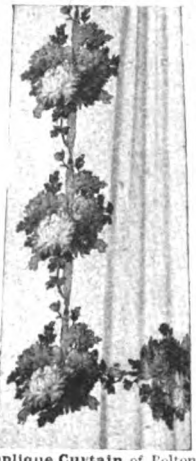

Applique Curtain of Bolton Sheeting, 3¼ yds. long, 19/11 pair.

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HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W. LTD.

There are 16 grades, but—

SAILOR SALMON SLICE (the tin with the £500 guarantee) is from the best of 16 grades of salmon canned. It is the choicest cut of the finest red salmon caught in season, packed in perfect condition. Look for the guarantee and the smiling Skipper's head on every tin.

A Treasury Note Wallet will be sent free to any lady unable to obtain SAILOR SLICE *who sends us a postcard with her grocer's name and address*

ANGUS WATSON & Co.,
Dept. 32,
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Sailor Salmon Slice

BREECHES

For WALKING, RIDING, FISHING, GOLFING, and all OUTDOOR PURSUITS

For TOWN, COUNTRY, or COLONIAL WEAR

21/- 21/-

WE give complete satisfaction in **quality, fit, and style,** as is proved by many testimonials we have received from all over the world.

We invite you to inspect our large stock of seasonable material, but, if inconvenient to call, our Interesting Booklet, Patterns, and simple self-measurement forms, ensuring a perfect fit, will be sent free on request.

We particularly invite Colonial readers to write us.

Officers' Kits a Speciality.

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Military and Sporting Tailors and Breeches Makers,

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'Phone: Gerrard 8306. 1 minute Oxford Circus.

Separate Department for Ladies' Costumes, 1st Floor.

The New Petit Corona—CARASADA

The Cigar with a soft Havana Flavour.

37/6 per 100 — 50 for 18/9 Six Sample Cigars for 2/6 post paid.

A minimum of 50 Carasada Petit Coronas can be sent from Bond to the Expeditionary Forces for 14/-, or 100 for 27/6 post paid To any British Colony, in minimum quantities of 200 Cigars, at 20/6 per 100 post paid.

GREENS, Ltd., *Cigar and Wine Merchants,* 30A, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

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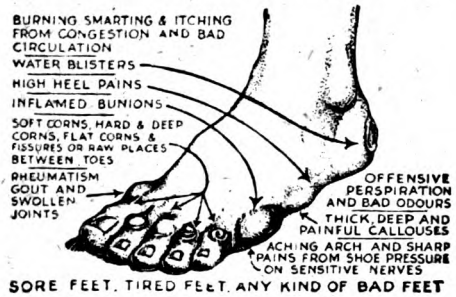
MUNITION WORKERS FIND NOVEL WAY TO BANISH FOR EVER THE CORNS, CALLOUSES, SORENESS, SWELLING, ACHING, ETC., CAUSED BY UNACCUSTOMED FOOT STRAIN.

Foot misery is often the first difficulty encountered by munition workers who have to remain on their feet all day. I found, however, that all such tortures can be instantly relieved and permanently cured by simply resting the feet a few minutes in a warm foot-bath containing a tablespoonful of ordinary Reudel Bath Saltrates.
This softens even the hardest corns so they come right out at the touch, root and all. The feet being the farthest points to



SORE FEET, TIRED FEET, ANY KIND OF BAD FEET

which the blood must be pumped, foot troubles are usually due to defective circulation and irritation in these extremities. The hot saltrated bath will stimulate the circulation, instantly soothe and relieve any painful congestion due to shoe pressure, reduce swelling, and open the clogged pores. This renders the skin active and healthy, prevents offensive perspiration odours, and banishes smarting, burning, itching, or other foot afflictions for all time. It is marvellously effective for soldiers' "trench foot," chilblains, bunions, and similar troubles, even including rheumatism, gout, etc. Most chemists keep the common refined Reudel Bath Saltrates ready put up in convenient packets, one of which should prove sufficient to permanently end all foot-misery at slight cost. Try this refreshing foot-bath after coming in footsore from a long walk or after being on your feet all day. You will soon feel like dancing with joy, and your newest, tightest boots seem like the oldest pair you have.—D. L. C.

UNSIGHTLY HIGH BOOTS ABOLISHED.

APPLIANCES NOW BEING SUPPLIED TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTRACT.

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By the **Thelwall System**

Which is **UNIQUE, SIMPLE, & RAPID.**

Eminent musicians, Press critics, and satisfied pupils unanimously acknowledge that Mr. Thelwall has discovered the right way of dealing with a most difficult subject. Proficiency attained in Sight Reading in 3 or 4 months.

Write for particulars and credentials to
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Under the furniture, into the corners, polishing as it goes

—Housewives, write NOW for free booklet "THERE'S THE RUB," describing the wonderful new time and labour saver, the RONUK HOME POLISHER—"The Big Hand on the Long Arm" —for use with Ronuk Polishes.

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The Health Spin.

The Rudge Multi and Side Car are so perfectly built, so well sprung, so well balanced and so smooth-running that they make riding easy and pleasant under all conditions. And because only the best materials and the most skilled craftsmen are employed in building the Rudge it continues to be easy running until the end of the chapter.

The Rudge Multi Catalogue gives full particulars and, together with "Rudge Wrinkles," forms a useful book of reference. Send for it, free.

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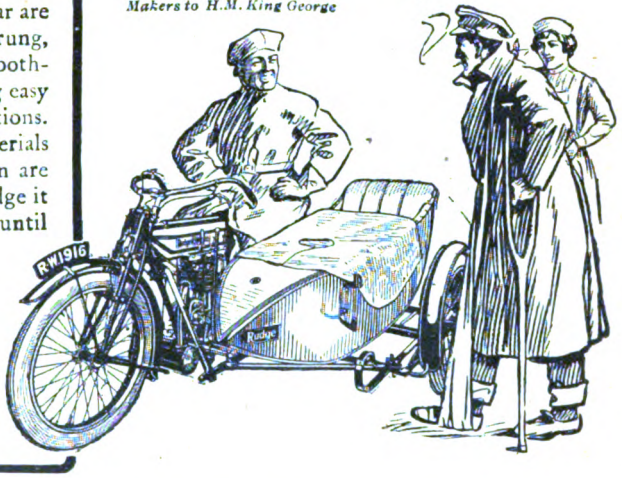
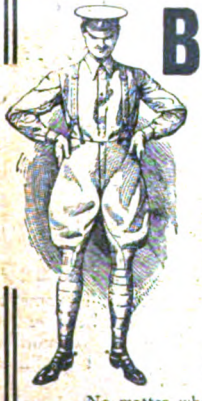
By Royal Appointment Cycle Makers to H.M. King George



THE TALK OF THE ARMY

OUR PERFECTLY TAILORED MILITARY

BREECHES



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12/6 *Per Pair.*

In Strong Khaki Bedford Cords. Also in Drills and Thin Materials for Warm Weather and Tropical Climates. Superior Qualities,

21/-, 25/-, & 30/-

No matter where you are, we can **send you Patterns** and **Self-Measure Form** with all instructions, also Measuring Tape and Guarantee to Fit you Perfectly. (Please state if thin materials are required.)

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Automatic Electric Lighting & Cooking

Engine and light are turned on together; no skilled attention is required, and power is always available for Pumping, Cooking, Heating, Vacuum Cleaning, etc., etc.

The AUTOMATIC

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ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT.

Plants may be seen in operation on request.

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EXTRA FINE FOR SUMMER WEAR

"VARIX," all about Elastic Stockings, how to wear, clean, and repair them, post free.

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As supplied to Royalty & Nobility.

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Newest Patent. Every desirable feature has been embodied in the "Finlay" Made-to-Measure Gowns. Can be increased from ½ in. to 14 in. without losing shape. Made by our specially trained staff. Strongly recommended by doctors.

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Tailor-made to measure in all the latest styles. Promotes health, and preserves modest figure for all time. Can be used for ordinary wear afterwards. The "Finlay" Skirt is patented, therefore cannot be obtained elsewhere.

New Catalogues, Pattern Book of Latest Materials, also Latest Edition Baby Catalogue Sent Free on Request. Carr. Paid U.K. *Money instantly refunded without question if not delighted.*

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See that every lamp sold as OSRAM bears the words "G.E.C. Made in England." Refuse all others.

Every out-door man has need for Dri-ped's double wear and perfect wet resistance.

All genuine Dri-ped bears the Diamond Trade Mark as illustrated, every few inches on each sole. Without it, the leather's a substitute.

Ordinary Leather lasts only half as long as a Dri-ped Sole of the same thickness.

DRI-PED

The SUPER-LEATHER for SOLES

Outlasts two or three ordinary leather soles; is absolutely waterproof, light and flexible. From repairers and new-boot-dealers everywhere.

Write now for interesting Booklet, "About the Diamond Sign of Double Wear," sent free, together with addresses of Dri-ped dealers in your district.

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"Lion" Cloths, thoroughly shrunk and ready for the tailor's shears. Stylish 1916 patterns made from strong elastic, long staple wools. 25% saved by avoiding "over-the-counter" charges. A full suit length of guaranteed cloth sent for **10/6**

Our highest price is only 35/-

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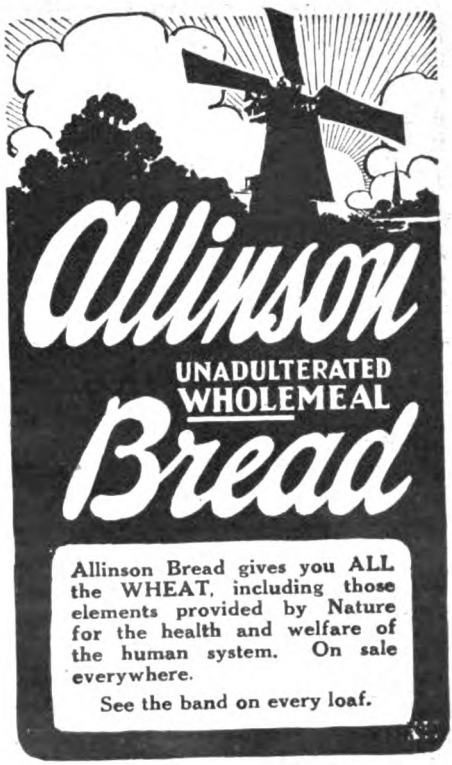

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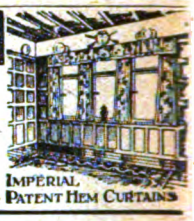
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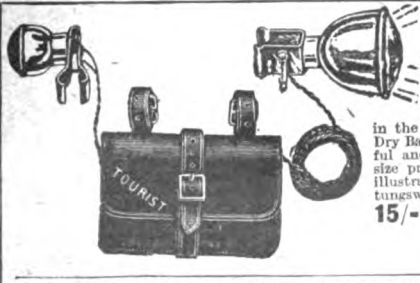

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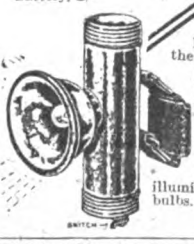

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PERMANENTLY CURED

Without Rest and Without Pain

UNDER A LEGAL GUARANTEE TO CURE.

No apology is made for drawing the attention of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to the work of the National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, in view of the alarming increase in the number of cases of this very painful malady, which until now has been thought incurable. Ordinary practitioners as a body are powerless to stay this advance, and unable to do more than tend and relieve symptoms, and by means of absolute rest to patch up a case for a while until movement breaks down what has already been done and the unfortunate sufferer has to go through it all again.

WHAT THIS NEW TREATMENT IS.

This new method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs, and by it the Patient is cured without neglecting work for one single instant, and without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse, and the patient is cured to stay cured for all time. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and, combined with varicose veins, disappear. Eczema vanishes. Swollen and painful legs become painless. Diseased bone comes away. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

Why is this? Because Tremol Treatment is unlike all other treatments, for it attacks and removes the cause, and if the case is taken in hand—for if it is incurable it will not be accepted—it will be separately and specially prescribed for and attended to until the cure is complete.

A GREAT ADVANTAGE TO BAD LEG SUFFERERS.

The Tremol Treatment has one great advantage over other treatments for bad legs. It can be applied in the sufferer's own home, with ease, and with a certainty of obtaining a cure. No matter how far distant patients may be from the Infirmary, how remote the village they live in, their case is under the continual attention and direct supervision of the National Infirmary for Bad Legs. This alone places the Tremol Treatment within the reach of all patients, no matter what their financial position may be or where they live. It is also interesting to know that this Treatment only takes about ten minutes every other day, or five minutes daily, to apply.

THOSE WHO LIVE AT A DISTANCE.

Those who are prevented by distance from calling should write to the Secretary, National Infirmary for Bad Legs (Ward E.P.), Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, when a copy of an illustrated book, "Cures by the Cured," which has been specially prepared at great expense, in order to spread a knowledge of how to cure this disease,

WILL BE SENT FREE

of charge. It is full of sound advice, and provides every sufferer with the means of bringing about a speedy and permanent recovery, even when other doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help them. During the next few weeks the National Infirmary will make a free gift of a copy to every sufferer, whether residing in the United Kingdom or Abroad. Readers who suffer from, or know someone suffering from, a bad leg, should send for a copy of this valuable book before the supply is exhausted.

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Of all the things he'd eat
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There's one thing in particular
Would give him quite a treat,
It's Bird's Blancmange
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A dish that's
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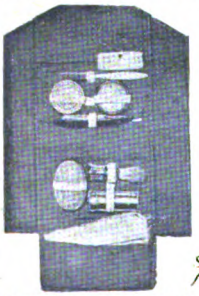

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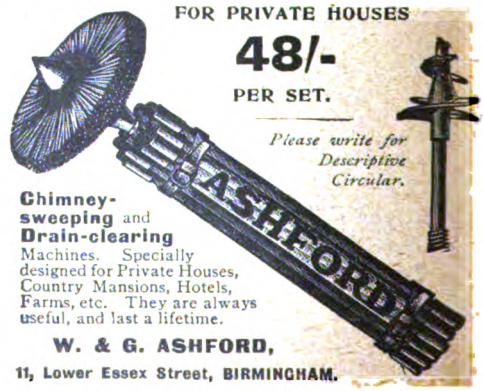

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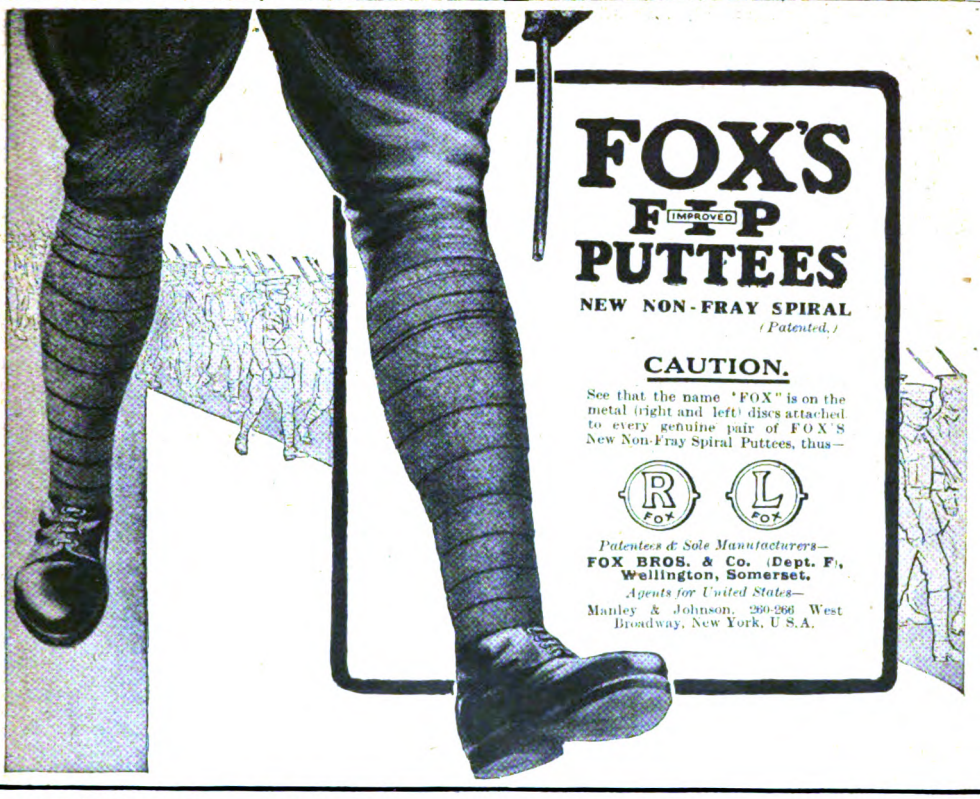
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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Contents for June, 1916.

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P133

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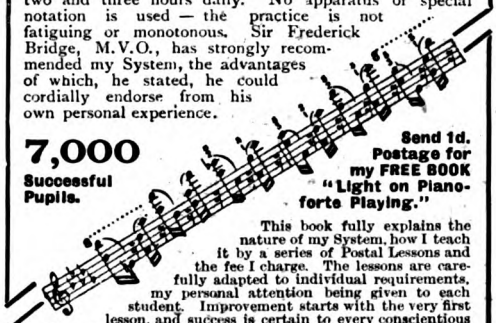

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